

# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 1.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 7, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 744.

### The Glory of Authority.

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout "Freedom!" till your ringing ones  
Give back their cradle shout;  
Let boastful eloquence decide  
Of honor, liberty and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

—John G. Whittier.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

But when the mighty cannon's roar  
Awakes the echoes o'er the land  
It booms for burdens more and more  
Laid on the industrial hand;  
More guns, more warships for defense  
Of Capital at Toll's expense;  
A larger army trained to kill,  
Slaves who rebel against the will  
Of moneyed masters. Thus we see  
The glory of authority.

### Is Woman Man's Inferior?

BY KATH AUSTIN.

The question "Is woman doomed by natural law the inferior of man?" has been answered affirmatively by that clever and interesting writer, R. B. Kerr, in *Lucifer* of December 10, and, sad to say, the attitude of society, its laws and unwritten regulations, also the verdict of many learned men, have testified freely and eloquently to the natural inferiority of woman.

Centuries ago, learned theologians debated as to whether women did not lack a soul, even, as well as brain. The result was no trace of woman's soul being found, we infer that they might have had better success had the search been for brains.

Friend Kerr quotes Darwin, the great thinker, as one who pronounced "woman inferior to man in energy and perseverance." Darwin went farther than that and declared that woman was not the equal of man in courage. I will here give a few passages bearing on the mental differences of the two sexes, from "The Descent of Man."

"The chief distinction in the intellectual powers of the two sexes is shown by man attaining a higher eminence in whatever he undertakes than can woman, whether requiring deep thought, reason or imagination, or merely the use of the senses and hands. Also if two lists were made of the most eminent men and women in all the arts and sciences the list would not bear comparison, and that if men are capable of a decided pre-eminence over women on many subjects, the average of mental power in man must be above that of woman."

Then Darwin adds these consoling remarks: "That it is fortunate the father transmits mental endowment to both sexes

else man would have been as superior in mental endowments to woman as the Peacock is in ornamental plumage to the Peahen."

But this very modest estimate of man's virtues leads one to ask, If man transmits his mental qualities to his progeny, does he not endow both sexes equally? If not, why not?

The common sense view of the subject is that the endowment is equal, and that the lack of intellectual development in the female must be laid at the door of artificial restraints, namely, customs, laws and religion, and not in any mental inferiority. Darwin's theory of the inferiority of the female is based on the fact of her enslavement. And he argues that "Man being more powerful in body and mind than woman, keeps her in a far more abject state of bondage (in a savage state) than does the male of any other animal."

In the realm of intellect, Darwin stands without a peer, yet, being human, it is possible that in some of his views he was the most mistaken of men. Bondage does not always imply mental inferiority. All must admit that among the names of great writers, artists and inventors man heads the list in point of numbers, but there are not a few women who stand on a level with man in these respects. George Eliot, the grand English woman, stands without a peer; and Wendell Phillips declared that the brain of Harriet Martineau was worth 40,000 men.

But while one must admit the superior attainments of man, what could or can we expect from a class that are the victims of what Darwin calls "abject bondage;" that were allowed no educational privileges to speak of, except in the last fifty years; that were taught from the cradle up that the sole aim of woman's existence, as Dr. E. B. Foote quaintly puts it, was "To glorify man and serve him forever."

Women—and men as well—even today are the victims of laws and customs that originated ages ago in brute force. In that dim past, when men lived in caves and fought each other over the possession of a bone or a woman, was born the infamous law that "Might makes right." Woman had no choice to speak of. She was the property of the strongest, and always a beast of burden.

Slowly the human race crept on. Man extended his powers in many ways but he never willingly let go of any privileges. The governments founded on physical force reached out and encircled the earth. The strong, the cruel always in the lead; many of them but intellectual monsters. Woman, as a rule, submitted in silence, the noisy ones received the ducking stool, the pillory or death. But revolt is never quite extinguished, and today the rebels among women are boldly proclaiming by deeds as well as words, that there is "no sex in brain."

A little over a year ago, Mary H. Kroat, a newspaper correspondent in London, writing to the *Chicago Inter-ocean*, stated that at the "great University of London, where we stand on absolute equality with man, and where the extensions are the most thorough and difficult of any

"Descent of Man." By Charles H. Darwin. 706 pages, elegantly bound in cloth, gilt top. Price 50 cents. Order from *Lucifer* office.

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women stood higher than men and received proportionately a greater number of degrees."

Here it seems when woman stood on equal ground with her brother, she surpassed him. Just a year ago the first woman was granted leave to practice medicine in Austria, and to get that privilege had to appeal in person to the emperor, every authority below him having refused this gifted woman, although she stood very high in all her examinations. Think of such bigotry, and of the injustice of asserting that woman is mentally inferior to man in face of the fact that for ages man has usurped all privileges for himself. As late as 1849 it was necessary for Margaret Fuller, of Boston, to make a "plea for the higher education of woman," said plea helping to open the doors of some schools for her sex.

In China they take female children of five or six years and bind their feet to distort and stop growth, as a dependent, helpless woman is considered the most attractive. In other lands they bind and cramp the brains of women, beginning also at a very tender age, and the reason for this is that dependent women make better slaves. Now no one would be so foolish as to assert that the feet of Chinese women are naturally deformed. We know that at birth they were straight and beautiful like her brother's, but a cruel and artificial restraint deformed them. Likewise it is as foolish to assert that woman is mentally inferior to her brother when it is plain to be seen that her brain receives, in a majority of cases, the same treatment accorded to the feet of Chinese girls.

Common sense and observation confirm woman's mental equality with man when given an equal opportunity, and Darwin declares that "if woman ever hopes to equal man or keep in sight, she must take an active part in the struggle for existence." But here comes Brother Kerr with the objection "That the long and the short of the whole matter is that woman is not able to fight the battle of life on an equality with man." And the principal reasons in the objection are the "disabilities connected with the functions of maternity," and "disadvantages on account of their physical structure." As to the latter assumption I deny it. The average woman, well developed and disciplined to hard work, is the equal of the average man in "staying" qualities. I have known Swedish women to work all day in the harvest field, binding grain, and at night—while the men rested—do their housework and milk the cows.

The physical structure of woman is really not so delicate, if allowed a healthy and active development. But it is an evident fact that maternity was the most powerful factor in the enslavement of woman—that, and not natural mental inferiority to her master, as the great Darwin and many others have taught.

Primitive man took brute advantage of the all-powerful mother instinct; the instinct that prompts the female to lay down even her life for her offspring; and woman became a "Hewer of wood and a drawer of water," and a bearer of children. But it remained for modern man to reduce the subjection of woman to a fine art, and it is safe to assert that civilized women have submitted to indignities that were never heaped upon their savage sisters.

We observe that among the lower animals the female depends upon her own resources, for her own support and generally for that of her young, and as a result shows more sagacity and intelligence than does the male. If this is not true of the human female it is because of her dependence on the male and shows that she has degenerated from the original type that was forced to succumb to brute force.

I have read that there was little if any difference in the brain development of males and females of savage races, and that the marked difference began with the civilized races, when, in a rule, the male takes the more active part in the domain of war, and the female is either a petted and pampered doll, or a worked, child-bearing drudge.

She must make her choice. If she prefers dependence on man, she is doomed to slavery and mental inferiority. Should she take an active part in the struggle for exist-

ence she will win what Darwin offered and what a few noble women past and present have won—equality and liberty; for the mental inferiority of woman is but the effect of a cause, and that cause is "abject bondage."

Caplinger's Mills, Mo.

### "Love is Only Love Left Free."

Julie Vom Berg.

I begin with the declaration that I advocate "free love" completely and decidedly. But the expression is incorrect and ought to be "freedom in love." Indeed, can any other kind of love exist except free love? Can love be commanded or forced? Something of this sort seems hitherto to have been in the minds of our philosophers of love, who have learned their philosophy in Constantinople or Utah apparently, and who can let a slave pass as their beloved. Among all the daughters of the goddess Liberty there is none, who, according to her nature, must possess the properties of her mother in a higher degree than Love. *Love and free love are therefore synonymous.* It ought not to be necessary to talk of free love, any more than of wet water, or hot fire. I might, however, conceive of love as not free in the sense that the feeling, the necessity, the passion that unites two beings, binds them completely, destroys their free will, turns them irresistibly away from everything else. But just because true love has this effect, exerts this power, creates this necessity, it ought no more to be hindered in its choice, by external force, than it will require external bonds to insure its permanence. A man and woman who do not love each other ought not to be united, or where they are united, they ought again to be separated; a man and woman who love each other ought not to be kept apart, and they need no external force to remain together. This is the simple statement of what I understand by freedom in love, which is the only means of securing what has now become so rare—a true marriage and a happy family life. Let him who does not agree with me have the courage to postulate the opposite and declare, that those who do not love each other ought to be united, to be kept together by force, those who love each other ought to be separated and to be kept apart by force—both in the interest of humanity and human happiness!

Although no man in sound mind dares to make such a demand, it seems in practice, to be the guiding principle almost everywhere. If all the considerations, whose slaves men are nowadays, would only drop for a period of twenty-four hours, not ten of the so-called marriages would exist next day.

For married people and their progeny the consequences of the existing relationships of force and prostitution are truly appalling. But this same society, especially the male portion of it, never wearies of pronouncing their anathemas on freedom in love. "Free love" is a word of terror, but free prostitution has become a social institution, which is approved inside and outside of marriage by a legal license.

And shall I tell you why men condemn freedom in love? Because it would be the death of freedom in prostitution! Our male teachers, who can discourse so wisely on nature, nowhere show their incapacity to judge of our nature more than in their anxiety that freedom will lead us whither it has led them. Give woman freedom, and she will love according to her own tastes and emotional needs; give man freedom—he already has it—without giving it to woman, and he will prostitute himself according to his habit. Prostitution does not proceed from woman any more than slavery does from the slave; as the latter must be charged to the oppressor, so the former must be charged to man. "Free love" for woman signifies the end of prostitution, just as free self-determination for the slave signified the end of slavery.

\*This extract is taken from Part II. of "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations," now for the first time published in English. The speech of Julie Vom Berg is given in an imaginary "Convention of German Women in Frankfurt." Part I. of the "Rights of Women" had a large sale, and no doubt the new edition will be wanted by all who have the earlier translation. The price of the book is 50 cents for paper cover, \$1. for cloth. For sale at this office.



## Hobson, the Kisser.

BY N. C. MATHERS.

"The Chicago Journal" says, "The scene in the Auditorium Sunday night when Lieutenant Hobson was kissed by 163 morbid women was loathsome. It is pitiable, it is sad, that a man of his excellent courage and fine intelligence should so far forget the dignity of the American Navy as to lend himself to a public exhibition of female hysteria."

But Hobson says, "It was all prompted by purely patriotic enthusiasm."

If that is true, we are many of us more patriotic than we thought when it comes to measuring our patriotism by the number of pretty girls and women that we are willing to kiss. I should just like to ask him (if that is true) why he should select only females, and perhaps the prettiest of the lot? Why did he not kiss the men as well as the women? Are there no patriotic men, or patriotic plain women?

Hobson must be somewhat of a varietist, as he says, "I suppose if I had kissed one woman as often as I kissed different women today I would be thoroughly exhausted. But the constant change is delightfully exhilarating. It is a very enjoyable experience to me."

I should like to ask those three or four thousand women that he kissed on his way to Denver, why none of them have been bestowing their kisses on any of the other seven men who voluntarily risked their lives just as Hobson did, by going with him to sink the Merrimac? Were they not as brave and fully as patriotic as Hobson? And were their lives not as valuable to them as Hobson's life was to him. His name has been on every American tongue, he has been lauded to the skies as the greatest hero of the war. And I have searched the leading dailies diligently and have failed to find any of the names of the other seven men even mentioned. Are there no heroes minus shoulder straps, commissions and big pay? Of course these are foolish questions, but I just ask them for the other fools to ponder over.

Why is this? Is it just because Hobson held a commission, and received a little better pay than the other seven patriotic and unnamed heroes? If so, why do the fools volunteer to risk their lives for their country without a commission? Why don't they stay at home and let the commissioned officers fight it out among themselves, as they get all the glory, all the honor, all the money and all the kisses?

## The Questions of Our Little Ones.

The following is taken from a private letter written by Vee H. Vincent. As it gives a good mother's experience in dealing with a very important question, I have asked and received her permission to print it in *Lucifer*:

MY DEAR LILLIAN: I enclose ten cents for Mr. Walker's pamphlet, "What the Young Need to Know." It is such a big, big question one can hardly inform one's self enough. I've always had a general idea that mother's instruction should begin with the first question and ever after be strictly honest and clear. But as to whether I'm skillful enough I've been in doubt, and have not been able to secure reading matter enough to lift the doubt.

Some of my boy's questions have almost been enough to take the seriousness away—for the time being. For instance, there was a step in the ladder when I told him that all animals grew from eggs—broad enough wasn't it? Well, the questions were "fast and furious" sometimes; chickens grew from chicken eggs, dogs from dog eggs, etc. He was looking out of the window one day and saw a colored woman pass. Whereupon he asked, "Do colored people grow from colored eggs?"

Of course the next step was to explain that some beings grew inside of the egg while warmed by the mother's body—as fowls—while others began to grow from a very tiny egg inside the mother's body, etc., etc. Sometimes it has been awfully hard to convey my meaning so that he will get it as it is meant.

And I have been criticised by women who do not understand; who think I am conveying information the boy ought not to know. But I don't need to tell you, who have stood out so bravely for right all these years against enormous opposition.

We have a girl baby—two years old in February. I had thought, as you expressed it some weeks ago, that I should have Ted with me during parturition. Some time before the expected period his father and he went walking, and Henry told Ted that mamma was carrying a baby and that we expected it to be born in a few weeks. When they came back he whispered to me, "Are you carrying a baby? Papa said so." He wished then we might use an X ray to see whether 'twas a girl or boy; he wished it to be a boy.

Well, I flunked when the hour came. I was in the midst of my relatives in Southern Ohio—in an orthodox community. When delivery came Ted was asleep and remained so.

Next day he told a boy we'd got a baby. Boy asked, "Where did you get it?" Answer: "It was born of my mother same as I was."

Boy asked his folks at table about babies being born of their mothers, and was suppressed and told that if he talked that way again they'd put him into the furnace; and I was a curiosity, a crank, well-meaning, perhaps, but mistaken, and so queer to talk so to a child.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

PROPORTIONATE REPRESENTATION. The theory of equality is contradicted throughout nature. Individual atoms and molecules are probably identical in their character, but no two organized structures are alike. Equality of rights, as a universal proposition, is also contradicted throughout nature. A mouse, for instance, has no right to an equal division of food with an elephant. The true theory is equality of proportionate rights; that is, the rights of individuals are proportional to their conditions and circumstances. Effects proportional to causes, directly follows from the principle that equal causes produce equal effects. The producer has a right to results in proportion to his effective labor. The influence of planets upon the solar system is in proportion to their mass. So in an organization, equity requires that representation should be proportionate to the several interests involved. An individual whose skill enables him to produce twice as much as another, has twice as great an interest in the joint production. If his labor is represented by one vote, his labor and skill combined will be equitably represented by two votes. An individual whose capital enables him to produce ten times as much as another, has ten times the interest in the joint production, and is equally entitled to ten votes. An association founded upon this principle does equal justice to all, and those with little skill or capital need not join it (they never will be missed) and it has the advantage of encouraging the exercise of skill and the utilization of capital, largely increasing the general prosperity.

## "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets."

By S. Baring-Gould. Fascinating as fairy stories, and of great value in showing us the kindred superstitions of the childhood of the race. The Jewish, Mohammedan and "Heathen" legends of the fall of the angels, the flood, etc., are given. Though written by a preacher, the work is an aid to Free-thought. We have a few copies which we will sell at the very low price of 63 cents, and 12 cents for postage. 380 pages, printed on fine heavy paper, gilt top, mottled back, with gold lettering. Or we will send one copy with *Lucifer* one year to a NEW subscriber, for \$1.20.

In general, the art of government consists in taking as much as possible from one portion of the citizens to give to another. —Voltaire.

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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European Representative, George Bedborough, Playgoers'  
Club, London, England.

THE NAME LUCIFER MEANS LIGHT-BEARING or LIGHT-BEARER and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Creulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

ON TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, our editor started southward for a rest and change. His first stop will be at Bloomington, Ill., where he will enjoy the hospitality of Lucifer's staunch friend, Col. James H. Freeman. His condition is slowly improving. The only serious difficulty he has now is occasional oppressive sensations in the region of the heart, which are particularly noticeable when he attempts to write or talk too much. It is not believed, however, that the trouble comes from the heart itself, and doubtless a few weeks of comparative rest will make a "new man" of him. Several invitations from friends in Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee, have been received, but if his health continues to improve it is not probable that he will go so far south on this trip. If it does not improve as rapidly as we hope it will, it may be best for him to go south until the spring.

## Who Wants Them?

In making up volumes of Lucifer of the years '97 and '98, we find a considerable surplus of some of the numbers. No doubt our friends can use many of these for distribution. In writing to us for them, please let us know how many you can use. If you can afford to send a few stamps, they will be very acceptable. If you cannot afford to send any, do not hesitate because of that, to order. They are excellent material for missionary work and should not remain unutilized.

## Books Received.

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS." This is a work which should be highly prized by every lover of liberty. It will be reviewed at length in some future issue of Lucifer. The chapter headings are as follows: Part I. An Address to an Unknown Lady Reader; Historical Review of the Legal Position of Women; The Emancipation of Woman; The Passive Prostitution of Women; The Active Prostitution of Men; The Excuses of Men; Love and Jealousy; Morality; Marriage; Adultery; Divorce; Is Marriage a Contract? "Hanging a Woman"; Religion; The Economic Independence of Woman; Liberty and the Revolution the Allies of Women; Conclusion; Postscript. Part II. Luise Meyen on Men and Women—The Rights and Condition of Women; Men; Women; The Convention of German Women in Frauenstadt; Concerning Womanhood (a lecture, 1873). 386 pages. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co.; price in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

"WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN." An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society, by J. Howard Moore. 44 pages; price 25 cents. Published by Francis L. Duzenberry, McVicker's Theatre building, Chicago. This little pamphlet is a clear statement of forcible objections to the use of flesh for food.

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND." By C. W. Woodruff, M. D. 74 pages. Price 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers. This little book is written in the interest of the Co-operative Commonwealth, which, in the opinion of the author, was proclaimed to the world by Jesus of Nazareth 1900 years ago.

"THE BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT." Taken from the code of 1650 and the public records of the colony of Connecticut previous to 1655. Also an account of the persecution of witches and Quakers in New England, and some extracts from the Blue Laws of Virginia. 25 cents. The Truth Seeker Co., New York.

## Subscriber, Contributor and Editor—Their Inter-Relations.

BY E. C. WALKER.

I have no doubt this article will bring upon me the charge of egotism, but I shall not mind that—we are all egotists, each in his or her natural way. Call me what you will, so only that I make my meaning clear.

Elsie Cole Wilcox says I monopolize the space in Lucifer. She goes so far as to assert that "not a week passes" that I am "not heard from." Mr. Harman noted this exaggeration, but as Mrs. Wilcox's averment is eighty per cent true, and as that is an enormous percentage, taking the average of my critics, I am rather pleased than offended by her inaccuracy. Accuracy is not the strong point of many persons who write for the reform press; if it were, perhaps there would be more space available for them and consequently less for me.

Not to quarrel with my good friend nor to attempt to convince her I am not a monopolist, will the succeeding paragraphs be written. I wish merely to lay before the readers of Lucifer some of the reasons why I occupy a great deal of space in this paper.

1. Comstockism is a dominant, menacing and growing power in this country. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, I think I am the only contributor to Lucifer who keeps close track of the outrages committed by this power and writes up in detail for the paper the court proceedings which are parts of these outrages, analyzing the utterances of lawyers and the decisions of judges, and pointing out wherein they travesty good sense and logic, flout fundamental guarantees of citizen right, deny equal liberty, and rob and imprison unoffending men and women. Many of the longest articles which have appeared in the paper during the last two years have dealt with this important subject, and I, who wrote most of them, calmly claim that they had the right of way over any other matter that might be offered. Freedom of press and mails is vitally necessary, and it can be conserved and extended only by making every person who can be reached acquainted with the dangers that threaten and the crimes which are almost daily committed by the representatives of irresponsible power. Disquisitions upon the abstract right to do this or that, or upon the advisability of doing this or that are very well when their printing does not crowd out the records of concrete tyranny.

2. Closely related to this class of communications are those short paragraphs which deal with the foolish and vicious utterances of the defenders of the existing society or with their legal and extra-legal crimes. Ministerial, newspaper and "reformatory" pleas for more and worse laws, for a still viler espionage and shackling of the individual, and the unspeakable villainies of mob and of judge and of jury should be known to the friends of liberty everywhere. In "Plumb-Line Penographs" and in other paragraphs from my pen, I have endeavored to supply the readers of Lucifer with facts and arguments with which to help carry forward the propaganda in which all are interested. It is not my fault that this class of work has been very largely left to me, but Mrs. Wilcox should understand that I, also, have a grievance akin to hers, for a large amount of the "copy" of this kind especially, has gone from me to Lucifer but has never seen the light of day. But this was inevitable; had I the time for the work, I could each week fill the paper with such excerpts and comments.

3. As all other members of the Free Propaganda, except Mr. Morton, have failed to write in its interest, it has devolved



upon me to present its claims to the world reached by Lucifer and of course these articles help make up the aggregate which has so disturbed my Washington comrade.

The editor most clearly stated the general principles that must govern the action of the conductor of a reform journal if he is to make his paper as useful as it is possible to be made, although I look with apprehension upon the influence of the moneyed backer of such a publication, unless he is a man of deep culture and broad views, or if he is not, is conscious of his limitations and so is willing to leave the management in the hands of the expert in the editorial room. The subscriber pays his subscription and gets his paper, thus, presumably receiving a *quid pro quo* for his money, for the assumption must be that if he felt the paper was worth less to him than the money he gave for it he would discontinue his subscription. Unless he is personally attacked in its columns he can rightfully make no demand for the insertion of his communications; their admission must depend upon their merit as contributions to the discussion of whatever question may be at issue. And it must be understood that civil criticisms of his opinions are not attacks upon his character.

After all, the editor is the man upon whose shoulders lies the burden of responsibility for the conduct of the paper, and unless he is free to accept any article because of its merits or to reject it because of its demerits, he is under duress and his journal is less than the expression of his knowledge and convictions. The progressive minister who is in dread of his pew-holders, the politician who votes for iniquitous laws because fearful of losing the support of his ignorant and bigoted constituents, the publisher of the daily paper who must keep his finger on the pulse of the advertiser, and the editor of the reform journal who prints communications in order to please subscriber, canvasser, or giver of cash, and not because the articles are the best at his command, are all less than free men, very much less than free men. The reform editor has certain definite principles to advance; how can any contributor insist that he insert articles which he thinks are not so well calculated to advance those principles as are other articles? The editor has infinitely more at stake than has any other man and he should not be urged to commit intellectual suicide. It is a pity that he is often compelled to avoid more or less quick financial suicide by publishing matter that has little or no claim to his consideration beyond the fact that it is offered by a subscriber or donor.

As Mr. Harman notes, I have held an editorial position on Lucifer, and have also for years done editorial work on other papers, examining and preparing all communications that went into the journals with which I was connected. I know that not more than one communication in ten received by these reform papers was fit, by reason of its construction, clearness and force of diction, and logical treatment of its subject, to receive the honor of large type and a position among leading contributions. And of those which by able treatment of the subject were fit for such honor, not one in five could go directly from the envelope to the compositor—nearly all must first be carefully gone over for the detection and elimination of errors of construction, punctuation, capitalization and the like. Under such circumstances, the overworked editor, worried by the continual calls for "copy," is always tempted to hand out first the communications which are type-written and which require the least revision. If he takes pride in the mental make-up of the paper for which he works and has a free hand in the selection of matter, he will endeavor to "work over" the articles which, in his judgment, best say the best thoughts on any given topic, regardless of the authors' names, or their relations to the journal.

My ideal of a really free reform paper is this: The editor always prints what he thinks is best adapted for the advancement of his cause, whether what he prints is from the pen of one man or woman, from the pens of five of a hundred of subscribers or non-subscribers, whether first appearing in his journal, or in exchanges, home or foreign.

## The Meaning of Liberty.

Woman's emancipation means freedom, liberty. It means liberty pure and simple; failing of which, it is, according to its degree, oppression, suppression, tyranny. It means liberty to enter any and all fields of labor—trade, profession, science, literature and art—and liberty to compete for the highest positions in the land. Liberty to choose her companion, and equal liberty to change. Liberty to embrace motherhood in her own way, time and place, and freedom from the unjustly critical verdict and action of society concerning her movements. She will no longer recognize society's right to condemn in her practices condoned in man. No more a slave, she will be a true comrade; independent of man, as he is independent of her; dependent on him, as he is dependent on her. And the sex question will be settled. All this, and more, when woman shall be free, and enjoy an equality of liberty with man.—*Liberty*.

## The Man Who Isn't Some One Else.

[DEAR MRS. HARMAN: I clip and send you some lines which I think would fit exceedingly well into the poet's corner of Lucifer.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.]

You don't know Henry Jenks because that ain't his right name,  
But no matter what you call him—Jones or Jenks—it's all the same;  
He used to be as fine a boy as I had ever knew—  
But he went and fell in love one day, and then got married, too.

They didn't have no parents that could set him up in trade,  
And they had to do their livin' on the wages that he made,  
But Henry loved his "little girl" and bravely worked away,  
And didn't mind the knocks he had to stomach through the day.

Things went along a year or two as pleasant as could be,  
And then Hank's "little girl" began to hint around that she  
Would like some things that other girls she used to know had got—  
In fact, she seldom spoke, except to whine about her lot.

Old Hank he stood the buffets that he had to get from men,  
And then he went home at night, to be hauled through the coals again—  
That is, he stood it fer awhile, and then, first thing she knew  
He didn't hurry homeward when the heavy day was through.

I saw him as he staggered down the street the other night,  
But I didn't stop to tell him that he wasn't doin' right—  
God pity him who slaves all day and does the best he can,  
And then is jawed, at night, because he ain't some other man.

—S. E. Kiser in "Cleveland Leader."

The speculator is a robber who robs the producers of the articles produced by forcing them to accept inadequate compensation for their toil, and the consumers by forcing them to buy from him at an enormous advance.—*Max Nordau*.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;  
Time is the best avenger, if we wait,  
The years speed by, and on their wings bring healing.  
We have no room for anything like hate.  
This solemn truth the low moon seems revealing,  
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing—  
Life is too short.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She knew things as soon as they happened—sometimes a little sooner. And in the latter case she had "always foreseen." The life of the good Widow Banelius was spent in an engrossing and almost feverish interest in those matters which in no wise concerned her.—*Maartens*.

THE DATA OF ETHICS, by Herbert Spencer, is a book needed in every library. Here is an opportunity to obtain a handsome copy of this masterpiece, practically free. We have obtained a small supply handsomely bound in maroon cloth, with gold lettering and gilt tops, printed in large, clear type on good heavy paper. It contains 350 pages, and is divided into sixteen chapters. Until the present supply is exhausted we will send a copy of this book to anyone who sends us the address of a new subscriber, accompanied by one dollar for Lucifer one year, and ten cents for postage on the book. This is an offer which you cannot afford to miss, and which we cannot afford to duplicate after these books are gone.

**FIRST PRINCIPLES.** By Herbert Spencer. 525 pages. Style of binding, paper, etc., similar to "Data of Ethics." Our stock of these books is small, but as long as they last we will send a copy of "First Principles" to any one sending us \$1 for a new subscriber, and 13 cents for postage on the book.

**ON LIBERTY.** By John Stuart Mill. 200 pages. Fine paper. Gilt top. Handsomely bound in green and gold. Well-executed portrait of the author. Price, 50 cents, postage paid.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Henry C. Roberts, Bennington, Kan.—Enclosed find fifty cents to be used as you think best. I hope to send a small book order later on. We hope you will take a vacation and soon be well again. Yours for the diffusion of the light.

W. T. Roberts, Musk, Okla.—"A Physician in the House" was duly received, and I find it to be just as good as represented or better.

[We have sent a number of copies of this work to prospective purchasers on approval and not one has returned it. All have expressed satisfaction with the book and with the price. We have now reduced the price from 2.75 to 2.50. See advertisement in this issue.]

J. W. Herman, Rockville, Neb.—Please find enclosed \$1, for which send Lucifer to my brother as per address below. I do this with the hope that he may, after reading it, become a future member and co-worker in the great cause for liberty.

[The above is from a new subscriber—one who has read Lucifer only a few weeks. This is the best possible way to spread the light. Money paid for new subscribers is many times more useful than that sent as a gift.]

M. Palmetto, Fla.—Enclosed find \$2 for Spencer's "Data of Ethics" and "First Principles;" also postage. Please send me the address of "G. A." mentioned in Lucifer No. 740. O, my dear, the miserable superstition is at the bottom of nearly all our woes. If there were not over one-third of the children born that are, I truly believe there would be more and better ones raised, while mothers would not be such broken-down slaves.

[Will "G. A." please send his address to this office?]

John H. Strong, Eagle Bend, Minn.—I herewith enclose \$1.50, one dollar to apply on subscription, and fifty cents to pay for one copy of "Hilda's Home." Would like to help you more, but that long looked for prosperity does not strike this section as it should. I feel that you are sacrificing your time and energy to try to teach people who stop their ears and shut their eyes, but when you are many years in spirit you will be looked upon as having been a great emancipator.

Sarah J. Gill, Indianapolis, Ind.—I was quite surprised to see by the wrapper on the paper this week that my subscription was almost out, and that I never intend shall happen while I am "above ground," so inclosed please find one dollar for the coming year. I am so sorry not to be able to help your father take his—without doubt—much needed vacation. He has my sincere love and hope that he may come back to you strong and well. How proud you must be of such a father, as I well know he is of his daughter.

T. C. Nordvie.—Though money is very scarce, I must nevertheless send for the book "First Principles," by Herbert Spencer. I ought to have made the dollar full so as to get the advantage of your special offer, but as it is I will send you seventy cents in all, seven cents over, and ask you to inclose your "Digging for Bedrock." I owe some for the paper, but have to let that go this time. I have had it three months at

different times, but am not able to see the thing as the paper states it. But I must confess I am as ignorant as can be as to the sexual relations.

J. S. Hughes, Lebanon, Ore.—Please send me the following list of books: "Some Problems in Social Freedom," "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs," "Ruled by the Tomb," "Horrors of Modern Matrimony," "What the Young Need to Know," and "Love and the Law." Would you be kind enough to tell me the address of the best colony or settlement where a lover of freedom could make his home. I wish to correspond with such.

["Some Problems in Social Freedom" is out of print—at least in America. We hope to publish another edition soon. Probably the secretaries of colonies will communicate with Mr. Hughes].

D. E. Swank, Aumsville, Ore.—You will find inclosed \$2.55. Send Lucifer one year to inclosed address, and send me "Data of Ethics," "Bible Temperance," "Liberty" and "Health Hints." And credit the balance on my subscription. Brother Harman, you have devoted a life's service to developing thoughts (things) in self. I, too, have labored in the same field since 1857 and fully realize the odds you have had to contend with, and the great effort required to produce a perceptible change in the thought world; and can easily imagine how necessary and desirable it is that you should take a rest for a while. I wish you were nearer Oregon so that you could come to my house to rest.

C. C., Newport, Ky.—Although forced to keep quiet when I, too, wished to express my approbation of many of the good things in Lucifer, it did not hinder my sending out good thoughts your way. I will contribute my mite for your vacation fund. I wish it was much more. I am glad to learn that the editor of Lucifer is getting better, and hope his trip will benefit his health. We cannot afford to lose him, although his work will be ably carried on by the one whom he has appointed to be his successor. "Hilda's Home" arrived in good shape. Was pleased with it. I gave one copy to a friend, who was delighted to get it, as she had been wishing for it. Of the dollar enclosed, twenty-five cents is for thirteen weeks' subscription for a friend, some for pamphlets, and the remainder is for the vacation fund.

James Vincent, Sr., Tabor, Iowa.—Am glad to learn there is some prospect of your being able to get away for a rest. When I first read of your feebleness and hard work I felt deeply anxious, and wished I could come and help you in the office, but on second thought, the expense of getting there threw all such speculations aside. Here is another dollar to help you in any way you choose. I see that some of your readers are impatient for you to enlarge, and you ask opinions from abroad, so will give mine and say, by no means enlarge. It seems to me unreasonable to think of such a thing. Having been in the newspaper business myself, I can realize what an enormous extra burden and expense it would be. Your paper is fully as large now as the price will afford, and no enlargement should for one moment be considered until the extra cost is provided for, not left to be provided for, but actually in hand. This is my judgment. Your burden already is all you can stand under, and has occasioned present conditions.

J. H. Severance, M. D., 6118 Drexel Ave., Chicago—I see by last Lucifer, the ways and means have been provided for you to take a rest and change, for which I am truly thankful. I have been waiting for you to be strong so I could visit you without feeling it a trespass, but can wait till you return. It is too cold for me to venture out much. Leave all cares behind you. Lillian will manage things very wisely no doubt. Try and be perfectly careless of all great movements, and may you be more successful in building up a shattered health than I have been. We that spend all our vital force constantly in reform work,



have little stored up energy upon which to draw in any time of need. I hope you will soon feel renewed in spirit and body and do much valiant service for the emancipation of the race before you graduate into the next grade of life's continuous school. My love to Lillian and lots for yourself. I wish I could send you a round check for the cause, but although the spirit is willing the pocketbook is weak.

Ralph E. Galbreath, Leetonia, Ohio.—I have just read the first chapter of "Hilda's House." I must have a cloth-bound copy to keep, and the paper one goes out for the betterment of society. Noble Imelda! Alas, that the story is but fiction. Find stamps for the work if the edition is not exhausted. If the cloth are out send two paper-bound copies.

Relative to the questions of enlargement and efficiency, I would say that I do not think that enlargement means added effectiveness at all. Perhaps there are those who would find time to read a sixteen or twenty-four page weekly devoted to reform, but I fancy most of your readers are busy, and those with leisure may find many good books of our kind in *Lucifer* lists. A small light, if intensely bright, will pierce the darkness more deeply than a larger, duller flame. If it is desired to discuss special questions at greater length than you can at present accommodate, a supplement might be issued, the expense thereof to be borne by those wanting such issue, as W. S. suggests. I consider yourselves, however, as better able to judge correctly than your subscribers, and will be satisfied in any event.

W. W. Miller, New Haven, Conn.—As one who feels an interest in the matter, I will give you my opinion on the question of enlargement. Of course I don't presume to think that my opinion is of any consequence or will have any weight in regard to your decision, and only send my opinion to show you that I take an interest in the paper, and to aid in giving you the satisfaction of feeling that your requests made in *Lucifer* are read and considered. I don't care how you conduct the paper; whether you enlarge it or reduce it; whether its price is advanced or reduced; whatever happens to it (so long as I retain the mind that I now have) I will always, so long as I can raise the price of the paper, remain a subscriber to the paper.

I am glad that you are anticipating a vacation, and I am sorry, oh! so sorry, that I have not a little of the "currency of the realm" to aid you. My wages have been cut twenty-five per cent during this month because of a lack of funds in the department's treasury to pay the men full wages, and this, notwithstanding the fact that taxes last year were higher in this city than at any time previous since the foundation of the city. It is all owing to mismanagement by political party leaders. Those who hold the reins of the government of the city in their hands, have misapplied some of the city's funds, and now the city employees have to suffer for the villainy of these party leaders. Not a soul of us dares to remonstrate for fear of losing our position, poor as it is.

#### A Dollar Book for Fifty Cents.

DEAR LUCIFER READERS: I have made the blessed Light Bearer a New Year's present of fifteen "Irenes," which they will sell for half price, and as the book is a handsome ornament for any parlor table, I feel sure that there are at least fifteen of *Lucifer's* readers who will purchase as soon as they read this, as it will be a good holiday present for any one to give a friend whom they wish to show the truthful status of woman in the present social institutions. You can tell your friends that the scenes therein are taken from real life. The District Attorney of Philadelphia called it an "awful book" when he threatened to imprison me if I did not give up the plates and books to be burned by the "Vice Society." Yes, it is awful, but it would have been a *whole* lot had I put in the worst stories that have been revealed to me!

But the sad part is made easier by the humorous. The humorous character, "Nan," is a perfect description of a pupil of mine away out on the western prairies. The most remarkable

character, Mme. Leroy, whose secret life was unfolded to me in confidence, was an efficient member of a respectable church, and with the exception of that illegitimate and hidden business she was one of the noblest women. Thus does Irene show how important is the work of our noble *Lucifer*, which is to make people honest and free. Many of my friends are now re-reading the book because it shows so plainly that true love alone should guide in the most sacred of all relations, and also because it is a true history of the progress of reformatory movements. In hope, Yours for all truth, SADA BAILEY FOWLER.

#### Wanted—

Ten thousand names of women and men who do their own thinking, or who are willing to read what others think.

The season of long nights and short days is once more upon us—the season of reflection and of retrospection; the season when, if ever, such papers as *Lucifer* will be given a candid and thoughtful reading. With each weekly issue a surplus is printed to send out as sample copies—as pioneers, as evangelists of the newer, and as we earnestly hope, better gospel than has yet been preached to the inhabitants of earth. These surplus copies have been accumulating for some months for lack of names and addresses of persons to whom a sample copy or two would probably be welcome.

The object of this paragraph, then, is to ask our friends to send us at once a list of names of persons to whom samples may be sent with reasonable prospect that the paper will not be consigned to the waste-basket or cook-stove.

And while sending the names, if a few stamps for necessary postage, should accompany the list, the favor would be much appreciated. But, please don't forget to send the names while the matter is fresh in mind. Please write the names and post-offices *plainly*—if possible with pen and ink, instead of pencil as many correspondents are now in the habit of doing.

#### Notice.

Some friends of Emma Goldman, remembering the success of her last lecturing tour to the West, have received her consent to make arrangements for lectures at intermediate points—the lecturer to start from New York the latter part of next January. Comrades desiring further information will write to Emma Goldman, 50 First street, New York.

It has also been deemed advisable to start a fund to cover the traveling expenses, and those wishing to assist may do so by sending their contributions.

Miss Goldman's subjects are:

"Sex Problems."

"The Power of the Idea."

"Theory and Practice. A Criticism on Ethics."

"Politics and its Corrupting Influence on Man."

"Trades-Unionism; What it is, and What It Could Be."

Meetings have been arranged in Barre, Vt., Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and the mining districts of Western Pennsylvania, Chicago, St. Louis and other places. Those desiring lectures by Miss Goldman should communicate with her as soon as possible.

#### Religion and Rationalism

The relation of each to human liberty. The religiousist, fancying that he has the whole truth, is logically opposed to investigation, and he appeals to physical force to arrest the discovery of new truths. What Rationalism is, and how many believe themselves Freethinkers who are only unbelieving or disguised religiousists. The necessity for separate organizations and a division of labor among reformers. The Secular Union. Important facts and arguments in a compact form. Price 5 cents. For sale at this office.

#### THE CAREER OF A NIHILIST:

A realistic romance by Stepanak. A thrilling tale of liberty-loving revolutionists in Russia. Price, postpaid, 25 cents.

#### Love Ventures

And they were naked and not ashamed (Gen. ii, 25). 16 full-page French Art Illustrations. Illuminated covers 12mo 230 ppi paper, 20c; boards, 50c.

"Loma"—A CITIZEN OF VENUS, by Prof. Wm. Windsor. A story of surrealizing interest, largely devoted to sexologic and sociologic problems. Like Bellamy in his "Looking Backward," the writer of "Loma" believes in "state" as a factor in social evolution, but individualists will probably forgive this feature for the sake of the radically revolutionary ideas in regard to popular theories—sexologic, theologic, cosmologic, etc. Substantially printed and artistically bound. Price, post-paid, \$1.50. Address to his office.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

## Books Worth Reading FREE!

Send us twenty-five cents for a thirteen weeks' trial subscription to Lucifer and we will present to you your choice of the following books, to the value of 25 cents. Read the list carefully. Every book is interesting and thought-inspiring.

John's Way; a domestic radical story, by Rhaina D. Stenker.	25
Human Rights; J. Madison Hook.	25
Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetism, by A. Chavannes.	25
Practical Co-operation; by E. C. Walker.	25
The Revival of Puritanism;	25
Love and the Law;	25
Sexual Enslavement of Woman;	25
Digging for Bedrock, by Moses Harman.	25
In Hell and the Way Out; H. E. Allen.	25

### Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs.

Contains matter pertaining to the Legitimation League and the Persons Rights Association of England. Also, four fine full page portraits of Ezra H. Heywood, Moses Harman, Lillian Harman and Leta Stetter Wadsworth, together with sketches of their personalities and work. By Oswald Dawson. Neatly bound in boards. Price, 25 cents. Address: Moses Harman, 1234 Congress St., Chicago.

### Strike of a Sex and Zuggassent's Discovery.

By George N. Miller.

Each 25 cents  
postpaid.

Helen H. Gardner: "Strong, clean vigorous work. The world is ready for it."  
Free Press: "The way to make marriage a success and the home moon a one as life."

Circular of books on Health and Sexual Science free.  
Address LUCIFER, 1234 W. Congress street, Chicago.

### Government Analyzed.

By John H. Koiso. The chapter headings are: "Derivations and Definitions of Political Terms; Various Forms of Government; General Principles of Government; Functions of Government; Origin of Government; Declaration of Independence; Articles of Confederation; Defects of the Confederation; Formation of the Constitution of the United States; Constitution of the United States; Taxation; Tariff or Protection; War; Punishments; Marriage; Religion; Prohibition; Money; What a Government Should Be." 320 pages. Price reduced to \$1.00.

With Lucifer one year to a new subscriber, \$1.50.

### KAREZZA Ethics of Marriage.

A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. "Union Sexual": Thousands of women have blessed Dr. Stockham for Tokology, thousands of men and women will bless her for Karezza. "Aren't you?" Karezza is worth its weight in gold. Sample pages free. Prepaid \$1.00. Address this office.

## A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.

A New Family Medical Work, by Dr. J. H. Greer.

This book is up-to-date in every particular. It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure. It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. It has 16 colored plates, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on Painless Midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of Air, Sunshine, and Water as medicines. It contains valuable information for the married. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it. It has eight hundred pages, is neatly bound in cloth with gold letters, and will be sent by mail or express prepaid to any address for \$2.25. Address: M. Harman, 1234 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Ruled by the Tomb.

A Discussion of Free Thought and Free Love.

BY OXFORD NORTHCOTE.

"The world for the most part is ruled by the tomb, and the living are tyrannized over by the dead. Old ideas, long after the conditions under which they were produced have passed away, often persist in surviving. Many are disposed to worship the ancient, to follow the old paths, without inquiring where they lead, and without knowing exactly where they wish to go themselves."—"Marriage and Divorce," R. G. Ingersoll, p. 4.

Price ten cents. For sale at this office.

### ELMINA'S REQUEST.

Women who would like gentlemen for correspondents and who feel free to discuss all reforms, will send name and address and two two-cent stamps to ELMINA OAKS, ELKINS, Knoxville, Tenn., Co. Va.

**HUMAN RIGHTS:** By J. Madison Hook. With an introduction by E. C. Walker. "Liberty is the guiding star of all lands, all races." Chapter I, Rights Chapter II, Invasion Chapter III, Co-operation Chapter V, Individualism Chapter VI, Liberty. Price, ten cents.

## Do You Want a Copy?

You have been looking long for the appearance of HILDA'S HOME in book form. The delay has been vexations, and doubtless has taxed the patience of many who were charmed with the story when they read it in serial form in Lucifer. The edition printed was limited to one thousand copies, many of which were

Subscribed for in Advance.

So, in order to secure a copy, if you were not a paid-in-advance subscriber, you should send in your order at once, for many persons will want extra copies and soon the supply will be exhausted.

### Women in Marriage Slavery

Will find in HILDA'S HOME a story exposing the horrors of their condition as faithfully and as fearlessly as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" exposed the horrors of Negro slavery in the South. The story is more entertaining than many modern works of fiction and the plain truths it tells will find responsive echoes in the aching, bursting hearts of many women who know the galling effects of marriage thralldom.

The book contains 425 pages. Price handsomely bound in cloth, \$1. In paper cover 50 cents. Send in your order NOW—especially if you want extra copies for distribution among your friends.

### THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

A discussion between Juliet H. Servin, principles are here stated clearly and briefly. Valuable to those who want to possess the arguments of both sides of the question. Price 15 cents. "Life and Health or How to Live a Century," by the same author. Price, 10 cents. "A Lecture on Religious, Political and Social Freedom," Price, 5 cents. A set, one of each, for 25 cents.

### The Sanctity of Marriage.

As viewed from a moral and sanitary standpoint: A solemn protest against the present demoralizing management of that institution. Its effects upon offspring and its influence upon education. By Dr. Robert A. Greer. A valuable "opening wedge" in missionary work. Price reduced from 25 cents to 10 cents, for sale at this office.

### Health Hints and ready recipes.

Dr. E. B. Foote's time-tried hand-to-everybody, concerning their daily habits, together with many useful suggestions for the management of various diseases; recipes for relief of common ailments, including some of the private formula of Dr. Foote, and directions for preparation of delicacies for invalids as pursued in the best hospitals of this country and Europe. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

### The Missing Link.

Modern Spiritualism. By A. Leah Underhill. A book for all spiritualists and investigators. "Hear all sides, then decide." 23 chapters; 425 pages; 16 illustrations, including portraits of the Fox family. History of the Hydeville rappings, as given by eyewitnesses, the threats of mob violence; remarkable and well-attested manifestations; the "exposures" disposed of, etc. Handsomely bound in cloth. Publishers price, \$1.50. On receipt of \$1.25, and 13 cents for postage, we will send the book to any address.

### The Story of an African Farm.

Olive Schreiner's master piece. A story of the struggle for light, the search for truth, the yearning for happiness of bright young English and German people, among the ignorant and coarse Boers and Kaffirs of South Africa. This is a work of art, and of truth, well bound in cloth. 208 pages. Price, 40 cents, postage 10 cents. For sale at this office.

### LIBERTY: Political, Religious, Social and Sexual.

An anti-persecution society. By A. F. Tindall. Price 10 cents.

## An Astonishing Offer!

Send three two-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name and the leading symptom and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson Barker.  
Box 122, San Jose, Cal.

### WHAT THE YOUNG NEED TO KNOW.

A primer of Sexual Nationalism, by E. C. Walker. A valuable compendium of Sex Ethics. Startling and Scientific. Price, 10 cents.

### PERSONAL

A well-educated, broad minded, liberal lady, neat in person, well preserved, not far from seventy years young—alone in the world, living in an orthodox village, wishes to correspond with single gentlemen, healthy, liberal, of excellent habits, neither poor nor rich, of about the same age. The years do not make us old so much as our thoughts. With good, clean habits and sound breeding the limit of life should not be under 85 or 90. Willing to go to any of Uncle Sam's new possessions to begin life and grow up with the country. All first letters may be directed to "M." care of Lucifer.

### The Outcome of Legitimation.


By Oswald Dawson. This address the January "Adult," but the printers of that number played Bowdler on a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which they did print was "bad enough," but we are printing that and decline to print more. The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

### REASONS FOR PARDONING FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois. In this work the claim is conclusively proven that the prisoners did not have a fair trial, that they were unjustly condemned and that their imprisonment was an outrage and an outrage, but releases innocent victims of a judicial outrage. The history of the case is given over from beginning to end and it comprises very valuable information. Price 10 cents.



# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 2.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 14, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899]

WHOLE No. 745.

### Galileo's Prison Song.

Though you fear me, though you doubt me,  
I shall win whate'er befall;  
Though you jeer me, though you flout me,  
Truth and I against you all!  
Though you bend me, though you break me,  
Time and I against you all;  
Time and truth at last shall make me  
Lord of you who am your thrall.  
Though you chain me, though you burn me,  
Yet the earth, though that befall,  
Moves, and though you daunt and turn me,  
It still moves in spite of all!

—Selected.

### The Logic of Chivalry.

BY R. B. KERR.

C. L. James is a difficult man to argue with, because he is always mixing up his social ideals with the realities of contemporary life. I ask the question, "Is it just that women, while bearing alone the burdens of maternity, should be expected to bear an equal share with men of the other burdens of life?" To this Mr. James replies that when all work is done by machinery such an inequality between the sexes will be of no importance. But the sex revolution is going on daily under our eyes, and we need principles to guide us here and now through the world of today.

Moreover, Mr. James is a difficult man to argue with, because he will not face a straight issue. He is asked the simple question whether it is just that women should bear all the burdens of maternity and an equal share with man of all the other burdens of life. It is an honest question and deserves an honest answer. But that is what Mr. James will not give it. On the contrary he raises a cloud of dust by saying that he disapproves of the conduct of those who have answered it in the negative. "Chivalry," he says, "has been used as an apology for injustice; therefore chivalry cannot be founded upon accurate reasoning."

History is quite opposed to Mr. James' ideas of the relation between chivalry and justice. The advance of chivalry and justice has gone hand in hand in all countries. Among most savage races there is but little either of chivalry or any other form of justice to women. In some civilized countries, like Germany and Austria, there is little enough chivalry, and it is in the former country that women are prohibited from having political associations at all, while in the latter they have to carry loads of mortar up steep inclines, as Lucifer lately mentioned. In France there is far more chivalry, and women have a far better time of it in every way. In America there is more chivalry than anywhere else, and also more justice and liberty for women. America is the one country on the face of the earth where an ordinary man will get up and light the kitchen stove for his wife on a cold morning, and it is also the one country in

which women are allowed to compete with men on equal terms in nearly every profession.

Mr. James disputes my statement that all women capable of child-bearing must average something like three children apiece in order to keep the numbers of the race even. He says that "at such a rate of increase the descendants of a single pair would in thirteen centuries number 289,000,000,000." I am thunderstruck and almost petrified by Mr. James' ignorance. Not only has Mr. James not studied the international statistics of population, but he has not picked up the ordinary knowledge that nearly everyone gets by reading the newspapers. The lowest birth-rate ever known is that of modern France, which has been for years about 3.3 to every marriage contracted. It is true, of course, that some women in France capable of child-bearing never marry, but the percentage of such is lower there than almost anywhere else. Moreover, many women marry twice or more, and these are counted every time they marry; so they probably quite offset the old maids. What has been the result of a birth-rate of 3.3 in France? In four years, from 1891 to 1895, the population of France diminished by 210,000. It would have diminished far more, were it not that there is now considerable immigration into France and very little emigration from it.

As more males are born than females, it is evident that, even if every female child born grew up and left children, it would still be necessary for them to average a little more than two children each to keep the population even. But does Mr. James not know that about five per cent of all births are still births; that in the most favored nations about 25 per cent of the children born alive never reach the age of twenty-one; and that many who grow up are unable to have children, or to have more than one or two. Of course Mr. James will benignantly tell us that it will all be very different in the twenty-fifth century. But it is self-evident that even then, women capable of child-bearing will have to average somewhere between two and three children apiece to keep the race from extinction.

Mr. James' theory of sex relations suffers from one great deficiency. It is not accurate enough for the very mathematical mind of our age. We are now accustomed to very fine scientific instruments, and we demand equally fine intellectual work. The very slightest deviation from absolute justice is offensive to the best thinkers of the day, and any proposal to throw the burdens of replenishing the species on one sex without compensation must cut as sorry a figure among the ideas of our time as a native of Tierra del Fuego would cut in the drawing room of the philosopher of Eau Claire.

CAN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS who favor the expansion of the United States by the acquisition of territory gained by conquest consistently oppose Congressman Brigham H. Roberts of Utah in expansion of his united state by acquisitions gained by conquest? In the case of Roberts at least there seems to be "consent of the governed."

## In Praise of Marriage

BY D. N. SWIFT.

I am very sensible of the weakness and presumption of my task; to attempt, at the beginning of this year of grace 1899, to reason against the universal determination of the world to abolish the one time holy state of matrimony. I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people that the contrary opinion, even in their memories, was as much in vogue as the other is now, and that a project for the abolishing of marriage would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defense. Therefore, I freely own that all appearances are against me. The marriage system, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded so far as any attempt at systematic adherence to its ancient force is concerned, and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are growing as much disgusted with it as their betters, some opinions, like fashions, descending from the highest to the lowest, being finally found among the most vulgar and least thinking, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I may be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from my old namesake, the reverend dean, whose wonderful apology for Christianity I am here attempting to apply to an institution bearing today many resemblances to the religion which he so boldly satirized. I hope no reader imagines me so weak as to stand up in defense of real monogamic marriage, such as may perhaps in some amusingly primitive times (if we may believe certain modern romancers) have had some influence on men's lives and actions. To think for a moment of reverting to such impossible conditions would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations, to destroy at one blow all the wit of our journals, to cut at the root of our laws, to destroy nine-tenths of our literature, all our poetry, and most of our art, and would be fully as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore, I think this caution in itself wholly unnecessary (which I have inserted to prevent all possibility of cavilling), since every candid reader will easily understand and my discourse to be intended only in defense of marriage as we have known it in our day and generation. Marriage—qualified by adultery, fornication, prostitution, seduction and the like. Actual monogamy in practice, we all know, has been for some time laid aside by general consent. But why we should therefore cast off the very name and title of marriage, although every philosopher today, judged by his work, desires it, I confess I cannot apprehend.

It has been urged by one famous freethinker (whose Christian name denotes that he shall point out the promised land, but shall in no wise enter therein) that he opposes marriage because marriage opposes Truth and Justice. Little can be said of these two foes to marriage. What has either Truth or Justice done for the great majority of this land of ours? It hath been credibly reported that Truth and Justice have long since been purchased by syndicates—a rumor which I am the more inclined to favor by reason of the undoubted disappearance of both these once-treasured household commodities.

It is also suggested that marriage should be abolished "because marriage opposes Purity." I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call this a perfect cavil. Is it not clear to all men that Purity means one thing today and another tomorrow, that yesterday's Purity is today's Filth, and that so soon as a new form of debauchery is discovered by our pastors and masters, the more recent fashion becomes impure? Today, in England, Purity is consistent with the preaching of an impossible celibacy outside marriage, the existence of all sorts of domestic corruption too abominable for recapitulation inside the marriage bonds, our streets crowded with prostitutes and

frequent attempts to suppress on the stage and in literature any truthful presentation of the facts of life. Purity to those whose dictionary is a colloquial one, is the effort of suppression and we can afford to do without such purity.

It must be allowed that the recent prosecution of an editor—one Bedfordshire, an anti-marriage fanatic of the deepest dye—was, to speak the gentlest, a very high strain of legal power. Little can be said for the Recorder who probably reads with sympathy and acumen the works of the French authors Daudet, Zola, Paul de Kock, Maupassant, Balzac and forty more, which are as outspoken as they are popular. Perhaps however he was afraid Bedfordshire's publications might give offence to the great American race with whom the Recorder is anxious his compatriots should be allies, and among whom, for ought we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe in marriage. Sir Charles Hall may have intended his severity as a bid for the support of Mr. Comstock and other eminent Americans. To which I answer that men should be cautious how they mislead the "intelligent foreigner" (if Mr. Comstock will pardon the adjective), by a judgment which reflects upon the wisdom of the nation.

Would any indifferent American, who should read the authors in common repute among us: Grant Allen, Robert Buchanan, Hardy, Swinburne, Meredith, Rossetti, Shelley, Byron, George Moore and other classic and modern writers, imagine the literal monogamic marriage to be our rule of faith? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? Is George Eliot unread because she lived in adultery? Is Swinburne disregarded because he praised fleshly desire? Is Hardy worse received among us because of Tess? Did Nelson find his want of belief in continence a disadvantage to him in his naval career? Is Rossetti's "Jenny" excluded from the libraries? Do not our newspapers, our plays, and our smoke-rooms reek with "blue" tales?

One of my chief reasons for respectfully opposing those who would root out the very name and savour of marriage, is that there is really no need for any such undertaking. Every rich man and many rich women, can obtain everything they desire, without any such revolutionary project. The mansions of the A—'s, the S—'s, the V—'s in America, and the R—'s, the N—'s, and the W—'s, in England bear silent but eloquent testimony to the power of wealth under present conditions. Abolish nominal marriage, and it would become increasingly difficult for even the wealthiest to purchase virgin victims to the lust which high living, lazy luxury, and brainlessness must ever happily engender.

Here next I observe that the abolition of marriage would infallibly destroy prostitution, the oldest profession in the world, a profession honored by prophetesses whose praises are sung in our sacred books, a career still accounted sacred in India, and a material service to the British troops and armies everywhere, without which the greatness of all empires would inevitably crumble into dust.

Again, it must not be overlooked by the friends of national greatness, that to extirpate marriage would lead to a general state of anarchy and wicked freedom. Liberty is a bird which is best held in completest bondage. Its wings should always be well clipped. To allow an eagle to fly in one direction only is wantonly absurd. The poor today are fortunately contented with conditions whose hardship purchases the delightful opportunities for lust and laziness which their betters enjoy. Liberty in love for these contented poor, can only mean their awakening to the joys of full-developed freedom. Our glorious republic cannot afford to run the risk of these useful millions, convinced by experience that freedom (in one direction) is good, making for new liberties directly to their own material interest, but highly detrimental to all that the highest in the land hold dear.

Let it should be thought that these considerations appear only to the comfortable classes, let me pray the reader's acceptance of an argument especially concerned with the poor



brethren. Marriage under any conditions, monogamic, polyandrous, matriarchal, with or without facilities for spending money in legal divorce-courts, marriage in any shape or form, must perpetually serve our poor as a divine method of chastening, to teach them habits of self-control, and of patience under the most exasperating circumstances. Who, even in this age of invention, could have devised an institution which should so check and irritate to the intensest degree at the most critical times which men and women ever know? One of the two fired with desire, other potential lovers warmed with the self-same fire. The partner of each cold, perhaps ill, needing sister or brother love more than ought else in this world. What to the superficial eye would seem to be the natural solution is forbidden by ideals, religion, and the dictates of duty. Here indeed is a precious opportunity for the higher life. I confess that if it were certain that many and great advantages would redound to the nation by the expedient of abolishing marriage. I would never submit and be silent while this great field of golden virtues, where patience and self-control grow in such rich profusion, found no all-sufficient substitute.

That marriage promises more than it can fulfill is a poor argument to favor its suppression. Truly, as Mistress Lillian Harman hath well observed, marriage promises protection and does not protect, and sundry young writers of real hopes, bright wit and profound judgment, upon a thorough examination have made a discovery that marriage is a sham. In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity for perpetuating nominal marriage among us. This is an age of commercial shams, while we have a religion in which no one believes, kings which no men honor, reverend gentlemen whom none reverence, judges who cannot judge, courts of justice where justice is unknown, fashionable intelligence which is far from intelligent, and freethinkers who are not always free and not always thinkers. How fitting then, that our institutions such as marriage should err if at all in the direction of perfect conformity to the prevailing type of sham.

And finally, if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing marriage, I would humbly offer a last petition to that great conservator of all our effete institutions—the theological-liberal—the secularist. Many years ago, before any of the existing schools were born, some of their ancestors were foolish enough to abolish religion. I am not blaming Ingersoll or any of his friends. I recognize their innocence of any share in that lamentable lapse from respectability.

The fascinating ear-ticklers, the cynosure of the wealthy, the idols of the five dollar sitters, the ideal family men worshipped by and worshipping all the respectabilities, I appeal to them to undo the infamous and disastrous work so ruthlessly completed before their activities commenced, by concentrating their energies on the conservation of the one last remaining product of a discredited religion.

To conclude, whatever some may think of the great advantages to human happiness by this favorite scheme, I do very much apprehend that in six months' time the income to the state by reason of registrar's fees for marriage licenses may have been reduced by at least one hundred dollars. And since that is fifty times more than the wisdom of our state ever thought fit to venture for securing the happiness of the people within the marriage bonds, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely in that same interest, to abolish it.

### Practical Idealism in Love.

BY EGB.

No relation is virtuous unless spontaneous and self-sustaining; and this is true of the conjugal, as of others. The conjugal ideal is perfect complementation, and that complementation is pure whether simple or multiple—whether it be realized as the aggregate of certain adopted attributes in several persons, or as combined in one.

But it is natural that the complement of one person should be one other person; evidently this is in line with the principle of economy in nature; and I think that conjugal economy is the conjugal ultimate, monogamy.

I do not think that Ruedebusch can make good his claim that it is impracticable for one to find full complementation in one other. Why should it be more remarkable to find certain counterpartal qualities grouped in a complemental affinity than for certain other qualities to be integrated in the personality to be complemented? In simpler terms, where is the improbability of mates? As to "equilibration" why the solar system has its perihelion and aphelion, yet holds together; and so can the nuptial system.

I used to think that every second marriage was a mistake, either in itself, or as indicative of a previous mistake; but now it appears that conjugation may be fragmentary, or proximate—or perhaps it would be more nearly exact to say aggregate or segregate. Thus, in proportion to intensity of need and mode, proximate or victorious substitute will always be found—lacking the ultimate.

Being in philosophy what might be called a practical idealist, I must treat the problem of conjugality from this point of view. So I say, having identified yourself with this supreme ideal—perfect complementation—have faith in yourself and in your ideal; fear not to do wrong. Accept in a rational spirit the experience that comes to you, knowing that what does come to you, is yours by the law of attraction. Life is harmoniously constituted, all parts interacting equitably, so that the subjective is sure to find its correspondence and consummation in the objective. Between the two, there is congruity.

If one will guide his course by the pole-star of intuition, his bark is bound to reach the desired haven.

Banish forever the thought of impurity, for yourself, for others, for the world at large. Yet don't attempt to love for your health's sake, but for love's sake alone. Let your motive be of the highest, and then be willing to take what may gravitate to you by logical necessity. Avoid the mistake of parleying with what belongs to you, and is bound to come to you; don't bargain with your birthright. Know no necessity! Desire is its own executive. Take your rightful position, mentally; relate yourself as you will to the hierarchy of nature, and let life minister to your needs. The only way to control the extraneous successfully is through self-control; the only way to govern the circumstance is through the centerance.

Brooklyn.

### The Way of the World.

Walter Bonant.

This is the way of the world, and it is like one of the three—day four—things which the proverbial philosopher found too wonderful for him; things which he knew not. A man proposes to found, or establish, or create, something new; something which will perhaps cause changes, small or great, in the current order and the current talk. It is immediately fastened upon and held up to derision. Nothing is so truly ridiculous as a thing which is new; besides, it makes admirable "copy." If the man kicks out in return he is jumped upon again. The world is then called upon to observe how completely the creature is squelched; how he lies flat and lifeless on the arid sand. Presently the world observes that the man, so far from being flat and lifeless, is going on just as if there had been no jumping. He bears no apparent mark of bruises; no bones are broken; there are no patches of diachylum on his head; he just proceeds quietly with his plan. Then comes another, but a fainter sound of derision, because when people do get hold of a good thing to worry they like to keep at it; but the dead man, twice killed, goes on. Then silence falls. It is unwise to let the world understand that the man you have just killed is going about alive and quite unhurt, and that the theory you have covered with contempt is flourishing like a vigorous vine, already bearing blossoms, and rich with promise of purple clusters.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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LUCIFER is unqualifiedly opposed to the practice of prostitution whether in or out of wedlock.

"The VALUE OF QUESTIONS" is the title of the address to be delivered by M. Florence Johnson at the first meeting of the Illinois Agnostic Society, Sunday evening, January 15. See Sunday papers for place.

ARTICLES in this issue of Lucifer do not necessarily express the opinions of its editor, as he is off on a vacation endeavoring to regain his health, and during his absence a great deal of his work is done by proxy.

THE PREVAILING idea of the "sanctity of marriage" is illustrated by the women who are opposing the admission of Brigham H. Roberts of Utah to a seat in Congress because he is said to have three wives, when they know that many individual members of Congress have twice that number of concubines on the pay roll as employees in the government departments. These champions of legal marriage evidently fail to see that they are also champions of governmental support of congressmen's mistresses.

MRS. JULIA MILLS DUNN, president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, in a recent address in Chicago on "Our Social Peril and Its Remedy," said:

"At no time since the French revolution has there been so little regard for the sanctity of the marriage relations. Young men and young women rush heedlessly into the marital bond, knowing that if either wife or husband should desire separation for any reason the divorce courts are open. No better evidence of this statement is necessary than the instance recently recorded in the journals of the country, and recorded in a matter-of-fact way that in one of the Eastern cities was celebrated with much display of wealth, the marriage of a young woman to her sixth husband. Four of the preceding husbands acted as ushers at the wedding of their former wife, and the fifth was only prevented by illness. He sent a note of regret, and an invitation to the newly wedded pair to pass the honeymoon at his country home. It was accepted, and the comment was made again in matter-of-fact way, that the woman seemed to have a remarkable gift of retaining the friendship of her former husbands."

After some further expression of her horror Mrs. Dunn said: "We have no means at our disposal at present with which to meet this danger that threatens the republic. The remedy is to give franchise to the women."

Mrs. Dunn evidently is for the single standard as against the free coinage of husbands at the ratio of 6 to 1. But, in all seriousness, would Mrs. Dunn think more of the woman she mentions if her former husbands despised her?

## To the Subscribers for "Hilda's Home."

We have been informed that some of the subscribers for "Hilda's Home" did not receive their books, notwithstanding the fact that they had sent in the money. We are sorry that such mistakes in entry were made, and will rectify them as soon as notified. If others have failed to receive copies which were paid for, we hope they will let us know at once, and we

will forward the books. We hope, also, to soon hear from those who subscribed for the book and who have not paid for it.

## On the Wing.

Just a word of greeting to all who may feel an interest in the welfare of Lucifer's old editor: Leaving Chicago at 11 A. M. Tuesday, January 3, I had pleasant weather and a pleasant ride of three and a half hours to Bloomington, a thriving and beautiful little city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, situated near the center of the state of Illinois. Here I met with an experience entirely new to me, and one that for the time was very unpleasant, not to say exasperatingly so.

Expecting to meet our good friend Col. James Freeman at the train with his vehicle to take me to his suburban home, some two miles from the station, I was particularly anxious that no mistake should be made in regard to the right place to get off. So when I thought we must be nearing the Bloomington station I put on my hat and overcoat, set my "grip" where it would be handy, and was, as I thought and still think, on the alert to hear the name Bloomington called by the brakeman. The train halted, but no "Bloomington" reached the sensorium of my brain. Supposing the conductor would come along to take up checks I waited patiently, thinking the halt must be for the purpose of coaling or watering and was on the point of inquiring what it meant when the train started. Then the conductor made his appearance and taking the check from my hat said, "Bloomington?" "Yes," said I. "What place is this?" "The place we have just left is Bloomington."

"Why did you not call out the name sooner?" said I.

"I did call and so did the brakeman."

"I heard distinctly the call at every stop since leaving Chicago till the last, and it seems to me quite incredible that I should not hear Bloomington if called in the same way. But what am I to do? How can I get back to Bloomington?"

"There is but one way. This train does not stop till it reaches Atlanta, twenty miles south. Get off there and take the next up train, which will be at 6:13 this evening."

"And who pays for this blunder? Of course you will give me a free pass to Bloomington?"

"No. If I do it will be charged up to me. But I will see what I can do."

In a few minutes he returned and gave me a card requesting the conductor of train "17" to "carry the bearer to Bloomington—carried by Jones." Whether he had telegraphed for orders I do not know. Arriving at Atlanta—Illinois, not Georgia, I telegraphed my friend at Bloomington, telling him of my mishap, and after patiently waiting three mortal hours was borne back to Bloomington—was met and kindly greeted by the man who bears and honors the name of Freeman, and who, though dubbed "Colonel" is eminently a man of peace and good will.

And now, Monday, January 9, after a most pleasant sojourn of nearly a week at the commodious and very hospitable home of the Freemans—Mrs. Phebe Freeman, to my sincere regret, has been absent at Chicago the entire week—I am about to take the train for St. Louis.

Of my stay at Bloomington and of my meeting with the Spiritualist Society of that place I will probably have something more to say in my next.

M. HARMAN.

## Men More Merciful than Women.

Why should men be more merciful than women to the "fallen" sister?

There are doubtless many reasons for this, but the chief of them all seems to be that the "frail" woman, so-called, is a "scab," as W. T. Stead puts it. In sex relations men are the employer class and women the employed. The "scab" is one who deserts "the union" and works for less wages than the authorized "scale," or established price. The marriage certificate is woman's "union label." Marriage fixes the rate or



price of woman's service sexually. That price is "support" for life.

It is true that the marriage form requires the man to promise "to love" his wife, as well as "to cherish" or support her, but to show that the obligation to love is a mere formality and not at all binding, we have only to note that the failure to love is never entered as a plea for divorce, and would certainly not be entertained as valid by any court in Christendom, whereas the most common plea or allegation on which woman asks for divorce, is "failure to support," or "desertion," which means much the same thing; thereby justifying the saying that "matrimony is simply a matter of money," at least so far as the woman is concerned; while on the part of the man the plea for divorce is commonly "unfaithfulness," "unchastity," that is, that the woman has failed to be his exclusive sex servant and has served other men; thereby showing that marriage is a matter of service, or of labor performed in the sex relation.

Do not our laws pertaining to "bastardy" or "illegitimacy" confirm this "union label" view, this commercial view of the popular standards of sex morality?

And does not this presentation of the matter sufficiently explain the well-known fact that women are more unmerciful in their treatment of the "frail sister" than are men? Naturally woman is much more tender-hearted and forgiving than is man, but in this matter of sex morality she cannot afford to be merciful; she cannot afford to be underbid. Self preservation compels her to be hard, unforgiving, unrelenting—to the woman in the case, though she easily forgives the man, and why? Is it not because man is the employer, the wage-payer, and woman the employed, the wage-earner?

And do not these views go far toward explaining why men as well as women hate the "New Woman," the self-supporting, independent, self-reliant woman? the woman who demands that all gainful occupations be opened to her, and that she be paid equal wages for equal service performed—the woman who ignores and refuses marriage as an occupation or means of support, and will neither be a "faithful, obedient wife" (a "union" woman), or a "scab" (a "prostitute") cutting under the established scale of wages?

What men want—what the employer class wants, is not that all women should be "virtuous" and subscribe to the "scale"—O, no! Their interests, their pleasures, require that there should be plenty of "scabs" to take the place, for a time at least, of the refractory "union" women!

Can anything be plainer? Most employers of labor—in agriculture, in mining, in manufactures, etc., much prefer that there should be plenty of non-union laborers from whom to draw supplies of submissive servants when their union employees "strike" for shorter hours or for a larger share of their own earnings. But the "black beast" in the estimation of the monopolistic employer is the man who is neither "union" nor "scab"—the man who insists on his right to an equal share of natural materials so that he can be self-employed—the man who will neither serve nor be served, neither rule nor be ruled. Instinctively the monopolist of nature's opportunities and of the results of human labor, fears this man worse than the devil is said to fear "holy water." He knows that the triumph of the self-owner and self-employer would mean death and destruction to his own privileged class.

And just so with the masculine employers of women in sex relations. This why the self-owning, self-reliant, independent woman is an abomination, a *bête noir* to our law-makers and law executors in church and state. The triumph of the principles of the new woman would mean death and destruction to the "vested rights," the time-honored privilege of man to have one wife, one "union" (respectable) sex servant, and as many "scabs" as his fancy calls for, or his money will allow him to hire.

These thoughts have been called out, mainly, by reading in the foreign correspondence column of an exchange—"New Society" I think it was—the following paragraphs:

"Pitiful scenes take place before the London Boards of Guardians, when some poor woman has to make confession of her frailty in order to obtain assistance from the Poor Law in her time of trouble. Many Boards have, with commendable humanity, referred such delicate questions to a committee of ladies. Mr. Cropper some time ago made an unavailing attempt to persuade the Hampstead Board to adopt a similar course, and last week Mr. Russell Scott reintroduced his suggestion "that no woman who is in expectation of the birth of her first child, and in consequence thereof shall apply for admission to the workhouse, or for outdoor relief, shall be required to attend in person before the Board, but that such cases shall be investigated, and be reported upon to the Board by a committee of lady guardians. The guardians were evenly divided upon the subject, but the proposal was rejected on the casting vote of the chairman."

"The principal point raised in the debate was that men were more merciful than women, and curiously enough, this view was taken by one of the lady members, Miss Brook Herford. The question, however, is not whether men or women are more merciful to women, but whether the delicacy of the question, and the natural and commendable shrinking of men from such a painful scene as the exhibition for the inspection of a roomful of men of a young woman who has fallen from virtue for the first time, does not make it essentially one for her own sex to deal with. A girl who has fallen in her first offense against morality has probably been more sinned against than sinning; and she has not lost all sense of modesty. The main effort should be to revive whatever of modesty remains; and no pitiless exposure should blunt her feelings of shame, or make her callous, or discourage her from the hope of regaining her lost position in respectable life. Surely a better topic than this could not be found for discussion at the next Poor Law Conference. In the meantime we hope the narrowness of the vote at the Board will encourage Mr. Rider and Mr. Russell Scott to persevere in their efforts for this merciful reform."

Do not such "pitiful scenes" suggest the propriety of a revival of our popular code of sex morality? What is "virtue," anyway, and what is "frailty"? Why should the term frailty apply to women alone, and not to man as well? As Robert G. Ingersoll says, "Let us be honest, let us be just." M. H.

### The Opinion of One.

From Oswald Dawson we have received a few copies of "The Free Press Fiasco. Balance Sheet and Counter Manifesto." Mr. Dawson did not approve of the Manifesto of the Committee, and this is the result. Those who wish to read Mr. Dawson's statement may obtain a copy at this office, by sending six cents for it, or they may address Oswald Dawson, Harman Villa, Seacroft, near Leeds. For the statement of the Committee, H. Seymour, 51 Arundel Square, N., London, England, may be addressed. I do not know the price of their Manifesto, but probably six cents would cover it.

These Manifestos make rather interesting reading, but let no one suppose that the muddle over the Bedfordshire case is very well cleared up by them. Charges and counter-charges are made, and the root of the matter is left untouched. Only a clear and lengthy history of the matter, from George Bedfordshire himself could clear it up. Such a statement he does not choose to make. Indeed, to remain silent, he declares, is the only course possible to him now. He must stand before the world branded as a coward.

I wish to express my opinion on this matter once publicly. I saw the beginning of the fight and am well acquainted with the personality of many concerned. I have read all the published statements, and many private statements from Mr. Bedfordshire's friends and his critics, as well as from George Bedfordshire himself, and I must say that had I been in his place—with the circumstances as I see them, not as the public sees them—I believe that my desire for the good of the cause would have forced

me to act as he acted. In other words, I am convinced from information in my possession that had he acted otherwise it would have resulted in more injury than good to the cause. And I say this in the full realization of the fact that it would be far easier for me were I to consider only myself personally, to go to prison. I have gone to prison in defense of my convictions, and I voluntarily remained there three times as long as I was condemned to stay because I refused to pay the costs of conviction. I therefore think that I may be conceded to know whereof I speak, so far as the fear of imprisonment is concerned.

This is not intended as an attempted vindication or defense of George Redborough. It cannot be such, because I am not permitted to give the reasons for "the faith that is in me." But I have reasons that are satisfactory to me, and as for the faith, I wish, as I say, to avow it publicly.

So far as the public fight is concerned, it has not been altogether fruitless. I by no means believe that everything that is, is right or best, but I do believe that we can make good come in spite of our mistakes, even though it does not come because of them. It seems to me that there is little time or energy to be wasted in fighting among ourselves even when some of us really make grave mistakes. If we cannot work harmoniously together, there is certainly plenty of room to work separately. There is work enough, and to spare, in England for the Footes and Redboroughs and Seymours and Dawsons and their friends and sympathizers. None need be "read out of the ranks" by the others.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

### Lucifer and Politics.

Elsie Cole Wilcox mentions Mr. Lederer's suggestion that *Lucifer* should engage in the discussion of politics and says she does not approve of the idea. *Lucifer* is a political paper in the real sense of the word, but not in the narrow dictionary meaning, which is that politics is "the science of government." That definition is based on the common belief that government is necessary for the welfare of the people. As a matter of fact, politics embraces all that is needful for the welfare of humanity and the elimination of government is as much a proper object of political endeavor as any other, if there is reason to believe that government is detrimental rather than beneficial to humanity.

It follows then that "anarchist" is as much and as properly a political designation as "democrat" or "republican," and in fact it is a far more accurate designation. Republican is a word of merely arbitrary meaning when used to designate a political party. Literally a republican is a person who is interested in public things, coming from the Latin words *res*, things, *publica* of the public. The word republican then literally means the same as the word politician; literally means, for literally a politician is one who is interested in the welfare of the citizen. To apply the word republican to a political faction is to narrow it by denying that persons not in that faction are interested in the public welfare.

So with the word democrat. The word literally means rule or might of the people; a self-contradictory term, for rule of the people means freedom of the people from rule, if it means anything.

These party names have lost any real significance and are now the badges of those who oppose politics, instead of favoring it. For politics pertains to the welfare of all the people and in that broad sense *Lucifer* is essentially a political paper. Its declaration of principles—its political platform—is found at the head of the editorial page of every issue. It is for light against darkness; for knowledge against superstition and credulity; for freedom of thought, word and action so far as it is consistent with equal freedom and stops short of invasion.

*Lucifer* has never hesitated to criticize the so-called political parties of this and other countries. It has shown that all of them in reality are striving to keep the people in ignorance and subjection instead of allowing them to assert their freedom.

Chauncey M. Depew let the cat out of the bag the other day when in a speech he said "All governments are illogical," and

to save himself he added that "all progress is the result of illogical actions," an assertion the falseness of which should be apparent to any person who knows what logic is.

What Depew meant was that all progress was made in spite of the efforts made by the church and state to oppose it, or that it clearly is not the result of the teachings of so-called political leaders. As progress is inconsistent with these teachings he concludes it must be illogical, instead of seeing that the inconsistency is in the teachings rather than in the inherent tendency of human nature to strive upward in spite of restrictions.

*Lucifer's* specialty—sexology—is at the basis of all politics. Unless the source of humanity is properly understood and freed from contaminating influences a product of good and free men and women cannot be brought into existence. Free children can be born only of free mothers.

Woman suffrage is commonly called a political movement. But of what use to woman is the right to vote if she is not free? Women have so long been kept in ignorance that the granting of the elective franchise to them would strengthen the rule of the foes of advancement of humanity. Of course the vast majority of women would vote conscientiously, and in that very fact the evils lie, because women of today have abnormal and deformed consciences created by the church and Mrs. Grundy. With the best of intentions they would throw their influence in favor of more restrictive legislation instead of striking boldly for what they most need—freedom. The fact that more than nine-tenths of the supporters of churches and Comstockism are women is a fair indication of what women would do if they had the elective franchise.

*Lucifer*, if I have read its editorial utterance aright, is as much opposed to government by the votes of men as it would be to government by the votes of both men and women. The fact that all progressive movements start with a minority is sufficient proof that majority rule, if it does exist, is wrong. But it does not exist and it never did exist.

Take this country for example. The population of the United States according to the census of 1890 was 62,622,250. A majority of this population would be 31,311,126, but the total popular vote for president in 1896 was less than half this number, or 14,073,285. But the vote that elected McKinley was only 7,107,822, or a little more than one-eighth of all the people he was chosen to rule over. And yet he was not the choice of many who voted for him, but was forced upon the nominating convention by a small handful of dictators and the herd voted for him because they could not vote for the man of their choice. And this is called majority rule; a "government of the people, by the people and for the people!"

There seems more hope of freeing people from the fetichism of religion than from the fetich of government!

### The Position of Mothers in Australia

"*Twain*," Melbourne.

The Full Court in the Simons divorce case decided that a wife can be said to desert her husband under certain circumstances, even though they live together under the same roof.

The society in which we live is of such a namby pamby character, so full of sham and hypocrisy and humbug, that the real issues involved in this decision will hardly be mentioned, certainly not discussed by the newspaper press.

The decision amounts to this in fact, that the woman has no right except at the cost of divorce and of losing the custody of her children, to exercise any choice as to whether she shall have any more children or not, or as to whether she will have children when she is in an unfit state, mentally or physically, to become a mother.

Involving thus, as this decision does, a denial of the right claimed, and I think justly claimed, by modern women to choose the fittest time to perform their most sacred function for themselves and forcing them, without any option, save that of losing their already born children, to become mothers against their wills, it seems to me that, correct as the decision seems to be in



the law, it puts woman in a position little higher than a chattel slave, and is directly opposed to the best interests not only of women, but of that future generation, the units of which should have at least one sacred right, that of a welcome and untainted birth.

The decision is, in fact, only one of numerous indications that our institution of marriage badly needs recasting on some other than the obsolete ecclesiastical-marital-right basis; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the average newspaper reader will get rid of his or her prudency or prudery to a sufficient extent to render possible the discussion of this subject in the press, without necessarily involving in financial ruin the paper that discusses it. The subject is one of such vital interest and importance to men and women and children of the present and future, that the embargo at present existing on discussing it is nothing less than disastrous.

### Who Wants Them?

In making up volumes of *Lucifer* of the years '97 and '98, we find a considerable surplus of some of the numbers. No doubt our friends can use many of these for distribution. In writing to us for them, please let us know how many you can use. If you can afford to send a few stamps, they will be very acceptable. If you cannot afford to send any, do not hesitate because of that, to order. They are excellent material for missionary work and should not remain unutilized.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Dora F. Kerr, New Denver, B. C.—Please send me Dr. Greer's book, "A Physician in the House," for which I enclose \$2.75. With regard to the suggested enlargement of *Lucifer*, we venture to give you our opinion that it is not at all advisable. It would, I believe, involve a considerable additional outlay of time and money, for which I do not see any adequate return. All that writers in *Lucifer* have to tell and readers are able to take in week by week can, I believe, very easily be contained in the present compass.

Amicus.—Best New Year's greetings! I hope that sickness has not overtaken you or your daughter, and that *Lucifer* is to be continued in 1899. At any rate, I enclose a dollar for my subscription and another dollar for "Dianna," "John's Way" and "Hilda's Home." I have for years believed in the doctrines you advocate, as the only logical, practical and just outcome of a consideration of individual rights, but I had not known of *Lucifer* until lately, when a correspondent was so kind as to order a sample copy forwarded to me. I immediately sent for the numbers of 1898, which I have found great pleasure in reading. I approve and admire very much the brave practical stand your daughter Lillian has taken in sexual matters. I wish all of us could do the same, but family and social relations, involving the welfare of others, restrict my freedom.

Virgie C. Moon, Ponchatoula, La.—I truly hope your journey will bring you to Louisiana. I think a sojourn among the pines will do you good in mind and body. One of our Illinois comrades who was here during the holidays said he thought it a delightful place. I received the volume of Kernan's poems several days ago. I wish people generally knew the beauty of Kernan's verse. It has a beauty of rhythm and a melody of words seldom attained by mortal man. I was rejoiced to see his poems in your list of books. Every liberal ought to own a copy, and every lover of the good, the true and the beautiful should read his words. Mr. — reached here New Year's eve. He is good and true to our cause, but very pessimistic and easily disheartened. Things I would not notice throw him into deep despair. I do not like this in a reformer. I believe we should learn to take disappointment and little setbacks philosophically, and if one get toppled over, just up and at it again. I believe in doing all the good we can, in every way we can.

\*"The Flaming Meteor." By Will Hubbard-Kernan. Price \$1.20. For sale at this office.

but I cannot understand why, because there is want and sorrow in the world, even though its shadow touch our own lives, we should let it sour and warp our souls. All the more need, it seems to me, that we rise above it all and keep our own souls pure, serene and sweet. Love our fellow mortals, help them all we can, and gather all the sunshine we can for ourselves and others.

Kate Austin, Caplingers Mills, Mo.—I read Elsie Cole Wilcox's criticism of the material given the readers of *Lucifer* for the past year or more, and as far as I am concerned I do not see grounds for disapproval. The sentiments of the editor regarding liberty are faultless. If E. C. Walker has been a constant contributor, I have been so interested in his articles, that the frequency of his visits were not noticed.

Walker cannot be surpassed in his presentation of the vitally important problems of freedom in the sexual relations. I do not see why it is necessary that *Lucifer* should be a mouth-piece for all; that is impossible, and it is better to stick to the present size than to try "expansion," (a risky experiment) merely to hear all "toot their own horn." Neither the sex or name of contributor should be considered, but only the ideas presented. I find it hard to raise my subscription dues for what radical papers I take, and if they all manage to keep afloat I will be content. Last week I sent you fifty cents and an article that was more lengthy than I liked, and if you reject it, I will not be ruffled in the least, and I tell you so that you may know that not all your readers are discontented with your selections. Lillian's illustrations and comments in last *Lucifer* (child stealing and the death sentence of Lieutenant Wark) ought to bring home to every liberal the folly of "improving the system of marriage." Let the accursed thing be abolished. Yours for liberty.

Elsie Cole Wilcox, Laurence, Wash.—If I made the statement as published in No. 741, that "not a week passes that Mr. Walker is not heard from," etc., I certainly expressed more than I intended, as I am not given purposely to exaggeration. What I intended to say, and what I supposed I had said was in effect, that Mr. Walker, or one of the two or three other favored ones of *Lucifer's* contributors were heard from every week. Unfortunately, I kept no copy of my letter, therefore cannot say whether I was correctly quoted or not.

As I have before stated, I have no word of fault to find with Mr. Walker's articles. I should feel that *Lucifer* was worth one dollar a year to me if he filled all its pages. But so many have written to me urging me to write for *Lucifer*, and complaining of the lack of variety in its pages, that I felt it to be in the interest of the paper and the cause it represents to protest against the monopoly of its pages by a few, thus crowding out others I believed equally entitled to a hearing. However, as Mr. Harman intimates that Mr. Walker is doing more for *Lucifer* than the rest of us, I make no further protest, except to say that we are entitled to know the facts under the circumstances. In No. 726 Mr. Harman, after admitting that there had been, though unintentionally, a discrimination against lady writers, urges the lady readers to write for *Lucifer*, which is hardly fair if there is no room for their articles.

Have just received a letter from Mr. Dexter in which he says, "Lucifer must be enlarged or lots of its readers will leave it for larger space," and suggests that a wider range of subjects including politics, must be discussed. Now I see no reason in that. The country is full of political papers, and we have only one *Lucifer*! It seems to me that anyone who would stop reading *Lucifer* because it sticks to the cause for which it was born, would not be sufficiently interested in sex reform to read the parts devoted to that subject, if it once takes up other topics. If it is merely a question of making *Lucifer* pay, no doubt it would be better to make it a political paper all through. But if it is to work for sex reform as the basis of future advancement, it would better leave politics alone, as it certainly could contain nothing that cannot be found in the regular political papers. But lest I be accused of wishing to monopolize it—

745.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

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By Oswald Dawson. This address, "Adultery," for the printers of that number played flowery on a print was "bad enough, but we are printing that the matter which they did the lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 3.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 21, E. M. 299. [C. B. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 746

### The Challenge of "The Strange Woman."

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

"Shame!" Dare you proud madam, to taunt me with shame, as you pass in your splendid array,  
And frown on the wretched street wanderer, who plods on the hot, dusty way?  
You are sure of your own cold perfection, as you stand there erect in your pride;  
Are sure that no man can condemn you, with God and the world on your side!  
You are fair as the bright Aphrodite; men say I am beautiful too.  
They feast on my passionate kisses as the fresh morning rose on the dew.  
To you they are cold and respectful, but ardent and loving to me;  
They show me their strength and their weakness; the false mask is all that you see.  
You greet them as honored acquaintance; you spurn me as less than the dust.  
You prate of a one-sided virtue; is that what you call being just?  
Aye, marvel I shrink not in silence, to think of my sin and my shame!  
And kneel not in penitent meekness in the presence of your spotless fame!  
True, madam, the wanton defies you, the harlot returns scorn for scorn;  
Nor pines for the social position your virtues so highly adorn.  
We both brought our beauty to market; my sin, if a sin, is your own.  
The church was your auction-block, madam; you bow to one keeper alone.  
While I—how to none! My caresses are mine to withhold or bestow.  
Crouch you at the feet of your master; his plaything to hide or to show.  
But come not again in your splendor, to prate of repentance to me,  
The child of the street is your better; though outcast, at least she is free!

### Free Speech on the Social Question.

[The following paper was read before one of the Lucifer Circles. These are small clubs devoted to the free and candid expression of opinion and experience. The ideas given in the paper are so important that I have asked permission to publish it. Owing, however, to the fact that a free expression of personal experience is admissible in a small gathering of friends than is advisable when that experience is given to the general public, the name of the writer is withheld. L. H.]

When asked to write a paper, I felt that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to comply; but what should I write about? It seemed that every topic relating to social emancipation had been presented. At last I decided to write on freedom of expression of our views.

The need of outspoken advocacy of our beliefs and the unashamed living of free lives before our acquaintances and friends and especially before and with our children.

In the popular world, men and women profess to have great respect for dead reformers, but that they would have added a thorn to the martyr's wreath had they lived in his time, is proved by their treatment of the living innovators—of the outspoken non-conformists of today.

Many, for fear of being called cranks, let slip chances to do propagandistic work that they might easily do.

George William Curtis, in his oration on Wendell Phillips at the time of Phillips' death, said:

"Phillips cherished profound faith in the people, and because he cherished it, he never flattered the mob, nor hung upon its neck, nor pandered to its passion, nor suffered its foaming hate or its exulting enthusiasm to touch the calm poise of his regnant soul. He moved in solitary majesty; and if from his smooth speech a lightning flash of satire or of scorn struck a cherished lie, or an honored character or a dogma of the party creed, and

the crowd burst into a furious tempest of dissent, he beat it into silence with uncompromising iteration. . . Phillips did not shrink from the sternest denunciation or ridicule or scorn of those who seemed to him recreant to freedom and humanity. The idols of a purely conventional virtue he delighted to shatter, because no public energy seemed more deadly than the American who made moral cowardice respectable.

"His voice alone among the voices that were everywhere heard and heeded, challenged every word, or look or deed, that seemed to him possibly to palliate oppression or comfort the oppressor."

We need more of the moral courage manifested by Wendell Phillips. Many who call themselves advanced thinkers, fear to live their thought; and many who do live it fail to defend its principles. We do "flatter the mob" and "hang upon its neck and pander to its passion and suffer its foaming hate" to limit our expression to an extent that amounts almost to suppression of opinion, to enforced conformity and social slavery.

We can defend principles as abstract principles, can drop a word from which ideas will grow, in almost any society. When we hear persons censured for being unconventional, we can say a word in defense of freedom of action.

We are hindered in our advancement by those who propose to foist some new limitations or conformity upon us—who, for instance, propose a "system of morals" as a substitute for the "sacrament of marriage." A "system of morals" and the "sacrament of marriage" differ about as much in reality, as differ a cemetery and a graveyard. These persons do not realize that an investigator cannot afford to accept a limitation, and that we certainly do when we subscribe to creeds, sacraments or "ethics." Not until we have reached complete development are we capable of making a fixed code of ethics, and when we have reached such perfection we shall not need it.

We are so enslaved by our financial system, by our fear of employers and the fear of losing our bread and butter, that we forget that we can acknowledge our belief and life to those who believe in freedom. One reason for our fear of believers however, is that here again we are met by the "liberal" who can accept theories, but is shocked by the person who tries to prove his theory practicable.

Among my personal friends are those to whom I can advocate the freedom of love and they accept the idea, but if I point out to them a varietist, giving the names of the lovers, they are terribly shocked. They may admire each individual mentioned, but when they find that all these admirable persons love each other, aversion is shown, and "That is all I want to know about them," we are told.

Few have any conception of real freethinking. The most advanced teacher, and one of the grandest men I ever knew, said: "It is the prejudice that is shocked. The intellect cannot be shocked." I believe he was right. But just try to see how many will be shocked by an idea. From the believer in free marriage or monogamic union outside of law, who is shocked

at the idea of variety, to the varietist who "believes in free love but not in free lust," on to the free speech, free press and free art advocate who hates Comstock's power for prohibiting the nude in art, but is shocked at the idea of lovers sleeping nude, we find nearly every one has a "principle on the brain" that hinders his or her development. We ought to remove as much of this prejudice as we possibly can.

Many times I astonish persons who are slurring anarchists or free lovers by telling them that I am personally acquainted with some of the leaders of thought in that field and giving them an idea of the meaning of the word as used by the advocates of the principles assailed.

In a class of literature in a school of six hundred pupils the teacher asked if such and such a thing "would lead to anarchy?" The class said "Yes." I asked the Professor to define anarchy. He looked at me in astonishment and said:

"I do not understand you."

I replied that if I knew the meaning of the word these things would not lead to anarchy; but "people have such different understandings of the word that I cannot properly answer your question without your definition."

"Would it lead to chaos?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

At the close of the session the professor came to me for an explanation which I gave him, together with the information that the faculty were often laughed at by the anarchists who visited the school and by two or three anarchistic pupils, who thought the instructors would do better to study the writings of the anarchists of the country before speaking of anarchy as chaos. That same week at a lecture, the President of the school used the word, and made an explanation that showed he had been informed of the talk in the literature class.

In the same school, it was said with horror, "There is a free lover in the school!"

One of the lady students who knows something of free love asked:

"Who is it? I would like to make his acquaintance; I have known a few free lovers and found them very honest, estimable people."

Such little remarks can be made and they help our work along immensely:

Persons who have lived free lives for years have blamed me for allowing my children to know my views. Before I became free enough in my mind to think a person could be quite "pure" and love more than one, a woman who was herself an illegitimate child, who was married but had a lover, thought it was "awful" that I let my children know that I believed it was right to love and express that love outside of marriage. I must not let them know that I believed in illegal love, even though it was monogamic. A man who had been a varietist all his life was surprised that I told my daughters I hoped they could be mothers, if they so desired, without being married. Members of a radical group in Boston, which is similar to Lucifer Circle, were surprised that I brought my daughter to the meeting. Yet these individuals seem honest in their opinions. I cannot understand such persons.

I brought my children into the world, and am thus responsible for their existence. I love them and want them to have all the happiness possible. The more I care for them the more I dislike to see them hindered as I was hindered by religious, political and social superstition; consequently, I never sent them to Sunday school to be taught a belief in God of which I am glad to be rid. I never taught them that anything was right or wrong simply because it was legal or non-legal, and I have felt that however much they might think my judgment at fault, they would respect my honesty, and learn enough from my experience to make it better for them to know my thought, and how it resulted in life, than to let them struggle through many trials that an honest expression of opinion and knowledge of others' experience would avert.

Parents are afraid of their children, are afraid that society will turn the child against them. In many cases it will do so

but if the parent never lies to the child from the first, furnishes amusement for it outside of churches, and if the child is endowed through heredity with sincerity and honesty of purpose, society is not likely to alienate it from the parents. Even if the child may be turned from you that does not relieve you of the responsibility of trying to teach it all that you know. In after years when it learns what society means, when it learns with Emerson that "society is a joint stock company, where each man agrees for the better securing of his bread to surrender the liberty and manhood of the eater," it will understand, and having early heard your ideas will be better prepared to accept them than it would if the idea were new. At least that was my experience. My father and mother cared nothing for legal marriage. I respected them, but thought them mistaken. I married, and when I found the love gone, it did not take years of agony and sacrifice to imaginary duty, accusations of criminal conduct, and all the popular scandal and abuse to make it possible to dissolve the union. I knew what the ideas of my parents meant when they applied to my case.

If we teach our children the rightfulness of an act is determined by its effect, not what law says about it, they will by experience in life justify us if we are right. They will learn not to be shocked at the living and practical application of the principles we advocate. They will learn to face any idea without thinking it proper to be horrified because it is new or unusual.

The mind should be developed to deal not merely with isolated incidents, but with related factors of conduct; it should be so trained in scientific methods that it will not generalize from insufficient data, nor lose sight of the fundamental fact of the multiplicity of causes and effects.

When we come out boldly and show that our lives are as good and as happy outside of conventionality as they would be in it, we may expect young people to join us and help liberate the world. While we act as if ashamed, and furnish no social entertainment for them, we must expect the social element of the church propaganda to attract them, and through its attractions bind them in slavery to custom, from which it will require years of hard experience to free themselves. "If men are to wait for freedom until they become wise and good in slavery they may indeed wait forever." The only way people ever gained liberty was by taking it and defending themselves against their rulers. The fight is on now. We must educate the people, and must not hesitate to "strike a cherished lie, or a dogma of the party creed," simply because some one will call us "narrow," or "bigoted" when we object to a thing that seems to us to "palliate oppression or comfort the oppressor."

I think no one knows what is the best life, and I see no way to find out until all restrictions are removed, and every one who is brave enough is allowed to try his experiment, gain experience and give the result to the world. The idea of those calling themselves social reformers may prove to be wrong, but they should have a chance to show by results whether it is wrong or right. There may be many abuses accompanying liberty, especially until "experience has given judgment." It is hardly to be supposed, however, that in the first one hundred years of freedom the abuses would equal those caused by law in the last one hundred years.

I would not interfere with the freedom of any one who is willing to take the responsibility of his life upon himself. The moment such a person intrudes upon another, he or she is at the mercy of every lover of liberty. Each must in self defense resist the aggressor. With Phillips, I think "no public enemy is more deadly than the American who makes moral cowardice respectable."

O, Freedom, thou art not a poet's dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
When he took off the yoke. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand



Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
His bolts, and with his lightning smitten thee;  
They could not quench the light thou hast from Heaven.  
Merciless power has dog thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires  
Have forged the chain; yet while he deems thee bound,  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,  
As springs the flame above a burning pile  
And shoutest to the nations, who return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.  
Thy birthright was not given by human hands;  
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,  
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him  
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,  
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
Thou, by his side, amid the tangled wood,  
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,  
His only foe; and thou with him didst draw  
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,  
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,  
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,  
Is later born than thou; and as he meets  
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,  
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

O, not yet

Mayest thou embrace thy corslet, nor lay by  
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids  
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,  
And thou must watch and combat till the day  
Of the new earth and Heaven.

— William Cullen Bryant.

## Crudities Criticised—No. 7.

BY FRANCIS BARRY.

In the Bedfordshire case I say: Ditto to C. L. Swartz. Let the man go to prison whose supposed duty and real pleasure is to go. It is not my place, I think, to say what Bedfordshire's real duty is, and I presume he knows best what his pleasure is. I shall not go to prison if I can well help it, and I shall not ask him to go. Let every man do for freedom what he is qualified to do and can afford to do.

I have not shown myself backward in taking my share of the brunt of reform work, and have, I think, earned the right to say to Bedfordshire: "Go to prison or stay out, as you like, and keep your standing with the best of us."

What is the difference anyway between a plea of "guilty" and a plea of "not guilty?" If Bedfordshire had said "not guilty," it would have been the same as saying, "I did not sell the book." Saying "guilty" was saying, "I sold the book." The only manly thing to do, if it could be afforded, was to defy the government. But how many of Bedfordshire's critics could afford to do that?

Let every man do what he can afford. Then let the next man do better if he can. It is a mistake, I think, to claim that animals are to be treated as men. Bedfordshire in failing to defy the British government was no more to blame than I was when I took "French leave" of the mob and the pack of wolves. The mobocrats were animals, the same as the wolves. I would have shot every "man" of both lots if I had been smart enough, and I would shoot the last British minion rather than go to prison, or see another man go for selling a book.

In *Lucifer* of December 3, a distinguished writer refers to man as sometimes disposed to tyrannize over woman. I think it is wrong to put the matter in this light. It is not men who outrage women, but husbands. Men are polite and generous and just to women. I mean men as a class, not the especially manly man. It is true that men who have not had a ceremony performed sometimes play husband, while a few who have taken the legal right to outrage a woman, act the part of free lovers.

I class all men among the married who regard and treat a woman as a piece of property to be appropriated and devoted to masculine use. And I call every man a free lover who treats a woman as a self-owned equal, though he may (and sometimes properly) have indulged in a ceremony that gives him illegitimate legal power.

The habit, on the part of orators and writers, of charging men with being tyrants has been the bane of the so-called woman's rights movement. Men and women should work together as equals, those taking the lead who are best qualified without regard to sex. The woman who will work where she is not treated as an equal acts the part of a fool, and the man who will give a penny while required to take a back seat, acts the part of an ass.

As many men as women are in favor of equal suffrage and woman's freedom, and as many women as men defend marriage and the sentiment and arrangements that hold her in subjection. I have done nothing in particular for woman suffrage, and Susan B. Anthony has done more than any other worker, yet I am five years her senior as its advocate, and the first person I found, or heard of, to advocate woman's right to vote was Gerrit Smith, who laid down the doctrine in the broadest and most emphatic terms in a National Convention, before any woman had spoken or a woman suffrage convention had been held. And yet the women orators would make it appear that all women were in favor of equal suffrage and all men opposed to it.

*Lucifer's* readers, as such, have not been greatly afflicted with vicious and senseless talk about "equal freedom." But elsewhere there has been great wear and tear of type and a great expenditure of paper and ink in advocacy of this crudity. The man who proposes equal freedom is a slanderer unless he can escape the charge by pleading ignorance of the character of freedom. Equal freedom means an equal length of rope, or it means nothing. Who is to hold the other end of the rope? When equal freedom is proposed the inference is that freedom, with no adjective, is inadmissible.

As slavery is the greatest evil, freedom without restriction is the greatest beneficence. Every man, woman and child, animal, insect and reptile has a right to absolute and unconditional freedom.

It does not require an extra intelligence to see that freedom needs no qualification. During my first lecture trip, forty-three years ago, I said wherever I went: "Freedom is not a lengthened chain, but the breaking of all chains. The freedom of one is the freedom of all. The moment I trespass in the least degree upon the least right of any being, that moment I violate freedom."

The man who advocates "equal freedom," who says, in other words, that we all ought to have an equal length of rope, needs to go to school. He doesn't know the difference between freedom and invasion.

## A Clerical Error Corrected.

BY ROMULUS.

The Rev. Dr. George Matheson is authority for the statement that "Christian love is the only kind of love in which there is no jealousy. The glory of Christian love is its refusal of monopoly." The gentleman is mistaken. The love of the consistent varietist, the womanly varietist, the manly varietist, is of precisely that sort. It takes strong womanhood and strong manhood to be consistent in variety. Anyone can be a varietist, but to be a consistent varietist requires every resource of heart and brain.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not on them looks liberty,  
Who with frowning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed in power.

—Whittier.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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A REPORT of the first public meeting of the Illinois Agnostic Society should appear in this issue, but is crowded out. It will appear next week.

"THE CHALLENGE of The Strange Woman" is republished at the request of a subscriber, who thinks it "a most effective shot at the popular standards of respectability." It would be more effective if it were more true to life. The "Strange Woman" could be as free as pictured if she would, but in reality she is as abject a slave to superstition as the average married woman. To both, equally, the married state is the ideal. The illustration used by the editor last week, in which he characterized the prostitute as the "non-union" or "scab," is more closely borne out by the facts. When the "Strange Woman" reaches the plane on which she no longer feels shame, when she respects herself as pictured in the poem, when she can proudly say, "My carresses are mine to withhold or bestow," she will feel too much pride, too much self-respect to sell those carresses. When that time comes she will no more be a prostitute.

L. H.

## On the Wing.

St. Louis, Jan. 14, '99.

Sunday, January 8, at Bloomington, Ill., I had the pleasure of meeting with the Spiritualist Society of that place, of which society Col. James Freeman is President and Mrs. Hammond Secretary. The number present was not large, owing, it was thought, to the prevalence of *la grippe*. A very excellent paper was read by an aged member of the society—whose name for the moment escapes me—treating upon the fundamental or underlying principle of ethics in their relation to the welfare of women and men in the "here and now," rather than in their supposed relation to what are called *discarnate* or *excarate* human beings.

At the close of the meeting the writer of these lines was introduced to the meeting by its presiding officer, in a few well-chosen words—only too flattering to the subject thereof. Without premeditation or special preparation, I gave a rough outline of the work to which the last eighteen or more years of my life have been devoted. The main purpose or theme of this impromptu address was to show that all attempts at reformation or betterment of human society as a whole, must fail so long as woman is not free—free at all times to choose and to refuse masculine co-operation, for her own happiness and unfoldment and for the endowment and right development of her offspring. To this talk my auditors listened with close attention, and at the close I had the satisfaction of receiving a few words of hearty endorsement and encouragement from the Secretary, Mrs. Hammond.

During my stay at Bloomington the weather was mainly clear and cold, but on reaching St. Louis I found the city enveloped in a dense fog—presumably much resembling that which we read of as prevailing in London in the fall and winter months. There has been no uplifting of this fog until this—Saturday—morning, when the weather-clerk was kind enough to give us a gleam of sunshine. Like Chicago and other western cities, St. Louis has for some weeks been suffering under a severe visitation of epidemic *la grippe*, and hence the change in the

weather is hailed as an omen of good to the stricken inhabitants of the great central city of the Mississippi basin.

It is needless to say that the change is very welcome to the valetudinarian, the seeker of health and strength. Since my arrival in this city I have been taking daily treatment at the Missouri Institute of Osteopathy, Rooms 413 to 416 Odd Fellows Building, Olive and Ninth streets. Dr. J. O. Hutton, the founder of this institute, is one of the best known of the practitioners and expounders of this new and yet old method of treating diseased conditions of the human organism. Dr. Ella Slater, though not so old in the work, appears to be a very efficient condutor in conducting the business of the institute.

To such of our readers as have not had an opportunity to investigate the claims of Osteopathy I would say that it professes to "cure all diseases without medicine." It claims that "all diseases are caused by obstructions, and that the removal of these obstructions leaves the system in a natural, that is, a healthy condition. Our methods of removing these obstructions," say these doctors, "are the newest, most scientific, most rational, as well as the most physiological known." Those wishing to know what these methods are can find out by addressing a line to Doctors Hutton and Slater at the address named above. While it is too soon to say much of my own case, I am free to state that the treatment is in line with the results of my personal experience and observation in therapeutics for the last fifty years, and that I can with a clear conscience recommend the Missouri Institute of Osteopathy to those in need of instruction in the art of right living, and of the right methods of getting well when sick.

On account of bad weather I have as yet seen but few of Lucifer's St. Louis friends. Yesterday I had a pleasant call from Professor W. F. Peck, long and favorably known as a lecturer on reform subjects. Fifteen years ago Professor Peck and Mrs. H. S. Lake were the chief speakers at our Free Thought camp-meeting at Valley Falls, Kansas. Most of the readers of Lucifer have doubtless, at some time, met and heard these two pioneer workers in the Free Thought field and also as evangelists in the field of economic reform. For some years Professor Peck has been located in St. Louis. Last year he was elected president of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, which organization holds its annual meetings at Mt. Pleasant Park camp ground, near Clinton, Iowa. This—Sunday—eve I expect to hear the Professor deliver a discourse upon "Abraham Lincoln" at the hall of the First Spiritualist Society of St. Louis, which society has for some months been served by him as its regular or stated speaker. On the twenty-ninth of this month he will deliver a lecture at the same place upon "Thomas Paine, the Author-Hero of the American Revolution." During February he is engaged as lecturer at the Lake Helen, Florida, encampment, which place seems now to be quite popular as a resort for winter tourists in search of health and pleasure, or of information regarding the occult, the unseen, or the hitherto unknown forces and intelligences that by many are believed to have much to do with moulding the destinies of earth's inhabitants.

A meeting of Lucifer's St. Louis friends is being arranged for Wednesday evening next at a hall near 504 Market street. Whether I shall remain in St. Louis longer than the date of this meeting is not yet decided, or whether I shall next go south, east or west. I should be very glad to accept all the invitations that have been so kindly extended to me, but neither time nor length of purse will permit such acceptance. If conditions should be favorable, I should much like to visit friends in Tennessee, Louisiana and Florida.

Tomorrow I shall probably interview the transportation companies in regard to excursion rates to Lake Helen, Fla., New Orleans and other points on or near the Gulf of Mexico, for while the weather to day in St. Louis is all that an invalid could wish probabilities are that fogs will prevail here much of the time till March, or even until April.

M. H.

How much that is unjust and erroneous is authorized by custom.—Terence.



### In the Editor's Absence.

The following fraternal letter from the editor of "The Eagle and the Serpent," London, is similar in tenor to many received at this office:

"DEAR MR. HARMAN: Sorry to hear that you are in need of a rest. But I do not wonder at it. If you will take advantage of my discovery I believe you will never want a rest. I am not the only reform editor who has found salvation in the dietetic prescriptions of Fraulein Lepper. I enclose you a circular and also send you a work of hers. Believe me you will find them worthy of your most serious consideration."

Our friends deserve and have our hearty thanks for the interest they take in my father's welfare, and their advice is, in the main, good, though sometimes rather conflicting. But the trouble with their advice is, that it does not apply to the case. Fraulein Lepper, for instance, assumes that those she advises have acted in a foolish manner dietetically, as she admits that she herself formerly did.

"I, like yourself," she says, "had been eating haphazardly. I had lost my health. Doctors, drugs and stimulants gave me no relief."

As a matter of fact, the editor of Lucifer knew all the theories which she advances, and practicalized them in so far as he thought best, long before she had arrived at that stage of loss of health. He never "ate at haphazard," for he had a sensible mother who fed her children wholesome, simple food, and after he arrived at maturity he chose his own food wisely. "Drugs and stimulants" were always avoided by him.

And now I shall say a few things about my father that Custom tells us shall not be written of our loved when living, though perfectly proper to say when they are dead. But I believe the majority of the readers of Lucifer are greatly interested in his condition, and will be glad to know some of the facts affecting and causing it.

He was born sixty-eight years ago. He is of medium height and, up to three months ago, of medium weight, not giving the impression of undue flesh, nor the opposite condition. He stands erect, despite a lameness, of which I shall speak later. His face showed very few wrinkles and his complexion was clear and fresh—a very fine complexion for a man of his age. He is slightly deaf, but his eyes look clear and bright, and earnestly into those of the one with whom he talks. He has a wonderfully thick, heavy head of white hair, with no indications of thinning with age. To one who realizes, as I do, the battle which he has been through it is wonderful—not that he needs rest now—but that he shows so little signs of age.

He was one of a large family of children. They lived in the "backwoods." As a child he read everything he could, and would study by the firelight at night after his day's work was done. He was a strong, healthy child, though thoughtful and studious. At the age of twelve he suffered an accident which injured the bone of the left leg, resulting in what the doctors then called "white swelling"—they have another name for it now which I do not recall at this moment. He suffered terribly with it, part of the time being confined to his bed in the most intense pain; and it was a constant running sore for forty-two years. A large portion of that time he was forced to walk on two crutches. At the age of sixty-four, or thereabouts, a portion of the thigh bone sloughed off and out, the sore healed and it has caused him no more suffering.

But the physical pain did not daunt his ambition. He would go to school and to college. While at the latter, he worked and earned a considerable portion of his expenses, which was a great disgrace in the eyes of his college companions, most of whom were the sons of rich southern slaveholders who thought that work of any kind was a disgrace. But this brave boy, whom I am proud to call my father, worked and suffered and studied and graduated, and finally faced the world with the education which fitted him to occupy the pulpit of a Methodist preacher.

He could not continue in that position long, however. His own reason would not permit it. Without the aid of a Free-thought work, he followed his convictions and renounced his ministry. It could only have been at the cost of much suffering to him that he left the traditions of his family and took his own course unaided and alone.

The only time he ever abused his stomach, so far as I know, was when he was taking a special course of study in St. Louis after he finished his college education. He was very anxious to take this course, and having little money he nearly starved himself. The result of this was a rather serious injury to his alimentary and digestive organs; however, it did not take many years of right living to atone for that wrong.

He was too honest, too true to his convictions, to have an easy life. At the time of the abolition movement, and during the war, he had very narrow escapes from death because of his desire for freedom for all. He was threatened with mob violence and with "tar and feathers, a ride on the rail," and with death, because he expressed his abolition sentiments. And this in spite of the fact that he was a cripple and could not go to war and fight as others did.

For eighteen years it has been a constant, up-hill struggle to keep Lucifer alive. Mob violence was threatened and openly advocated, and for ten years he was harassed through the courts and was three times in prison.

For what?

For advocating the right of woman to the ownership of her person, in marriage as well as out. This was the real crime, and the object was to suppress Lucifer. The technical charge was that of publishing obscene matter; a charge most absurd as it is utterly foreign to the tenor of the paper, and to its editor's tastes and desires. All who know him know that his respect for woman and the reproductive functions is so high that he never even tells a "smutty story," nor indulges in such allusions.

My object in writing this has been to indicate that his life has been a constant struggle against fearful odds, and that it is not strange that he is somewhat weary in this, the evening of a long day. Many there are who would be more than weary. Many there are who have laid down their lives in utter exhaustion, and many more have become embittered and discouraged, with less cause than this which I have outlined. He, through it all, has continued hopeful, cheerful. He says he never felt discouraged enough to wish to die. In the words of one of his favorite poems, he can say:

"I am the master of my fate,  
I am the Captain of my soul."

This, then, is the most shadowy outline of my father. I wish I could give a clear picture of him. I wish that every one of his friends could know his life as it really has been. Certainly if ever man lived a normal, wholesome life, my father is that man. He has not one of the common vices of men. His only excess has been his love of study and his work for what he believes to be right. His greatest physical enjoyments and luxuries are his morning walks, which he always takes when able, and the eating of fruit, of which he is very fond.

After his life of constant toil and mental strain, his great need is rest. When he is restored to his normal health and strength, I hope he will be able to write the story of his life. It is a task which I would like to perform if I felt equal to it, but that I do not. His life has been a wonderful help and inspiration to me, and I believe it would be to others as well.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

"MOTHERHOOD IN FREEDOM" is out of print; but James W. Adams writes us that he has thirty copies which he will donate to Lucifer. The price is five cents a copy. Send orders here, and the pamphlets will be sent you by Mr. Adams. This has been highly praised as a very valuable missionary document.

Send for free sample copies of "The New Dispensation," Corvallis, Oregon.

# Comments.

BY C. L. JAMES.

As concerns the practicability of free marriage, probably the most scientific way to reason what may be done is that which starts from what has been done. In the case of Indiana against Buel for lewd and lascivious co-habitation, the undisputed fact was, the parties had drawn up a contract which began with the assumption that they had a recognized legal right either to marry or divorce themselves, and after some declamation against marriage as it used to be, had agreed to live together except as separation might some day prove necessary. Held that this was a valid marriage, and that there was no ground of action; but court warned the prisoners that they quite misunderstood the law and would be liable if they ever remarried after a self-granted divorce.

In the case of Minnesota against Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland, same charge, the parties having contracted to live together as long as they could agree; held, that while a valid common law marriage might doubtless be made otherwise than as directed by statute, it was evident that there must be an intention of assuming common law obligations. Verdict, "Guilty."

The case of E. C. Walker is probably better known to other readers of *Lucifer* than myself. I remember one peculiarity, however. The court held the marriage binding, but also punishable, which Bishop ("Marriage and Divorce") has intimated may often happen. There are no doubt other more or less similar cases not known to me. In all the above, and in what I remember of other cases whose details I do not recall sufficiently for citation, I plainly discern one thing, which is that our judges show no disposition to stretch the law in the direction of sexual freedom.

The criticism on Anarchistic doctrine and phraseology in *Lucifer*, No. 741, recalls to my mind a remarkable paragraph of Macauley. Answering James Mills' argument for pure democracy, Macauley observes "It might with much plausibility be maintained that in many countries there are two classes, one of whom may safely be trusted with power, while the other requires restraint—that the rich being made responsible and vulnerable by those same possessions which raise them above temptation to plunder where there is little to be got, are thereby marked as fit to exercise authority; while the poor are the class whom government is intended to restrain, because they have every immediate motive for plundering the rich; and are not amenable to any motives for refraining but the fear of punishment."

Macauley intimated at the time that he was only reasoning hypothetically, but in his last published utterance on American institutions, he made it plain that this, in one of his earliest, was founded on his sincere opinion. Though one of the most liberal among bourgeois writers, he was preoccupied with the platitudes of Ricardo to that extent that he could not conceive the possibility of poverty's being extinguished; and saw in any proposition which looked that way only an attack on those instincts of acquisition by which alone wealth is created. But whatever the limits of Macauley's vision, there was never anything foggy about it, so far as it extended. What he could see he saw with perfect clearness, and never made any bones about stating with perfect candor. That wherever the distinguishable classes of rich and poor exist, government proposes to protect the former and restrain the latter alone—that there is no law to punish a rich man, except for endangering the interest of his class, or to protect a poor man, except as the rich find it convenient—that government, thus founded on class-rule, exists in new countries only as an importation, and in old countries, after democratic changes, only as an experiment—that the idea of government by the people is illogical and must in practice lead either to despotism or anarchy; and finally, that to tell the people so may be imprudent in their masters, though it was

not like himself to keep much back. All this Macauley thoroughly understood. He only failed to see that the distinction of ruler and ruled is older than that of rich and poor, being, in fact, the efficient cause of the latter.

Your correspondent represents a class—a very large class, the great majority—without whose support the vampire which sucks their blood could not exist a day, but who, fortunately for their purposes, are less intelligent. They imagine that laws are in practice equal, or pretty nearly equal, for the rich and the poor. In America they also labor under the delusion that they make the laws. They endure the evils of landlordship, chartered monopoly, gold buggery, slavery, aristocracy, etc., that they may be protected by the organization which makes these things, against the hobos and hoodlums, who are themselves among its products. The use of Anarchistic literature is obvious. It is to teach this deluded multitude by what arts they are imposed on. As for rousing the hatred of the rulers and violently shocking society, I cheerfully profess, for myself at least, that that is the very thing I would be at. Never forget Garrison's law, [that the value of reform writing is measured by the abuse it brings. If it brings none, it is absolutely worth nothing. All Proudhon's other services to humanity pale before this single one that he dared to call anarchy anarchy.]

## Proportionate Representation.

BY C. T. B.

Equality is not predicable between different kinds of things. To say that a stone has an equal right to remain on earth as a brick is not to say that a stone and a brick are equal in use by man or other animal. To say that a mouse has a right to eat as much as an elephant is not saying that the mouse and the elephant are not equals.

To say that one mouse shall not have all that it wants to eat because another mouse has tabooed all food in sight because its great ancestor first saw the land on which the food must lie when eaten by other mice is a denial of equality.

There has never been any serious discussion of equality on the basis that if things were equal a mouse would be compelled to eat as much as an elephant could; nor that a man would be compelled to accept the diet of either mouse or elephant—in quantity or quality. Should there be equality between mice; equality between elephants; equality between men? These are the questions to be considered in discussing equality. The comparison of the rights of the mouse and the elephant is to confuse the mind so that in the statement "the rights of individuals are proportional," the mouse shall stand in the mind an individual and the elephant as an individual. That is the suppressed minor premise, in which fallacies, if present at all, are to be found. A mouse is an individual among mice—an elephant is an individual among elephants. That is, in speaking of elephants, if it be said, "the herd consists of twenty individuals" no mice are included. And one who should say, "a mouse is an individual, therefore there are some mice who are counted in the herds of elephants," would be considered, at the best, as a "cute boy."

The next false premise is easy. A man with capital is an elephant; one with no capital is a mouse. A man with skill to produce twice as much as another, is an elephant to that other, who is a mouse.

Is this true? If it is true what follows? Nothing. The question is, in an organization has any individual the right to seize raw material as fast as the individual can produce from it and so the quick producers use up the raw material before the slow ones get to it. If the raw material is inexhaustible as air (if fresh air may be said to be inexhaustible) no harm is done; but if the raw material is limited in quantity, as land, pine forests, etc., harm and injustice is done. Even our legislators can see that harm is done to the whole body—even to posterity by the destruction of the pine forests. It is custom only that pre-



vents our seeing the injustice of seizure of land by individuals from the organization. The right of commons in England is a present demonstration of a right in land held by the whole organization, which should be enlarged to include all land, all raw material.

The philosophy in "Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXX" is crude.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXXI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**CUMULATIVE VOTING.** The equitable representation of all interests can be best secured by cumulative voting. The council is elected by the members, each member having a number of votes proportional to his contribution of labor, skill and capital; and he may give all these votes for one individual, or divide them at pleasure. So in our voting in the council, each member may divide his total number of votes at his discretion, among the different officers to be elected. The greater the extent to which cumulative voting is provided for, the more certainly will each one be able to cast his ballot in such a way as to secure to some extent what he approves.

Even cumulative voting does not secure the highest possible equity in the ballot; but a more perfect system would be more complicated. With cumulative voting, as with the present method, after a candidate has received enough votes to elect him, all additional ballots given to him are thrown away. By an absolutely perfect system, not only would the voters in such a case secure their first choice, but all the unneeded votes would assist in the selection of others.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a corn-field, and if instead of pecking where and what is wanted, and no more, you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got in a heap and reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon in the flock, sitting around and looking on all winter, while this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it, and if a pigeon more hardy than the rest touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces—if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men.—*Dr. Paley.*

### Who Wants Them?

In making up volumes of *Lucifer* of the years '97 and '98, we find a considerable surplus of some of the numbers. No doubt our friends can use many of these for distribution. In writing to us for them, please let us know how many you can use. If you can afford to send a few stamps, they will be very acceptable. If you cannot afford to send any, do not hesitate because of that, to order. They are excellent material for missionary work and should not remain unutilized.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

A. Isaak, Jr.—Enclosed find fifty cents for a paper copy of "Hilda's Home." I have read part of the story in the installments in your columns. I lost some of the numbers, and so did not finish reading it. However, I can about guess the closing of it, and it seems to me that it has the one great error which is prevalent in most books of this character. It seems to me that if the writer had left out the rich man (I have not read so far until he comes upon the scene again, but that he does I am most sure, as it takes "the happy afterward" tone which is in most books) and had taught the trials and hardships that such pioneers would necessarily have to endure, the purpose of the book would have been much better fulfilled.

V. O. Smith, Leyton, Essex, England.—"Hilda's Home" duly received, and am compelled to write to say how grand the idea is, and it seems perfectly practical in real life. But are

there any "Hilda's Homes" in real existence? The description of her home is so beautiful that I am entirely carried away with the idea, and only wish there were such stately homes here for the people. It seems to me that it would do away with a few amassing all the wealth; it would practically be no use having a fortune, as there would be no outlet for it except of course in building new homes. I like the idea immensely (co-operatively working with equal sharing of dividends and shorter hours for daily toil) and sincerely trust that things may come to pass as stated in this book. What a happy, glorious existence for everybody!

F. H. Worden, Lynn, Mass.—Find enclosed fifty cents, for which please send me "Irene." Am glad to learn that the editor has got away. Hope he will get a new lease of life. Friend Walker is right in his last article. "Disquisitions upon the abstract right to do, or of doing this or that" can well be left for those who wish to study the question further, and there is ample literature in book and pamphlet form for them. And it is very possible that *Lucifer* could be more widely circulated and read if we had more of the records of concrete tyranny, and such short paragraphs as "Plumb-Line Penographs." These being both "newsy" and thought-provoking, would catch the eye of the indifferent, and would win subscribers who would not read abstract articles of length. As to enlargement, I think that the paper fits the times. I also enclose twelve cents for as many copies of the surplus numbers as you can send. I can use eighty or a hundred, and will remit the deficiency in postage, if any. From one who *does not* think he could run the paper.

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**The Outcome of Legitimation.** By Oswald Dawson. This address was to have appeared in the January "Adult," but the printers of that number played Bowdler on a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which they did print was "bad enough, but we are printing that and decline to print more." The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 3 cents. For sale at this office.

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## 746.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 5.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 4. E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 748.

### The Cry of the Children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;  
The young birds are chirping in the nest;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;  
But the young, young children, O my brothers!  
They are weeping bitterly.  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do ye question the young children in their sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?  
The old man may weep for his tomorrow  
Which is lost in long ago;  
The old tree is leafless in the forest;  
The old year is ending in the frost;  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest.  
The old hope is hardest to be lost;  
But the young, young children, O my brothers!  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bonoms of their mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland?

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;  
Their wind comes in our faces,  
Till our hearts turn, our head with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places.  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and red,  
Turns the long light that drops down the wall,  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
All are turning all the day, and we with all.  
And all day the iron wheels are droning,  
And sometimes we could pray,  
'O ye wheels (breaking out in a mad moaning,  
'Stop! be silent for today!'"

Aye, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing  
For a moment, mouth to mouth;  
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
Of their tender human youth;  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;  
Let them prove their living souls against the motion  
That they live in you or under you, O wheels!  
Still all day the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling onward,  
Lie on blindly in the dark.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of the angels in high places,  
With eyes turned on Deity.  
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart—  
Nurse down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O god-beeper,  
And purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

### Wife and Prostitute.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Of course a poem is not primarily a sermon. A dramatic monologue is written from the standpoint of the supposed speaker; it is a picture, not an argument. It is a revelation of character, whether admirable or contemptible. The writer, with such imagination and poetic insight as he may possess, endeavors to express what a given individual, under given circumstances, might say for himself if endowed with the full capacity of self-revelation. The reader is to judge whether the result involves laudation, justification, palliation or condemnation. Taking Browning as the master of this form of literary expression, we all loathe the speaker in "My Last Duchess," and perhaps admire the narrator of "The Italian in England." In subjective lyric poetry the case is different. Here the poet breathes forth the intense expression of his own feeling. No finer example of this can be given than that superb lyric by Henley, which I am delighted to see is a favorite with Moses Harman as well as with myself.

Now as to "The Challenge of the Strange Woman." Of course no reader could have taken it seriously as an apotheosis of prostitution. The "Challenge" is obviously not addressed to the champions of love in freedom, and freedom in love. We can show "a more excellent way" out of the thralldom of conventionalism and marital slavery. Every word of Lillian's comment is strictly true. None the less, the poem, although imperfect as a model of literary excellence, contains a truth not to be overlooked. The "Strange Woman" is made a social outcast by those who profit by her shame. She is spurned as a vile reptile by her haughtier sisters who sell their embraces not less openly than she. For them is the sunshine of life; for them respect and honor; for them music and poetry; for them shelter and protection; for them comfort and ease. She shrinks into the shadow as they pass by; she becomes accustomed to insult and scorn; she may enjoy a precarious tenure of luxury and pleasure during the short span of fresh beauty and youthful vigor, but an early decay is at hand. She is an unpitied martyr, perishing in the darkness without power to give expression to the inarticulate sense of wrong and injustice.

How then, can such a one be pictured as boasting of her freedom? Only in this way, and to this degree. The poem represents her "at bay," goaded by desperation and resolved to confront her contemner with plain words. She would strip the veil of hypocrisy from the woman whose prostitution was sanctioned by church and state. She can hurl reproaches in her turn. If she has degraded the expression of love she has paid the penalty. She may have been driven to prostitution, as thousands are, by such external influences as not one in a hundred could have withstood, by the crushing weight of economic injustice, by a too confiding love, basely betrayed; by a high and noble act of self-sacrifice for others. But she waives all such matters

Humanity has not a minute to lose. Quick! Quick! Let us hasten. The wretched have their feet on red-hot iron. They hunger, they thirst, they suffer.—Victor Hugo.

of defense or exculpation; she does not seek to justify herself, or to shrink from reaping where she had sown; but she fiercely arraigns the manifest inequality of the sentence. It does not fall to her self-righteous sister to "cast the first stone."

Both wife and prostitute dishonor the name of love, and the former has no ground for towering in conscious rectitude over the latter. Be it understood, that throughout this article I speak of the married woman who binds herself for social standing, material advantage, or other ulterior object, to a loveless union, or continues in the conventional marriage relation when love has ceased to be a reality.

Of course there are many loving hearts to whom the ceremony is a mere form, accepted for convenience or safety, and by whom the yoke of compulsion is little felt. Such are true to love, and simply follow their own judgments or consciences in the mode of expression. But the institution of marriage, as understood by church and state, is a mere matter of form and covers tenfold more prostitution than exists outside of it.

The wife leases her body to one man for life; the prostitute gives leases to various men for terms ranging from ten minutes to an indefinite number of years. The wife binds herself to a prostitution from which she is theoretically never to seek freedom; the prostitute may terminate her contract at any time, and refuse to make others. The wife, as a rule, is constantly dependent on her owner for the means of subsistence; the prostitute receives her money and spends it as she likes. The wife can never resist sexual invasion by the man who has bought her; the prostitute remains her own mistress and may deny her embraces when she will. The wife subjects her mind and will no less than her body to the orders of another, whom she allows to exercise a censorship over her visitors and correspondence, and to whom she must give account of her time, and the places she is to visit. The prostitute, however deep her degradation, makes no such servile and contemptible sacrifice of her individuality, hence does not become so abject and spiritless a slave. The wife seeks to reap the fruits of her prostitution, and at the same time to pose before the world as an exemplar of eminent respectability; the prostitute claims to be no other than she is.

It is clear enough that neither the wife nor the prostitute has a true conception of freedom. Of the two, the wife receives more of the world's favors, and in return therefor, accepts a cramped and straightened individuality. She becomes a hypocrite and a willing slave, using all her influence to perpetuate a system of slavery and false ideals. I do not mean to be understood as pronouncing a bitter condemnation. Too often she is rather to be pitied as a fellow-victim with her sister the "non-union" prostitute.

Freedom is a relative condition. None of us are or can be free at the present time. The only contention is that the woman who sells herself according to the sanctified forms of marriage occupies no such exalted station as to give her the right to look with Pharisaical contempt on her less "respectable" sisters.

For a harlot is sold for a passing like,  
But the wife is sold for aye.

Body and soul for a lifetime sell;  
And the end thereof shall be  
That thou shalt be harlot and slave as well,  
Till death shall set thee free.

### The Condition of Wisconsin Workers

In May, 1898, occurred the strike of the woodworkers of Oshkosh, Wis. Sixteen hundred and three members of the Woodworkers' International Union "conspired" to ask of their employers, the Paine Lumber Company,

- "1. For an increase of wages.
- "2. For abolition of woman and child labor.
- "3. For the recognition of the organization.
- "4. For a weekly pay day."

The strikers were successful in their efforts, but two of their members, and Thomas I. Kidd, Secretary of the organization, who went there from Chicago to assist the strikers, were arrested

and tried for conspiracy. Clarence S. Darrow of Chicago, defended them, and his speech to the jury has been published in pamphlet form.\* The following extracts are from the speech:

"I say to you honestly, as man to man, that this jury cannot convict Thomas I. Kidd. You can convict yourselves, but you cannot convict him. You may return a verdict of guilty against these men, but in the face of the civilized world, and in the view of every man who has a mind to think and a heart to feel, you will write your infamy in the verdict you return. Let me say to you, gentlemen of the jury, the battle in which these defendants are engaged is your fight the same as theirs. There is not a man upon this jury but what has the same interest in these burning questions of the day as the defendant Kidd. Not one. I do not want you to mistake our position in this case. I am not appealing to you for Thomas Kidd. I am appealing to you for the stunted men, and suffering women and dependent children who cannot speak. I appeal for them, and not for him; and I say, gentlemen, their lives, their future and their happiness is in your keeping as much as they were in his."

"If there is somebody you want to get, as there always is, because most of us have enemies, excepting Paine—but if there happens to be some one you are after, then you make a charge of conspiracy, and you are allowed to prove what the defendant said and did, and what everybody else said and did over any length of time that you see fit to carry it, and there you get your conspiracy. Conspiracy is the child of the Star Chamber Court of England, and it has come down to us like most bad things and many good ones, from the remote past, without much modification. Whenever a king wanted to get rid of somebody, whenever a political disturber was in some one's way, then they brought a charge of conspiracy, and they not only proved everything he said, but everything everyone else said and everyone else did. It was in those old days, even after courts commenced to protect the rights of individuals, they invented the crime of conspiracy. It was not only a conspiracy to kill the king, but it was a conspiracy to talk about killing him, and it was a conspiracy even for several to imagine the death of the king."

"In many well-ordered penitentiaries outside of Oshkosh they have a rule that people cannot converse at all, and the reason is that they may not conspire. And down in the dark coal mines in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania where those human moles burrow in the earth for the benefit of the great, monstrous, greedy corporations that are corrupting the lifeblood of the nation, there they work men in chain gangs, and put an Italian, an Austrian, a German, an American and a Bohemian together so they cannot understand each other when they speak, so that they may not combine and conspire, because in combination, and in combination alone, is strength. They do this, gentlemen of the jury, so that each one of those tiny atoms, each poor laborer, with his little family, perhaps, around him, working for a dollar a day, or eighty cents a day, is bound to compete with the combination of men, with all the wealth that all their lives can create. On the one hand these powerful interests are organized thoroughly, completely and they act together; and they turn to those poor slaves, whose liberty they take, and say to them, 'We will consult with you, but come along to our office and then we will talk.' They say this because they wish to meet the weak and puny and helpless single individual with the great and powerful wealth and strength of their mighty corporations. And that is what Paine said. 'I would not answer the letter because it came from a labor organization and I did not know who it was. I will meet my men alone and talk with them. There are only two parties to a contract, the employer and the employed.' Yes, gentlemen, they would meet their men alone. Pile on you for hypocrites and cowards, who would combine every manufacturer in the city of Oshkosh, not into a 'union,' but into an 'association.' A body of employers living from the unpaid labor of the poor is

\*Argument of Clarence S. Darrow in the Woodworkers' Conspiracy Case. Price 35 cents. For sale at this office.



an 'association.' A body of their slaves is a 'labor union.'.....

"Let me call your attention to the fact that of all the witnesses that testified in relation to wages, there was only one man who received more than a dollar and a quarter a day. Just one; and that one was the foreman, having seven under him, besides doing his own work, and he received sixteen and a half cents an hour. Aside from that, amongst the fifteen or twenty who testified, none received more than a dollar and a quarter a day, and each told instances of others who received ninety cents, eighty cents, and even less; and this has not been disputed for one moment by these men.....

"One quarter of the people who work for Paine are children and women. And these are not included in the wages quoted. You have seen some of the children; some of them came upon the witness stand. Now I personally agree with Mr. Kidd. I believe a woman should have every opportunity in this world that she wants and needs; every advantage given to a man, but it is only necessity that drives these girls into Paine's sweat shop for ten hours a day.....

"I asked Mr. Paine the question if he employed girls and he said yes. And I asked, 'What do these girls do?' 'Ah,' he says, 'those girls take little bits of sticks and saw them up on little saws.' And what is the evidence? Now I do not know whether Paine is familiar with his factory or not. Possibly he has no more interest in his factory than Quartermass has in the prosecution of criminal cases in this court; but he did not tell the truth. We proved by witness after witness that these sixteen-year-old girls take heavy doors, pine doors, hardwood doors and oak doors, and mold and saw them on the machines; and they have not denied it, excepting that Mr. Paine told you that these girls sawed little sticks on little saws. I suppose these saws scarcely moved; harmless saws that were simply toys. What these girls do has been proven over and over by the witnesses in this case.....

"What does anyone think of these little children, whom they are placing in their mills while they slowly turn their fathers out? You remember that one of those little boys told you that his father used to work, but now he is idle. Gentlemen, let these things go on, and on, and on, and the natural law of affection will be reversed—the laws which prompt the father to care for his little child, to toil for it, and labor for it, and strive for it, and give the child a few years of sunshine and happiness and joy, and a chance at public schools—those laws will be reversed, and the little child will go to the mill and leave the father to roam the streets a tramp.....

"How old are these children? We placed six on the stand and by a strange coincidence every one of the six said he was born in 1883. They were all sizes, and all shapes, and all appearances, and all ages, but they were all born in 1883, and they were all alike excepting their clothes, and every boy's clothes were poorer and shabbier than the others. But all of them were born in 1883. What does that mean? About half of those boys, under their own story, had gone into that prison at thirteen, besides two or three more who testified that they commenced at twelve or thirteen, and one told of his little sister who was working there who had commenced at twelve. All of this is undisputed. What does it mean? It means this—I suggest it for the benefit of my friend Quartermass, it means this, and this only; that when hunger is abroad in the land, when George M. Paine is paying a dollar and ten cents a day to men, it means that the fathers of these little ones are bound to make an affidavit that his child is fourteen years of age, no matter if that child is but ten. It needs no astute lawyer to see that. It is strange that Quartermass did not know it. It is queer that he could not understand it; that he could not see that the father would come to George M. Paine with the certificate in his hand, and George M. Paine would give the boy a place at a machine. I do not believe that all these six children were born in 1883. If so, 1883 was a mighty lucky year for George M. Paine. I do not know what 1884 might have brought forth for him. I suppose there is some sort of conspir-

acy in Oshkosh between George M. Paine and the midwives so that he may know exactly the day when a child can go into his prison cell.".....

I have given more space to these extracts than I intended, and yet have quoted a very small proportion of the most important passages. The speech as a whole is worth reading and preserving. This is a mighty problem which the workers in all trades must meet sooner or later.

By the aid of machinery the Paine Company, composed of a few individuals, has been enabled to acquire millions of dollars of wealth, while the hundreds of operators of the machines have existed on starvation wages. Labor legislation furnishes no relief, as is evidenced by that which prescribes the age at which children shall work in factories. People will always lie before they will starve. Strikes are costly and usually fail. Even where a point is gained, it is rarely of more than temporary benefit. Truly, this is the hardest problem now demanding solution.

L. H.

### Feeling vs. Reason.

From "Ideala."

It was a trick of Ideala's to miss the true import of a thing—often an act of her own—until the occasion had passed, or to see it strangely distorted, as she frequently did at this time—though that gradually ceased altogether as she grew older; but it was this peculiarity, so strongly marked in her, which first helped me to comprehend a curious trait there is in the moral nature of men and women while it is still in process of development. Many men, Frenchmen especially, have thought the trait peculiar to women. La Bruyere declares that "Women have no principles as men understand the word. They are guided by their feelings and have full faith in their guide. Their notions of propriety and impropriety, right and wrong, they get from the little world embraced by their affections." And Alphonse Karr says: "Never attempt to prove anything to a woman; she believes only according to her feelings. Endeavor to please and persuade; she may yield to the person who reasons with her, not to his arguments"—opinions, however, which apply to men as often as not, and only to the young, impressionable, passionate, and imperfectly educated of either sex. But there is scarcely a generalization for one sex which does not apply equally to the other, so perfectly alike in nature are men and women. The difference is only in circumstance. Reverse the position of the sexes, require men to be modest and obedient, and they will develop every woman's weakness in a generation. If a man would comprehend a woman let him consider himself; the woman has the same joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, pleasures and passions—expressed in another way, that is all. But certainly, for a long time Ideala's guide was her feeling about a thing. I have often said to her, when at last she decided to take a course which had obviously been the only course open to her from the first:

"But, Ideala, why have you hesitated so long? You knew it was right to begin with."

"Yes," she would answer. "I knew it was right; but have only just now felt that it was."

She had never thought of acting on the mere cold knowledge. For feeling to knowledge in young minds, is like the match to a fire laid in a grate; knowledge without feeling being as cheerless and impotent as the fire unlighted.

### The Officers of the Free Propaganda.

The officers of the Free Propaganda for the second year are: President, Lillian Harman, Chicago, Ill. Vice-President, Clarence L. Swartz, Wellesley, Mass. Secretary and Treasurer, Anna Stirling, 62 West 66th St., New York.

Manager of the Propaganda, E. C. Walker, 244 West 143d St., New York.

Legislative Agent, James F. Morton, Jr., 35 Melrose St., Boston, Mass.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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Scotland.

THE NAME LUCIFER MEANS LIGHT-BRINGING OR LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.  
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THE LATEST REPORT received from the editor before going to press was written Monday evening, January 31. He says that he still feels "pretty badly stuffed up with cold." In one of his recent letters he said that while he realized that rest is necessary now, it is very hard to rest when there is so much he wants to do. Now he says: "The talk last Tuesday was rather too much for my strength. Dr. Slater and others say I ought not to talk so long—in fact ought not to hold any public meetings till I am much stronger." By the time this paper reaches its readers he will probably be in the "Sunny South." If he is strong enough to make the journey, he will start Wednesday or Thursday of this week.

THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW of Ohio caused the death of a young man of that state last week. "Daniel Powell, aged twenty-two, son of a wealthy farmer near Benton Ridge," is the description given by the press dispatches. He applied to the Probate Judge for a license to marry, but when asked the questions required under the new law, refused to answer. The license was denied him. Evidently he was too conscientious a believer in law to evade it, and too much in love with his sweetheart to feel able to live without her, so he "went home, swallowed a dose of poison, and then sent for his fiancée, who did not reach him until he was too near death to recognize her." Only another victim to ignorance and superstition!

## At St. Louis.

It seems hard to realize that nearly a whole month has elapsed since I left Lucifer's office. Of this month, nearly three weeks have been passed in St. Louis. While my headquarters have been with Drs. Hatton and Slater at the Osteopathic Institute, Odd Fellows' Building, I have visited friends in many parts of the city. Among the pleasant surprises of which I have been the recipient is, or was, the meeting with at least half a dozen of my old Missouri pupils—of those towards whom, twenty-five to thirty-five years ago, I sustained the relation of pedagogue. Many reminiscences of the "long ago" have thus been brought vividly to mind, and the renewal of past and almost forgotten friendships are among the very agreeable incidents of my visit to St. Louis.

Of the noteworthy interviews that have been accorded to me because of my connection with Lucifer and "Our New Humanity," is one with Mr. Graham, managing editor of the "St. Louis Republic," formerly "St. Louis Republican." "The Republic" is the oldest paper, if I mistake not, west of the Alleghenies. It is now in its ninety-first year. In response to a written request I was invited to the sanctum of the autocrat of this truly venerable and very influential institution, and was listened to with respectful attention while I stated at some length the objects of our movement and made the request that space be allowed me in "The Republic" for an article setting forth our views of what we consider the basic reform now engaging the attention of thinking people everywhere. His reply, in substance, if not in words, was as follows:

"While I am in sympathy with much that you are trying to do, your request cannot be granted. I myself am called a

'crank' in regard to heredity and stirpiculture. For many years I have been collecting facts bearing upon these questions—facts drawn mainly from observation in the breeding of dogs and horses, but however much I might wish to publish the result of these observations in 'The Republic' I dare not do so. A great daily newspaper is necessarily confined to certain well-recognized lines, and the discussion of questions to which your publications are devoted does not come within these lines. To admit such subjects would result in disaster to such a paper," or words to that effect. The manner of Mr. Graham was very courteous, if not cordial, throughout the interview.

St. Louis is by far the most important city—commercially, financially, politically, historically, as well as in number of inhabitants—of the great Mississippi Valley, the largest river basin in the world, with a single exception, that of the Amazon. And while inferior in number of square miles to its South American rival, it far surpasses the valley of the Amazon in extent and variety of resources, and in adaptability to furnishing homes for a dense population of human beings. Lying, as it does, wholly within the north temperate zone, its advantages of climate are probably superior to those of any area of like size in the world. The geographical "belt of energy"—according to the famous French traveller and writer, De Toqueville—runs through the center of the Mississippi basin. This belt, according to the writer just named, lies between the thirty-eighth and forty-second degrees of north latitude as it crosses the American continent. In Europe it lies several degrees farther north, on account of the influence of the "Gulf Stream," and perhaps on account of proximity to the "Great Desert" of Northern Africa.

St. Louis is located near the southern line of this belt of energy, and therefore—in accord with the theory of De Toqueville—cannot be expected to show the energy, the enterprise, the restless haste to be rich and great that are seen in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, New York and other cities located nearer the fortieth parallel. But while its growth in population and wealth has not been so rapid as that of some of the cities named it is believed that its growth has been more healthy and substantial. Comparing St. Louis with Chicago, the traveler is apt to be impressed favorably towards the more southern city, especially as a place of residence. As compared with the great city of the lakes St. Louis has many advantages of location. The climate is milder in winter and no hotter in summer. Built upon comparatively high ground, there is no trouble in regard to drainage, such as the Chicagoans have to contend with. As a railway center St. Louis is unsurpassed. Its Union Depot has for years been known as the largest in the world. Its advantages of communication by river—north, south, east and west, are greater than those of any other city on the continent, or on the globe.

M. HARMAN.

## "Homo-Culture, Race-Building."

Perhaps the most important of the incidents thus far, of my St. Louis sojourn, was a meeting and lecture at Jefferson Club Hall, 3022 Olive street, at which I played the part of chief speaker. It came about in this wise. On Thursday, January 19, I attended a meeting of the "Ethical Culture Club," which holds weekly sessions at the hall just mentioned. The subject of discussion on that occasion was "phrenology"—the speaker being a young man named Romacker. At the close of his lecture he asked that he be allowed to give a practical illustration of his familiarity with the principles of phrenology. Professor Peck, of whom I spoke in my last letter, suggested that a stranger would be a fitter subject for examination than one whose characteristics were already known to the speaker, and named the writer of these lines, without saying anything of what he himself knew concerning me. After "reading" and descanting upon my leading traits in a way that would have done credit to O. S. Fowler himself, I was asked whether I recognized the reading as sustained by my own knowledge of facts. In my reply I took occasion to say that I too had been for many years interested



in phrenology and its allied sciences, including stirpiculture, heredity, sexology, etc., and that if the members of the club then present wished to hear a lecture from me I would be glad to tell them something of the results of my reading and observations in regard to this line of subjects.

This proposition having been favorably considered, a meeting was arranged for Tuesday evening of the week following. The subject, "Homo-culture, or Race-Building," was advertised in the daily papers, and in other ways, and when the evening arrived I was met by a medium-sized, but very attentive audience of both sexes. The lecture occupied about one hour and a half, the first part being devoted to the presentation of what I believed to be the chief obstacles to be overcome before real progress can be made in the matter of building a better race of human beings.

The following is a brief and very imperfect outline or synopsis of the address:

#### HOMO-CULTURE, RACE-BUILDING.

- I. Obstacles considered. Iconoclastic or destructive work.
  - (a) Orthodox Theology. Mythical account of man's origin.
  - (b) Orthodox Government. Theocratic government.
  - (c) Orthodox Medication. Vicarious therapeutics.
  - (d) Orthodox Sexology. The marriage superstition.
- II. Constructive work. The normal or scientific method.
  - (a) Woman's place in nature. Woman the real creator. Woman the real race builder.

(b) Man's place in nature. Man the helper, follower, not the leader or guide in race-building. Man the protector from invasion, not the dictator or ruler in social and creative functions.

(c) Co-operative helpfulness, on basis of personal self-ownership.

Owing to the lateness of the hour—ten o'clock—there was little chance for discussion, for criticisms, or reply to criticisms. Professor Peck expressed disappointment at the course the lecturer had taken. Evidently he had expected constructive work only. He was not in favor of the destruction of marriage; thought some kind of regulation necessary. Objected to what he called the "materialistic" views advanced by the lecturer—too much of the animal; too little of the spiritual, etc.

In my few closing remarks I made little attempt at reply in detail to the professor's objections. The subject of state regulation of marriage, spiritualistic as against materialistic views, etc., would require much time for intelligent presentation. I said the ground traversed by the lecture could not be properly covered in one evening, and I said that I hoped the subject would be resumed at subsequent meetings. Next day I sent a note to the professor asking him to secure for me a brief hearing before the club at its next regular meeting. His reply was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: Yours at hand. I agree with much you say, perhaps all of it with some qualifications. I have not time to dwell upon the matter here, however. I am as profoundly interested in this reform as any one can be, but I satisfied myself some years ago that the friends of this movement have retarded it by needless shocking of people's—well, call it prejudice.

"Further, I believe, as I said last night, that they put matter upon too material a basis, and also that they go to extremes in refusing to acknowledge that any good can come out of Nazareth. I can see some good, some truth in all theories.

"Regarding the meeting tomorrow p. m., I rather doubt if the club will care to discuss the question further at present, as many come for such comfort as can be gotten out of mediumship and spirit communion. You know there are many hungry souls longing for a glimpse of the possibilities of another life. I hope you will come, however, if you find it convenient to do so. I have no voice, really, in the conduct of the Thursday meetings, as they belong to the ladies' club. Fraternally, W. F. PECK."

I attended the meeting, and found the time occupied much as indicated in the letter. The meeting was opened by Professor Peck, upon the "immanence of the universal spirit." This all-

pervading life-force—by whatever name it may be called, the professor maintained, is an intelligent force, a consciously intelligent force. When he sat down I asked leave to say a few words.

"With no desire," said I, "to enter into a controversy upon a matter that can be one of opinion only, rather than of proof, it seems to me the Professor's analogies would lead to difficulties hard to get over. For instance, when he says, 'I am possessed of conscious intelligence. Is it possible that the source from whence I derive my being could endow me with that which it does not itself possess?' Now," said I, "accepting this line of argument, let us ask: Brother Peck is conscious of his limitations; is the source from which he has derived his being conscious of its limitations? Brother Peck is conscious of the possession of faculties, of attributes, of special senses and organs of sense—hearing, seeing, feeling, etc.; is the all-pervading intelligence of the universe conscious of the possession of faculties, attributes and organs of sense? Brother Peck is conscious of the mental process called reasoning from cause to effect, and he knows that time and labor are required in working out intellectual problems. Does it require time and labor for the solution of intellectual problems in the mind of the 'universal intelligence?' Pursuing this line of thought I tried to connect the speculative with the practical. I considered it of little practical consequence to us whether the life-force of the universe is consciously intelligent or not, but that it is of very great consequence to us whether the life-force that creates new human beings by and through the organism of the human mother, should be enslaved by ignorance, by superstition, by human laws and by conventional customs, or whether this intelligent life-force, now incarnated in the human mother, should be free to demand and to secure the very best possible conditions and materials with which to do its work.

With this thought dimly outlined I made reference to the lecture of two evenings previous, from the same platform, but immediately it was objected that the introduction of that subject would be out of order on the present occasion.

This meeting with the Ethical Culture Club was on Thursday, January 26. I then expected to meet with it once more, as I understood an effort was being made to get another hearing for me. Since then, however, the weather has changed from comparatively warm to severely cold, and having heard nothing more concerning the matter I am left to infer that the plan has been abandoned. To-night, January 29, I expected to hear Professor Peck deliver his promised address on "Thomas Paine—his life and work," but such is the inclemency of the weather that I shall probably have to forego that pleasure. This decision seems imperative from the fact that I have not wholly escaped the epidemic disorder known as la grippe, and since my trip southward has been undertaken mainly for the purpose of regaining health and strength, I must neglect no precaution that is needful to promote that end.

With this exception, this temporary—as I hope—infliction of la grippe, I am glad to be able to report to all who may take an interest in my prospects of recovery, that I am feeling quite comfortable, and I have steadily gained in health since leaving home. I did not at first expect to stay so long in St. Louis, but meeting so many of my old-time friends, including some near relatives, added to the offer of free treatment at the Missouri Osteopathic Institute, I have yielded to these inducements and have spent a pleasant, and, I hope, not altogether unprofitable three weeks in the historic "Mound City."

Wednesday or Thursday next I expect to start for Lake Helen, Florida, stopping perhaps for a few days at Thayer, Miss., at Ponchatoula, La., and perhaps also at Jacksonville, Florida.

M. HARMAN.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. By Herbert Spencer. 525 pages. Style of binding, paper, etc., similar to "Data of Ethics." Our stock of these books is small, but as long as they last we will send a copy of "First Principles" to any one sending us \$1 for a new subscriber, and 13 cents for postage on the book.

## A Pen-Picture.

THE GOOD YOUNG "OLD MAN" MEETS A WICKED "NEW WOMAN."

A night at sea. Brightly the full moon shines, its mellow rays broken by swiftly flying angry clouds. A great dark vessel plows its way through the water, which it churns into huge masses of white foam. Walking by twos the length of the deck, or lazily stretched in steamer chairs, looking like swathed mummies in the soft half-light, or leaning against the railing gazing at sea or sky, the men and women pass the time as best pleases them. Here are a few human beings thrown together between sea and sky for a brief space. They represent many different types and are full of interest to each other.

A woman leans over the railing, her eyes fixed idly, dreamily, on the flying, sparkling foam. Water always has a fascinating interest for her. She does not fear it, for she always hopes that when life ends, it may end in that element. She is a new woman; at any rate she seems a new type to the young man who now comes and stands beside her. He has the long hair of the poet, and the long drawl of the Southerner. He looks up to the moon, and quotes poetry about it. She, eminently and irreverently practical, silently wishes he would give her the poem and let her read it to herself—it would be such a saving of time. He is of the type of men who seem to think it their duty to "make love" to every woman they talk to; who appear to wish to be believed, but who would have no respect for the woman who might take them seriously. One day he had said to her:

"O, if only you were not married, what a sweet little flirtation we could have!"

She was amused—perhaps that was because she was easily amused—but she only exclaimed,

"Really!"

"Yes. It's too bad you are married. But couldn't we, any way? It would be just an innocent little flirtation and would hurt no one—your husband needn't even know anything about it!"

And now he, perhaps wondering what manner of woman this is who will not flirt as a careless woman will, nor be shocked or offended as a virtuous wife should, determines suddenly to drop poetry and ask a leading question:

"What is your father's name?"

"It is the same as mine—Graham. I have never changed my name."

"O, but really, you know that isn't legal. A woman must take her husband's name."

"That is where you mistake. It has been decided by judges in high courts that it is only custom that requires a woman to take her husband's name. It is not required by law."

"O, but that isn't practical, don't you know? How is any one to know that you are married if you don't take your husband's name? And if they don't know you are married it brings about such misleading situations!"

"Indeed! And how is anyone to know by your name whether you are married or single? Wouldn't it be too bad if some one should be misled into thinking you not married if you are?"

"Now you know that's an entirely different thing. But if you were my wife you'd have to take my name. I would never let my wife keep her maiden name."

"Then that alone would be sufficient reason why I should never be your wife. A man should no more wish a woman to give up her individuality in a union with him than he should be willing to surrender his individuality to her!"

The moon still shines; the vessel yet plows the waves, and the young man survives the shock. Great are the recuperative powers of Mother Nature!

LILLIAN HARMAN.

ON LIBERTY. By John Stuart Mill. 200 pages. Fine paper gilt top. Handsomely bound in green and gold. Well-executed portrait of the author. Price, 50 cents, postage paid.

## Parnell—the Victim of England's Hypocrisy.

BY D. N. SWIFT.

The full story of Charles Stuart Parnell's relationship with Mrs. O'Shea would make an instructive commentary on the marriage laws and customs of civilization. Just now, however, it is more interesting to look at the light thrown on the cant and hypocrisy of English respectability by Mr. Barry O'Brien's recent biography of the great Irish leader.

American readers will probably remember that Parnell was proved guilty of adultery with Mrs. O'Shea. The Irish organs of public opinion, and even the Irish priests and archbishops were silent for some days afterward, waiting to see how events would turn. In England the Methodist leader, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the journalistic freak, Mr. W. T. Stead and Mr. Cook (Mr. Stead's successor as editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette") almost alone denounced Parnell and called on him to resign the leadership of the Irish party. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, whose frequent attempts to rival Ananias in his own particular sphere have since made him famous, came to the front with venom and blind rage. He spoke of the Irish as an "obscene race," and presently one after another the non-conformist clerics shouted themselves hoarse in detestation at the monster of vice who could dare to love the wife of another man.

At this juncture Mr. Gladstone wrote a public letter of excommunication against his Irish ally. The Irish deserted their leader, the bishops and priests of Ireland outshone their English non-conformist rivals in invective scorn and deadly hate, and Parnell became the sullen, irreconcilable, lonely man fighting for his own hand for the few bitter months between the divorce and his death.

Parnell is dead. Gladstone is dead, and we are now gradually getting at the facts of the case. It is established beyond reasonable doubt that so far from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell's chief supporters being shocked at the revelation which the divorce court published, they knew of the illicit relationship between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea for years before it became public knowledge. Moreover, the English Liberal cabinet of 1882 was in communication with Parnell with a view of forming a working alliance for political purposes. "At that time," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "society was ringing with the rumors of the liaison." And yet the chosen intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone was Mrs. O'Shea.

Mr. O'Connor may well say "Here was a strange and perilous state of things, the ministers using as an intermediary in negotiations of the gravest importance between them and Parnell, a lady who was not Parnell's wife. What relation did they think Mrs. O'Shea occupied to Parnell?"

Mr. W. T. Stead, with that innate distrust of his own narrowness which makes him seek for wise reasons to support a foolish position, denies that the "mere adultery" of Parnell was the cause of his bitter attack on the man. "Mr. Parnell fell," said Mr. Stead, "not because he had committed adultery, but because he deliberately laid himself out to deceive his friends." It is now abundantly clear that he deceived no one who knew him, and that if he wanted to deceive anyone he could not have been guilty of such extraordinary indiscretion as to employ Mrs. O'Shea as his trusted and sole confidential agent.

One other fact of importance is (among others) brought to light by Mr. Barry O'Brien's book. Mr. Gladstone, in explaining to Mr. O'Brien at an interview, that his public denunciation of Parnell had the support of his colleagues in the ministry, used the following extraordinary phrases:

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! it was a terrible tragedy. I do believe firmly that if these divorce proceedings had not taken place there would be a Parliament in Ireland today. Ah! had Parnell lived, had there been no divorce proceedings, I do solemnly believe there would be Parliament in Ireland now. Oh! it was a terrible tragedy."

"May I ask if you considered that Parnell should have



retired from public life altogether, or only from the leadership of the Irish party?"

Mr. Gladstone: "From public life altogether. There ought to have been a death, but there would have been a resurrection. I do not say that the private question ought to have affected the public movement. What I say is, that it did affect it, and, having affected it, Parnell was bound to go. What was my position? After the verdict in the divorce case I received letters from my colleagues, I received letters from Liberals in the House of Commons and in the country, and all told the same tale. Parnell must go. All said it would be impossible for the movement to go on with him. Well, there was a meeting of the Federation at Sheffield; Morley and Harcourt were there. After the meeting they came to me and said: 'Parnell must go. The movement cannot go on with him.' I do not think that Harcourt had any convictions on the subject. I do not think that Morley had. Therefore they were unprejudiced witnesses, and their testimony coming after the testimony of the others and in corroboration of it, was irresistible. I then took action. . . . Well, what was I to do under these circumstances, with English public opinion rising all the time? No resource was left me but the public letter which I wrote to Morley. Then there was an end to everything. I think Parnell acted badly. I think he ought to have gone right away. He would have come back; nothing could have prevented him; he would have been as supreme as ever, for he was a most extraordinary man."—Vol. ii, pp. 364, 365.

Mr. Gladstone may well sneer at Morley and Harcourt's absence of principle, but the sneer comes home to roost. Neither justice nor conviction had anything to do with Gladstone's "moral decision," it was a typical English calculation of the main chance. That was all.

London, Jan. 1.

### The Jewel of Consistency.

BY EDELWYN.

Two Mormon elders are in our city and their advent is largely responsible for the meditation that leads me to write what follows:

The orthodox monogamists are very indignant against these reverend followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young for daring to invade this territory sacred to the use of orthodox Christians and *professed* monogamists. And being of an inquiring turn of mind, and having no one else of whom I could or dared ask questions, I have been propounding them to myself as follows:

First. Is this not a case of "kettle calling pot black"? Can these Methodists, Baptists and Disciples with open Bibles, engaged in instructing the children in the Sunday schools and in the church school concerning the lives of the patriarchal fathers, Abraham, Jacob, David (the man after God's own heart), the glories of Solomon, the arch polygamist of the ages, whose kingdom was kept intact and in peace by the power and blessings of God—I say, can they consistently excuse, apologize for and honor these patriarchs and extol their virtues and yet damn and persecute these, their faithful followers?

Again, how many, or it would be easier to answer how few, of these disciples of monogamy have not at some period in their lives been much worse polygamists than these Mormons? The Mormons do hold that the women with whom they have had polygamous association are honorable and respectable; they do profess to recognize the offspring of this association as their progeny and to provide for their support. On the other hand, I have never known one of these righteous monogamists to be sufficiently converted to go and hunt up a former unwedded wife or her child and try to make any reparation or render justice to them in any way.

Now I don't want it understood that I am advocating Mormon polygamy; I am only exposing the inconsistency of these Bible Christians, their disloyalty both to their creed and in their

practice. I no more believe a man should have exclusive ownership—or any ownership—of two, four, sixty, or, as did Solomon, of one thousand women, than I believe he should own one. The principle, as I see it, is the same, and I do not believe in any sort of human slavery or ownership.

As for the effect on the man, on his delicacy and refinement, or feeling, I think monogamy has a much more sensual, brutalizing effect than does variety. It is as debasing as is promiscuity, and I am from observation led to believe that the most tenacious advocates of monogamy are the men who have formerly been, or are now most promiscuous in their associations. They have developed into such sensualists that the question of who their associate is bears no weight with them; all they demand is momentary gratification of a passion that has so dominated them that they are controlled by it and are insensible to any sort of repugnance that may be exhibited or felt by the other party. For them the question is, to have the power and opportunity to gratify themselves. This can better and more easily be done by owning a woman who has no legal right to refuse the demand, no matter what suffering is entailed upon her, or upon his progeny. He will keep her in submission by telling her that her soul is in jeopardy. The Bible says, "The husband is the head of the house." "Wives obey your husbands." "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord," etc. What a bonanza the violators and debauchers of womanhood have in the sacred scriptures!

Could anything be more damnable than to train up a child to believe there is a hell of eternal torture, to keep her in ignorance of all sexual intercourse until she finds herself married to some man who has not an instinct or idea above the brute, and then hold her tied in this sure-enough hell, with the everlasting hell—which is real enough to her if it is a myth—as a future penalty? Then if she decides she would prefer the one in prospect to the one she is enduring and steps out, Madam Grundy, the holy church, her own family and former friends join hands and say, "You needn't think to escape hell here, my lady," and by frowns and sneers and slanders and ostracism they render life so unendurable that the poor victim looks longingly to the "lake of fire and brimstone" for relief. I see clearly the debasing, perverting effect this system has on woman as on man, but I must wait for another time to take up that side.

A dramatic and touching suicide is reported from Southend. A young wife, only married a couple of months, finding that she and her matrimonial partner did not get on well together, put an end to her life in order to "free her husband." It was a great act of self-sacrifice, and perhaps the husband now regrets that he has lost the woman capable of making it. But the chief point is this: Our irrational law of divorce will not "free" either party to a mistaken marriage unless one of them is guilty of adultery, or the other of adultery and cruelty. Unless they degrade themselves to that extent the law affords them no relief. What God has joined together—if only like cat and dog—man must not put asunder.—"Freethinker," London.

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WHOLE No. 749

### What is the White Man's Burden?

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

[A poem of Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The White Man's Burden," recently published in "McClure's Magazine," is capable of two widely different constructions, but it evidently is intended to assert that the white man's burden is a duty to civilize (?) the savage.]

What is the White Man's burden  
That Rudyard Kipling sings?  
And what the many blessings  
It to the savage brings,  
As clad in heavy harness  
The fluttered folk and wild  
He slays with ruthless bullets—  
Woman, and man, and child?

Is it the White Man's burden—  
His mission proud and grand—  
To veil the threat of terror  
With words of suave and bland;  
With lullaby and with hymn and song,  
With bullet and with ram,  
To teach the sullen savage  
To pray "thy Kingdom come"?

To drive him from the forest,  
Or from his native plain,  
In presence of humanness—  
Is woe for auld gain?  
To open fields for tillage,  
To open markets for trade,  
And fill up Mammon's chalice  
With blood-wine ye have made?

Is it the White Man's burden  
To fight that Money Kings  
May keep from reef and sweepers  
The tale of common things;  
May seize the ports ye enter,  
May seize the roads ye tread,  
And when the battle's over  
Deny you even bread?

Then bear the White Man's burden,  
And reap his old reward:  
The blame of those ye better,  
Contempt of those ye guard.  
The cry of hosts—your masters—  
As if asserting right:  
"Our business is to govern;  
Thy soldier's is to fight."

Some day the White Man's burden  
May grow too great to bear;  
He, too, will call for freedom;  
For freedom he will dare;  
Not like the sullen savage  
Will he be put to rout,  
But he will claim his birthright,  
Although so long shut out.

Then with a human burden—  
Done with his childish days—  
The White Man and the Black Man  
With scorn of Mammon's praise,  
Will battle for their Maanhood,  
Remembering thankless years,  
Till White Man, Black and Yellow  
Acknowledged are as peers.

### Our English Letter.

BY D. N. SWIFT.

Don't let your American newspapers mislead you into believing that the Agapemone or Abode of Love is a genuine free love settlement on Father Noyes' lines.

The death a few days ago of Brother Prince revived an old religious scandal; that is all. Brother Prince founded a sort of monastery where human nature was to be kept within the most rigid bounds—the Divine love was to replace the sinful lusts of the flesh. Some very wealthy women joined the settlement; a considerable amount of scandal ensued. Brother Prince was accused of free love practices for very much the same reasons that very wicked men used to be called atheists—merely a meaningless term of reproach. Here is a paragraph which has appeared in all the English papers:

"AGAPEMONE OR ABODE OF LOVE.

"A Bridgewater telegraph says the death is announced at Spaxton, near Bridgewater, at the advanced age of ninety years, of Brother Henry James Prince, well-known as the founder of what is termed the Agapemone, or Abode of Love. Brother Prince was formerly a clergyman in the Church of England, as were also some of his followers, among whom were numerous wealthy ladies and gentlemen. Many of Brother Prince's adherents occupied the singular conventual establishment at Spaxton, a most luxuriously fitted up retreat, of which he had been the head since 1849. The remarkable tenet of the Princine community and their supposed mode of living were severely commented upon in Hepworth Dixon's 'Spiritual Wives,' published in 1868, and at one time the sect nearly became extinct. Some windfalls, however, are reported to have recently fallen to their lot, and about four years ago the deceased assisted in the opening of a branch at Clapton, North London, where the Ark of the Covenant, the first church of the Agapemonians, an elaborate building, seating about 500 people, was erected at a cost of some £20,000."

Rochelle Zolzman and I visited this Ark of the Covenant on Sunday evening last to hear a funeral oration in memory of Brother Prince. It was a most conventional panegyric, devoted mainly to showing that Prince was orthodox in every respect, and that all the accusations as to his morals were "inventions of the great enemy of souls."

"Prince," said the official orator, "sought all his days to crucify the flesh and to utterly and eternally suppress every fleshly desire, every carnal instinct."

Rochelle Zolzman is coming to the front. Those who care to know what English comrades are doing had better watch the progress of that enthusiastic young woman. She has just returned from an anarchistic tour of propaganda in Wales, where she has created very great interest in the sex question. Zolzman is a member of the Legitimation League, an aspirant to a dra-

"Woman in the Past, Present and Future," by August Bebel. Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

matic career, for which she has already shown remarkable aptitude. In my opinion she has a brilliant future before her.

The reporter of the "Western Mail," Cardiff, Wales, interviewed Miss Zolman, and the following is a portion of the interview:

There are times when an interviewer wonders whether the chief element in his work is to set up skittles to be knocked down by the person from whom he has to glean information and opinions. A "Western Mail" interviewer felt that a mission that he fulfilled on Tuesday pointed very much in that direction. The person interviewed was a Miss Zolman. Miss Zolman's native birth is far away at Kief, but like most other persons of Russian nationality she speaks English perfectly. She has been described as a "person of attractive appearance." Somewhat petite in stature, she is decidedly pretty—an advantage for one taking up such a propaganda as she has in hand—and a pale (but not "pasty") face is well set off with a wealth of black wavy hair, whilst when discussing all the points of her creed, she is as matter-of-fact as if the subject under consideration was a simple sum in addition. For a fortnight past she has been visiting friends in Cardiff and has been induced to attend one or two meetings held at Cardiff and Barry in defiance of Mrs. Grundy. The interview, of which the following is a report, took place on the eve of her return to London. In answer to the pressman's question as to what sect or party she belonged to, Miss Zolman replied:

"I am an anarchist, and believe in liberty upon every question."

"And what do you lay down as the chief rule of life?"

"Simply liberty. Absolute individual liberty, without any restraint. Our socialist friends believe in a state, but their doctrine seems to be in favor of pulling down one state and building up another. Many of them believe that anarchism is bound to come. If so, what is the use of pulling down one state and building up another, and then have to undo that work?"

"I see that you advocate the doctrine of free love?"

"Yes; but that is separate from the anarchist propaganda."

"What do you mean by it—what is your object?"

"What we say is that in the present day men and women want more light upon the sex question. We want a platform for free discussion upon the question which lies at the root of so much misery among people, especially among the lower classes. Those of us who are more advanced find that it touches us very closely."

"How are you going to regulate society? What are your aims?"

"We want to abolish conventionality and Mrs. Grundy. If a woman forms an alliance with a man without going to church she is against her, and she is absolutely unable to gain a living."

"Why do you wish to upset the existing conditions?"

"Because they are evil."

"But what are the evils of the present system?"

"In the first place, there is woman's dependence upon man. A woman is forced to marry whether she wishes to or not, and simply for the sake of the support that the man gives her, and because she cannot gain her own living. Take such a woman, and then a man who, after being in lodgings, wants a home of his own. They marry, and have six or seven children. Afterwards the man wants to get rid of the woman, but they cannot separate on account of the children. There is another aspect of the case. How can a woman feel when she is living with a man that she does not love?"

"But don't you base your arguments on exceptions?"

"No; we take the average."

"In reality, is it not a small minority of marriages that prove unhappy?"

"No. We say that the majority are unhappy."

"That is rather bold. Have you any evidence to go upon?"

"There is a great deal of evidence."

"Then taking it for granted, does not your system provoke a greater evil than the one you complain of?"

"No—at least what do you mean?"

"I was thinking of two or three possibilities. I believe that a part of your scheme is that a free union may be dissolved. Now, what do you say of the woman and children that the man leaves?"

"We want women to be economically independent of the man. A woman should not have more children than she can support herself. When a woman is as independent as a man, and able to earn her own living, she would not fear being left by the man with whom she has formed a free union. The same may be said of the man, of course, for he should not fear being left by the woman. But it is all a question for the woman. No woman need have children unless she likes. That should be a matter entirely under her control."

"Should you not tax the man with some of the responsibility of the children's maintenance? Wouldn't it be fair to ask him to bear some of the burden?"

"That needs no taxing. I should rely upon humanity. You have taxation in that direction in the present day, and yet men leave their wives."

"A very small percentage."

"Well, amongst the free love unions that I have known there has been no case as yet either way."

"Wouldn't your system break down the domestic centre idea?"

"That is what we want to break down."

"Why?"

"Simply because at present the woman is what you call domesticated, and nothing else. You get a woman who can wash and cook and do everything else in the house, and are content. The man ought to take his share of the domestic work, as well as the woman. I would leave it to the one that likes the work best."

"Isn't that rather contrary to the natural and physical ordinances? Are not women better fitted for work on the domestic side of life?"

"But some of them are not fitted, and if a woman is not fitted for the work why should she do it? Why should not man take part as well?"

"That breaks down the idea of the man being the breadwinner?"

"Yes; but so long as the man is the breadwinner and the woman dependent upon him the woman will be a slave, and have to do all that the man wants her to do. It is not by being merely a housekeeper that she can attain independence. The lot of woman under the existing system seems to me to be far from happy. She is at the mercy of her parents before marriage and at the mercy of her husband after marriage. That is not independence."

"How do you provide for the inheritance of property? In law, the children of a free union are illegitimate."

"Exactly, and the way to deal with that is for everyone to make a will. But we want to break down existing arrangements, and to make the individuals equal before everyone."

"Your doctrine of independent women seems all right up to a certain point. Young women can earn their own living in various ways. But take the case of a woman who enters into an alliance. When young she may obtain fresh situations, going from one to another, but after living with a man in a free union for, say, ten or fifteen years, she finds it practically impossible to obtain a place then?"

"That is equivalent to saying that a woman of forty or forty-five is not as well able to earn her living as a man of the same age. By establishing the recognition of the independence of woman her lot would be much easier than you imagine."

"Your system is not quite clear upon one point—the question of families. If a woman is to be entirely independent, earn her own living, and all that, what is to become of the continuance of the race?"

"People say that they love children, when all the time they



easy do not. They feel—especially the woman—that the children are a burden, dragging them down. The lot of the children in those long families that we see and hear about must be very miserable."

"But people that have no children are, so far as we can see, very miserable as a rule. Old maids and old bachelors are gloomy and unpleasant, compared with the appearance of married men and women with families."

"That is so in cases of absolute celibacy and abstinence."

"On the one hand you condemn long families, and, on the other hand, you speak of maintaining children. Your free unions are not merely platonic, it seems?"

"Certainly not. But we believe that, besides the attractions of sex, there should be a platonic friendship and affection overlying it. It is when the attraction is one-sided that evil results occur. Young people are attracted to each other, they know not why, are married and after a time are unhappy. They do not analyze their conditions, but as a rule, theirs is purely a sex attraction, which soon wears off. We believe in something more likely to last than that."

"But if you admit what you call the secondary attraction, how do you provide against long families?"

"That is a matter of control."

"To use plain English, a part of your creed seems to be based upon the Malthusian doctrines?"

"Yes, and we find this: A large number of children of the present day are not wanted. They are a burden and a source of misery. Now, if a child is wanted, and its existence has been thought over beforehand, its lot is likely to be one of happiness, and it will be cared for by its parents."

### "The Awful Life of a Lawful Wife."

"All have been told 'Ignorance is the mother of crime,' and that no crimes are so severely punished as those committed against Nature. The courts only echo the voice of nature when they affirm:

"Ignorance of the law does not excuse guilt.' It is these fundamental facts in the operation of natural law that make it possible for a woman who enters the marriage relation with the full sanction of the law of the land and love of her heart to be condemned to an awful life of servitude and suffering."

"Don't let her smile deceive you. She has trained herself to bear what she looks upon as part of the burden of her state."

"The underlying reason of this sad condition of affairs is ignorance. The young girl grows to womanhood ignorant of her physical needs and dangers. When a word might save her years of suffering, modesty bids her keep silent. She loves and marries and enters upon the marriage state with all its obligations to the unborn, handicapped by conditions that make life a burden to herself and a menace to her offspring."

"What can be done to correct irregularities resulting from neglect, to restore the displaced organs to a natural and healthy condition, to give back vitality to a system drained by disease, to re-attune the great harp of the nerves to divine melody after the years of discord?" It was the endeavor to answer these questions that induced a physician to advertise a patent medicine warranted to cure such ills. The title of the above, truthful and startling, ought to have hinted to its author the impossibility of medical help ameliorating the "awful life of a lawful wife." So long as she remains a lawful wife—the subservient creature which the very name implies—medicine is vain. Why should wives become diseased? Because of the general lustfulness of husbands who either ignorant or deceitful, believe that the married state gives them license to sexual abuse of their lawful wives, and because their wives, these young girls who "grow to womanhood ignorant of their physical needs and dangers," believe this also. Has not the church taught them from the "Holy Bible," "Wives submit yourself unto your husbands?" And does not all society reflect this belief upon them?

Yes, she has trained herself to bear it; she does "enter the marriage state handicapped by conditions that make life a bur-

den to herself and a menace to her offspring." She does enter a life of "servitude and suffering."

Wives in general will admit this. Then why marry? Why become a "lawful wife?" Because of another popular fallacy, that sexual intercourse among the married is respectable—among the unmarried disreputable. Yet let us take two extreme cases, one of each side, to prove that by candid examination of facts this opinion might be changed.

Some years ago in Chicago an old *roue* managed to marry an innocent young girl. His apparent wealth won over the mother, and though the daughter protested that she was engaged to another the marriage was consummated. The bride was taken to a richly furnished house. During the husband's absence she was jealously guarded by being kept locked in her room. Ere long creditors demanded the house, the character of the villainous man was exposed and the greedy, deceived mother suffered the chagrin she deserved. What became of the unwilling bride? I never heard, but of course her life was ruined. This is a but one case of many, yet this is *lawful wedlock*. Public opinion yet sustains it.

A young mechanic loved a young girl who was a music teacher. They were intelligent and not ignorant of the true ends and aims of life. They decided not to marry, but believing they needed and by right should have each other's sympathy and help, took up their abode in a neat cottage convenient to their work, which went on as before.

The unmarried wife still taught music—it was her chosen vocation; the unmarried husband still plied his trade. They were happy, industrious, useful citizens; they made no secret of the fact that they had not employed a priest to tie what God had joined together, or of their firm intention to separate when mutual love no longer formed their chief happiness. They were unmolested, for such was the beauty of the wife's character, the sturdy manliness of the husband, and the undeviating dignity and courtesy of each to the other and to all, that for once Dame Grundy was silenced and held her peace. When children came—as they did when the home became established and the pair felt it prudent—they were gladly welcomed by their loving parents and took their place as necessary adjuncts to a quiet, happy, useful household and made their way with a loving insistence that carried fallacies away before them and founded a knowledge of better conditions than had been dreamed of in their neighborhood. Yet who will say that in the former case or the latter case lies proof that extremes prove nothing? All the way between are examples of what liberty out of the marriage relation may do.

Love, virtue, industry and character justify themselves in any relation. Lust, cruelty, deceit and selfishness can never be justified in any relation—so that the law which artificially binds either in false positions works a hardship which cannot justify itself. In fact, many unthinking people take law and custom for moral leaders and measure their opinions by them instead of by the golden rule observance of nature or the application of good common sense. Yet that some of us are claiming freedom leads us to hope that ere long many more will.

ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

### A Man Must Live, You Know.

A man must live. We justify  
Law, shift and trick to treason high,  
A little vote for a little gold,  
To a whole senate bought and sold,  
By that self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why  
Life at such cost you have to buy?  
In what religion were you told  
A man must live?

There are times when a man must die.  
Imagine for a battle-cry,  
From soldiers with a sword to hold—  
From soldiers with the flag unrolled—  
This coward's white, this liar's lie—  
A man must live!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-MAKING and the paper  
that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason  
against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation  
and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—  
for Justice against Privilege.

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OUR EDITOR writes under date of Feb. 4, from Thayer, Miss., that he made the trip safely and is very pleasantly situated with friends. "The weather," he says, "is warm and spring-like. The country is high and covered with pine timber. Water is pure and soft, and I think there is a good chance here for invalids to get well. Thermometer at 76° in the parlor here, and no fire in the house, and been none most of the day." His cold, he says, is "still troublesome," but affects his head only. Altogether, his condition is improving.

THE CHICAGO "CHRONICLE," of Sunday, February 5, devoted half a page to an article signed "Emilius" asserting that judges in Illinois have usurped the jury's power. Lysander Spooner proved this of judges in general many years ago in a pamphlet which Benjamin R. Tucker afterwards published under the title of "Trial by Jury." The only wonder is that any modern newspaper should permit such a truthful expose of the perversion of the judiciary to be published in its columns.

DR TWING B. WIGGIN, instructor in physiology in the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, was suspended last week by Dean Quine on complaint of the women students in the freshman class, who said he told offensive anecdotes to illustrate his lectures and winked suggestively at the men students. False modesty is out of place anywhere and especially so in a medical student, man or woman. But when the fact is known that the majority of the women whom Dr. Wiggin offended are trained nurses, and had never drawn the line at any serious study or discussion of physiological functions it seems reasonable to believe they were not prudes. If the doctor conducted himself as they allege he did, they were justified in complaining of what seemed to them a degradation of scientific instruction to the level of blackguardism.

## From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Judge Hodge of Covington, Ky., recently granted a divorce to a woman who had been married more than thirty years and had "borne her husband"—not herself—"many children." The Judge says "the record represents a sad picture. Had the woman in this case not been a God-fearing, Christian mother, and the record fully establishes this, she might have long ere now sought an end to her troubles in a speedier way." Truly, this is a "sad picture" which is presented to us! What can have been the conditions under which these children were born when association with her husband was so repugnant to this woman that only fear of God held her to him? She feared the "scourging rod" of her God, just as the slave-mother before the war, feared the lash of her master.

"Judge Gary cracked no jokes during the Finnegan murder trial today," we are informed by the "Daily Record" of a recent date. This is of interest in showing that the senile Judge who sentenced the Chicago Labor Martyrs twelve years ago still obstructs the path of progress. But "the old order changeth,

giving place to new." A slight evidence of this is the agitation now going on for the removal of the Haymarket statue because it is an obstruction in the way of traffic. It was erected at a great expense to commemorate the Haymarket police riot. It is a large figure representing a policeman standing with uplifted hand, holding a club, and in conspicuous lettering are the words, "In the name of the people of Illinois, I command Peace!" The monument will sooner or later be removed and crumble into dust; Judge Gary will die and be forgotten; but the ever-living principles of liberty and justice for which the martyrs died will live and grow ever stronger as the years go by.

A woman writes to the New York "World" for advice. This is her condition as she states it: "I am a young married woman and have five children and am in business. My husband beats me every time he feels like it. I can't stand it any longer, so I left him two days ago. He wants me to come home." If this woman has a business by means of which she is able to support herself she is weak to an almost contemptible degree if she will submit to abuse from her husband—or any other man. It is of course impossible to judge of the entire circumstances by means of such a brief statement. There are many women in a position similar to that of this young mother. They get married and then the babies come so fast that no matter how unpleasant the conditions, they feel themselves bound to endure them. But they can at any rate point out the evils of the system to their children; they can and should teach their offspring to avoid the pitfalls into which they have stumbled. As Charlotte Perkins Stetson has Nature say:

I teach by killing; let the others learn.

It is true, as "Alamo" says, liberty may lead to "prostitution and even incest." So the liberty to bathe may lead to the wallowing in mud puddles of those whose tastes incline in that direction. Our only claim is that as a rule it is restriction in the social intercourse between men and women that makes men buy counterfeit love of women whose necessities force them to make a traffic of it. When both women and men are free, it is not reasonable to suppose that many will choose the counterfeit rather than the reality.

As to the question of variety, it seems to me a matter of no consequence whether we assume that liberty will lead to it or not. As a matter of fact, it will lead to it in some instances, and in others it will lead to exclusive relations. Both are equally deserving of respect, so long as the individuals concerned are satisfied. As a matter of fact, the word "variety" in itself expresses neither good nor bad. We may say a man has a right to choose his associates among prostitutes. Is he any more "pure" if he buys a counterfeit "love" of one woman than if he buys it of two? Is the woman any more "pure" if she sells herself to one man only, than if she sells herself to two? If friendship is good, are we of less benefit to the world if we have two friends than if we have only one? If real love is an elevating sentiment, are we less pure if we feel it for two than if we feel it for only one? If the love of a mother for a child is helpful to the race, is it a misfortune to the race for her to have two children, or does she defraud the race if she gives love and sympathy and tender care to children other than her own?

These are questions which each must answer for himself or herself, and so long as liberty to choose freely is possessed by each, I have no desire to influence the choice of any one.

I am glad to learn that "Alamo" has spent time profitably on the "mourner's bench" in learning that freedom for woman means freedom—self-ownership—not simply that she is unpossessed property which any man may rightfully take possession of. I earnestly hope it is a lasting conversion. Perhaps he will learn that that the bugaboo which he has pictured—the "varietist" man as he sees him—exists only in his imagination. He is thinking evidently, of the ordinary "man a bout town," who has little conception of what real love is, and who is satisfied with its counterfeit.



### A Tropic Paradise.

The work of Arthur Wastall, formerly editor of "Natural Food," London, is well known to many of *Lucifer's* readers. It will be remembered that at the time he formed a free union with Emma Wardlaw Best (particulars of which were published in *Lucifer* about eighteen months ago) they started on a journey to the Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean, with the intention of making a home there.

Mr. Wastall writes very enthusiastically of the country and climate and prospects for making a living easily; and like some others who think they have found "a good thing" in the way of location, is anxious that others of like views may share it with him.

Of the climate he says: "You intemperate region folk, weltering in over 100 in the shade and withering in Arctic cold alternately, descending upon the inconveniences and unhealthfulness of the tropics make us smile, and we can well afford to. . . . We are here but 300 miles from the line, and yet since our arrival I have never caught the thermometer descending below 58° or ascending above 72°; put your mind on that, *mon cher!* . . . . . Paradoxical as it may seem to some, it is just because I do not relish immoderate heat that in the future I intend to keep as close to 'the line' geographically as in the field of economics, where my leanings, as you know, are all towards 'plumb-line' anarchism. You may not be aware that in Africa the coolest (not coldest) and most even temperature is to be found within the region of 5 degrees North and South latitudes. What is known as the equatorial cloud belt is chiefly responsible for this. Navigators tell me that this protective agency, although not as universal as the equator itself, is still by no means peculiar to the African continent.

"On the points of economy of time and labor, we in the 'natural home of man' will make at least three harvests, and often four or five to your one; to say naught of the far greater abundance of wild, indigenous things demanding no care or labor whatsoever. Hast thou not heard of little Easter Island in the South Pacific? Here the soil and climate are reported so propitious that a single day's labor is sufficient to raise enough potatoes to last a man a whole year. Is it really possible for one to doubt the superiority over the so-called temperate regions of lands where the cocoanut, banana and bread-fruit trees flourish, and especially as sites for colonies? . . . . The fruit-yielding trees here no sooner drop their produce than they are all abloom again. An oleander bush opposite me as I write has supplied our table with its lovely perfumed blossoms ever since our arrival. In this respect, unlike most things of beauty, whose fleetingness is proverbial, it is in verity a 'joy forever.'"

Mr. Wastall writes as enthusiastically as if he had found a little "heaven on earth." The only lack seems to be the society of congenial spirits. Those interested in colonization projects, who desire to learn more of the Seychelle Islands, may perhaps obtain the information by writing to Arthur Wastall, La Cascade, Mahe, Seychelle Islands.

Personally, I feel sorry that Mr. Wastall and Miss Best have gone so far away, but as is said when people go to the dream heaven in the sky, I hope that "our loss will be their gain" and that the Seychelle Islands will continue to be the paradise our friends now believe it to be.

L. H.

### "Prostitution and Infanticide."

From the "Rights of Women," by Karl Heinzen.

For married people and their progeny the consequences of the existing relationships of force and prostitution are truly appalling. But this same society, especially the male portion of it, never wearies of pronouncing their anathemas on freedom in love. "Free love" is a word of terror, but free prostitution has become a social institution, which is approved inside and outside of marriage by a legal license.

And shall I tell you why men condemn freedom in love? Because it would be the death of freedom in prostitution! Our male teachers, who can discourse so wisely on our nature, no-

where show their incapacity to judge of our nature more than in their anxiety that freedom will lead us whither it has led them. Give woman freedom, and she will love according to her own tastes and emotional needs; give man freedom—he already has it—without giving it to woman and he will prostitute himself according to his habit. Prostitution does not proceed from women any more than slavery does from the slave; as the latter must be charged to the oppressor, so the former must be charged to man. "Free love" for woman signifies the end of prostitution, just as free self-determination for the slave signified the end of slavery.

Years ago one of the first woman conventions took place in Rutland, in the state of Vermont. On this occasion much absurd and foolish stuff was brought up for discussion, but at the same time several women speakers created general consternation by their talent and boldness. A hitherto unknown woman attracted the greatest attention. The chief organ of the prostitution party, the "New York Herald," describes her personality thus: "She is a pale, delicate-looking woman, with a sweet, calm smile continually playing about her pretty little mouth. Nobody would suspect that such a woman could utter such sentiments as those which defiled her mouth at Rutland." The woman's name was Julia Branch, from New York. And what were the criminal sentiments by which Julia Branch so greatly incensed the moral judges of the male persuasion? Listen: "No man has a right to dictate to me where and whom I must love." This was the subject of her address. Shocking! A little woman with a pretty mouth dares to assert that no one in the world except herself can determine her love. "Free love!" Down with it!

Later a similar convention took place in Utica, in the State of New York, at which Julia Branch once more appeared. This time the chief subject of her address was "Prostitution and Infanticide." Referring to the verdict of condemnation, which had been pronounced on her former speech, she said among other things, the following:

"I do not fear any public opinion or public condemnation, or I must denounce everybody, be it man or woman, as a coward, who in his heart holds a belief or principle which he dares not advocate openly before all the world. Such men do not know the meaning of the word freedom, and still have to learn the true meaning of the word slavery. True enough, it is not an easy matter to defy public opinion. I am not astonished to see strong hearts grown weary and weak in doing good." It is happiness after which all the world aspires; but the way to happiness has been planted with the cross of duty, and has been made so narrow and steep that but few venture upon it unless driven by the fear of hopeless condemnation, or allured by the promise of a sparkling crown—in every case a poor recommendation for their own or the general conception of happiness.

"The ambition to become great in public opinion or to gain applause or approval of the masses, is a childish sentiment. The most faithful and noblest reformers of today as well as of all former generations, are those who have lost their 'reputation' by advocating unpopular principles. Indeed, neither man nor woman can do thorough reform work in the present state of society so long as they have not lost their 'reputation.'"

Has ever man or woman spoken nobler or prouder words than this "delicate" woman with the "small mouth" and the "sweet smile"?

She then proceeds to describe the condition of society and especially of the institution of marriage, which, above all, she holds responsible for the two evils upon which she is about to speak—prostitution and infanticide.

"I hope," she says, "that the meeting will listen to me calmly while I speak of the first evil. It is without doubt a disagreeable subject for an audience to listen to. Many of you, perhaps, all, have grown up amid the limitations of false shame and false delicacy, and if a woman dares only to hint at such a subject publicly, or betrays any knowledge of it, it suffices to cast a suspicion on her own morality. But whatever may be thought of me, I openly confess that I take an interest in every-

thing human, not excepting the woman who has abandoned the path of virtue, and who is considered a worthy representative of that place of eternal torture, to which our Christian friends mercilessly condemn her."

Is it not inspiring to hear, in the midst of this babbling and howling hypocrisy, which oppresses the minds of this pious world of scoundrels like nightmare, such noble contempt of the stupid monster, called public opinion, expressed by a "delicate" woman?

Of this dreadful pest, prostitution, which poisons both physically and morally, millions of the coming as well as the present generations of men, Mrs. Branch contents herself with unfolding a picture by means of statistical tables which she has received from physicians, especially from Dr. Senger of Blackwell's Island. Dr. Senger explored the city of New York under police escort and found four hundred notorious brothels with eight thousand female inhabitants. The number of frequenters of these houses, which consume some eight million dollars, he estimates at sixty thousand a day. Of the private prostitution which exceeds the public (New York is said to contain forty thousand prostitutes) Dr. Senger could give no estimate; but in England they count one prostitute to every fourteen women (in France the proportion is said to be much worse) and on the average the unfortunates there lead this sort of life only for four years, whereupon they "marry" and become "respectable wives and mothers." For this increase the "married state" shows itself sufficiently grateful.

Mrs. Branch emphasizes the fact that five-sixths of the frequenters of houses of prostitution are married men! And how necessary present society considers prostitution to be is shown by the answer with which the Mayor of New Bedford met the request that the houses of prostitution should be abolished: "If these houses are abolished, our wives and daughters will no longer be safe anywhere—on every street they will be in danger of being insulted." (That reminds one of the worthy Mr. Strugfellow, who argued that slavery was necessary, because the female slaves were a moral lightning-rod, so to speak, for the Caucasian women).

Insulted on the street! "But," Mrs. Branch asks, "by whom would they be insulted? Not by any man outside of the world, but by somebody in the world, somebody here and there and everywhere—sixty thousand of these men are in the streets of New York daily, they meet you everywhere, their warm breath fills the air, and the purest and most modest girls are constantly brought into contact with them! Who are they? Who but husbands, fathers, brothers? Whose husband, father brother? Is it yours? Is it mine? The blood rushes into my cheeks as well as yours, at the thought that they could be our friends."

And yet, she ought to have added, each one of the sixty thousand considers himself qualified to play the part of superior moral teacher, and to condemn Mrs. Julia Branch, because she said that she alone was to decide where, when and whom she was to love. The fact that this liberty is not recognized and practiced everywhere, she considers to be the chief cause of prostitution.

"The cause lies in our present institution of marriage, which forces a man and woman to remain together until death separates them, without love, without intellectual, moral and physical harmony."

The objection, that, without the present marriage bonds our sexual relations would sink into a state of anarchy, she meets with the true observation that worse conditions than the present are impossible, and that perfect liberty at its worst would create a better generation of men and women. The hypocrisy which declares that bonds are necessary to restrain those who cannot restrain themselves, and as an example mentions "Mr. So-and-So who neglects his wife," etc., she silences with the question, "How old is the youngest child of Mr. So-and-So?" Answer: "Two or three months." "Does it not make one heartsick to see such degraded conditions and the wretched subterfuges behind which they are to be concealed?"

The second subject upon which Mrs. Branch spoke was infanticide. She proved by statistical statements that this crime, which has here come to be an every-day measure of expediency and correction, has increased in frightful degree. In the year 1805 the proportion in New York of still-born children to the entire population was one to sixteen hundred and twelve; in 1820, one to six hundred and fifty-four; in 1840, one to five hundred and sixteen; in 1850, one to three hundred and eighty-six. Dr. Wyne calculated that for the year 1805 there was one abortion for forty-nine births, for 1810 one in thirty-three, for 1815 one in thirty-two, for 1830, one in twenty, for 1840 one in sixteen, for 1845 one in thirteen, for 1850 one in twelve. The same physician told Mrs. Branch that the crime of infanticide had increased since 1805 four hundred and fifteen per cent. If this ratio continues, hardly a child will be born alive in New York at the end of the century. And such a population listens to condemnation of "free love" as if it still had any right to condemn anything whatever except itself! How many of the mothers of those thousands of murdered children could say of themselves that they alone were to decide where, when and whom they should love? None of the pharisees, who condemn women like Julia Branch as immoral, have ever asked themselves this weighty question.

### Elmina Mounts Her Hobby Again.

Dear friends, I know some of you will smile at seeing me riding the same old hobby of "Female Superiority." But at last I have the luck to find a believer who has written a book on the subject, and a woman too—Eliza Burt Gamble. I am so pleased to see fact after fact piled upon heaps in favor of the idea I imagined I held almost alone, ever since I was a school-girl studying botany, that I am just compelled to give you a few extracts from the volume.

Though I have been patient under the ridicule, mirth and irony poured out upon my advocacy of female superiority, yet I am glad of a helping hand and co-worker as educated and able as Eliza is.

You remember the groundwork of my idea was based upon the fact that Nature always works to produce a female, and that the male is merely an arrested development; that favorable conditions always produced females. With this preface I here give you some extracts from the book:

"We are given to understand that under the conditions favoring katabolism, the males among rotifera wear themselves out, under which conditions the females become katabolic enough to do without them. [Katabolic means decreasing complexity and increasing stability]. Among the common rotifera, the males are almost always very different from the females and much smaller. Sometimes they seem to have dwindled out of existence altogether, for only the females are known. In other cases, though present, they entirely fail to accomplish their proper function of fertilization, and as parthenogenesis obtains, are not only minute but useless."

The old dictionaries defined Parthenic as "pertaining to the Spartan Parthenes or sons of virgins." The later dictionaries make the meaning more in accord with facts. "The production of new individuals from virgin females by means of ova which have the power of developing without the intervention of the male element."

"Such conditions as deficient or abnormal food, high temperature, deficient light, moisture and the like, are obviously such as would tend to produce a preponderance of waste over repair—a katabolic habit of body—and these conditions tend to result in the production of males."

"Similarly, the opposed set of factors, such as abundant and rich nutrition, abundant light and moisture, favor constructive process, i. e., make for anabolic habit, and these conditions result in the production of females."

"Among the lower orders of animal life—notably insects, we are assured that an excess of females denotes an excess of formative force, and that an excess of males indicates a deficiency on the part of parents."



"In the case of bees, the queen, which is the highest development, is produced only under the highest circumstances of nutrition, while the birth of the drone, which is the lowest result of propagation, is preceded by extremely low conditions. The working bee, being an imperfect female, may not be impregnated; will however, give birth to parthenogenetic offspring—such offspring always being male."

If the queen lays virgin eggs they produce only males, when impregnated she produces both male and female eggs, and when old and feeble only male eggs. E. D. SLECKER.

### Emma Goldman in Philadelphia.

Emma Goldman lectures in Philadelphia, February 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18 and 19. On Sunday, February 12, at 2 and 8 p. m., she will speak at the Friendship Liberal League, Broad and Wood Sts.; Monday, 8 p. m., 423 Buttonwood St., German lecture; Wednesday, 8 p. m., Ladies' Liberal League, N. E. Cor. Ridge Ave. and Greene; Friday, Knights of Liberty, German lecture; Saturday, 8 p. m., Frohmann Hall, 423 Buttonwood St., German lecture; Sunday, Feb. 19, 2 p. m., Ladies' Liberal League. At 8 p. m., Sunday, the lecture course closes with a mass meeting, lecture and entertainment at Assembly Hall, N. W. Cor. 9th and Girard Ave.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXXIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**MUTUAL BANKING.** In order that capital may co-operate with labor, it is necessary that the award to capital should be dependent upon success, corresponding to a certain amount of labor. Upon ordinary questions of the management of affairs, the interests involved are in proportion to the amount of labor, skill and capital invested. But questions may arise in which capital has a much greater proportionate interest; such as the question of the erection of new buildings, of water works or other permanent improvements or expenditures for ornamentation; for in the event of failure, capital will lose what is thus invested. Whenever such questions arise, capital should have the exclusive control. The decision what questions come into this class is vested in the council. Such questions are likely to arise most frequently in the first few years of the existence of a phalanx; and as the Council will be largely chosen by labor, it is important that the first Council should be named in the articles of incorporation, as a guaranty to those investing money, that their rights will be duly protected. Additional safety should be secured by giving to capital and to labor, each a veto power upon all propositions for the appropriation of money for purposes not previously sanctioned. Labor and skill will protect themselves by requiring an express sanction of all such expenditures as are deemed essential.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Mattie Cuddie, Wathena, Kan.—Inclosed find fifty cents to pay for "Hilda's Home," paper cover, and twenty-five cents on my subscription for *Lucifer*. My time must have expired and I do not want to get behind or miss a single copy; it is the only reform paper I can afford to take just now, and I cannot tell you all the comfort and pleasure its weekly visits mean to me. It is large enough. If it was any larger it would not be so good, for you know "good things come in small packages," and may long live our noble, fearless little paper and its good editor is the wish of your true friend.

J. A. Allen, So. Acworth, N. H.—I wish to inform the readers of *Lucifer* that I am working to the full extent of my ability financially and otherwise, to get "The Harmony Co-operative Association" started at this place. I have 460 acres of land which I will donate. There are three farms which join it containing about 200 acres each which can be bought cheap, which will make land enough to start with. There are also several other farms near by which can be bought at a reasonable price;

enough for a colony of at least 1,000 people. We shall engage in farming, gardening, poultry raising, canning and other occupations that are suited to the ability and desires of the members. Although it is not to be expected that all the members will be interested in the same reforms as the readers of *Lucifer*, most of them will be interested in some reform movement.

All members will be required to sign a pledge that they will never interfere with the political, religious, anti-religious, or social opinions or practices of any member.

The object of this association is to buy land, own and operate manufactories; build homes for its members; insure protection against want or the fear of want in sickness or old age; to provide educational and recreative facilities, and to promote and maintain harmonious social relations on the basis of co-operation. Send stamp for full particulars to above address.

"Alamo," Englewood, N. J.—It must be conceded that liberty once granted, opens the way to variety, prostitution and even incest. Dare one deny it? There is no liberty less than absolute liberty. If I am free to do as I please sexually, I am free to offer my gold for sex favors to any one who will take it.

No one can say that under freedom no woman would accept nor can you prevent her, for that would not be consistent with freedom. The mistake people make is to think that because people are free to do a thing, therefore they will do it. I am free to drink, and sometimes think I should enjoy the temporary forgetfulness of trouble, or even fun of "painting the town red," but I don't; I prefer a clear brain and steady nerves.

In like manner, while I am free to degrade the sex act by making it a part of a transaction from which love is absent, I refrain, knowing it is infinitely better for the spiritual and physical man to wait until love offers its sweets.

And here, side by side with my conviction of the right of every man and woman to do as he pleases in re variety, let me record my equally firm conviction that the man who indulges in variety misses the best this life can give. His powers are his own, as also his happiness or misery; but the highest type of perfect sex intercourse is not possible without love, and I do not believe it possible for a man to love Moll, Meg, Marion and Marjory, and sometimes Jennie and Kate one after another, perhaps a week, or even a day apart. It is physical and merely so. "What God [read "Nature" if you want to] hath joined together let no man put asunder." And in true human love the spiritual and the physical are joined together. The loved being not only attracts physically, but incarnates some quality, some high virtue, some moral talent, some supreme excellence (in greater or less degree) which the lover may or may not have, but which he admires, and so also she his character.

This is the love which, by its presence, soothes pain, heals the sick, makes strong men out of weaklings, ennobles the whole being, and will, when it bends itself to procreation, produce beings of whom God ought to be proud.

Permit a word as to the "free woman" and variety. How is she free? In that she knows no one on earth who can command, "Come grant me this favor." And yet many men are quite disgusted when, meeting a woman said to be "free" they are repulsed. Comrades, of what use is her freedom if, passing from the control of one, she is at the beck of every one whose idea of freedom consists in his right to demand?

In what does her freedom consist? Some who know me may say I am "converted." Well, I've been at the "mourner's bench" quite a while and I guess I've got through, and now, realizing that man can't be any better than he will help woman to be, I am for such freedom as shall enoble her, and through her, the whole race. Yours for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

### Bound Volumes of *Lucifer*.

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 7.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 18, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 750

### Labouchere on "The Brown Man's Burden."

Pile on the brown man's burden  
To gratify your greed,  
Go, clear away the "Niggers"  
Who progress would impede;  
Be very stern, for truly  
'Tis useless to be mild  
With new-caught sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And if ye rouse his hate,  
Meet his old-fashioned reasons  
With Maxims up-to-date;  
With shells and dum dum bullets  
A hundred times make plain,  
The brown man's loss must ever  
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
Compel him to be free;  
Let all your manifestoes  
Reek with philanthropy.  
And if with heathen folly  
He dares your will dispute,  
Then in the name of freedom  
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And if his cry be sore;  
That surely need not irk you,  
Ye've driven slaves before.  
Seize on his ports and pastures,  
The fields his people tread;  
Go make from them your living,  
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
Nor do not deem it hard  
If you should earn the ransom  
Of those ye yearn to guard.  
The screaming of your eagle  
Will drown the victim's sob—  
(Go on through fire and slaughter,  
There's dollars in the job.)

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And through the world proclaim  
That ye are freedom's agents—  
There's no more paying game!  
And should your own past history  
Straight in your teeth be thrown  
Hector that independence  
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
With equity have done,  
Weak, antiquated scruples  
Their squeamish course have run.  
And though 'tis freedom's banner  
You're waving in the van,  
Reserve for home consumption  
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if, by chance ye falter,  
Or lag along the course,  
If, as the blood flows freely,  
Ye feel some slight remorse,  
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,  
Imperialism's prop,  
And bid him, for your comfort,  
Turn on his jingo stop.

—Labouchere's "Truth."

### Shall Mrs. Place Be Murdered?

BY ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

"But this I know, that every law  
That men have made for man,  
Since first man took his brother's life,  
And the sad world began,  
Has strewn the wheat and sown the chaff  
With a most evil fan."

Ezra H. Heywood once wrote, "Sex ignorance pollutes and blasts life which sex knowledge would ennoble." No demonstration of the necessity of more general education as to the natural processes of life, as to the sex relations, and as to marriage could be more cogent than that furnished by Mrs. Place, which is attracting attention in New York, where she has been convicted of murder and is now under sentence of death. While many are clamoring for her execution, as the old Jews did for the death of Christ, and many more are urging a commutation of her sentence on sentimental grounds, the real fact that she was insane and not responsible for her acts is lost sight of and the whole community is in a state of besotted ignorance as to what is really the matter. The plea of insanity was not made upon her trial, nor was there any suggestion of such a defense, so that the mere facts were submitted to a jury of simpletons who had no conception of the significance of those facts, and conviction was easier for them than intelligent thought upon the subject.

It appears that Mrs. Place is forty-five years old, which fact of itself should excite scrutinizing inquiry into her mental condition at the time of her murderous act. She had supported herself by dress-making up to the time of her marriage with Mr. Place in November, 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Place and Ida, his daughter by a former marriage, the murdered victim, constituted the family, and they lived harmoniously for about a year, when dissensions arose. By the close of 1895 Mrs. Place's petulance became so aggravated that she discharged the servant and paid no attention to her husband's needs nor to the care of the house. She had severe headaches every two or three months, and such suggestive actions are attributed to her as drinking part of a glass of lemonade and throwing the rest out of the window, repeating the process a number of times. This morbid condition grew upon her so that she indulged in such pranks as hiding Ida's clothing, and at one time she destroyed Ida's hat. Conditions in the Place household were such as might very likely have operated upon a morbidly sensitive person at the age of Mrs. Place to induce insanity; and a strong confirmation of the suspicion that she was insane was found in the fact that at the time of her arrest and examination when everybody at the station house was in a high state of excitement she was cool and collected. She complained much of her head, and said that she had so much trouble with her husband. She seemed free from remorse, as insane murderers usually are, and she now says she has no recollection of the fatal occurrence.

The facts bring this case within the limits of a class of cases

which has been too superficially treated by the courts, and too revengefully dealt with by the people. Scientific inquiry would have shown the similarity of this case with many cases described in books such as that of Mrs. Druse (see "Medico-Legal Journal," June, 1887), Mrs. Whiting and Mrs. Barrows (Id. March, 1888) and Mrs. Lebkuehner (Id. June, 1889).

Ray, in his "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," section 248, says: "Another curious form of homicidal insanity occurs in women, and seems to be connected with those changes in the system produced by menstruation and lactation. It is a little remarkable that with a few exceptions, the victim selected by the patient is always her own or some other child."

The feelings of the patient in such a case are graphically described by Dr. Oxner thus: "A worthy neighbor told me during treatment for 'change of life,' that sometimes when things went wrong with her she felt as if she could tear God from his throne, but this is so long ago she has forgotten it." And he further says: "While thousands go over safely amid comparatively happy surroundings, now and again one dies, oftener they become broken in health, while some under constant domestic bickerings become insane and never recover; others, under like unhappy circumstances, become desperately insane and their mania spends its force in some desperate deed to their eternal regret."

And now the mischievous psychological influences which inevitably attend the public discussion of a murder case must be turned loose upon the community to sow seeds of a new crop of murders, and we are threatened with a deliberate official killing of a most unfortunate woman whereby an authoritative example of murder is set before the people, and all because this woman and her family, and her judge and her jury lacked that sex knowledge which ennobles life.

#### Chivalry, Factories and the Birthrate.

BY R. B. KERR.

From Mr. James' last article I see that our dispute about chivalry is merely a verbal one. By "chivalry" he says he means a medieval virtue which still exists to some extent in Germany and Austria, but is quite obsolete in America. Very evidently he and I do not mean the same thing. By "chivalry" I mean a special consideration which men show to women as women, without expecting a like consideration in return. To take a minor instance, many a man will give up his seat in a street car to a woman whom he does not expect ever to see again, merely because she is a woman. This sort of thing is somewhat rare in Germany and Austria, except among the highest classes; but in America it is found among all classes, and is in fact the feature of the national life which most impresses foreigners, no matter where they come from.

Mr. James thinks that the high position of women in the nineteenth century and in America, is due to their employment in factories. But unfortunately, the theory will not explain the phenomena. The three countries in which women are most employed in factories are the three great manufacturing nations, Germany, England and the United States. But Mr. James and I are agreed that one of these countries, Germany, is notorious among the nations for the low position held by its women. Of the other two, England is the older manufacturing nation, and has the larger percentage of manufacturing population; but the position of women is higher in the United States.

While I certainly give some importance to the cause mentioned by Mr. James, I ascribe the high position now occupied by women mainly to the great spread of sympathy and consideration for the weak which has been such a wonderful characteristic of the nineteenth century. I believe that women owe their emancipation chiefly to the same causes which have called into being innumerable societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the suppression of vivisection, the rescue of drunkards and prostitutes, and many other humane objects which former ages would have regarded with callous and brutal indifference.

On this subject I hold entirely with Herbert Spencer, and believe with him that the chief cause of the growth of sympathy has been the decline of militarism, which has enabled most residents of English-speaking countries to go through life without being hardened by the horrors of war.

The question of the birth-rate is so simple that any child can understand it. I cannot ascertain from any of the almanacs how great the preponderance of male over female births is in the United States. But it is probably about the same as in England and Wales, where rather more than 103 male children are born to every hundred females. From these figures it is clear that on the average each hundred female children born must among them bring forth at least 203 children, to preserve the race from decline and ultimate extinction. That means that if every female infant born were to grow up and have children, the average would have to be 2.03 children per head. Even on such a Utopian assumption, the birth-rate of 2,000,000,001 proposed by Mr. James would not save the race from certain, though slow, extinction. But the idea that social reforms will abolish infant mortality and premature death is quite untenable. It has no foundation in zoology. Our domestic animals are selected and reared with the utmost care; yet every one who has lived on a farm knows that there is a considerable mortality among lambs, calves and foals. It will take many generations to get our human stock into as good condition as our animal stock. If 68 per cent of our female infants lived to become mothers they would have to bear exactly three children each to keep the race even in numbers. When we have allowed for early death, ill-health, hereditary taints and inability to have children, we shall be pretty lucky when we can get sixty-eight good mothers out of every hundred females born.

#### Criticisms Continued.

BY C. L. JAMES.

There is much that is good in Harriet R.'s letter, but the following is a bad break, "Society needs cleansing before it would be safe to drop the present government system." Harriet should have said, society needs cleansing before it will be easy, or even possible, to drop the present governmental system. It is not ordinarily practicable to avoid walking on pavements, mailing letters, and in other ways using the present governmental system. Nor are taxes, proverbially classed with death, as inevitable, by any means easy to evade. But it is always safe to drop as much of any system as is possible at the time; and there is no other way in which society can be cleansed.

As to the comparison between public schools and home instruction, it is as certain as water runs down hill that division of labor will more and more make what is called education the work of a class possessing peculiar aptitudes derived from practice. But what is that which is called education? It is the process of making a citizen; of reducing originality to the mill-horse routine of a social function, of polishing the brick and roughening the diamond. This is the least part of education properly understood, and ought to be the last. First make a man, then a skillful operator, and last, if at all, as much of a citizen as is desirable by the parent who wishes states to pass away. Now for the first and principal part of education, the making of an original, independent man, there is no instructor whose skill is as valuable as the parent's zeal, and no parent whose zeal produces skill but the individualist. Therefore the individualist doubly betrays his trust if he lets the schoolmaster get nearer his child's education than himself. The individualist owes his child a training in individualism. He owes himself success in such training. Let him make it the first object that the child shall think: that his own ideas shall seem to him the most worthy of consideration; that his own impulses towards mechanics, or art, or romance, or humor, or whatever bent his genius takes, should be the lode-star of his life. When he has learnt the blessedness of being himself, let him learn that society is a conspiracy to make him a pin or wheel in a machine. So



he will learn to hate "society." Carry this into detail. Teach him to hate in particulars; show him how hateful is lucre, government, Grundy, superstition, respectability, clothes. When he is thorough in all this you may safely say, "My son, though I have taught you to be honest with yourself, others will sometimes absolutely make you lie to them. It is better you did so judiciously than injudiciously. Go to the schoolmaster now. His trade is teaching this last part of what you need to study."

The discussion between R. B. Kerr and Kate Austin about the capacities of women, like all such debates, reminds me of John Stuart Mill's dictum, that until women have been on a footing with men in schooling and other kinds of education, for some considerable time, it must be impossible to tell whether there is any difference between their powers, and still more to tell in what the difference consists. The animal examples cited by Mr. Kerr are not very happily chosen; and the *a priori* physiology strikes me as inconclusive.

There is much more difference in size and, I presume, in strength, between a drone and a worker bee than between a stallion and a mare, a bull and a cow, a boar and a sow, a ram and a ewe, or a Tom and a tabby. Yet the drone is incapable of doing anything either for the feeding or defense of the hive; he depends on the workers for the honey he eats and protection against the assaults of other swarms (the bees being inveterate robbers). His only function is impregnating the queen, which costs his life. After that has been done, the bees kill off their sovereign's unsuccessful suitors as no longer of any use. How does it happen that the worker bee, smaller, and therefore having a less proportion of area to bulk than the drone, so much surpasses him in social importance? It happens because she has a sting which he has not, because she is instinctively a honey-gatherer and a fighter which he is not, because she at least has been capable of developing into a mother, while all his utility consists in this that there must be drones enough to make sure one will become a father.

Organs and corresponding instincts count for much more than undirected mechanical power; as one English cruiser was more formidable in Queen Elizabeth's time than three Spanish galleons. Superior depth and complexity of brain convolution, if it existed (I don't say it does), would certainly make the smallest human female much more than a match for Goliath in everything upon which success in life depends at the present. That men expend less force in propagation than women seems to me a very doubtful proposition. If each father and mother only came together once for each child it might be true. Throughout the animal kingdom perpetuity of each race demands that the male shall be always ready for this function, and able, at least almost every time to consummate it, while the female is not always willing and often unable to reach the ultimate though willing.

The American universities may, for reasons which Mr. Kerr has intimated, supply a better test of male and female brain capacity than the English. At the University of Wisconsin, by the catalogue of 1895-6, which I take at random, there were 1589 students. To count the males and females, whose relative numbers are not stated, is too big a job, but I counted the seniors, finding forty-seven girls and 131 boys. At this rate the boys exceed the girls almost exactly in the proportion of 2.8 to 1. The number who took degrees are as follows:

	Boys.	Girls.
H. A. Ancient Classical Course	0	2
B. L. Modern Classical	0	23
English	2	8
Civil Historical	13	1
Economics Group	0	1
German	0	1
History	2	2
Mathematics	1	1
Philosophy	4	2
B. S. General Science Course	17	7
Geology Group	2	0
Mineralogy	1	0
Philosophy	1	0
Zoology	2	1

Engineering	8	0
Mining	5	0
Mechanical Engineering	6	0
Electrical	14	0
Pharmacy	1	0
" graduate in	7	1
B. of Law	17	2
M. A.	3	1
Master of Letters	1	3
" Science	2	0
Civil Engineer	1	0
Mechanical Engineer	1	0
Electrical	1	0
Doctor of Philosophy	3	0
Honorary Degrees	11	4
	207	90

Ratio of boys to girls, 2.4 to 1.

Considering the enormous disproportion in the graduating, and no doubt the competing numbers for one kind of honors (legal), this is fully as good a showing for girls as boys. The attempt made by the author of "Sex in Education" to prove that girls suffered physically by these intellectual efforts, has by no means been held very successful. The slender data do, I think, show that female sex is not very favorable to genius properly so-called; that is to fundamental originality. After making every allowance for subjection, exclusion from professions, and training in conformity, the number of historic women who possessed this rarest among faculties must seem surprisingly small. There certainly are a few; but I should say that the Hatasu, Queens Isabella and Elizabeth, the Empresses Theodora and Catherine I., Mrs. Stowe and George Eliot, pretty near complete the list. On the other hand, if experience, since the partial emancipation of women proves anything, it proves that in talent, that in capacity to do well and with minor improvements, whatever no longer requires to be absolutely invented, women are fully equal to men; and that the maternal function is no great impediment to their extra-maternal undertakings.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXXIV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE PROCUREMENT OF LABOR AND SKILL. As in the procurement of capital, experience must determine what inducements must be offered to attract labor and skill in the desired proportions. These inducements take two forms, the money award for labor and skill, and the relative influence in the management of affairs secured by increase in the number of votes. If more capital, more skill or more labor is needed, it will be a matter of judgment whether to increase the award or the representation. The time spent in labor in the groups would furnish a basis for the vote of labor. The relative rating in the groups would furnish a mode of apportioning the vote of skill. The individual award at the end of the year would furnish a measure of labor and skill combined which might be used as a basis instead of determining each separately. Holding shares of stock would furnish a basis for the vote of capital.

It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either. The real advantage which truth has consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.—*Mill, "On Liberty."*

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause.  
He nobler lives and nobler dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.  
All other life is living death, a world where none but phantoms dwell,  
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell.

—Sir Richard Burton.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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## In the Piney Woods.

Leaving St. Louis via Illinois Central, Feb. 2, I had a somewhat tiresome night ride in the chair-car through Southern Illinois, Western Kentucky and Western Tennessee. The weather was quite cold—considerable snow on the ground on leaving Missouri, but when daylight came there was no snow to be seen and as the day wore on the temperature became decidedly spring-like. As the train pulled through Memphis, Tenn., we were enveloped in a dense fog—characteristic of the Mississippi river in winter—so dense that the view of the city was wholly obscured. Passing out again from the direct influence of "The Father of Waters"—so called by the American Indians—the fog lifted, and for the rest of the way to Jackson, the capital city of the state named for the great river, the weather was showery, with frequent flashes of lightning and loud claps of thunder—a typical April day. Soon the long festoons of hanging moss, the magnolias, the live oaks, etc., etc., make the traveler aware of the fact that he is nearing the Gulf of Mexico. Windows and doors of the houses are wide open as in summer, making it hard to realize that only a few hours have passed since our train left a city in which every one seemed chiefly concerned in keeping the frost and snow out of dwellings and places of business.

At Cold Springs, Miss., a station without a station-house of any kind, I was met by William P. Fogg, late of Palos, Ill., with horse and vehicle to convey the tired pilgrim to the home his mother and himself have been for some months making among the pines, near Thayer, Miss. The spot of earth chosen by mother and son for their future residence is one combining many advantages. The lay of the land is high and rolling, the hills covered with yellow pine timber, reminding one of the hills of Southeastern Missouri, the chief difference being that the Mississippi hills are not stony—as were those among which the writer of these lines grew from boyhood to manhood.

Among the advantages of this section are: pure air, pure and abundant water, adaptability to fruit-raising, mild climate and nearness to direct railway communication with Chicago, St. Louis and other great northern cities. If it were not for the curse of land monopoly it is quite probable that this pine belt would soon be thickly settled by home-seekers from the northern and eastern states of the American union.

[The above was sent us by the editor, and we expected to have the remainder in time for this issue, but it has failed to arrive. In private letters he reports that his health is improving—at least so far as his cold is concerned.]

## C. C. Moore Convicted.

On Monday, Feb. 7, C. C. Moore and J. E. Hughes, editor and publisher of the "Blue Grass Blade," appeared before the United States District Court in Cincinnati to be tried on a charge of sending obscene literature through the mails. Judge Feland, of Kentucky, represented Mr. Hughes, but Mr. Moore had engaged no attorney and refused to accept the services of Judge Feland or of an attorney provided by the court.

Judge Feland obtained a separate trial for his client. Mr. Moore's case was called first. He shouldered the responsibility for the publication, and made what the reporters call a "long,

rambling talk." He said that he did not advocate free love, and could prove the truth of his statement by "prominent free love papers in Chicago." He went back to the war, and told of the position he had taken then; told the jury he was a prohibitionist and an infidel and an advocate of morality.

It is probable that a full report of his speech will be published in the "Blue Grass Blade" of Feb. 13. We have only reports of the daily papers, which are probably very inaccurate. The jury took ten minutes to find that the defendant was "guilty as charged."

The case of James E. Hughes was then called. Judge Feland merely attempted to prove by his client and Mr. Moore that Hughes was not responsible for the publication, and submitted the case to the jury without argument. In fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict of "guilty."

The prisoners were then released on their own recognizances to return for sentence the next day. The following morning Mr. Hughes was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 and costs, (which amounted to about \$80 altogether,) and Mr. Moore was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

This is merely another case showing that to be arrested on the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails is practically the same as to be convicted. It is unfortunate that the case was not more strongly defended; but conviction would probably have followed anyway.

The newspapers say that Mr. Moore was charged with advocating free love; but as a matter of fact, this is not true. The technical charge was simply the usual accusation regarding the depositing in the mail of lewd and obscene matter. I do not believe Mr. Moore understands what free love is, nor that he either would or could seriously defend it. One of the paragraphs on which the indictment is based consisted of the statement that it might possibly be better for the health of men and women if they should associate as freely sexually as they associate in any other way. At any rate, this is my recollection of the matter. I may be mistaken. But if my memory is not at fault, it is as absurd to call him an advocate of free love as it would be to so designate the doctor who advises a young man to have sexual association with prostitutes for the good of his health, regardless of the absence of any feeling of love.

But whether C. C. Moore advocated or condemned free love, whether he called white black or black white, has nothing to do with the case. He has a right to publish his opinions on these or on any other subjects, and neither the postoffice inspector nor the judge nor the jury nor any other person is compelled to read his paper.

If the "Blue Grass Blade" is published during the incarceration of its editor, I hope that every lover of freedom will subscribe for it. The price is \$1 a year, and its address, Lexington, Ky.

L. H.

Moore's conviction is an outrage of the principle of freedom of speech and of the press, although he himself seemingly invited suppression by publishing in his paper as the first demand of the "Blue Grass Blade":

"Such a suppression, peaceably if possible, by force, if necessary, of the Christian religion of the United States," etc.

His antagonism to the Christian religion will be pardoned by every person who believes in liberty of thought, but demand for "suppression," "by force if necessary," puts him outside the pale of the believers in free thought. Suppression in matters of theology is a prerogative of the church, and Charles C. Moore forgets his right to respect as an infidel when he adopts theological tactics.

But, although he has invited his own conviction, it does not make that conviction just. His writings may be called silly, absurd or—by a painful stretch of puritanic conscience—blasphemous, but certainly a man who could find anything obscene in the "Blue Grass Blade" could find obscenity in a grammar school book on botany or a catalogue of cattle, horse or dog shows.



As a matter of fact, Moore's conviction is due to the personal enemies he has made by his peculiar and virulent style of journalism. There is not the shadow of proof of crime against him, unless his crime is his annoyance of certain persons who imagine that his imprisonment may check the advance of free thought in America.

M.

## A Philosophical Codex for Sexologists.

BY EGB.

### FREEDOM IN LOVE.

This is based upon the fact, fundamental and necessitous, of the "sovereignty of the individual" in the social sphere, as well as in the political and the ethical sphere. Freedom and development are correlative. Aspiration and experimentation lead to perfection. No enlightened mind will use fraud or force to compass its ends, nor willingly countenance such a course in others. Perfect complementation is the ideal of sex love, but the consummation of that ideal will be modified by opportunity.

### DEFINITIONS.

Variety has little if anything in common with promiscuity. Promiscuity is one gross passion with a multiplicity of vehicles; whereas variety involves the factor of appreciation, or physical and mental discrimination with regard to co opposite sex; and it may or may not be the means of realizing a conscious ideal. Promiscuity is characteristic of primitiveness and cruelty and has no more connection with free love *per se*, than with bond love. If we make perfect complementation our criterion (as we must) then, critically speaking, either variety or union for life may be the means to that end; but both are irrelevant in any other sense. The standard is universal, the application personal. Prostitution is the ignoble use of any function whether intellectual or affectional.

### CONJUGATION.

Two may associate for physical development, and thus contract a physical union; two may associate for mental development, and thus contract a mental union; or they may associate for physical and mental development, and thus contract a physico-mental, or full union. The full union may lapse into the semi-union; the semi-union may lapse, or may progress to the full union.

### DURATION.

A union of any kind should have its incentive and origin in spontaneous desire, and should continue with the continuance of mutual attraction and good results. Our ideal attracts us most strongly, and we desire it most; therefore, a union is good so long as it aligns itself with that ideal, but no longer. As long as it conforms with this requirement it is virtuous; when it ceases to do so it is vicious.

The length of a union should not be raised into a canon of morality, but considered as a resultant pre-determined by the factors involved in its inception; as a variant consequent dependent upon antecedent conditions not always fully comprehended.

### MATRIMONY AND MATRIMONY.

Abstractly considered, is marriage an institution practicable and desirable? Are incidental loves permissible? Can the wife or husband ever be, normally, more than the refrain of the epithalamium—the burden of the conjugal song? Certain it is, that if free marriage be authorized, it is logically requisite that free divorce should likewise be authorized. If it be permitted to choose, it follows that the rectification of the choice should be granted. And to put it still stronger, if it be allowable for one partner to decline conjugation with the other, it is justifiable for this same partner to seek conjugation elsewhere; for negative and positive liberty must ever balance each other—one cannot logically be conceded without conceding the other. Hence, orthodox marriage must ever imply "marital duties," potential or actual.

This is not to say, however, that a free lover would choose to put this positive liberty into operation; it might be deemed

expedient not to do so, especially if he or she were seeking to perpetuate a particular union. Then, too, there is another way of looking at positive and negative liberty; sometimes we get as much happiness in self-denial by indirection as in direct self-gratification; sometimes we get as much ultimate good by adapting ourselves to the wishes of another as in conforming that other to our own wishes.

It seems impracticable to formulate a specific answer to this question, such an answer would cover the case of this or that individual; only the general principle can be set forth, and each individual must make his or her own application of it; for only he or she is in possession of the full premise, and no one, without this, is capable of drawing the correct conclusion. To advocate more than freedom of thought and action then, is to substitute preference for principle; to advocate less is to dwarf the possibilities of humankind. To the rational mind that has divested itself of superstition, and attained the conception of freedom and purity the question of sex consummation is merely one of expediency; but the expedient will be indicative of the sagacity of the mind that employs it.

It seems to the writer that, under favorable conditions, permanent *bona fide* unions will be formed, and endure by spontaneous attraction; and it does not logically follow, I think, that such associations would necessarily terminate because of incidental or transient loves. Such unions, under favorable auspices, are in line with the economics of nature, and well adapted under the existing regime, to the requirements of parental love and family life.

It may be wise, therefore, even for the radical, to seek ideal complementation through matrimony; though whether he can conscientiously approve of orthodox marriage, any more than he can of prostitution, is another question. Matrimony means one womb, and such unions would necessarily be exclusive only in the sense of this degree of conjugation. Within this limit, the consensus of faculties could choose to restrict the manifestation of ultimate physical love. It is debatable, of course, as to how far exclusiveness can be carried—to what extent a normal sex-love can concentrate itself upon one other person, and by what methods of expression.

The philosophy of the permanent union is simply this, that sooner or later a certain positive and negative are likely to come together who will so nearly realize perfect complementation, and between whom there will spring up such a spontaneous and strong attachment as to preclude dissolution by any other attachment of a similar kind; hence, permanency will result, and be cemented by a common experience. The infelicities of the present marriage relation are in all probability due more to an ill-considered selection in the first place, to the prevalence of unwise habits of life, and to a false economical system, than to any inherent defect arising from its mere continuance during life. Legal marriage has this to its credit, at least, that it fixes responsibility as to parentage and disposes of the question of property inheritance in a practical way; it forefends accidental births, and tends to limit venereal contagion.

### OFFSPRING.

Children should not be called into existence unless the parents can impart a good endowment of mind and body, and have a fair prospect of securing to such offspring suitable care during the period of immaturity.

THE DATA OF ETHICS, by Herbert Spencer, is a book needed in every library. Here is an opportunity to obtain a handsome copy of this masterpiece, practically free. We have obtained a small supply handsomely bound in maroon cloth, with gold lettering and gilt tops, printed in large, clear type on good heavy paper. It contains 350 pages, and is divided into sixteen chapters. Until the present supply is exhausted we will send a copy of this book to anyone who sends us the address of a new subscriber, accompanied by one dollar for *Lucifer* one year, and ten cents for postage on the book. This is an offer which you cannot afford to miss, and which we cannot afford to duplicate after these books are gone.

## To Florence.

W. F. BARNARD.

Florence, who looks in your eyes,  
Sees true woman's feeling rise  
Through all their liquid depths up from the heart, where ago it lies.

Florence, who may see you smile,  
Sees your spirit free from guile,  
Its every portal open to the world full wide the while.

Florence, who looks on your brow  
Feels that wisdom will endow  
The brain within; that you will noble be, somewhere, somehow.

Florence, who may see your face,  
In all its features clear will trace  
The evidence of ample worth with wholesome grace.

Florence, who may know your thought  
Knows that freedom is enwrought  
With all your aims, with all you seek, with all which you have sought.

Florence, one looks on you long;  
Even I, and fervid praises throng  
Within his breast, and on his lips the speech of love grows strong.  
Paris, France.

## May I reach

That purest Heaven—be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
By the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense!  
Shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—George Eliot.

"I am sure it is a mistake to be forever looking back to the past for precedents," she said. "The past has its charm, of course, but it is the charm of the charnel-house—it is the dead past, and what was good for one age is bad for another."

"As one man's meat is another man's poison?" he said.

"Proverbs prove nothing," she answered lightly. "Have you noticed that they go in pairs? There is always one for each side of an argument. 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' is met by 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander'—and so on. But don't you think it absurd to cling to old customs that are dying a natural death? Learn of the past, if you like, but live in the present, and make your laws to meet its needs. It is this eternal waiting on the past to copy it rather than to be warned by its failures, to do as it did, under the impression, apparently, that we must succeed better than it did, following in its footsteps, though we know they led to ruin once, and, because the way was pleasant, being surprised to find that it must end again in disaster—it is this abandonment of all hope of finding new and efficacious remedies for the old diseases of society that has checked our progress by hundreds of years, and will keep the world in some respects just as it was at the time of the Crucifixion. For my own part, I cannot see that history does repeat itself, except in trifling details, and in the lives of unimportant individuals."—*Ideala*.

It is supposed to be an axiom of law that a man is innocent until proven guilty, but modern jurisprudence is doing much to convince us that he is guilty until proven innocent. The mind of the people is already contaminated to a degree that is appalling. Here for instance, is a book of New York views, issued by the "Bond Record." Under one picture is this legend: "The Tombs—The Place of Detention for Criminals Awaiting Trial." What is the object of trial at law? To determine whether the accused is or is not a criminal. How, then, in the name of justice and the English language, can a man "awaiting trial" be called a criminal? There are at this hour in the Tombs a large number of men who will be declared innocent when their causes are tried. Therefore, they are not criminals; they would not be "awaiting trial" if they were, and it is a foul outrage for the "Bond Record" to assert that the Tombs is a "place of detention for criminals awaiting trial." But our police and many of our courts proceed upon the assumption that accusation is equivalent to conviction.—*E. C. W.*

## In Behalf of a Veteran Worker.

Lois Wainbrooker, the veteran worker in the cause of social reform will reach the seventy-third mile post in the journey of life the 21st of this month (February). This should be accepted as a favorable time for her friends and the friends of the unpopular cause she has so long and fearlessly represented, to give to her a practical recognition of their appreciation of the great work she has so ably championed for nearly two generations.

This can be done by sending one dollar to her address, 28 8th St., San Francisco, Cal. In return she will send one of her books on social reform. Her work is strictly in line with the needs of the age, and although radical in sentiment, it enlightens men and women on the true demands of their natures, and the road to a higher civilization and a nobler man and womanhood attained through the agency of our improved generation and a more natural and perfect education. As the champion of an unpopular cause, the material aid attending this recognition would no doubt be most acceptable, and at the same time a tribute she has justly earned.

S. J. GIL L.

When I hear a man complaining that some cause which he has at heart will be put back for years by a speech or a book I suspect that his attachment to it is a prejudice, that he has no consciousness of standing on a rock.—*William Ellery Channing*.

Spots of dirt thrown upon my character I suffered, while fresh, to remain. I did not choose to spread by endeavoring to remove them, but relied upon the vulgar adage that they would all rub off when dry.—*B. Franklin*.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Jennie Wade, Bradford, Ohio.—I hope the editor will return much benefitted by his trip. In reading the history of your father's life in *Lucifer*, it appealed to my sympathy, and I admire, oh how I admire, a brave, good man like him. Wish we had a few more as brave and true, to lift woman out of darkness, and upon a higher plane, for to render woman this service is to exalt and elevate the race.

E. V. Grainger, Palestine, Tex.—Enclosed find twenty-five cents for thirteen weeks' subscription to *Lucifer* and the following books: "Human Rights," "Love and the Law," "Sexual Enslavement of Women," "The Coming Woman." Please advise me as to whether you have published "Hilda's Home" in book form and at what price. If not, what the copies of *Lucifer* will cost containing the story, and if you can do so, send me the first thirteen instead of recent copies of *Lucifer* for the twenty-five cent trial subscription and notify me what the others will cost containing the balance of the story. Also advise me as to how far back you can furnish copies of "The Adult," and if the back numbers are supplied at yearly rates.

[See advertising page for price and description of "Hilda's Home." We can supply back numbers of '97 and '98 in complete volumes. Price unbound, \$1; bound in cloth, \$1.25.]

Miss L. A. Mint, Boulder, Mont.—I was very glad to see the sketch of your father in *Lucifer*, January 21, and inclose ten cents for copies of said number to send to friends. This article makes me more deeply interested in the work your father has devoted so much of his life to—not that I am a free lover—I have given that question no consideration; but because I love liberty in its broadest, greatest sense and realize more and more the great need of such men as your father. To him every woman owes a debt she can never pay, and I shall henceforth, as long as your father lives, do all I can to aid his paper. My own undertaking is so much greater than my strength that it requires for its development more than I can give, but there are ways in which I can help *Lucifer* as your father's work, and not hinder mine; how much I can do thus time alone can tell. "Yours for all good to all mankind."



Though I don't quite agree with you that "strikes usually fail," I most heartily agree with you that this is the hardest problem (the rights of labor) now demanding solution, and I inclose twenty-five cents for more copies of *Lucifer*, Feb. 4.

J. D. Coverstone, Bremen, Ind.—I am not now, nor ever was a subscriber to *Lucifer*. Some time ago I sent you a quarter for "Hell and the Way Out," and a sample copy of *Lucifer*, and the latter had been coming occasionally ever since. I am careful not to allow my family to read them, and always consign them to the stove after a glance at their contents, if not before. The paper has only one sensible thing in it and that is the "Referendum." But all reforms that such a sheet advocates will be impeded rather than accelerated. If you will show me any reforms that were accomplished by infidels I will have more faith in *Lucifer*. I know unbelievers often talk reform, but their own life belies their tongue. I judge *Lucifer* is no exception to the rule. A man who sets aside God's most holy laws, and tries to make better ones for himself, is like a grasshopper trying to swim the ocean; he is sure to be drowned. If God would die and leave the universe to you, you might stand some show, but as long as God lives you will have a very influential opponent. Let me adjure you to "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then advocate the Initiative and Referendum both in church governments and the state, and you will set an example of life worthy of imitation. No, I never was a subscriber to *Lucifer*. Yours in Christ.

Sada Bailey Fowler, Torresdale, Pa.—A good woman, Mrs. Nat, was dying ("Don't tell it for the world," the physician said, "but it is a fact Mrs. Nat is dying of too much Mr. Nat.") According to popular standards, this doctor was in duty bound to lay this precious life as a sacrifice on the altar of respectability. But a *Moslene* came to rescue her sister woman from this worse than Egyptian bondage; she aided her to the divine right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—to the consolation and company of her true mate.

Then the scandal came. The religious society in which she held an office, put the question of her expulsion to ballot. There was a tie. The pre-ident, Mr. Campbell (whose secret life could not bear examination), gave the casting vote against her. When the meeting adjourned the *Moslene* took the persecuted sister's arm, saying in a loud, calm voice, "Come away from these people who have choked at a dear little gnat and swallowed a big ugly camel."

I am reminded of this in thinking how people will read the obscenity of the daily popular press and then taboo *Lucifer* and such books as "Irene," whose pages teem with the truth about love. Previous to my publication of "Irene" I could earn a living upon the Spiritualist rostrum, which welcomed me any where between the two oceans; but the Spiritualists, though many my dear personal friends, do not think the book respectable. One reason given by a popular president was, "Tis fifty years beyond its time." One decade of that half century has already past, and I am bound to live the remaining four decades to see my persecuted child, "Irene," respectable. I have learned the grand science of retaining youth and health, love and happiness, and am unfolding these truths in my new book, with a solution of social and industrial problems. The editors of our brave Light Bearer have joined their efforts to mine in the sale of "Irene," to aid us in obtaining the means to forward this work. We have proven that a story will sell much faster at fifty cents than at twice that amount, so those who want a handsome dollar book at half price, please take notice, now is the time!

Loveth thou the truth? Then read this book, of which a critic said, "There's too much truth in it for a novel." But it was written for realistic life, yea, for honest, pure, loving life, for nobility and freedom, which does not choke at gnats and swallow camels.

Albina L. Washburn, 1728 Glenarm St., Denver, Col.—"O. M. M." in No. 738, asks me to explain definitely what I meant by "outward expressions of sexual impurity." As the expression was quoted, and I am away from my files of *Lucifer*, I will give what it seems to me to imply. Actions are expressions of mental impulses or conclusions. If a man is sexually impure in his mind a mentally pure woman feels it unpleasantly at once. He is gallant (if cultivated) but not just. He looks at her body, but appreciates not her noble ideas, as he cannot understand their true import. He adores beauty of form and color, well dressed. He considers woman man's game. He reveals the vulgarity of his thoughts in falsetto praise or cloudy jokes. Usually, but not always, he uses tobacco, often intoxicants. The sexually impure man is inconsiderate of others, especially his wife, who is his sexual slave. If she is not submissive he is her open or secret enemy. He is self-indulgent and in general, not too industrious. Many women who openly tolerate him express to each other a distaste for his presence.

The women who value this man are sexually impure themselves. They spend much time in self-adornment; they are also inconsiderate of others, especially of a husband who is not quite so devoted to the world's follies as they. They are looking for wealth, and evidences of wealth and pleasure; they read cheap novels; they love nothing with a deep self-sacrificing love, but with the ferocity of the tiger—as transiently, as unreasonably and as selfishly, except the love which they give their young, whom they spoil with neglect and indulgence. To me sexual impurity implies sexual prostitution. The sex powers are perverted to transient, what we call lower pleasures.

It is a pleasure to a hungry boy to eat a green apple, yet nature rebels and he suffers, or if he feels no ill effects then the habit of ignorant self-indulgence will bring sorrow in after life. Ignorance of the better way leads to the waste of vital force in lower forms of self-indulgence. Secrecy, deceit and dishonesty usually accompany this self-indulgence, not so much because of the watchfulness of society as because of the still small voice heard at intervals of self-dissatisfaction, saying, "Come up higher."

## A FEW GOOD BOOKS FOR YOU.

- Love, Marriage and Divorce. A discussion between Horace Greeley, Stephen Pearl Andrews and Henry James. \$0.35  
 The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations. By Karl Heinzen. In cloth, \$1; paper covers. 50  
 Love and the Law. By E. C. Walker. 2  
 The Sexual Enslavement of Women. By E. C. Walker. 2  
 The Woman Who Did. A Novel. By Grant Allen. 100  
 The British Barbarians. A Novel. By Grant Allen. 100  
 The Red Heart in a White World. An Outline of Principles and a Plan of Organization. By J. Wm. Lloyd. 30  
 Windy Harp Songs. By J. Wm. Lloyd. 100  
 The Revival of Puritanism. By E. C. Walker. 10  
 Bible Temperance. Showing that the Bible encourages the use of intoxicants. By E. C. Walker. 10  
 Woman, Church, and State. By Matilda Joselyn Gage. 200  
 Church Property. Should it be Taxed? 15  
 Prohibition and Self Government: Their Irreconcilable Antagonism. By E. C. Walker. 30  
 When Love Is Liberty and Nature Law. By John Hadcock, Jr. A remarkably clear, convincing work. 10  
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**KAREZZA Ethics of Marriage.** A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. "Union Sexual": Thousands of women have blessed Dr. Stockham for Tokology, thousands of men and women will bless her for Karezza. "Aren't Karezza is worth its weight in gold." Sample pages free. Prepaid \$1.00. Address this office.

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**LIBERTY; Political, Religious, Social and Sexual.** An essay towards the formation of an anti-persecution society. By A. F. Tinsal. Price 10 cents.

750.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

## Do You Want a Copy?

You have been looking long for the appearance of HILDA'S HOME in book form. The delay has been vexations, and doubtless has taxed the patience of many who were charmed with the story when they read it in serial form in Lucifer. The edition printed was limited to one thousand copies, many of which were

### Subscribed for in Advance.

So, in order to secure a copy, if you were not a paid-in-advance subscriber, you should send in your order at once, for many persons will want extra copies and soon the supply will be exhausted.

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Will find in HILDA'S HOME a story exposing the horrors of their condition as faithfully and as fearlessly as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" exposed the horrors of Negro slavery in the South. The story is more entertaining than many modern works of fiction and the plain truths it tells will find responsive echoes in the aching, burning hearts of many women who know the galling effects of marriage thralldom.

The book contains 425 pages. Price handsomely bound in cloth, \$1. In paper cover 50 cents. Send in your order NOW—especially if you want extra copies for distribution among your friends.

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Only published book of Will Hubbard-Kernan's marvelous poems which, though most of them are in a decidedly pessimistic vein, strike the latest deep into the gloom of existing social conditions. Many of the poems are regarded by good judges as unsurpassed in English literature. The book is handsomely bound in cloth with gilt title and has 270 pages. Kernan is now out of employment, as a result of his persistent refusal to bow to "King Custom." Until April 15 for every copy of his poems sold from this office at the regular price we will turn over to the author 25 cents. The price of the book is \$1.50.

### RIGHTS OF WOMEN

#### IN THE SEXUAL RELATIONS,

By Karl Heinsohn. A new edition together with the startling letters of "Louise May" on Men and Women, and a report of the Convention of German women at Frankfurt. A book of 306 pages, handsomely printed on good paper. It is more than twice the size of the original edition of "Rights of Women" alone and yet is sold at a lower price. Heinsohn's great book is destined to become a classic and is sure to open the eyes of those who think women have their rights already. Its price is so low that every reader of this advertisement can afford to buy it, and no better book can be found to interest those who heretofore have given little or no thought to the necessity for the emancipation of women from ownership by men. Price paper bound, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

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This book is up-to-date in every particular. It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure. It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. It has 16 colored plates, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on Painless Midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of Air, Sunshine, and Water as medicines. It contains valuable information for the married. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it. It has eight hundred pages, is neatly bound in cloth with gold letters, and will be sent by mail or express prepaid to any address for \$2.75. Address: M. Harman, 1204 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

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John's Way; a domestic radical story, by Elmina D. Sienker, .25  
Human Rights; J. Madison Hook, .10  
Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetism, by A. Chavannes, .25  
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Love and the Law; " " .50  
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**The Missing Link.** Modern Spiritism, by A. Leah Underhill. A book for all spiritualists and investigators. "Heart all sides, then Godin." 22 chapters; 478 pages; 16 illustrations, including portraits of the Fox family. History of the Hydesville rappings, as given by eyes-witnesses, the threats or mob violence; remarkable and well-attested manifestations; the "exorcised" disposed of, etc. Handsomely bound in cloth. Publishers price, \$1.50. On receipt of \$1.25 and 15 cents for postage, we will send the book to any address.

**The Outcome of Legitimation.** By Oswald Dawson. This address the January "Addict," but the printers of that number played Bowdler on a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which they did print was "bad enough, but we are printing that and decline to print more." The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

**The Sanctity of Marriage.** As viewed from a moral and sanitary standpoint: A solemn protest against the present democratic management of that institution, its effects upon offspring and its influence upon education. By Dr. Robert A. Greer. A valuable "opening wedge" in missionary work. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents, for sale at this office.

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### Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs.

Contains matter pertaining to the Legitimation League and the Persons Rights Association of England. Also, four fine full page portraits of Sara H. Heywood, Moses Harman, Lillian Harman and Lola Washbrook, together with sketches of their personalities and work. By Oswald Dawson. Neatly bound in boards. Price, 30 cents. Address: Moses Harman, 1204 Congress St., Chicago.

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**LOVE AND THE LAW.** By E. C. Walker. A clear, concise statement of social liberty in contradistinction to the much lauded legal bondage of modern universalists. An excellent missionary document. Two copies, 5 cents; 10 cents is our dozen.


**Wanted** A publisher for "Little Freethinker"—a liberal atheist. Also correspondents will send four cents in stamps. Address: Elmina Drake, 1204 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

**Wanted:** To let, Room to a radical who desires to have a home with a radical family. Address: L. M., care of Lucifer.

**Wanted.** A neat and tidy woman to keep house for gentlemen in the country. Middle-aged lady preferred. Address: J. C., care of Lucifer.



# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 8.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 24, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 751

### Don't Forget You've Married Me!

Now, Marco dear,  
My wishes bear,  
While you're away  
It's understood  
You will be good,  
And not too gay.  
To every trace  
Of maiden grace  
You will be blind,  
And will not glance  
By any chance  
On woman-kind!  
If you are wise,  
You'll shut your eyes  
'Till we arrive,  
And not address  
A lady less  
Than forty-five:  
You'll please to frown  
On every gown  
That you may see;  
And O, my pet,  
You won't forget  
You've married me!

You'll lay your head  
Upon your bed  
At set of sun.  
You will not sing  
Of anything  
To any one:  
You'll sit and mope  
All day I hope,  
And shed a tear  
Upon the life  
Your little wife  
Is passing here!  
And if so be  
You think of me,  
Please tell the moon:  
I'll read it all  
In rays that fall  
On the lagoon:  
You'll be so kind  
As tell the wind  
How you may be,  
And send me words  
By little birds  
To comfort me!

And O, my darling, O, my pet,  
Whatever else you may forget,  
In yonder tale beyond the sea,  
O, don't forget you've married me!

— W. S. Gilbert.

### Fragments.

BY HOSEA M'COY.

Is it any wonder that a nation which tolerates Comstock should repudiate the doctrine that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed?

The cry of the Imperialists is that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government. So England said of the American colonists in 1776. So the governors always say of the governed.

Lillian, Lillian Bell, how could you go and tell  
Such naughty things about the good St. Anthony? You know you should  
Not cause his pious friends to start by advocating undraped art.  
Such shocking things you tell, Lillian Bell.

The attitude of Comstock to other Americans is practically the same as the attitude of American imperialists toward the Filipinos. He contends that other Americans are incapable of governing themselves (being moral) without his assistance.

Marriage is illegal in Missouri and some other states. Not only bigamous marriage and the marriage of persons under statutory age, but even the voluntary marriage of a mature man and woman, neither of whom has a matrimonial mate. Sounds incredible, doesn't it? Nevertheless in Missouri the law prescribes a penalty of \$500 fine and a year in jail for the official who issues a license for white and black persons to marry.

"Give your authors liberty, but not license," says Lillian

Bell. "Permit them to write and allow even the American girl to read, and believe me, you will find that America is not the hotbed for divorce which it is at present." She might have added with as much, if not more truth: "Give your daughters liberty, but not license, and there will be few divorces." In most of the states of the union a license necessarily precedes a divorce.

Walter Hurt, editor of the "Gatling Gun," Cleveland, Ohio, has been arrested on the charge of publishing obscene articles in his paper. The principle of liberty is too precious to be sacrificed even in the cases of such men as Hurt and Charles C. Moore, both of whom through their papers have advocated the regulation of other people's affairs. It is the irony of fate that both these ardent champions of morality, should be arrested on charges of immorality. But that does not mitigate the outrage of their arrest.

Ring the alarm bell! Call up Anthony the Abominable and Parkhurst the Pharisee. What mean such goings on as this related in a telegram to the "Chicago Tribune" of Feb. 16?

"Cupid appeared in the flesh at a St. Valentine's dinner given by Mrs. Emma James Story in the Hotel Marie Antoinette, New York, to a few of her friends. It was a live pickaninny undraped that the DeReszkes and other guests beheld when the crowning feature of the dinner was reached. To say that the little chap created a sensation is putting it mildly."

R. B. Kerr asks why women have not equalled men as writers of poetry and hymns. From a Christian point of view can be name any hymns written by men which can surpass in sentiment and diction "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken" and "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord", all written by women? Can he cite anything from Shakespeare or any other male dramatist surpassing the noble and sublime sentiment of love of liberty expressed in "Rienza's Address to the Romans," by Miss Mitford?

Lillian Bell astounded the prim members of the Chicago Baptist Union in an address before that body a few days ago, by declaring Anthony Comstock and the American girl are throttling art in America. This is an outrageous slander on the average American girl, who is far removed from prudery in spite of her pernicious education. The girls who are the allies of Anthony the Abominable are, for the most part, elderly maidens of soured temper, and married women, who by false education and clerical domination have been led to believe their Heavenly Father made a grievous mistake in allowing people to be born naked.

Annie Peterson arrived in New York on the Anchora from Denmark, Feb. 14, with Mormon Elder Brand, with whom she was going to Brinton, Utah. She said she believed in polygamy because it was in the Bible. Deputy Commissioner of Immigration

McSweeney decided that he could not exclude a person who merely believed in polygamy, and she was allowed to proceed. But Amalia Witkow was sent back to England the next day after her arrival in New York about a year ago because she said she did not believe in marriage. Amalia should have quoted the Bible, too, saying, "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage" and "I am the resurrection and the life."

### Comstockism Condemned

"Chicago Chronicle," Feb. 15.

Lillian Bell, in responding to the toast "Hopeful Aspects of Literary Life in Chicago," said some plain things to the members of the Chicago Baptist Social Union assembled at a banquet in the Auditorium last night, which made them look at each other and gasp with the cold drenching of radicalism which she gave them.

She told them that the puritan element in American life was the great obstacle in the way of the development of the great American novel so long awaited. She said that the trouble lay with "the country which makes Anthony Comstock and the American girl the standard of taste. It is the puritan element in America today which is crippling art."

"When Boston rejects one of the masterpieces of genius because it is nude; when a magazine which never permits an artist to picture in its pages a woman in a décolleté gown circulates 750,000 copies a month; when Anthony Comstock can pronounce against a picture and carry enough public opinion to force its removal from the art gallery; when the people of a great, educated country like ours say we will have nothing on our shelves that our daughters cannot look at or read in the presence of young men; then I say it is time to lock up your daughters and jail your young men and drive your authors to Europe."

"It is a crime against taste and humanity and genius to allow an author to begin a novel full of strong human passion, dealing with the great problems of life and death and the tragedy of love, and then at a vital point, because of provincial public opinion, to force him to stop short of the truth and make him don his mincing patent leathers and limp lamely to a false conclusion. You force him to shuffle and equivocate. Your daughters learn these half truths by heart."

"American novels are too expunged to be true to life. They are novels of clever details of witty conversations and delicate truths which gives your brain little tinges of delight when you read them. But the great things of life, the problems of existence which are tearing like wolves at your heart and mine, are never grasped and handled firmly. They are staggered around and hinted at, and the author stutters and coughs behind his hand until his readers are blushing for what he so palpably avoided."

"American modesty, when all is done and said, is largely American overdone self-consciousness. But your poor author, even if he dares to write what his soul tells him, what his art demands, the publishers, who know their American public, send back his novel to be expunged."

"Not many of you here tonight know the number of fine novels thus cut and mutilated by publishers, because you would not buy them unless they were filtered until they became anemic. Ignorance is not innocence. Keep your girls in ignorance if you like, but do not imagine that they owe you thanks for it or that you will get it when once they know the truth."

When Miss Bell finished reading her paper a decidedly frosty atmosphere pervaded the banquet hall. She was feebly applauded and she left the room with a pugnacious toss of her head. "I meant every word of it," she said with an air of defiance.

The function closed with the singing of the doxology.

The evils of our fate are doubled by dwelling on them; a scratch becomes a wound, a jest an insult, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.—Selected.

### Arraignment of Marriage.

BY B. F. ODELL.

Any person who thoroughly and candidly investigates the bearings of marriage, of marriage slavery, of the subjection of one woman to all the sexual demands of one man, however beastly he may be, for that is just what marriage requires, can come to but one conclusion. That must be that marriage causes more misery, directly and indirectly, than any other one institution.

After all that is done to smother, keep down and hide all the horrors, the heartaches, the blasted hopes and ruined lives of so many women in the homes of our land, the smothered wail still reaches every ear. Every influence that can possibly be brought to bear upon those who suffer the evils of marriage, is used to suppress any exposure, especially of sexual oppression. Social ostracism, almost as bad as that dealt to the prostitute, is the ever ready scourge to prevent suffering wives from revealing the skeleton in the closet. Could the countless lips be unsealed, a tale would be told that would exceed in horror anything the world has ever heard.

It is not the unceasing round of household duties that makes married life so hard for women. It is not so much the burden and wear of bearing and rearing undesired children, with its wearying anxieties, cares and labors, though that is enough to make life an unending drag; it is the nervous strain, exhausting vitality—and all the long list of female complaints that follow undesired sex association—that is taking health, hope and happiness from the women of our land.

But it is not the women alone that are reaping the bitter fruit of our marriage system. A race of physically enfeebled children are generated. Worse still, their minds are distorted and soured by prenatal conditions. Race progress, except in mere intellectuality, has ceased. Physically and morally the race is at a standstill.

Moreover, public illegal prostitution owes its origin and huge proportions to the exclusiveness of the marriage system. Its deep depravity and its horrors too are due to the relentless treading down of any woman who refuses to sell herself as a perpetual sexual slave to some one man, to forever be at the beck and call of his sexual appetites, regardless of her own natural feelings.

This is done to uphold marriage slavery, and for no other purpose. Sensual men do not want women to have any opportunity to gratify their natural normal sex instincts in any other manner than as a sex slave to some man. It is so much more convenient for the merely animal instincts of the man to always have a woman ready for his use that he cannot afford to have his pet institution endangered and have to run the risk of finding a willing partner. Of course unwilling or forced association is below the animal. Willing association is only on the animal plane, while love association alone ennobles and elevates.

The marriage adherent will ignore all this and uphold the forced association which even animals are not guilty of. Just think, all this bounding down to destruction of the woman who will not, or does not, become a sexual slave to some man is to uphold the most infernal and degrading slavery the world ever knew—the slavery of woman's most sacred nature.

But countless thousands, yes millions, under forms of respectable marriage are just as much sold to gratify some one man's sexual desires as is the prostitute. Continued support, a home, a name, respectability may be the price, sex association, often repugnant, the result. Is it any less prostitution because for life so that she cannot avoid being debauched if she would? Is she any more pure that she binds herself hand and foot for life? No, no! Purity is not made by law nor ceremony. No ceremony can change the pure into impurity or impure into purity. Nature fixes the status. Laws and customs cannot change it.

Each one of the countless thousands who sell themselves into marriage is worse off than her illegal counterpart would be were she not beaten down by society. Were the illegal one



received in society and given a fair chance to engage in other occupations so as not to depend exclusively on the proceeds of her prostitution for a livelihood, her condition would be much better than that of the average married woman. It is the forced association that gives to prostitution its horrors, not that the associations are outside of marriage. Give the illegal prostitute a fair chance, and in every line she will stand above the legal married prostitute. Her business and labor would enable her to refuse undesired sex associations, while the married woman would gain no relief from her husband however much she earned in business or by her labor.

The illegal prostitute would not be burdened with undesired children like her married sister. She could measurably choose her occupation and not be bound to the ceaseless round of domestic toil and worry that confronts her married sister.

Under freedom both these forms of prostitution would cease to exist. When women are free, will they want to sell themselves into undesired, repulsive sex associations? They do so now, both in and out of marriage. To ask the question is to answer it. We know that undesired association must be forced by some means. The woman that is really free will never permit it. Some hold, some bondage must compel her to submit to it. Of all the means that are or can be used to force her consent there is none so common, or so respectable as marriage to force woman to violate her own sex nature, to become a prostitute, to one man it may be, but a prostitute still.

Now, prostitution is the bane of the race. It is eating away the physical and moral stamina of mankind. It should be the work of our lives to fight it. To do this effectively we must strike at the very center of all prostitution—the marriage system.

The martyr spirit is required in this contest. The selfish sensuality of man under a thousand false pretexts will strike down all who strive to free his slave, and endanger his easy gratification. The road to freedom will pass over the bodies of thousands of martyrs.

### The Equality of the Sexes.

BY KATE AUSTIN.

I protest against R. B. Kerr's insinuation that in a former article I asserted the immense superiority of women. What I did say most emphatically was this: "That woman is fitted by nature to compete on an equality with man in all the activities of life." If that be treason to man "make the most of it." I have admitted the "natural distinction of the sexes in physical efficiency." That, as friend Kerr stated, "can be proved by a glance at the lower animals." But when he goes on to state that intellectual differences undoubtedly exist, but cannot be proved by "observing the lower animals," it plainly shows that the masculine claim to mental superiority has not a "leg to stand on." For we cannot dispute the fact that among the lower animals the female gives positive evidence that her mental faculties are as well developed as those of the male. And to use the exact words of Mr. Kerr, "They have no artificial institutions, favoring the male, therefore we are prepared to accept them as conclusive evidence on the subject of the natural relation of the sexes."

It really looks as if Mr. Kerr is "hoist by his own petard." If the human female is inferior to the male in intellect, it would be interesting to know when and how she lost the birthright of mental equality bestowed upon the lower forms of animal life. Is it possible in her case, a cog slipped in the chain of evolution that was to elevate the race above the beasts of the field, and so she hangs suspended a little lower than man?

Quite a number of animals, besides the man-like apes cooperate to rear their young. This is noticeably true with birds. The pride and affection and watchful care bestowed by the gander upon the little downy goslings is a sight to behold.

Why do they sing of maternal love and ignore the paternal love that exists here and there among the lower animals, reaching its highest excellence in man? If nature designed the male

the special protector of the female the design ought to be more apparent.

All I can see is this, that among the higher forms of life, including man, is a deep, strong undercurrent of sympathy that impels the members of a group to rush to the aid of those in extremity. There are periods in the lives of all when they must depend upon the love and care of others or perish. This sympathy finds its highest expression in the human race, though greatly perverted by our social institutions, and instinctively compels all to bestow their services where most needed, irrespective of the sex of the sufferer. The wild herds rush madly to the aid of one in distress, be it calf, cow or bull. Darwin tells of the stormful wrath, the agonized entreaty that drove a company of baboons from their safe retreat among the rocks to rescue the body of their dead comrade shot by the hunters. The man-like apes, who assist the mother in preparing for the advent of their offspring, exhibit this sympathy and the instincts of the true father. Unlike apes, man makes no preparation for the coming of the being he has created unless he has a legal claim to the mother, which proves "our institutions to be unfavorable" to the man, in failing to develop those admirable qualities possessed by his primitive ancestor, the ape.

Mr. Kerr appears very sensitive to remarks reflecting on man. Doubtless he thinks my sex has grown callous in this respect. The average man having a better opportunity to develop his thinking powers than the average woman, it naturally follows that the best hymns are the result of his headwork. A well-developed brain gives the ability to do the very best, even in such insignificant things as writing hymns.

Mr. Kerr protests that I "unjustly accuse him of trying to prove that woman is man's inferior." If the whole trend of his controversy is not an endeavor to prove woman's mental inferiority then I do not understand English. The last argument he brings is this: That women do not possess the energy of men to work their brains and muscles because of their inferior size.

How do the men of the past and present who distinguished themselves in art, science, literature, politics and war, compare in size with their fellows—Lord Byron and Gibbon for instance? Would not Napoleon Bonaparte "lose more heat by radiation from having more exposed surface in proportion to his total mass" than John L. Sullivan? If the "law of the conservation of energy" does not prove fatal in the case of men like Bonaparte, Byron or Gibbon and thousands of others physically inferior to their fellows, who found their fitness to compete on an equality in the struggle for existence, I do not see how it can very well apply to woman. As to where women get their energy I can only reply in the name of Madam Roland, Charlotte Corday, George Eliot and Harriet Martineau; it is their priceless possession.

"Meddler" calls attention to the act of John August Brown, one of Minneapolis' men of means and culture. Early last spring when the violets were budding into bloom, the wife of Brown, Sophia, and Stephen Heegle fell in love with one another and were found out. What did Brown do? Get a gun and start on an expedition of extermination? No, dear reader, he had another plan to get even. He told Sophia to get a divorce and marry Heegle, which was done; but for fear that Mr. Heegle would not perform his part of the program, big-hearted, generous Brown went to the office of the clerk of the court and purchased the marriage license to make sure that the event would not miscarry. "Meddler" would like to ask, where, oh, where is there such a husband as John August Brown in the City of Superior? There might possibly be found one in the bachelor's club, but nowhere else!—W. Superior, Wis. Citizen.

The initiative of all wise and noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things and be led to them with his eyes open.—*Mill's "Liberty."*

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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A SUBSCRIBER writes to ask if we will accept stamps in payment for Lucifer and books. He objects to paying a war tax, and therefore does not want to buy money orders. Yes. Stamps are as good as any other kind of money at our office.

WILL THE subscribers to "Hilda's Home," who have not yet paid for the books which they promised to take, let us hear from them? You need the books—we need the money. And if any who have paid for a book has not received it, we will send it on application. This book has been highly recommended as an aid to missionary work and should not be permitted to be idle. The price is \$1 in cloth; 50 cents in paper.

## In the Sunny South.

Saturday morning, Feb. 11, finds me at New Orleans, the commercial, social and political metropolis of the Gulf States. My last week's letter was written at the kindly hospitable home of our friends, S. A. and W. P. Fogg, near Thayer, Miss. My sojourn at that place was one of the most enjoyable and helpful of my trip this year. Notwithstanding the sudden change of weather from spring to winter, soon after my arrival at Thayer, I found the air, the water and the general environment so conducive to health and comfort that the improvement in my condition during these six days was more marked than during any other period of equal length since leaving Chicago. Of the advantages of this place for colony purposes I propose to have more to say later on.

Bidding good-bye to our Thayer helpers, I made the short run of seventy miles to Ponchatoula, La., where I was met by three or four friends whose names are not wholly unknown to Lucifer's readers—J. Allen Evans, Virgie C. Moon, Samuel Moon and S. O. Bishop. The address of last named is now at Hammond, La., formerly at Wichita, Kas. Hammond is the next station north of Ponchatoula, and while the train halted there for some ten minutes I was most agreeably surprised to hear my name called by a little man somewhat advanced in years, whose face had a slightly familiar look, and who introduced himself as S. O. Bishop. My surprise was so great that some seconds elapsed before I could fully realize that this man was really the same Bishop who, for a dozen years or more, has been a most faithful and earnest helper of Lucifer and its work. (Memo: Let no reader imagine that because we have a Bishop and a Pope among our patrons and helpers that there is any necessary connection between Lucifer and the Roman Catholic church or any other ecclesiastical organization.)

Next day at Ponchatoula I had the pleasure of a much longer interview with our Bishop, and also with a young friend whom he brought with him—B. Wade Hewett, a member of the firm of Hewett & Son, extensive nurserymen, formerly of Waupun, Wis., who have lately moved their entire business to Hammond, La. The Hewetts, while in Wisconsin were readers and helpers of Lucifer and now will receive the weekly visits of our Morning Star in their Louisiana home. That our friends Bishop and Hewett should be willing to take a day off and walk five miles here and back—ten miles in all—to meet and talk with Lucifer's editor, certainly speaks well for their earnestness in the cause of the reforms to which our Light Bringer is devoted.

Ponchatoula and vicinity seem well adapted to the business of supplying New Orleans and other large cities with berries and garden "truck", and also with eggs, poultry, milk and butter. Cabbages, lettuce and onions grow all winter without protection. Strawberries are ready for market in February and March and continue in bearing till July. Blackberries and dewberries grow wild in the woods and are much superior in size and quality to those grown in the latitude of Chicago. Oranges, figs, Japanese persimmons and many other semi-tropical fruits are successfully grown here. Peaches, grapes, pears and plums do well, but apples have to be imported.

Not wishing to tire the readers, and not wishing to monopolize Lucifer's space, I must bring this long letter to a close, and send it back from the next station—Pensacola, Fla., else it may be too late for next week's Lucifer. As these last lines are pencilled the train is fast bearing me through the pine forests of Southern Alabama. The lumber business seems to be the sole industry. But of this more anon.

## IN CAMP AT LAKE HELEN, FLA.

Omitting for the present many things I meant to say in regard to my trip to this place, I find myself very pleasantly located on the second floor of the "Hotel Cassadaga," the largest hostelry at the much-advertised "Southern Cassadaga" camp ground. While somewhat disappointed as to the number of cottages and number of visitors in attendance I am not at all disappointed in regard to the beauty and healthfulness of the location. Situated 125 miles south of Jacksonville on the A. & W. branch of the Florida East Coast railroad, about twenty miles inland from New Smyrna, one mile south of the railroad station at Lake Helen, overlooking a chain of small lakes, surrounded by hills covered with forests of tall pine trees, the location is all that could be desired as a health resort. A large sanitarium is in course of construction for the use of invalids needing special treatment.

The unprecedented cold of the past week or two has probably greatly diminished the attendance at this camp, the impression doubtless being general that hotels and boarding houses at the camp are not constructed with a view to resisting a temperature of ten or twelve degrees above zero. This impression, however, is true only in part. The hotel at which I am stopping is supplied with heating apparatus and with sleeping rooms and beds sufficiently warm for the comfort of the chronic invalid.

Arriving on the 14th, I found my old friend Prof. W. F. Peck, already on the ground, and officiating as one of the leading speakers. Prominent among the speakers now here are Mrs. C. Fanny Allen of Stoneham, Mass.; Mrs. Clara Field Conant and Dr. Edward B. Conant of Virginia. Yesterday I had the pleasure of listening to a very fine address by C. Fanny Allen, on the "Higher Education," and "Divine Providence"—subjects furnished by the audience. She also gave improvisations in verse upon subjects suggested by the audience and appropriate to the times and local conditions. It has been my fortune to hear many extemporaneous speakers, but among them all I think of few if any that for readiness, clearness of thought, and sprightliness of action and utterance, can surpass Mrs. Allen. In religion, government and sociology she is reckoned as radical and fearless to a marked degree.

Am glad to say that the weather is again mild and spring-like. Three days of sunny skies, and of balmy, health-laden breezes have nearly obliterated all memory of the terrible "blizzard" that swept down upon the Gulf States from the frozen Northwest on Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th of this month—a month that will doubtless be long remembered by the fruit growers in all the Southern states of the American union as the "record-breaker."

At this writing, Friday the 17th, I have heard nothing from Chicago for over a week. No Lucifer later than the issue of Feb. 4 has reached me, consequently I am feeling quite anxious to hear from home. Hoping that all the members of Lucifer's widely scattered family who may have been living in or near the pathway of the late storm, have escaped freezing to death, and



also escaped serious loss of their animal or vegetable friends. I will close this my weekly word of greeting. M. HARMAN.

### An Appeal for C. C. Moore.

The case of the editor of the "Blue Grass Blade" is to be appealed. Several members of the Ohio Liberal Society have taken the matter in hand and engaged lawyers, who will attempt to obtain a new trial. It appears that the case was wretchedly mismanaged. The real issue of free discussion was not defended at all. Moore writes from the penitentiary at Columbus that he is assistant in the printing office, has been permitted to retain his hair and beard, and is given good food and plenty of it. Altogether, one would judge from his letter that he is on a pleasant junketing trip. Nevertheless, his case should not be allowed to stand as a precedent for prosecutions of people who may in the future seriously defend the vital principle of free discussion.

### An Anarchist Colony.

Most of Lucifer's readers are probably unaware of the existence of a community where the doctrines promulgated by Lucifer have become popular. Having visited many colonies, and having lived in two of them, first in the godless town of Liberal, Mo., where free lovers were persecuted and mobbed by Infidels calling themselves Liberals, and later in the Owen colony in Sinaloa, Mexico, where state socialists, with their referendum, rule, exercised all the brutal tyranny of a Czar, I have been prepared to expect nothing but a policy and practice of invasion of others' rights in any of these alleged reform colonies.

I had expected at Liberal, Mo., and in the Sinaloa colony to find freedom, but found not even toleration. I came to Lake Bay expecting to find discord and intolerance among a group of populists, socialists and communists calling themselves anarchists, yet not comprehending the principles of anarchism and practicing them still less. The unexpected confronts me here as forcibly as it did at Liberal and Sinaloa, for I find at last a community of people whose chief panacea for all social ills is more freedom.

This colony was started three years ago by three families, the Odells, Allens and Veritys, who withdrew from the Glenns colony. There are at present about sixty members. No attempt has been made to advertise the colony. Numbers and wealth are not what they are seeking so much as congenial companionship, a free life and a free education of their children.

Harmony has not at all times prevailed in the colony. Some of the members were at one time disposed to ostracise certain radical free lovers, who, however, by force of constant discussion and by the example of their happier lives, not only broke down all opposition, but won converts into the ranks of the radicals, and for the first time in my life I find people becoming free lovers because it is fashionable. All questions are discussed openly before children of all ages, of both sexes. It would do you good to hear the experiences of those whose lives of monogamic discord have been changed into harmony by the introduction of more freedom. They accept the doctrines of freedom in the sex relations on the solid foundation of results obtained, of pain replaced by pleasure. Most of them look upon free love no longer as a theory to be argued upon, but as something to be demanded, as you would demand the right to breathe.

The chief occupations of the colonists are discussing social questions, cutting cord wood and saw logs and clearing land. Little quarrels have occurred occasionally, but in no case have I heard of any serious invasion of another's rights.

Many of the members have belonged to other colonies. Some were in Sinaloa; some left Ruskin, Tenn., because of the intolerance of the rulers there; others are from Equality. Remember this ye state socialist free lovers! You will be hunted like criminals from your own colonies.

All through the world's history little bands of people have gathered together to escape oppression, and every one of these

little groups—except the anarchists—have ached to rule over somebody; have feared to trust liberty; have tried to heal the ulcer caused by oppression by applying more chains.

At Lake Bay the remedy is always more freedom. Some have come here disposed to govern, but that element does not prevail. I have been very careful to hear both sides and have listened attentively to enemies of the colony before venturing to express my opinion, and then I have drawn it very mild. Most reform colonies make the mistake of co-operating in everything. These people co-operate only where it is advantageous to do so and otherwise work as individuals.

Do not misunderstand me. This colony is by no means all that I could desire in any respect. They are merely moving in the right direction and are learning and teaching that great truth, that "Liberty is the mother, not the daughter of order."

HENRY YOUMAN\*

Lake Bay, Wash.

### A Newspaper Canard.

A few weeks ago the "New York Sunday World" printed a very sensational story of the life and suicide of Eleanor Marx Aveling. The startling headlines were as follows: "Was Edward Aveling a Villain or a Visionary? Eleanor Marx, Original of Pinero's heroine in his most famous play, 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' pales its lurid fiction by her suicide for love. Her martyrdom to socialism. Dr. Aveling, who connived at her self-sought death, a—what?"

The article was throughout an attempt to prove an alleged resemblance between Eleanor Marx and "Mrs. Ebbsmith." I sent the article to George Bedborough, asking his opinion of it. In reply he writes:

"Mr. A. W. Pinero has written me emphatically contradicting the statement made by 'The New York World' to the effect that Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling was the original of the 'Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.' Mr. Pinero denies that there is any basis whatever for the suggestion. GEORGE BEDBOROUGH."

Playgoers' Club, London.

### The International Free Discussion League.

The International Free Discussion League is organized for the purpose of carrying on, encouraging and defending free discussion, oral and printed, of all problems that arise incidental to the social state, without any regard to their character, as it is believed by its founders that the utmost liberty of inquiry is essential to the development of wisdom in individual and collective life and action.

While the statutory laws respecting the free and public expression of thought and opinion have been largely modified, and in some few instances abolished during past years, yet, with those remaining still in force (witness the very recent unjust prosecutions for blasphemy and obscenity in England and the United States) laws which lie unrepented, awaiting the call of the moral or religious bigot, there is a public opinion, narrow to the verge of fanaticism, which acts as a powerful check upon the wholly healthy movement of thought in the sphere of speech and publication. To meet this, and to successfully combat it through the mutual efforts of the friends of truth and progress, the League is formed. It is believed that by making a united stand, through organization, the prejudice and oppression now existing may be met and neutralized largely, and the prime interests of our lives freed from the shadows of ignorance and the mists of falsehood.

Freethought organizations in the past have taken their rise from and have developed chiefly in opposition to theological ideas and the resulting controls. The growth in the complexity of society during the last forty years has brought forward problems which, with the solution of the theological problem well under way, call for a freedom of speech and press more extensive than was before conceived of, and quite dwarfing in their gravity former problems, important though these were. The economic problems involved in land tenure, the relations of

capital and labor, money, interest, etc.; the political questions raised by socialism and libertarianism; the problems of individual and public health, with the theories of disease and cure, including the vaccination theory, the sex problem, and the profound problems of morals or expediency in conduct, which involve all these others; these are occupying attention to a very remarkable degree today, and a new era of freethought has begun.....

All who believe in the necessity of freedom in thought in the search for truth, and in any and all spheres, all who would rather the truth should be found to be different from what they hold and believe, than that it should not be found at all; all who look to education and not to ignorance to determine the interests of life; all who want only fairness and courage in investigating the conditions of existence are earnestly invited to join the International Free Discussion League and use their influence as far as possible to further and secure its objects. The membership fee is only 75 cents per year. The organ of the League is "The Truth Seeker," published at 36 Villiers street, Bradford, England. Sample copy on receipt of name and address.....

The Organizing Secretary [William Francis Barnard] is prepared to lecture on subjects of interest to the League, and he will visit towns and cities in England, Scotland and Wales upon demand, to organize branches of the League. For further particulars address, The International Free Discussion League, 79 Markham Avenue Harchills, Leeds.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

### Realism in Art.

Clarence S. Darrow in "Arena."

It was only the vulgar superstition of the past that ever suggested that the reproduction of human forms in stone was an unholy work. Through long, dark centuries religion taught that the human form was vile and bad, and that the soul of man was imprisoned in a charnel house, unfit for human sight. They wounded, bruised and maimed their house of clay; they covered it with skins that under no circumstances could be removed, and many ancient saints lived and died without ever having looked upon the bodies nature gave them. The images of saints and martyrs, which in the name of religion were scattered through Europe, were covered with paint and clothes, and were nearly as hideous as the monks who placed them there.

When the condition of Europe and its religious thought is clearly understood, it is not difficult to imagine the reception that greeted the first dawn of modern realistic art. Sculpture and painting defied the material. It told of beauty in the human form which thousands of years of religious fanaticism had taught was bad and vile.

If the flesh was beautiful, what of the monks and priests who had hidden it from sight; who had kept it covered night and day through all their foolish lives; who maimed and bruised, cut and lacerated it for the glory of the spirit which they believed was chained within? The church had taught that the death of the flesh was the birth of the soul, and they therefore believed that the artist's resurrection of the flesh was the death of the soul.

This old religious prejudice, born of a musty, superstitious past, has slowly faded from the minds of men, but we find its traces even yet; the origin of the feeling against realistic art has well-nigh been forgot, but much of the feeling still remains. No one now would pretend to say that all the body was unholy or unfit for sight, and yet years of custom and inherited belief have made us think that a part is good and the rest is bad; that nature, in her work of building up the human form, has made one part sacred and another vile. It is easy to mistake custom for nature, and inherited prejudice for morality.

There is not a single portion of the human body which some people have not believed holy, and not a single portion which some have not believed vile. It was not shame that made clothing, but clothing that made shame. If we should eradicate from

our beliefs all that inheritance and environment have given, it would be hard for us to guess how much would still remain. Custom has made almost all things good and nearly all things bad, according to the whim of time and place. To find solid ground we must turn to nature, and ask what it is that conduces to the highest happiness and the longest life. The realistic artist cannot accept the popular belief, whatever that may be as to just where the dead line on the human body should be drawn that separates the sacred and profane.

### A Remedy for Marital Ennui.

In Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd," several gossips are discussing the case of a man who married a sweet, beautiful woman and soon tired of her. Says one:

"The pore feller were faithful and true enough in his wish, but his heart would rove, do what he would. Aye, 'a spoke to me in real tribulation about it once. 'Coggan,' he said, 'I could never wish for a handsomer woman than I've got, but feeling as she's ticketed as my lawful wife, I can't help my wicked heart wandering, do what I will.' But at last I believe he cured it by making her take off her wedding ring and calling her by her maiden name as they sat together after the shop was shut, and so 'a would get to fancy she was only his sweetheart, and not married to him at all. And so soon as he could thoroughly fancy he was doing wrong and committing the seventh, 'a got to like her as well as ever, and they lived on, a perfect example of mutel love."

### The Chicago Monday Lectures.

At Central Music Hall, Professor George D. Herron of Iowa College, will speak as follows:

On eight Sunday evenings, beginning Feb. 19, at 8 p. m., Professor Herron will repeat the remarkable course of lectures delivered in Willard Hall last fall. Topic: "Between Caesar and Jesus."

On eight Monday noons, beginning Feb. 20, 12 o'clock sharp, Professor Herron will speak on "Municipal Ideals."

During this course Professor Herron will preach Sunday morning at 11, at People's Church, McVicker's Theatre. Admission free.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. LXXXV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE AWARD TO LABOR. The Council rates the different series in advance, by the mean ballot, explained in No. 82. Guided by the previous awards and the results, each member designates upon his ballot such a rate for each series as he thinks will secure the requisite amount of labor and skill. If the award to any series is reduced, it will tend to diminish the labor performed in that series, some of the members turning their attention, for a greater part of the time, to more profitable employment.

The rates for the series and the rates for the groups are fixed in advance by the Council; but the rates for individuals should be made in the group councils at the end of each week. This rating, immediately after the work is done, will more certainly reward diligence and care, and reduce the award when there is negligence or failure. Members would be guided in the selection of their occupations by different motives; their attraction for the kind of work; the amount of the award they expect to receive; the company they would enjoy in the different groups. If they found themselves insufficiently rated in one occupation, they would be likely to find other employment where they would be more appreciated.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. By Herbert Spencer. 525 pages. Style of binding, paper, etc., similar to "Data of Ethics." Our stock of these books is small, but as long as they last we will send a copy of "First Principles" to any one sending us \$1 for a new subscriber, and 13 cents for postage on the book.



In the "funnygraph" of one of Chicago's great dailies we find the following bit of fine humor: "Rich Little Girl—I got a diamond ring and a big doll and a gold necklace today. Poor Little Girl—That ain't nothin', I had meat for dinner."

The man who could see anything "funny" in that would welcome another sorrow with a wink and shriek with laughter over the death of his neighbor's child. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.'—Cassville, Wis. "Index."

The western movement against the employment of married women as school teachers should also embrace the principle that no bachelor teachers should be employed. If you refuse to employ married women you discourage marriage. But refuse, at the same time, to employ unmarried men, and you encourage marriage, thus balancing the diverse tendencies and doing justice all around. (The western movement is idiotic, however, whether directed against women or men.—Springfield "Republican.")

The "St. Louis Chronicle" says: "Police Magistrate Poole of New York, has discarded the old dog-eared, greasy Bible which hundreds of witnesses and prisoners have kissed. 'I'm not going to use the Bible any more,' he said. 'The Bible is nothing but a breeder of disease when used in this way. All sorts of bums and diseased persons kiss it, and it is dangerous to have about.'"

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. J. Schmidt, Lowell, Wash.—Enclosed find one dollar, for which send me "Hilda's Home," bound in cloth. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy reading your paper. Since I began reading your paper I am not the same woman. It has thoroughly aroused me. This is the freedom that every woman should try to attain, and not the other preached by the so-called "new woman." I wish that every woman in America could read and be benefitted as I have been—we would be a happier people. Hoping that you for many years will be able to keep on your noble work and with my best regards to you and your little daughter,

Ella Slater, St. Louis, Mo.—We are so glad to have had the pleasure of meeting and becoming so well acquainted with your most earnest and honorable father, and hope we may meet you also in the near future. We enjoyed your father's visit more than words can express; and would be glad if he could return by way of our city. We enjoy reading Lucifer more than any other progressive paper, and we take several. A man who can write such inspiring words as those in "A Free Man's Creed," and "Motherhood in Freedom" ought to be born again so he could live to be two hundred years old. I do all I can to try to enlighten my sister women (and men also) and have talked to a preacher's wife (a patient) until I could see she was ready for the perusal of "Hilda's Home." I gave it to her, and she, poor woman, with tears in her eyes, pronounced it perfect.

J. Allen Evans, Ponchatoula, La.—The event of my life has come and gone. Your illustrious father, our dear, beloved editor of the grandest paper in the world arrived in this place on Thursday night on a belated train; for two nights I had watched the train for him; others too were on the lookout for him. Parties at Hammond caught him in the coach as his train waited for another train to meet and pass them there. I esteem it one of the most enjoyable events of my life that the long-deferred pleasure of meeting the editor of the Light Bearer was fulfilled at last. I entertained him one night and Friday we dined with Virgie C. Moon who, with her consort, was at my house to receive him on his arrival. He enjoyed his meals at my humble quarters, and I reveled in every moment of his presence, and I felt that such grand characters compensated us and made life worth living. I want to say to the many hundreds who are anxious about the recovery of our chieftain, that he ate heartily and assimilated his food while here, and was looking quite well

and when I saw him off on the train for Florida he was cheerful and apparently filled with fond anticipation of meetings with other congenials in the land of the orange. I am glad he is beyond the blight of the present severe cold blast. I feel that I am a better man for having met Moses Harman.

Elsie Cole Wilcox, Lawrence, Wash.—"Irene" came a few days ago, and I have just finished reading it. In some respects I regard it as inferior to "Hilda's Home," and yet, as a clear exposition of our faith, giving every conceivable argument pro and con, it beats everything I ever read. Of course, as you know, I am too much "of the earth earthy" to fully endorse the spiritual part of it, but for the material, practical part I have only hearty commendation. I thank you for enabling me to read it, for if you had substituted the other books, as I gave you permission to do, I might never have made the acquaintance of "Irene." And now may I ask a favor? Will you tell me if the sequel was ever published? I do not remember having seen it advertised. And will you give me the author's present address? I dislike to trouble you now while you are doing double duty, but I am eager to learn more of Irene's philosophy. I trust your dear father will gain new life in the Sunny South.

By the way, I must tell you of a little namesake of yours here. She is a sweet little girl (of Norwegian parentage), one year old, who bears the name of Edna Lillian Dale, the Lillian being my contribution. She is very sweet and pretty, and I hope will grow up worthy of her name.

[The sequel to "Irene" has not been published. Mrs. Fowler hopes to be able to publish it in the near future. The author's address is Torresdale, Pa. The fifteen copies which she donated to Lucifer were sold long ago, but we still fill all orders at 50 cents each.]

## A FEW GOOD BOOKS FOR YOU.

- Love, Marriage and Divorce. A discussion between Horace Greeley, Stephen Pearl Andrews and Henry James. \$0.25  
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 The Sexual Enslavement of Women. By E. C. Walker. 3  
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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 9.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 4, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 752.

### Civilized "Sport."

Ab, what fine sport on the night Broadway!  
Sport for you girls whom the fools call gay!  
Leering and begging the price of a drink,  
Watchful of eye—with a tread half sink!  
The "centrals" are out and the ward men won't shirk,  
"Moral spasm D. D." says "disgraced men must work"  
(A discharge if the officer dares to refuse),  
If his store clothes deceive you look out for "cop" shoes;  
Slouch, creep and crawl to a dive, if you may;  
Fight, if you're caught, like a wild beast at bay!  
Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!

Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!  
Where can you find such a hunt in the day?  
Sport for the pickpocket plying his trade,  
Your peril for him a vacation has made.  
Sport for the scribe; what a "story" you make!  
Funnier by far than the item he'd "fake."  
Sport for the officer seeking his "stars,"  
You're making his record behind prison bars.  
Ism have banned you and ologies say  
Man made the debt, but woman must pay!  
Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!

Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!  
Maudie and Ruby and Trixy and May,  
A preacher is stalking you, jingling the wage  
Paid by dull dupes for his fine "Christian" rage.  
He'll send out a rosy-cheeked Sunday school lad,  
Bid him flirt with you—wantons—then swear that you're "bad,"  
Cheat men and blink 'em and rob if you can!  
If you don't you'll be cruelly whipped by a "man."  
Wolfish-eyed "souteneur," watching to prey  
From the time you turn out till the time you decay.  
Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!

Ho! for the sport of the night Broadway!  
Hark: 'tis the eve of a God's birthday!  
Christmas chimes, here, on the crisp air,  
Toy-laden children are laughing there;  
Happy mothers and daughters pure  
Guarded by love and well sheltered from lure,  
Freedom of purse for the "waifs of the street,"  
Not no mercy for Magdalen prone at their feet!  
No charity! Faith, lost! and hope!—not a ray!  
Death! if from that one commandment you stray!  
Ab! for the woe of the night Broadway!

### ENVOI.

Father and mother and maker of laws,  
Priest and policeman and pharisee—pause!  
But for his, friend of Magdalen's, mercy today  
Your daughter's the quarry on night Broadway.

—Wilton Lackaye.

### Darwin, Weismann\* and Harman.

BY R. B. KERR.

It may seem strange to write the names of these three men together, for in temperament, ideas and aims there is a great difference between the two chief biologists of the century and the prophet of Chicago. Yet it is likely that posterity will often mention the three names together, because of their connection

\*The name Weismann ought only to be spelled with one "s" although it is often spelled with two. It is the German for "Wiseman." If it had a second "s" it would mean "Whitman."

with one great problem. Darwin and Weismann between them have propounded the most difficult of all the riddles of social reform; Harman is the man who has found the answer.

Darwin's great work in life was to prove that the main cause of progress among all animals and plants has been in the past, and now is, natural selection, or the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. Deriving from Malthus the well-established law that all living creatures multiply so fast that they tend continually to outrun the means of subsistence, he shows that this leads to a struggle for existence, and that in this struggle the fittest tend to survive and to propagate the next generation, while the comparatively unfit tend to disappear in the struggle and to die leaving fewer or no posterity. The forms of the struggle for existence vary. In former times war was one of the most important, being the constant business of our savage ancestors, and continually sweeping, not only individuals, but whole tribes at a time entirely out of existence. Today disease, want, exposure and the other hardships of poverty are perhaps the most important factors, sweeping away, as they do, about a third of the population before they get the length of having any children at all. But whatever the factors may be at any given time, there is no doubt about the facts. The delicate, weak, stupid, and generally incompetent, tend to go to the wall; the strong in mind and body tend on the whole to survive, to be the fathers and mothers of the next generation and to transmit their qualities to them. Such is the Darwinian law of natural selection, which is now admitted by all persons whose opinion is worth anything to be the chief cause of the evolutionary progress among plants, animals and men.

The revelation of this truth in 1859 greatly shocked many philanthropic persons, although the great majority have not even yet begun to understand it. People began to cast about for some means of rescuing mankind from the horrible evils of the struggle for existence, and naturally the method hit upon was that of the practical Malthusians. "If," said they, "we are always multiplying beyond the means of subsistence, and bringing these dreadful evils on ourselves, let us stop multiplying beyond the means of subsistence. If we limit our population we may not evolve so fast, but we shall at least have a better time of it."

This sounded like very good philosophy, but unfortunately Weismann and other biologists spoiled the whole thing by making a further discovery. They discovered that without natural selection or some other means of keeping the unfit from propagating, the race would not stand still, but would enter upon a career of continuous degeneration. As Benjamin Kidd expresses it: "If all the individuals in every generation in any species were allowed to equally propagate their kind, the average of each generation would continually tend to fall below the average of the generation which preceded it, and a process of slow but steady degeneration would ensue." ("Social Evolution," Chap. 2) Space will not allow me to show why biologists are gen

erally adopting this belief; suffice it to say that they are so doing.

Now, indeed, we are between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand we have the choice of going on as we are doing, and we shall evolve; but our evolution will be founded on hunger, cold, and misery. On the other hand we may decide to stop the struggle for existence by limiting our increase; but that way degeneration lies, unless we can find some method of selecting the fittest parents without the aid of natural selection.

However, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and many people are now in the field with various suggestions for artificial selection of parents. Jane H. Clapperton, for instance, in "Scientific Meliorism," tells us that we must substitute "birth of the fittest" for survival of the fittest. But unfortunately, the first writers did not propose any effective method of getting this done. Some proposed that nobody should be allowed to have children without a medical certificate of fitness; but I fear the race would rather degenerate than submit to that. Others proposed that the unfit should voluntarily abstain from parenthood. But would the unfit agree to that? and even if they would, would the unfit know they were the unfit?

At this point Moses Harman appeared on the scene and propounded the true solution. His solution is the free selection by women of the fathers of their children. "Let every woman who wishes to have a child be absolutely free to select its father," said Moses Harman, "then the problem is solved."

That selection of fathers is an efficient cause of evolution is shown by the history of our domestic animals. Among our sheep, cattle and horses, there is hardly any struggle for existence; for, however many there are, we are glad to give them all the food, shelter and attention they require. Yet during the past five or six centuries these animals have evolved far faster than men or any race of wild animals. A fat sheep is now a much bigger animal than a fat sheep five centuries ago, and a like change for the better has occurred among horses and cattle. This has been accomplished by careful selection, and it has been chiefly selection of fathers, not of mothers.

The only remaining question is, would women on the average select the fittest men for fathers? Surely there can be no doubt about it. We all know that the average woman admires men who are tall, strong, resolute and handsome, more than she admires men who lack these qualities. Such virtues as tact and sympathy must always give a man an advantage with a woman. Whether the average woman is much attracted by intellect may be doubted, but undoubtedly she likes to be associated with a man whose intellect has made him distinguished in the eyes of the community. I doubt if there is a single advantage of mind or body which would not be serviceable to a man in winning a woman.

The more I consider the matter, the clearer it becomes to me that Moses Harman has solved the most important of all the problems of human progress.

### The Wine-Press.

From "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner.

We came where hell opened into a plain, and a great house stood there. Marble pillars upheld the roof, and white marble steps led up to it. The wind of heaven blew through it. Only at the back hung a thick curtain. Fair men and women feasted at long tables. They danced, and I saw the robes of women flutter in the air and heard the laugh of strong men. What they feasted with was wine; they drew it from large jars which stood somewhat in the background, and I saw the wine sparkle as they drew it.

And I said to God, "I should like to go up and drink." And God said, "Wait." And I saw men coming into the Banquet House; they came in from the back and lifted the corner of the curtain at the sides and crept in quickly; and they let the curtain fall behind them; they bore great jars they could hardly carry. And the men and women crowded round them, and the newcomers opened their jars and gave them of the wine to drink;

and I saw that the women drank even more greedily than the men. And when others had well drunken they set the jars among the old ones beside the wall, and took their places at the table. And I saw that some of the jars were very old and mildewed and dusty, but others had still drops of new must on them and shone from the furnace.

And I said to God, "What is that?" For amid the sound of the singing, and over the dancing of feet, and over the laughing across the wine-cups I heard a cry.

And God said, "Stand a way off."

And he took me where I saw both sides of the curtain. Behind the house was a wine press where the wine was made. I saw the grapes crushed, and I heard them cry. I said, "Do not they on the other side hear it?"

God said, "The curtain is thick; they are feasting."

And I said, "But the men who came in last. They saw?"

God said, "They let the curtain fall behind them—and they forget!"

I said, "How came they by their jars of wine?"

God said, "In the treading of the press these are they who came to the top; they have climbed out over the edge, and filled their jars from below, and have gone into the house."

And I said, "And if they had fallen as they climbed—?"

God said, "They had been wine."

I stood a way off watching in the sunshine, and I shivered. God lay in the sunshine watching too.

Then there rose one among the feasters who said, "My brethren, let us pray!"

And all the men and women rose; and strong men bowed their heads, and mothers folded their little children's hands together, and turned their faces upwards, to the roof. And he who first had risen stood at the table head, and stretched out both his hands, and his beard was long and white, and his sleeves and his beard had been dipped in wine; and because the sleeves were wide and full they held much wine, and it dropped down upon the floor.

And he cried, "My brothers and my sisters, let us pray."

And all the men and women answered, "Let us pray."

He cried, "For this fair banquet-house, we thank thee, Lord."

And all the men and women said, "We thank thee, Lord."

"Thine is this house, dear Lord."

"Thine is this house."

"For us thou made it."

"For us."

"Oh, fill our jars with wine, dear Lord."

"Our jars with wine."

"Give peace and plenty in our time, dear Lord."

"Peace and plenty in our time—" I said to God, "Whom is it they are talking to?" God said, "Do I know whom they speak of?" And I saw they were looking up at the roof; but out in the sunshine God lay.

"—dear Lord!"

"Dear Lord."

"Our children's children, Lord, shall rise and call thee blessed."

"Our children's children, Lord."— I said to God, "The grapes are crying!" God said, "Still I hear them"—"shall call thee blessed."

"Shall call thee blessed."

"Pour forth more wine upon us, Lord."

"More wine."

"More wine."

"More wine!"

"Wine!!!"

"Wine!!!"

"Wine!!!"

"Dear Lord!"

Then men and women sat down and the feast went on. And mothers poured out wine and fed their little children with it, and men held the cup to women's lips and cried, "Beloved! drink!" and women filled their lovers' flagons and held them



## Dianism Further Explained.

BY ELMINA D. SLENNER.

up; and yet the feast went on.

And after a while I looked and saw the curtain that hung behind the house moving.

I said to God, "Is it a wind?"

God said, "A wind."

And it seemed to me that against the curtain I saw pressed the forms of men and women. And after a while the feasters saw it move, and they whispered one to another. Then some rose and gathered the most worn out cups, and into them they put what was left at the bottom of other vessels. Mothers whispered to their children, "Do not drink all, save a little drop when you have drunk." And when they had collected all the dregs they slipped the cups out under the bottom of the curtain without lifting it. After a while the curtain left off moving.

I said to God, "How is it so quiet?"

He said, "They have gone away to drink it."

I said, "They drink it—their own!"

God said, "It comes from the other side of the curtain, and they are very thirsty."

Then the feast went on, and after a while I saw a small, white hand slipped in below the curtain's edge along the floor; and it motioned towards the wine jars.

And I said to God, "Why is that hand so bloodless?"

And God said, "It is a wine-pressed hand."

And men saw it and started to their feet; and women cried, and ran to the great wine jars, and threw their arms around them, and cried, "Ours, our own, our beloved!" and twined their long hair about them.

I said to God, "Why are they frightened of that one small hand?"

God answered, "Because it is so white."

And men ran in a great company towards the curtain, and struggled there. I heard them strike upon the floor. And when they moved away the curtain hung smooth and still; and there was a small stain upon the floor.

I said to God, "Why do they not wash it out?"

God said, "They cannot."

And they took small stones and put them down along the edge of the curtain to keep it down. Then the men and women sat down again at the tables.

And I said to God, "Will those stones keep it down?"

God said, "What think you?"

I said, "If the wind blew—"

God said, "If the wind blew?"

And the feast went on.

And suddenly I cried to God, "If one should rise among them, even of themselves, and start up from the table and should cast away his cup, and cry, 'My brothers and sisters, stay! what is it that we drink?'—and with his sword should cut in two the curtain, and holding wide the fragments, cry, 'Brothers, sisters, see! it is not wine, not wine! not wine! My brothers, oh, my sisters—!' and he should overturn the—"

God said, "Be still!—see there."

I looked: before the banquet-house, among the grass, I saw a row of mounds, flowers covered them, and gilded marble stood at their heads. I asked God what they were.

He answered, "They are the graves of those who rose up at the feast and cried."

And I asked God how they came there.

He said, "The men of the banquet-house rose and cast them down backwards."

I said, "Who buried them?"

God said, "The men who cast them down."

I said, "How came it that they threw them down, and then set marble over them?"

God said, "Because the bones cried out, they covered them."

And among the grass and weeds I saw an unburied body lying; and I asked God why it was.

God said, "Because it was thrown down only yesterday. In a little while, when the flesh shall have fallen from its bones, they will bury it also, and plant flowers over it."

And the feast went on.

As the subject of Dianism becomes more and more discussed by people in general, it is seen that a great many are rejecting it because they do not understand it. The impression of most of them seems to be that a Dianite is ready to embrace or be embraced by a nude lover with as little reserve as one would feel at receiving any other kind of love caresses. But this is all a mistake. Dianism was written as advice to the married. It is intended to show that wedlock is no license to lust; that there is no need of sexing unless children are desired.

The craving for the complete sex act is stimulated and increased by yielding to desire, just as the craving for intoxicants is. So if the husband and wife diffuse and exchange sexual magnetism with each by nude embraces or any other form of love embraces, remembering all the while that this will fully satisfy their desires—if they do so will it, they will soon become true Dianites. The same rule will apply to unmarried lovers, if they incline to go that far in mutual contact one with another. But it is supposed that the great majority of lovers will find affection, comradeship, love and sympathy all-sufficient, and there will be no more desire for nude contact than our common social rules admit of.

There was a time when an infidel was supposed to be one who violated all the rules of decency and went about cursing and exclaiming, "There ain't any God," etc. Twenty-five years ago when we came here hundreds of people thought us little better than savages and they even wondered how we acted when we ate! No one here had ever seen an infidel, and they had formed their opinion of them from the pious canards in tracts and Sunday-school literature.

Free love and Dianism are now going through the crude stage of existence, and are being misunderstood in the same way.

All that a male and female does  
That is vigorous, benevolent, clean,  
Is so much profit to him or her,  
In the unshakable order of the universe  
And through the whole scope of it forever.

—Whitman.

## The Retort Courteous.

G. E. MacDonald in "Truth Seeker."

The New York "Tribune" has had something to say about "the essential immorality of modern anti-religious socialism," dragging into discussion the names of Mr. and Mrs. Aveling of London, both of whom are dead. "The Christian Advocate," which keeps a gob of mud on hand to throw at George Eliot whenever some one exposes that unbelieving woman to the editor's view, improves the occasion for this fling:

"In its article the 'Tribune' has invented a phrase worth preserving: 'Mrs. Aveling—let her be called Mrs. Aveling by courtesy.' George Eliot, 'let her be called Mrs. Lewes by courtesy.'"

Yes, it is a happy phrase, and does good service in the cases cited. Let us have the courtesy to call people by the names they prefer, whether their belief is our belief or not. But the phrase is not always serviceable. For instance, the Virgin Mary—by what stretch of courtesy can you call her Mrs. Anybody? And yet she was farther from being a maid than either Marian Evans or Eleanor Marx. Will the editor of the "Advocate" furnish a phrase "worth preserving" for use in cases like hers? or will he do better—i. e., keep his phallic system to himself and shut up?

## "Tis True, 'Tis Pity"

Chicago: "Have you a society for the suppression of vice in your city?" New York: "Yes, we have such an organization." Chicago: "And is it accomplishing its aim?" New York: "Well, I should say it was. We have more suppressed vice among us now than at any previous time in our history."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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M. FLORENCE JOHNSON has returned to Chicago from a lecturing trip in Ohio. She will be glad to see both old and new pupils, and other friends. Further report will appear next week. Address her at this office.

## In Camp Near Lake Helen, Fla.

I sent to Lucifer last week a very brief account of my arrival at this place, and first impressions thereof. I have now been here ten days, and with the exception of two or three days of clouds and more or less rain, the weather has been all that could be desired.

The sun rises here considerably before six o'clock, "Central" time, and sets about half-past five. A noticeable peculiarity of this semi-tropical climate is that there is comparatively no twilight. Many stars that never rise above the horizon in the latitude of Chicago are visible here—one, at least, of the first magnitude, Canopus by name, nightly shines with great brilliance in the southern sky. To a northerner it seems a little odd to see the moon directly overhead when at meridian, instead of considerably south of the zenith, as with us in the higher latitudes. The sun also, is much nearer the zenith at midday, and seen now from the highlands on which the camp is located it seems nearly high enough for a northern midsummer.

The daily meetings at the "Auditorium" have almost invariably been of a nature quite interesting to any one who is dissatisfied with present social conditions and who is earnestly enquiring for "a more excellent way." On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 19, Prof. W. F. Peck, of St. Louis, delivered a fine address on "Evolution"—physical, mental, psychic, spiritual. C. Fanny Allyn of Stoneham, Mass., in the forenoon of the same day, answered many questions propounded by the audience, prominent among which questions was, "What is the difference between orthodoxy and spiritualism?" From the standpoint of the speaker there are nearly if not quite as many points of difference between Spiritualism and orthodox Christianity as between the latter and what is called freethought or rationalism, as expounded by R. G. Ingersoll, T. B. Wakeman, D. M. Bennett, Prof. Draper and the modern religious iconoclasts generally. A very noteworthy feature of Mrs. Allyn's discourses is her habit of giving impromptu answers in rhyme to questions proposed by her audiences. These answers are given with a readiness, appropriateness, clearness and beauty of diction, correctness as to rhyme and measure, and with such dramatic effectiveness that her audiences are amazed, if not enthused and entranced.

By invitation from the president of the association, who is also chairman of the meetings, Mr. W. E. Bond, of Willoughby, Ohio, I had the privilege of occupying the platform Tuesday forenoon of this week. My subject was, "The Ascent of Life—How Evolution Evolves." The main purpose and drift of my talk was to show the importance of woman's work as race-builder and the necessity of giving to mothers absolute control of their own person, and also the necessity of supplying mothers with the best possible conditions—environments—while performing their maternal functions, if we would have racial progress, or real lasting reform in any department of human life.

The lecture called out considerable discussion from the audi-

ence. Mrs. Emma J. Huff, one of the principal stockholders and managers of the association, thought the motherhood question would settle itself when women become free financially and industrially. She urged her hearers to concentrate their efforts upon the work of reforming our financial and industrial systems so that no woman would be dependent financially upon a husband or upon any one else.

As this is one of the most common of the criticisms or objections to Lucifer's methods of reform work, our readers will please bear with me while I state in substance if not in exact words my answer to Mrs. Huff.

While fully admitting the importance of financial and industrial reform as a condition or factor in woman's emancipation from sex-slavery, I ask, in all candor and earnestness, how are you going to free woman financially so long as mothers give birth to voters such as now compose the rank and file of political parties? They have rights who dare to take them. If mothers continue to submit to invasion of their persons—if they cannot muster courage or sense enough to demand and preempt their natural right to self-ownership, how can we expect that their sons will have courage enough or sense enough to demand and preempt their right to an equitable financial system, or to an equal share of nature's opportunities? It is an axiomatic truth that the governmental institutions of any nation are as good and bad as the masses who endure those institutions. No government can last that has not the active or passive support of the great majority of its subjects. If this be true, and all human experience proves it, then the only true and logical way to make better governmental institutions is to make better people. The only natural way to make better people is by better heredity, by stirpiculture, by pre-natal education. Post-natal education has failed in all the past, and, judging the future by the past, it will continue to fail. What is "bred in the bone" cannot be coaxed out or beaten out of the flesh. "To reform a man one must begin with his grandmother." Our reformatory work in all the past has been surface work. We have lopped off branches and allowed the root of the tree of evil to remain. The realm of causes must now receive our attention instead of the realm of effects. Right generation, right gestation or right pre-natal education will prevent the need of "regeneration," that patent "nostrum" upon which the Christian system has been built, and which we all know has ever proved a disastrous failure.

Mrs. Huff advises us to direct the vibrations of our thought-force upon the "heads of departments," upon the rulers of our land. Would it not be more sensible and more effective to direct these vibrations upon the minds—the intellects and the hearts of the mothers of our land? Of all human emotions mother love is the most powerful, most unselfish, most constant, most enduring. Let mother love be supplemented with mother wisdom. Let women refuse to become the mothers of unwelcome children. Let no woman become a mother until her right to self-ownership is practicalized, and let no man be a father until the right of every child to be born well is admitted by all to be the most important of all human rights—then the car of human progress will move onward and upward, as it never moved before.

M. HARMAN.

## A Practical Question.

I do not not think that the letter from T. R. L., California, (see "Various Voices") was written for publication, but I thought it would interest our readers and do the writer no harm. It is of interest as showing the natural love of and desire for children which I believe the majority of women feel. In the same mail that brought this letter was one from another state, telling me of a young girl who is about to become a mother. She is the "daughter of one of the best families in town," I am told, and I am appealed to for advice and to help avert the terrible disgrace which threatens this girl and her family. Now if it were as easy for these two women to be together as for the letters to come to me at the same time what a



blessing it would be! This was my thought as I read the second letter, and it has caused me to think of a plan which may be made to do good, and which at least can do no harm to suggest.

I know that there are many good, loving, broad-minded motherly women all over the country who will read these words. Is it possible for any one or any number of these to offer a home to despairing women during pregnancy and parturition? Are there any who can take such a girl and help her to regain her self-respect and hope and happiness?

I do not believe there is any more important work than that of saving a new life from being born of a despairing and desperate mother. Now my plan is this: If any woman who reads this feels herself able to take such a prospective mother into her home and treat her with the respect and consideration which she would give to a daughter or a sister, I hope she will send me her name. Then when I am asked for help, I can let the woman who has the home to offer know the circumstances and she can decide whether she will take the girl. I have had probably a dozen such appeals for help in the last few years, and I have been able to help to arrange favorable conditions in some of the cases. But the difficulty always has been caused by my not knowing off the right people at the right time.

Ever since I have been old enough to think of the woman and child question I have had a dream of what I would like to do, but it is improbable that I shall ever have money enough to realize that dream. If we are unable to do great things we should be glad to do the little we can, and if I can be the medium of communication that shall help even one child to the heritage of a happy birth I shall be proud of, though not content with my work.

What do you think? and what can you do?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

People waste a great deal of time in arguing for and against theories of what is "natural" for women. It may be of interest to look back over the pages of history to see the various stages through which they have reached their present development, just as it is interesting to "look up" the derivation of words. But because an emotion may be "natural" at one stage of development is no reason why women should feel or simulate it under changed conditions. The tail is "natural" to the tadpole in the pond; but will anyone maintain that there fore the frog must drag a tail around after him as he hops on dry land?

Perhaps our readers will think we have "got religion" when they have read the poem on the first page. Really, I think Lackaye's words form a true picture of the conditions of the "night Broadway," as well as of night in any of our cities. The fact that he draws in a lame conclusion does not greatly lessen the force of the picture, though one instinctively asks, If it is true that only through the mercy of Christ are the daughters of the hunters spared, what shall we say of Christ's "mercy" which permits the weak and ignorant and unfortunate "Magdalen" to be hunted? If it is possible for Lackaye's God to save one daughter it is possible for him to save all. If he saves one and does not save all, he is an infinite fiend.

Father and mother and maker of laws,  
Priest and policeman and pharisee—pansy!  
The Magdalen spare. You may yet see the day  
Your daughter's the quarry on dark Broadway.

Maternal love is a beautiful emotion, and is necessary to the development of the race. But it is not the duty of a woman to pretend to feel it when she does not. The woman who does not naturally love and sympathize with children should never become a mother, and she will not if properly educated and left free to choose for herself. It is affirmed that it is every woman's "duty to society" to become a mother and simulate love for

her children if she is incapable of feeling love for them. It is as great a wrong to a child to starve its emotional nature on counterfeit affection as to poison its physical system with adulterated food. I think a woman who is not interested in children misses a very great joy out of her life, just as one born color-blind is deprived of the enjoyment of much beauty. But we would not say to a color-blind man, "It is your duty to paint a picture," and force him to do so. We would know that even should his efforts not result in a hideous daub, there would be no soul, no life, in his picture. Yet society says to the love-blind woman, "It is your duty to create a child!" Is it any wonder that so often her efforts are worse than wasted?

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and it is in the little matters of every day life that we manifest whether our professed love of liberty is a part of ourselves or merely a "glittering generality." For instance, an acquaintance of mine entered a group of friends who were discussing the social question. All thought they believed in freedom. Said one man, "Of course we all are promiscuous." The others did not agree with him, however. When my friend started away she shook hands with all in parting and kissed one. Immediately the man who believed all were promiscuous protested against her favoritism. This brought on a discussion of the question. One man said he would not kiss a woman in the presence of other women—he would consider that an act of discourtesy. Others took the conventional ground that any kissing in public was bad taste. Surely it should be a question for the taste of the people who want to do the kissing to decide. If they mutually agree that it tastes good, it should taste neither good nor bad to others. Personally, I do not desire promiscuity in kissing or in anything else. But why should I protest against promiscuous kissing by the man I have quoted, so long as the promiscuous kisser does not object?

### The Life-Giving Power of Love.

Modern science has revolutionized the practice of medicine, has changed the outer and inner man, has brought about changes inconceivable. We can incubate babes or chicks and call back to earth the fleeting life, but no change has been wrought in the method of reproduction. It is the same today as it was in the days of Romeo and Juliet, the same as it was in the days of Father Adam and Mother Eve. The command "Increase and multiply" would not have sufficed to populate the earth had it been merely a command. That men and women are not fond of obeying commands is proved by the fact every command in the decalogue has been broken time and again, but the command to increase and multiply has been fulfilled persistently since the dawn of creation. It is not fulfilled because it is a command, however, but because of the acme of pleasure, the superlative delight, the riotous rapture accompanying its fulfillment. In the higher forms of animal and vegetable life the union of the two sexes is necessary for the reproduction of life. In human beings it is more than a mere physical union of bodies; it is a rushing together of souls in superlative pleasure and sympathetic passion in a whirlpool of delicious delight. Such at least is the case under favorable conditions where the desire for the union is mutual and all but irresistible. In such cases there is nothing degrading in the act. It is the most glorious function of manhood and womanhood. It is that which brings forth into life the innocent babe, and it is an insult to humanity as well as to Mother Nature herself to call such a union a crime or denounce it as shameful when it is a mutual act in which the rapture of both persons concerned is reciprocal.

The paramount strength of the sex passion, without which reproduction would cease, is well set forth in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem "Delilah" where the woman exclaims if such passion is a sin she would willingly clasp her lover to her bosom and drop down with him to "sweet hell."

\*Part of an address to medical students by A. Goodfellow, Ph. D.

Another illustration of the power of sex love is found in the old story of Pygmalion and Galatea. Pygmalion was an artist who was considered impervious to the seductive charms of the daughters of Eve. He was wedded to his art and thought he had repressed all his carnal inclinations. But Nature resents such an outrage and the fires of passion which he thought he had quenched were merely smouldering in his bosom. One day he betook himself to the task of making a marble statue of a beautiful woman. He made the statue as nearly as possible like he thought Nature intended woman to be made, and following the example of Nature, of course he made it with no clothing, for "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Coldly serene he labored at his task and saw the block of white stone gradually assume the form of a beautiful woman. So intent was he on his art that no fire of carnal passion heated his blood and sent it rushing through feverish veins. He felt himself as passionless as the cold marble before him. But when his task was completed, and the form of a perfect woman stood before him as if ready to palpitate with life, the smouldering fires of his manhood began to glow. He gazed on the twin white hemispheres forming the statue's bosom, and they seemed to speak to him of possible maternity. The lips seemed to call for kisses and the body for caresses. As he looked in wondering admiration on his creation he felt a change in his own person.

Instead of the coldly serene artist he felt himself transformed into a passionate man with a capacity—yea, more—an imperious demand for woman's love. It was new to him; he had never experienced such a feeling before. He felt his blood boiling in his veins and his temples throbbed and ached. He gasped for breath and uttered a prayer to the gods. His sleeping passion now having been thoroughly aroused he clasped the statue in his arms in a frenzy of despairing love and implored the gods to change it into a living woman. He pressed his scorching lips to the lips of the statue expecting to find them cool and soothing, but his brain reeled in a delirium of joy when his kiss was returned with the moist and clinging lips of a passionate woman. He clasped her closer in his arms, and the woman—now no longer marble—returned his embrace. Fearing he must be mad or dreaming he passed his hands over every inch of her body to satisfy himself that the gods had really answered his prayer. Then and there linked to an angel-mortal of his own creation for the first time he realized the glory of being a man and of being able to love and be loved by a glorious woman. For him the morning stars sang together and there was no thought of sin or shame in enjoying the blessing the gods had sent him.

Still further proof of the imperiousness of passionate love is afforded in the stories of ancient mythology where even the gods changed themselves into various forms in order to win the love and embrace the persons of lovely women. Jupiter assumed the form of a swan to enjoy the charms of Leda. Danae was placed in a cage to preserve her from his importunities, but he gained access to her by changing himself into a shower of gold. And to this day, shameful be the fact, many women succumb to a shower of gold who repel the advances of a poor but manly and honorable lover. Undoubtedly many of the cases reported of gods embracing women were founded on the fact that a woman who loves truly looks upon her lover almost as a devotee looks upon God, and when a supposed maiden was found to be with child she feared the disgrace which a pernicious education had attached to unwedded sex unions, and she declared a god had embraced her. In this way many so called immaculate conceptions may be accounted for. Even the Christian religion is founded on the teachings of a man whose father is said to have been God and his mother a woman. And yet the followers of Jesus are relentless in their persecution of unwedded mothers, although he was the Magdalen's friend.

No man has a higher reverence for woman than I have, but I also have so high a reverence for motherhood that it makes my blood boil with indignation when I hear the aspersions cast on an unwedded mother. The reproductive act is either right or wrong. If it is right no legislative or ecclesiastical act can make it wrong. If it is wrong no mumbling priest or magis-

trate can make it right. It is a matter which concerns only the two persons desiring to engage in its performance. When that desire is mutual it is Nature's doing, or if God is the author of Nature it is God's doing and "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

But women should be man's voluntary associate; not his slave. Her person should be at all times secure against invasion and no authority of any kind should give a man a right to be the invader of her person even under the name of husband. To a perfect man—perfect physically, mentally and psychically—there can be nothing more grand, more glorious, more upbuilding to all that is best in his nature, than the love of a worthy woman. Oh woman, thou art the inspirer of art, the soul of poetry, the sustenance of literature, the incarnation of love and the mother of humanity. Can angels be more? What ideal goddess can surpass the woman a man loves? In her he finds everything that is grand and noble and lovable and from her person comes an effluence which intoxicates his senses, making a hut a palace, a wilderness a Paradise. To him she is the jewel beyond compare, radiant with the light of hope and transcendent joy, the genius of peace, fitted for all that is best in all the realms of the universe. And yet this goddess, this paragon of all creatures, when she marries the man she loves—the man who has exhausted his vocabulary in bestowing words of praise on her and attempting to express the intensity and at the same time the tender solicitude of his love for her—when she marries this man she is expected to become the complacent instrument for the gratification of his sexual desires. What a terrible awakening from her heavenly dream of love!

#### Crudities Criticised—No. 8.

BY FRANCIS DARRY.

The criticism on B. C. Walker and "three or four others" for taking up too much room in *Lucifer* was legitimate. That is, it is perfectly in keeping with propriety for any and every patron to express an opinion as to how the paper should be conducted, provided the suggestions are condensed and plainly written, with no expectation that the editor will take the time and trouble to make any response. Suggestions are always in order if they are not crowded, or accompanied with any presumption that they are to be accepted. It is entirely natural that an editor should like to know how well he is meeting the views of his subscribers. Then he can shape his policy more or less, or not, as he pleases.

I do not agree with the critic referred to, however, so far as Walker is concerned. He has never written a line too much to please me. With supreme cheerfulness I will see my articles postponed at any time to make room for his. Not that I am in the least afflicted with excessive modesty; his articles are simply more important than mine as related to current events and doings. "I told you so," is not original with me, but I have been opposed to all the undertakings and changes involving expense, and in favor of concentrating all effort and money on the *Lucifer* weekly. Then if a goodly number who are earnestly desirous of its success could forego tea and coffee, beef-steak, butter and "biled shirts" and the third daily meal, *Lucifer* could be enlarged and E. C. Walker could be its corresponding editor, as he ought to be, and could write an article every week as he ought to do.

Not a single considerable writer for *Lucifer* probably, but is a favorite with at least a few. No one should be disturbed because some of the space is not, in his estimation, occupied to the best advantage. I am as fastidious as anybody ought to be, and I am not able to discount *Lucifer's* editor.

Elmina Drake Slenker has never written a line for *Lucifer* that I would have left out of a paper under my control, but I am constrained to make light of her effort in favor of the idea of woman's superiority. I was just getting ready to be disgusted at the idea of writing a long article in exposure of the crudity of the claim that woman is inferior. It was really a good article. I should have devoted a very short paragraph to the



subject, and it would have been composed mainly of negatives.

I think the "Rev." Sydney Holmes has not been correctly labeled. "Rev." is a heathen title, and Holmes is no heathen. The Reverends are all hypocrites, and Holmes, as near as I can judge, is no hypocrite. The preachers all profess to adopt the Bible as their rule of faith and practice. The Bible enjoins the observance of the seventh day as a Sabbath, and says not a word in favor of observing the first day, but the priests pay not the slightest attention to the Bible injunction. The Bible says: "Thou shalt not kindle any fire in all thy habitations on the Sabbath day." But there is not a priest in the United States but will have his warm breakfast on the pretended Sabbath, and the "maid-servant" forbidden to do "any work" has to hustle and get it for him. The priests pretend to "follow Christ." He forbade public prayer. They utterly disregard his teaching.

Lucifer's regular readers all understand, of course, that Holmes is ridiculing hypocrisy and humbug. But is it dignified and proper to handle vile things even for the laudable purpose of exciting contempt and loathing for them? The transient reader will see rational and radical sentiments penned by a "Rev." They will naturally be affected, more or less, to associate the one with the other. So it amounts to a white-washing of the title, and so, a white-washing of religion—humanity's direct curse.

As to the taking up of Lucifer's space, I think the old friends, such as H. J. Hunt, Lillie D. White, and the like, should let us hear them at least semi-occasionally, and Chandler, Foote, Chamberlain, Severance, should say something a little oftener. Coolidge and Warren (favorites with me) write enough by spells. When C. F. Hunt devotes himself to religion he is charming. But let us all keep in happy assurance that they are with us to the end of the fight for freedom and woman's salvation.

### Women's Clubs and Women's Faces.

BY FLORA.

The Chicago district of the Federation of Women's Clubs has begun a crusade on the practice of using pictures of women's faces and figures in magazines, newspapers and billboard advertisements. The legislature will be asked to enact a bill to the effect "that all publishers, public entertainers, manufacturers and tradesmen of any kind shall be forbidden to use the face, form, or any portion of the figure of women for advertising purposes in either suggestive or immodest or immoral manner."—*Printer's Ink.*

The Federation of Women's Clubs are terribly exercised over the pretty face fad of advertising. Is it possible that all the women in these clubs are so horribly "humblly" that none of them would be selected to pose and they want a law passed forbidding all others from "filling the bill?" Just think of it! "Shall be forbidden to use the face, form, or any portion of the figure of women for advertising purposes in immodest or immoral manner." The human form divine has been considered immodest by some very pious people, but this is a new fad to consider the pretty, beautifully featured faces of women "immodest and immoral" when viewed in an advertisement.

These women wield a terribly crooked stick over the heads of the legislature. In fact the Club-stick-is so crooked it can not possibly hit any one. 'Tis strange that women will waste valuable time and strength to sustain blind old superstition.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. C. Zimmerman, Vineland, N. J.—Lucifer of the 18th has just arrived. It is the most satisfactory paper I read. It shows there is progress in most essential lines. I think it must be well for your father's health that he is in a mild climate in the midst of the whispering pines, though I did believe at first that he should be settled in a quiet hygienic home where the food would always be the purest and he would have no acquaintances to draw on his attention, and where he might drop the subject of his work for a time and take a complete rest.

Ida C. Craddock, 615-616 Handel Hall, Chicago.—I wonder if you care to announce in your forthcoming issue that I expect to lecture at the People's Institute, Van Buren and Leavett Sts. next Sunday evening, March 5, at 8 p. m., on "What the Bible Can Tell Us About Life in Heaven?"

As I deal with the subject as though Heaven were simply another country—say England, France, Russia, or the South Sea Islands—a country quite as material, substantial, tangible, objective as this, only a good deal more so, and especially as I claim that the Bible testifies to the existence of wedlock and the possibility of parenthood in Heaven, although it also testifies to the doing away with the civil, legal marriage of earth, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that I expect to deliver this lecture. It will be given under the auspices of Mr. M. L. Schaeffer and from his rostrum.

I am also holding Sunday noon meetings at my office at the hour of 12:15. Next Sunday morning I expect to begin a series of talks on "Bible Symbolism." I shall begin next Sunday with "Sun and Dawn Myths," and run through several Sundays with this, I expect; and afterwards, shall expect to take up the "Zodiacal Mythos." To freethinkers, who recognize the abundance of Pagan mythology in both the Old and the New Testament, it might be of interest to know that I am to deliver these lectures, as I have made a very special research into these matters, both in this country and in London, where I studied at the British Museum, and I think I shall throw some new light upon certain scripture texts for even well-read freethinkers. "Sun and Dawn Myths" covers a wide field, and I take them up outside as well as inside the Bible, in order that my hearers may better understand their full bearing upon Bible Symbolism. I would add, for your information, that these lectures are free. And I always am glad to answer any questions at the close of my lecture that I can.

T. R. L., California.—I have from time to time read your paper and have found so many good things in it that I am going to send for it for three months. I just send \$1 in stamps because I am very busy now, and after a while I will send you some money and some addresses of my friends. I have sent to editor of "Free Society" for "Hilda's Home," and other books. Will you send me a list of the books you have for sale, then I can pick out what I have not already sent for.

Oh, how I wish I could see you and all the broad-minded people that I read about in Lucifer and "Free Society." I know of so few people that are free. Will your father visit Los Angeles while on his trip? If he does I will do all I can to make him comfortable. I do so hope he will come here. I want to see him so much. You will never know how much comfort I have gotten out of the different articles I have found in your paper. I supposed I was all alone in my ideas of sex freedom; had never met one woman that thought as I did until I met Emma Goldman. That was almost a year ago, and I have had this love for freedom for more than twenty years.

I read "The Old and the New Ideal." I just read it through and thought it was the only book I ever read that came up to my ideal of life so far as it went. Well, some one took it from my room. I have just sent for another, but don't know if I will get it or not. Do you find time from the rest of your grand work to go among the poor girls who have been told they are disgraced for life because they have given birth to a child without being married? Now I tell you that I want a child, and if I could find a man that I considered worthy of my choosing for the grand position of fatherhood, I would not hesitate one moment to become a mother, for, oh, I do love little ones, and my heart goes out to all. I long to have one of my own. I have been married twice; am a widow now, but of my four little ones I have none, as they passed out of this life in their babyhood, the oldest being only two years old. It is the only great sorrow of my life—being childless has cost me many tears. Of course I can adopt a child and I intend to by and by, but I want one of my own, and no one will ever know how much, nor how many heartaches I have because I have no child.

752.

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 753.

### The Reason.

She said to him, her lover:  
"I would not hold you—no.  
If once the dream seemed over.  
If once you wished to go.  
"You're free at any season.  
At any moment—free."  
"But that is just the reason  
You hold me fast," said he.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

### Medical Ethics as Related to Abortion and Prevention

BY E. C. WALKER.

The text is a very long one; the sermon is relatively short, but, I hope, sufficiently clear and explicit to bring out in sharp relief the fact which I wish all to perceive, that is, that sexual superstition and the state are responsible for a large part, for much the greater part, of the physical pain and waste and the mental agony caused by abortion and infanticide. The whole subject illustrates in actual life the proverb which inculcates the lesson that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Only a few introductory remarks and some explanatory and critical comments, made as the subject develops, are mine.

The question, medical ethics as related to abortion, has a direct and important connection with the liberating and enlightening work in which we are engaged.

Just a word at first about this work and the spirit in which it is to be approached. The suffering which results from the current denial of liberty in sex relations and by the dense ignorance which is at once a cause, an accompaniment, and an effect of this denial of liberty, is almost immeasurable if not inconceivable, in volume and intensity.

We are few in numbers, weak in organization, poor in resources, widely scattered and, in general, unknown to each other. In solid array against us are the closely combined forces of religion, politics, vested interests, conventionality, and, in short, all that constitutes the conservatism which inevitably and constantly tends to become reaction. Leaders in church, state, society, and business can have no patience with us, as with no others whose aspirations and efforts may disturb the *status quo*, may unsettle the existing order. But worse than all else, we have to contend the against apathy, the inertia of the masses.

Every earnest man and woman of us realizes the gravity of the issue, the momentous nature of the conflict. The struggle is no child's play, nor is there a place in it for the cap and bells of the clown. We are not engaged in this educative work because we think sexuality is wicked and therefore fascinating, but because we know that sexuality is as natural, normal, and innocent as any other function or department of our being and therefore is to be approached as the man of science approaches every other subject which he wishes to study, with the open

mind, with serious intent, with wise method, with respect for himself and for man and woman. It is not for us to come to this investigation with the leer and smirk of the stable boy upon our lips and the taint of the prostitute in our minds, for that would imply that we believe, as they have been taught to believe, that while the sexual impulses and organs are provocative of delicious intoxication, they are at the same time "vile," "naughty" and "low." We utterly repudiate that old theological concept.

Whether we shall employ circumlocutions or speak in the direct, terse, and expressive manner of our ancestors is wholly a matter of expediency. For myself, when with those who are very dear to me or with others who prefer to use words that most effectively express their thoughts, without thinking them desirable simply because *forbidden*, I utilize the rugged and highly expressive phraseology of the past, for it seems to bring me into closer, more confidential, more tender association with these others who with me sincerely seek the truth and admire the natural. But I am instantly and violently repelled from whoever, when using these words or in other ways speaking of sex and its manifestations, shows that he feels he is doing something that is "naughty," or that calls for smile or sneer. By so comporting himself he reveals a mind still dominated by the ascetic notion that sex is indecent, that sexual love is a "sweet sin."

Do not imagine that these remarks are not germane to the subject as announced. Their intimate relation therewith will soon appear. It is my conviction that the prevailing, that is, the common, the unofficial, frivolous treatment of sexuality is wholly incompatible with the propaganda of liberty, with the scientific study of the causes of the evils we are striving to lessen or destroy. Take this question of abortion, for example:

We all understand that the number of abortions would drop off probably ninety per cent. were the people universally familiar with the best methods for the prevention of conception. It is clear, therefore, that this knowledge should be disseminated as rapidly as possible. Yet we know that the state and federal laws make it a felony to impart this vitally necessary information. And back of the law is the dominant public opinion. The average jury will much more quickly convict a man who is proved to have given a woman the means whereby she can avoid pregnancy than it will the man guilty of any real crime. Professional abortionists ply their trade with comparatively little risk, but where is there the humanitarian in the United States who dares openly advertise a contraceptive? If he did, how long would he remain out of the clutches of Comstock? The Censor and his supporters claim that they are fighting obscenity, still it is perfectly safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them, including the prosecuting attorneys who pursue earnest sociologists, the judges who rule and charge for the state, and the jurymen who convict, believe that sex is impure but never hesitate to get all the "fun" they can out of the equivocal story, and freely use the contraband words whenever not on dress parade as the protectors of purity. It is not perfectly plain

that this debauched condition of mind, this inverted view of sexology, is responsible for every obscenity law that stands in the pathway of the student, for the existence of the Draconian statutes regarding prevention of conception, and, finally and consequently, for the wholesale abortion which is constantly going on in the community?

It will be seen that this editorial article on "The Duty of the Physician in Cases of Criminal Abortion," which appeared in "The Medical Council" of Philadelphia, issue of December, 1897, gives us an opportunity to look at one phase of medical ethics from the viewpoints of the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and the doctor. We cannot fail to notice that there is a general desire on the part of these gentlemen to minimize if not entirely get rid of the penalties that the law provides for the discouragement of criminal abortion. Dr. Taylor, the editor, very happily calls attention to the prudent reticence of all the participants in the discussions, this "absence of perfect frankness," he says, being doubtless attributable to "the fear that by some unguarded slip one may be accused of having sentiments that are not conventional." But his own silence, when the silence of an observing and a thoughtful man would seem to be extremely difficult, is equally suspicious and suggestive.

Here is the article in full:

#### THE DUTY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN CASES OF CRIMINAL ABORTION.

On the evening of March 16, 1897, there was read before the Kings County Medical Society of Brooklyn, a paper with substantially the above heading, by Dr. Joseph H. Raymond, Professor of Physiology at the Long Island College Hospital in the same city. It was debated by a learned and upright judge, the Hon. Willard Bartlett of the Supreme Court, of New York, by the able District Attorney of the county, the Hon. Foster L. Backus, and by Drs. Alex. J. C. Skene and Charles Jewett, respectively Professors of Gynecology and Obstetrics in the same faculty with Dr. Raymond. We are thus explicit in the full identification of these gentlemen because of their exceptionally high standing in their respective callings as well as for their good judgment and honesty of purpose, and, furthermore, because of the many things they said, with some of which we agree, whilst we are forced to differ from them upon other points. We propose to present briefly an outline of the views expressed at this meeting and then submit our own conclusions, for the subject is one of vital import to the entire profession.

Dr. Raymond cited two cases, of which the Kitson-Playfair one was the first. The facts in the case are, that Mrs. Kitson was away from her husband for more than a year when she was seen by her brother-in-law, Dr. Playfair, as a consultant, having been called in by the patient's regular attendant. He found a dilated cervix, and removed what in his opinion was unquestionably recent placental tissue from an early miscarriage. On this account he advised his wife to have no further relations with Mrs. Kitson, and, to assure her compliance with this injunction, told her what he had found. As a consequence, the facts became generally known, and Mrs. Kitson had cut off a liberal allowance that she was receiving from a relative. She then sued for slander and consequent injury. For her benefit it must be added that there was a difference of opinion as to whether the placental tissue removed from her may not have been retained long enough to exculpate her from all blame. One professor of obstetrics testified in her favor, and her husband believed her innocent and defended her.

Dr. Playfair contended that he had a right to do as he had in the interest of his family. During the trial the judge asked the following question of one of the medical witnesses: "Suppose a medical man were called to attend a woman, and in the course of his medical attendance he discovers that she attempted to procure an abortion. That being a crime under the law, would it be his duty to go and tell the public prosecutor?" The reply was, "The last legal opinion upon that very question, obtained by the Royal College of Physicians, is 'Yes.'" "Then,"

said the judge, "all I can say is that it will make me very chary in the selection of my medical men."

The second case cited by Dr. Raymond occurred in the city of Brooklyn and is given anonymously because won by the defendant. A physician and midwife were accused of performing an abortion by the intra-uterine injection of warm water. At least the woman was so accused, whilst the physician was held liable as an accessory because he had not notified the authorities when called into the case. One of the leading surgeons of the city stated upon the stand that he would have notified the authorities, but that he readily saw that one with less experience would be liable to overlook this in the anxiety to save the patient. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal.

From a painstaking view of the subject, the essayist concluded that the matter of professional confidences is in a chaotic state. But he makes no definite proposition as to what should be done, which is to be regretted, but leaves this to be disposed of by others in the discussion that had been arranged to follow the reading of his paper. The gist of the views thus expressed are substantially as follows:

Judge Bartlett declined on the ground of judicial impropriety to discuss the moral or unsettled legal aspects of the question, because he did not believe a judge should become party to any controversy in which he might at any time be required to act as judge between two contending sides. And in this he was unquestionably right. He confined himself to the law as it was now fixed. The law was not uniform in the states. In New York medical evidence was inadmissible without the consent of the patient. If the victim of criminal abortion died, it had been decided that the physician should be compelled to testify on the supposition that if she were able to speak she would waive the ban of professional secrecy. But in the case of a living woman, if she does not specially waive the privilege of secrecy granted under the law, the physician cannot be permitted to testify against her, on the ground that it would injure her reputation.

Mr. Backus, the District Attorney, read extracts from the law of New York that showed the complete protection given to lawyer and client by the law. A lawyer cannot reveal either what has been told him by a client or state what his advice has been. The law there prohibits a physician, without qualification as to criminal matters, to reveal anything that he may have discovered in his professional capacity, and that was necessary for him to know in the treatment of the patient. Mr. Backus suggested, however, that he might make incidental discoveries not due to admissions made by his patient, and that these could be disclosed indirectly, so that the criminal authorities might learn enough of the facts to institute an investigation. He further showed by quotations from judicial utterances that the object of the utterances was the full protection of the patient, who, without such guarantee of secrecy, would often withhold information absolutely essential to the proper treatment of the malady for which medical advice is sought. But the fact should not be overlooked that the aim of the law is to protect the patient, not the slayer of the victim, so that if the patient dies as the result of a criminal operation, disclosure can no longer injure her, though it protects the criminal. It is with this end in view that physicians are compelled to testify in New York after the death of the victim. He further maintained that it was desirable to bring to justice wrongdoers of this stamp, that this was in the best interest of the community, and that the physician should do his share toward this end.

Dr. Skene said: "I hold that the physician or surgeon has no right to disclose any fact or information that he obtains from his patients, under any conditions whatever. I believe that that is the only ground to take, and it is the only way that a physician can sustain himself in relation to his patients and to the law of the land, and to the moral law. The mistakes that are made and much of the suffering, misery and sin that follow, have arisen in this world, I fancy, from the doctors telling tales out of school, not from concealing and keeping inviolate all his professional confidences. That is the ground I take."



He opposed the doctor's ever playing the part of the detective in his professional capacity; he should never inform upon a patient. But if a patient under his care died from the effects of a suspected criminal abortion, he could refuse to give a death certificate, thus making it a coroner's case, and leading to full investigation of the details. If he treated a burglar for gunshot injury confessedly received in the attempt to rob, he would not notify the police, for he believed that an unjustifiable violation of confidence. He did not believe such violations justifiable even if permitted by lawyers and judges. He also made the point that the law is hard on the physician. It compels us to report contagious diseases to the board of health, though by so doing we are guilty of a violation of professional confidence, for most patients object to being so reported. He suggested that if contagious diseases had to be so reported, why not report the worst of them all, syphilis? It would cause much trouble, many people would be hurt, but as many, if not more, innocent people would be benefitted.

Dr. Jewett pointed out the fact that the life of a new individual begins at the moment of conception, that the old idea of the period of vitality dating from a given month is erroneous. Interference with the proper development of the product of conception at any period of its growth is a crime against morals. But he also takes the ground that professional confidence should not be abused to help prosecuting attorneys convict. However, he avers that "no malefactor is more despised by him than him whose business is to procure abortions unlawfully for gain. To voluntarily disclose the facts gleaned from a patient in a professional capacity, even to secure the conviction of a professional abortionist, would be a gross breach of professional honor." He further added, "To not only make public the facts confided to him by his patient, but to assume the role of detective and hunt up further evidence, as I have known a physician to do, is, to my mind, the height of professional dishonor."

Thus ended a discussion alike remarkable for the ability and learning of the participants, its frankness, its pointedness, and the definiteness of most of its conclusions. But it exhibited inconsistencies that so intricate a subject may well occasion and which it was justifiable to hope would not occur among disputants of such high ability. Besides this, it was unsatisfactory in other particulars.

It is a surprise that no one attacked the position of the New York judge who decided that, were the dead victim of an abortion able to speak, she would open her physician's lips so that the person guilty of the abortion might be punished. This is a gratuitous assumption, and all the more evident when it is taken into consideration that when these things are done by persons who do not make a business of it, they do it out of sympathy rather than for pay. That the woman usually pleads that she would prefer death to exposure, and pledges herself under all circumstances, even if death be the outcome, not to reveal what has been done. She pleads and begs and gives extravagant assurances of future secrecy under all contingencies. She urges the family disgrace that will follow exposure, and that she has earned a lesson that she will never forget. We all know the tenor of this plea, and too often do we see how readily the most solemn pledges are broken, not only in the fear of impending death, but often only in response to the coaxing of some curious or meddling individual. One of the most truthful things that can be said of the physician guilty of such practice is that he is a sympathetic fool, though the law also justly makes him a criminal, and the moral code a malefactor. To assume, therefore, that, could the victim speak she would open the lips of her attendant is gratuitous, whilst the opposite assumption of adhesion to her solemn pledge is logical, reasonable and just, for the other presumes her to be an ingrate.

The suggestion of Mr. Backus, that the physician disclose to others so that they may carry it to the prosecuting officer such evidence as he may have been able to gather in a voluntary detective capacity, overlooks the great fact that it is the duty of the physician to protect his patient and not simply to pretend to do so. The proposition to play the spy upon the trusting pa-

tient is too vile to be seriously entertained, and from our personal knowledge of the gentleman who made this unguarded suggestion, we are satisfied that it was made without full consideration. We must all agree with him, however, that the criminal should not be protected, and yet we are constrained to add the proviso that the criminal must never be punished with the aid of the attending physician if by so doing he injure his patient in the slightest degree. There is greater reason for the protection of the physician in the preservation of the patient's secrets than there is for the lawyer in that of his client, and yet it is even seriously proposed that the major yield to the minor.

And Dr. Skene, than whom there is none of greater honor, even proposes to do that indirectly which he spurns to do directly. He would not notify the public prosecutor in so many words, directly that certain suspicious circumstances existed, but he would do so indirectly by compelling an ignorant or a heart-broken family to advertise their shame and that of a beloved and respected daughter to the world. This is not the protection that a confiding patient is entitled to. If we are not willing to do our full duty by the patient under all circumstances then let us at once refuse to take care of her, and let her find some one that will give her the protection that she needs and craves. Now, we do not wish to be understood as justifying abortions except on legal grounds, for we are distinctly opposed to any premature expulsion of the ovum by artificial methods except where it is necessary for the preservation of life as permitted by law. Many a woman could bear her shame alone, and would willingly do so, but she does not want to implicate relatives. This is often her sole plaint. Then why assume that the multi-pledged unfortunate, and yet perhaps fortunately dead, woman, if able to speak, would at last consent to the disgrace of the family that had filled her with so much solicitude? We can only conclude, with due regard to Dr. Skene, that the physician who will send such a case to the coroner is acting more within his logical conscience if he refuses to attend it the moment he learns its nature. We seriously and respectfully commend to him his own formula, so well put, as are so many of his utterances, that more harm results from what the physician tells than from what he keeps to himself. If he considers the notifying the police of his having treated a burglar for gunshot injury as an unjust violation of confidence, how can he consider the carrying out of his coroner suggestion in any other sense?

Dr. Jewett declared himself in his usual vigorous and explicit manner. He recognized no special difference in the degree of the crime according to the age of the fetus. From the standpoint that it is at all times a destruction of life, he is undoubtedly right, and yet there is a vast difference from the sociologic and the economic sides of the question. But this we only allude to incidentally, believing that in these speculative matters the doctor's assertions were not intended to have any application. His trenchant denunciation of the violation of professional confidence is refreshing, but he leaves one in utter uncertainty as to his own exact position under the circumstances covered by the discussion, for he concludes with the remark that it is the duty of all physicians to be at all times law-abiding citizens. He would better say conscience-abiding citizens, for there is a difference between the two, the amount depending upon the extent to which our law-makers have been debauched, and this is latterly becoming an absorbing as well as important question.

To sum up, then, as the lawyers have it, we fear that the discussion, able as it was, was open to the same objections that all discussions of its kind seem to have, the absence of perfect frankness because of the fear that by some unguarded slip one may be accused of having sentiments that are not conventional. There is nothing connected with medicine about which medical men are at the same time such cowards and hypocrites. Their public utterances often do not tally with their confidential expressions of opinion. The same is true to a large extent of the laity, and it is this duplicity that makes cowards of the profession.

(To be continued on page 78).

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## In the Land of Flowers.

Florida was so named, if I rightly remember the story, on account of the abundance of wild flowers found there by its Spanish discoverer, Juan Ponce de Leon. There is probably no season of the year in which flowers do not bloom here in the open air. Since last writing the weather at Lake Helen camp has been balmy and mild, with the exception of one day of almost continuous rain. Old settlers tell me the winter just past has been the rainiest ever known. In this part of the state, however, there is never any mud. The sandy soil absorbs the water so quickly that all trace of rain speedily disappears.

My last letter closed abruptly while giving an account of a meeting at the auditorium of the camp, at which meeting the subject under discussion was "The Ascent of Life—How Evolution Evolves." The purpose of the address, as before stated, was to show the paramount importance of surrounding motherhood with the best possible conditions in and through which woman's creative functions could and should be performed. Among those who made comments upon the address was C. Fanny Allyn of Stoneham, Mass., who made an eloquent and powerful plea for a more general and more rational education along the lines touched upon by the first speaker. Mr. Barnes of Kokomo, Ind., asked how I accounted for the fact that a pair of perfect human beings, Adam and Eve, so soon became the parents of a murderer. In my reply I said there was no such fact to be accounted for. That the evolution theory had supplanted or displaced the creation theory in accounting for the existence of the human race upon the earth. That is to say, the Adam and Eve story is one of many mythologic fables that owe their origin to the ignorance of primitive man in regard to the facts and forces of nature. That if there is any truth in the theory of an Utopia, or Paradise, for humanity, that Utopia is in the future and not in the past.

"Well then," said Mr. Barnes, "admitting that the 'Garden of Eden' story, the 'Creation' story, is a myth, what reason have we for believing that the 'evolution' theory and the Utopia promised by the believers in evolution are not also myths?"

"This question," said I, "like the preceding one, indicates very clearly that the questioner is a good joker—that he is not really in earnest when offering such questions as criticisms. The difference between the 'creation' theory and that of 'evolution' is mainly in this, that while the former has not a single fact to stand upon, the latter is supported by facts without number. All the known facts of science harmonize with the evolution theory, and will harmonize with no other. And as to an Utopia for mankind in the future we have only to realize or to practicalize in human ethics, in human sociology, the advances made in other departments of human progress and the result will be a 'heaven on earth.' Wars, crimes, poverty and misery will be eliminated, or so nearly eliminated that, as compared to the social conditions now prevailing we shall not need to die in order to go to heaven. We can have heaven in 'the here and the now.'

"It is because some of us have an abiding faith in the possibility of such heaven on earth that we are so persistent in the work of agitating for better conditions for womanhood and motherhood as prime factors in creating a better race of human

beings—a race of men and women so well born that they will not need to be born again; a race composed of individuals who know their own rights and dare to maintain them; a race every member of which can be a law unto himself or herself—neither invading others nor permitting invasion by others."

Several other meetings devoted mainly to discussion of the rights of womanhood and motherhood have been held on the ground, an account of which must be postponed for the present, as I wish to get this letter into the mail in time for insertion in next week's Lucifer.

At this writing, Saturday morning, March 4, the four weeks' session of the "Southern Cassadaga" encampment is nearing its close, to-morrow being the last day, according to published program. Taken altogether, my sojourn at the camp has been a very pleasant and, it is to be hoped, not altogether unprofitable one. While the general symptoms of the invalid remain much the same, I am conscious of a very decided increase in physical strength. I take long walks in the piney woods and return refreshed rather than fatigued thereby. How long I shall remain in Florida, or whether my search for health shall be extended still further southward is not yet fully determined, but my present intention is to start on my return trip before many days, touching at most if not all the points at which I made brief stops on my way to this place. Hoping that with the return of spring our friends who felt the effects of the recent phenomenal cold wave will forget what they suffered therefrom, I once more send fraternal greetings to all of the widely scattered Light Bearer family.

M. HARMAN.

## From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

The article on "Medical Ethics as Related to Abortion and Prevention," by E. C. Walker, was written more than a year ago, and was read at a meeting of a Lucifer Circle. The time that it was written, however, is not of much consequence, for the subject matter is just as important today as ever it was.

Last week we were told by Mr. Barry that each writer for Lucifer is a favorite with some of the readers. That is true; but there is scarcely a writer who is not the "pet aversion" of certain readers. I had this fact forcibly brought to my mind last week while assorting and re-arranging manuscripts and papers preparatory to our change. I wish I had thought of it in time to keep the letters containing comments on correspondence together—the expressions of opinion would have made an interesting symposium. If one writer could have his way, nothing of C. L. James' should ever appear in the paper; another critic is equally severe in condemnation of Warren and Barry; another wonders "what on earth Kerr is driving at, anyway;" another is "made sick" by Mrs. Slenker (query: Is the doctor bill to be sent to Lucifer office?). Others appear to think that the editor is a mere puppet in the hands of Mr. Walker, because Mr. Walker occupies so much of Lucifer's space. I come in for my share. Lucifer, says one critic, has improved in typography since I have been connected with it, but there is "no life" in it when I edit it. Still others think the editor himself should resign in favor of some one with greater ability than he possesses. It would, however, be very difficult to find any writer for Lucifer who would be acceptable to all these critics. The only ones to escape condemnation who occur to me at this moment, are Giotto and D. N. Swift. Some of the conjectures as to their identity are quite amusing though. Possibly our dissatisfied friends might "toss up" to decide which of these writers they would choose as editor.

"Who is to Blame?" we are asked in a pathetic little sketch which appears in another column. Ah, who, indeed, is to blame when people do not understand each other—when there is not the indefinable attraction which draws two beings together whether they are related by blood or not? This poor, misunderstood, unloved little one—was she to blame? Did she ask ad-



mission to this life? This apparently unsympathetic mother, who seemed to prefer fancy work to the companionship of her child—was she to blame? She tried to take good care of its body, but was she to blame because she could not understand the emotions of that being which was really a stranger to her? Perhaps the embroidery which she was making was to beautify the garments of a little one yet unborn. Wherein was she to blame? This healthy, busy, affectionate father—was he to blame? Had he been taught that men and women should understand each other, and should both desire children before they undertook the responsibility of creating a new organism? Shall we blame the innocent, unhappy child, the ignorant, impatient mother, or the careless, loving father? If so, why? Do they not suffer the results of the ignorance, the superstitions, of our ancestors?—from which none of us are entirely free. It seems to me a case like thousands of others, of inadaptation. Our work, I think, is to ask, not angrily, not impatiently, but persistently. Why such cases exist? What can we do to lessen their number? No one is to blame, but all are to blame in so far as we accept the conditions of society and do not try to improve them.

### In the Field.

BY M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

My trip in Ohio during the past month, lecturing and giving entertainments, has been a very enjoyable time for me. I will not take your space to tell you all about it, but only what I heard and observed in relation to that part of life in which Lucifer is engaged.

On Jan. 29 I spoke at the Paine celebration for the Ohio Liberal Society of Cincinnati. At that meeting cards were distributed announcing the lectures for February.

The first thing on the program was "February 5—Mrs. M. Florence Johnson. Address on Rachel Campbell, a pioneer of the doctrine of social freedom, with a review of her lecture on 'The Prodigal Daughter, or the Price of Virtue,' delivered before the Boston Free Love League, 1881." Before the meeting of Jan. 29 was called to order there was considerable conversation started by this notice and some curiosity aroused. All that week reports came to me of what this one and that one intended to say in criticism. The effect of the speech however, was to show these would-be critics that the remarks they had so carefully prepared did not fit the case, and I believe that only one criticism that I had heard about was given. The audience gave their undivided attention to the address, and at its close the questions and criticisms were all bearing directly on the question under discussion, and the meeting passed off very pleasantly.

We always expect some little inconsistency and we were not disappointed. There is one man in the Liberal Society who is sure we cannot get along without rules and regulations and laws. One of the rules of the Society is that individuals may criticize the speech of the evening, and the speaker shall reply. This man criticises well, but while the speaker is replying, the critic makes a remark every few seconds, and is wholly unaware of the fact that he is not obeying the laws, that he is acting the popular conception of the revolutionary anarchist for the time being.

There was no woman among all those who claimed that Rachel Campbell's ideas of marriage and prostitution were wrong. Men declared that women had freedom enough, and that no woman was driven to prostitution through necessity. The women said not a word. Several of them came to me after the meeting adjourned and expressed their sympathy with the views given in the address, also complimented me on my bravery in daring to read such a lecture. All seemed interested, some filled with fear of losing their property if such ideas were listened to, some with hope of freedom after awhile.

The "Inquirer" said the lecture was visionary and the speaker easily undone by her critics, or words to that effect. As I am not the author of the lecture, I think I may venture an opinion that the ideas in "The Prodigal Daughter" are not visionary, and as the one criticised I may remark, I did not feel

undone, and had no thought of being worsted until I read it in the "Inquirer."

From Cincinnati I went to Mechanicsburg. There I attended several sessions of The Farmer's Institute. Even there the idea that woman had not been treated as an equal with man received frequent attention. One farmer quoted statistics showing the predominance of farmers' wives in the insane asylums of the country. He attributed the cause of insanity to overwork, no recreation and no appreciation, and advised farmers to give their wives more of the comforts and attentions received by the wives of other men.

This is a step in the right direction, but I felt like saying after it, "If you do not see to this your property will depreciate in value or you may lose her through insanity, and this would be expensive, for you could not marry again while she lived and would be under the necessity of hiring work done."

Another speaker advocated dividing half the property to the wife. He maintained that wives as a rule worked harder than the husbands, and the property belonged to them by right, and as the law did not give it the husband should. Many women looked pleased, but not a smile touched the faces of the men sitting there, and when I applauded it sounded as loud and lonesome as a noise does in a house when you are half sick and alone. People turned and looked at me and I suppose wondered at my audacity.

The speaker said in many cases "instead of a wife having her half of the money to spend as she pleased she had to beg for a nickel to buy a spool of cotton to mend her husband's overalls." Some women really applauded.

This speaker gave advice on all subjects, and advised parents to attend church and send children to Sunday school whether they believed the creed or liked the minister or not, because "we must uphold morality."

It did not seem to enter his head that there was what might be termed immorality in supporting a church we thought in the wrong, or that children could take their first lesson in hypocrisy by pretending to accept in Sunday school the lessons they did not believe.

There are women's clubs among the farmer's wives and they are doing much good. Some of their programs are very fine, and the papers written by the members are worthy of any club of either sex. Strange that farmers' wives did not assert their intellectual power long ago. Yet even now, some of the husbands of these literary club women will say slurring and insulting things as the women drive by on their way to their meeting place.

One woman said to me, "No one has any rights except what have been fought for, and we will get ours by fighting for them and in no other way."

I find women all over the country interested in reforming marriage laws, interested in very radical ideas in fact—unless these ideas are named free love.

One woman agreed that a desire to separate on the part of either man or woman ought to be sufficient ground for divorce. She had thought that a long while. She also agreed with me in the opinion that law made nothing right or wrong, that all abuses had been legal, and if anything was right in itself the law could not change it. But when I spoke of persons living together without a legal ceremony she feared that would not do because "one might take a notion to go away and leave the other." I told her I thought that was what she believed when she said either ought to have a divorce for the asking. No ceremony simply saved the scandal of a public divorce.

One man objected to radicals on the social question because they made it too much of a hobby, and wanted to talk about it all the time, then admitted that though he had known me for nearly three years he had supposed me conservative until he saw the announcement of the address on Rachel Campbell and "The Prodigal Daughter."

I found that many persons thought my radical views were merely a transient notion that had infatuated me through ac-

quaintance with Lillian Harman. I had made her acquaintance and seeing her honest in her views and admiring her as a woman had given undue prominence to her ideas, and I would see my mistake later when I learned the impracticability of such living. I was told there were very few persons who held sexual freedom views. Lucifer was supposed to be the only paper advocating sexual freedom and it a paper with at most three or four hundred subscribers.

To these remarks I replied that I was working as compositor on a paper advocating sexual emancipation, before Lillian Harman was seven years old. So to all those who think my views wrong, Lillian is cleared of all responsibility in introducing me to this kind of thought, though undoubtedly my views have been broadened by acquaintance with her.

As to the alleged small number of believers, I informed them that in several cities there were enough believers in freedom to have regular meetings, hold picnics, have social gatherings, and in fact not miss the enjoyment of social life even if deprived of other society. As radicals are not deprived of conventional society they have the meetings of their special interest extra. I also informed them that Lucifer's subscribers could not be written in the hundreds, as they had supposed, but in the thousands, while the book business in the office was such that it took much time to attend to it. That just the managing of Lucifer and its book business required the constant attention of one competent person.

Nearly all liberals are interested in the social question; all want to hear and talk but many are afraid. In one town where I gave an entertainment of dramatic readings, the ladies who engaged me would gladly have me give certain humorous recitations, but feared others would object because the entertainment was to be in a church. Finally they chose one they thought all could stand, but the minister scratched that one off the program. He "liked it himself, but some of the congregation might object."

Besides the places mentioned above, I visited Sidney and Lima, where I enjoyed myself well, and among the genuine friends I met at these places were staunch friends of Lucifer. My dramatic and freethought work was as interesting as this recorded here, but Lucifer's pages are not the place for an account of that.

I believe the world is growing more in love with liberty every day, and men and women admire more and more persons who are free, and who dare trust themselves for their own law maker. They are learning that the person who is a law to himself knows the laws he lives under, and has confidence in his lawyer and the laws are obeyed. Such a person is not an invader, but a self-reliant individual with the intelligence, knowledge and ability to be a helper in all the struggles of life, and a comrade in its joys.

#### Medical Ethics as Related to Abortion and Prevention. (Concluded from page 75).

Our own opinion, tersely expressed, is that it is the duty of the medical attendant to never forget his confidential relations to the patient. If intrusted with a secret by a patient who dies, his obligation to maintain secrecy is, if at all changed, more binding than ever. The professional abortionist is justly made a criminal, for he plies his occupation solely for what it will bring, and encourages a condition of affairs that are baneful. If knowledge of this individual comes to the physician, he can, after a time, acquaint anyone he chooses with his opinion of what such an individual is doing, but in such a manner as will in no way tend to involve his patient, and yet will give the clue to those whose business it is to stop his farther work. But under no circumstances should he involve his patient, or her memory as the case may be, in any way that would not have met her approval at the time she engaged him to help her, or at any time during his attendance upon her.

Of course I do not lose sight of the fact that the topic

was the relation of the physician to his patients in cases of abortion, and of the further fact that it is very commendable to stick to the text, but inasmuch as not a little was said about the criminality of abortion and its immorality, and as it is indisputable that all the laws and all the moral homilies in the world will not prevent resort to the abortionist while conditions remain as they are, it certainly would have been well to point out that the physician might do much to change conditions for the better and so make his position a less delicate and dangerous one, and that he could accomplish this by taking a far more active part than he does now in the physiological education of the people, and especially in showing the necessity for the universal use of contraceptives in order to substitute harmless prevention for injurious cure. But in all the debate there was not even a hint that there is any possible check upon abortion except penal law—which the doctors pretty generally agree it is their duty to conspire with their patients to balk—and moral sermonizing, which is so much waste of breath.

In a word, religious superstition and moral prudery, and the repressive laws which are their authoritative expression, are all that stand in the way of scientific study of sex problems, and the social readjustments which would follow such rational investigation. Abortion is one of the positive checks which human stupidity forces upon us by denying knowledge of the preventive check.

#### Who is to Blame?

"O. M. A." is "The Coming Light."

The child sat looking wearily out of the window counting the ducks and goslings that were splashing around in the pools of water which the heavy rainfall had formed in the yard where the children were wont to play. The little one sighed deeply, and laying the tiny hands over her heart, repeated sometimes to herself, sometimes aloud, "O, I ache me so inside."

The mother looked up from her work and said sharply, "You are the strangest child I ever saw. Other children play with their toys on rainy days and are satisfied. I can't imagine what ails you." The little one gave a frightened glance in the direction of her mother, closed the red lips more tightly, and began counting the ducks again.

Presently she climbed down from the chair and ran across the room to where the mother sat embroidering some dainty material in soft silken shades. "Pretty," said the child.

"Don't touch it; you'll soil it; your hands are dirty," said the mother.

"Mamma, won't you take Mabel a wee little while?" the child plead, measuring her finger just back of the nail to show how wee little she asked.

"Do go and play," carelessly said the mother, "I haven't time."

The child stood quite still a moment, then said, "Mamma, let Mabel brush hair?" The mother worked on without looking up.

"Mamma, when will papa come? I ache me so inside!"

"Mabel, this is Monday; your papa went away last night; he will not return until Saturday night. Don't ask me any more questions."

The child moved slowly back to the window, knelt down and laid her head in the chair. A sweet picture she was, with her snowy dress and blue sash ribbon, eyes to match the ribbon and yellow fluffy hair, her cheeks flushing and paling by turns as her busy brain kept thinking, thinking, with no one on earth to talk to.

By and by she scrambled up again and went back to the mother. She climbed on the arm of the rocker and put her hand against the mother's face saying, "Mamma, I loves you, I want a kiss."

"I don't want to be kissed," returned the mother, "and you must quit bothering me. Get down from my chair."

The tiny mouth trembled, but bravely keeping back the tears the child picked up her doll and covered its senseless face with hungry, loving kisses, saying, "Dollie, do you ache inside?"



"Mabel, what do you mean by such nonsense? It is time for your afternoon nap. Climb into the crib now and go to sleep."

Hugging the doll to her bosom, the child pushed a chair to the crib and climbed in. After an hour or more of forced silence, the effect of training, she lay heavily sleeping.

It was Saturday night at last. The fire blazed brightly, illuminating the face of the restless baby, who watched the hands of the clock as they slowly moved from half past six toward the seven o'clock hour, at which time papa should arrive.

"Mamma, can I go to the door?" pleaded the child.

"Sit right where you are and wait until papa comes," replied the mother. "What makes you so uneasy?" The child sighed and said nothing.

Five minutes of seven—only that long measured the little fingers. Presently the well-known footsteps sounded on the walk. The child flew to the door, breathlessly waiting the touch of the father's hand upon the door knob. A moment later and she was caught in the strong arms and covered with kisses.

"How is my little girl?" said the father.

"The ache is gone now," answered the child.

"How is mamma?"

"She is making pretty pictures on cloth," said the baby.

"Hello, here is mamma!" and the manly form bent and kissed his wife's forehead. "Has Mabel been ill?" he asked.

"No," said the wife. "She just mopes around and don't play as other children do. She is the strangest child I ever saw."

The child stepped shyly behind the father, clinging closely to his hand.

Supper is over. The child robed for the night, is standing upon her father's lap mussing his hair with a brush, stopping to kiss his lips and eyes while screaming with delight as he returns the kisses a dozen fold.

"How can you bear to have that child walk over you, pull your hair and kiss you in the mouth? I should think her hot hands and breath would drive you crazy," said the mother.

"O, we like it, don't we, tot?" and he pulled her down on his foot to "ride away to Boston;" then lifted her again and folded her to his breast.

Wearily at last, the child fell asleep with her arms around his neck, a look of rest and peace indescribable wreathing the sweet flushed face. The father tenderly laid her in the crib and tucked the clothes about her, gazing long and affectionately upon her, then quietly kissed the sleeper, picked up his paper and began to read while his helpmeet continued to stitch in silence. One more day of kisses and love for the hungry baby, then six of the "ache inside."

Mother, is this your child? If so, what shall the harvest be?

### Homes of the Future.

BY ROMULUS.

It is growing harder year by year for men to get a living for themselves, to say nothing of wife and children. Women are competing with men in every employment, and men's wages are consequently lowering; in other words, part of the wages which men have required to enable them to support wife and children are being transferred to the account of the unmarried women.

It is not strange that men show less inclination to marry than formerly, and that they marry later in life. In fact, the married man is fighting for his wages not only against women but against an ever-increasing army of men without encumbrances, and to whom a lower wage rate does not necessarily mean disaster. The tendency is toward this—that sometime, only the wealthy few may marry. Thus the present competitive and marriage systems mean the destruction of the home for all but a small portion. There must be a new foundation for the home—the economic independence of the individual. But that and liberty to love, and new and happy homes will be built everywhere like nests of free birds in spring.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. F. A. M. Cook, M. D., Columbus, Kan.—I have been waiting for a chance to renew before No. 756, and now I have a present of the enclosed and I send \$1 on subscription and \$1 for "Hilda's Home." I have been amused at the squirming of some of my sister women because of male "monopoly" of Lucifer's columns. It is not the person who writes as much as it is the matter and manner of the contribution that is important with me.

Miss L. A. Johnson, Waterbury, Conn.—I could not keep from weeping as I read the sketch you gave of your father's life. He must be a noble specimen of a man and one among a thousand and it seems to me. There are many reforms in the world, and I would like to be able to help them all, but lack the means. I wanted to give something towards your father's visit in the south but it seemed so small I thought it would be of little account; yet if each subscriber should give a little, fifty cents or a dollar it would amount up to an important sum. I suppose my subscription has expired, so will send one dollar in this—fifty cents for six months' subscription to Lucifer and fifty cents for your father's benefit.

Alfreda, Thayer, Miss.—Our editress says in No. 749, "Elmina Mounts Her Hobby Again." And why not? If we really are the superior animal and can prove the same on scientific principles, we must assert and re-assert our claims—be ever ready to explain them, and it is well to give our friends the benefit of calling their attention to some of the good books we have read, and to give our own thoughts on the subject as does our dear Aunt Elmina. It is wonderful how devoted she is to her self-imposed task in trying to get liberal men and women acquainted through correspondence. While there is always some risk to run in corresponding with entire strangers, even though they are in the liberal ranks, it will help us to gain a knowledge of mankind in general, and enable us better to discern the false from the true.

[Our friend is mistaken in assuming that I slighted Mrs. Slenker by placing an offensive title over her article. "Elmina Mounts Her Hobby Again" was the title she wrote at the head of her article, and I allowed it to go in the paper in those words as I presumed she knew what she wanted—"Only this, and nothing more." L. H.]

Harriet R., Rusk, Okla.—Ostensibly, C. L. James and I disagree, but I confess to being unable to locate the exact point at which his "break" occurs. I have not the ability to engage with him in a parry and thrust of words that would prove as interesting and instructive as the fencing match which has been going on between him and R. B. Kerr. But I think the gist of the matter is this: Mr. James is an anarchist, i. e., he believes that government itself is the cause of the social evils, though he concedes that some forms of government must be retained for the sake of convenience. I am a socialist, and I concede that ideal anarchy will come in the order of evolution, but necessarily after socialism has paved the way. I wrote the letter in defense of that socialistic institution, the public school.

In my critic's estimate of so-called education I find nothing new or startling, having frequently heard the same phase of the question discussed in a similar manner among educators, members of "a class possessing peculiar aptitudes derived from practice." There is food for thought in his advice for the use of the responsible parent before said parent shall say, "My son, go to the schoolmaster now." But as Mr. James did not put into the balance the irresponsible parent, and advanced no proof of the inefficiency of all governmental measures, I am not convinced that the public school is not a potent factor in the betterment of existing conditions of society.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 754.

### Heredity.

We pride ourselves, in weighing worth and merit,  
Too much on virtues that we inherit.  
Some puny stunted grandeur makes us hate delay,  
And we are proud to keep our oath and day;  
But our ancestral follies and abuses  
We still indulge and make for them excuses.  
Let him be proud—dared man be proud at all—  
Who stands where all his fathers used to fall,  
Holding their virtues fast and passing on,  
Still higher good through his own victories won.

—Isaac Ogden Rankin.

### THE HUMAN BEING.

(Letter written to P. J. Proudhon by Joseph Dejacque in 1857. Translated from *Les Temps Nouveaux* by Jonathan Mayo Crane).

In the depths of Louisiana, whither I have been driven by the vicissitudes of my exile, I have read in a United States paper, "La Revue de l'Est," a fragment of correspondence between you, P. J. Proudhon, and a Madam Hericourt.

Some words of Madam Hericourt, cited in that paper, cause me to fear the feminine antagonist may not have the strength—polemically speaking—to cope with her brutal masculine adversary.

I know nothing of Madam Hericourt nor of her writings, if she is a writer, nor of her position in the world, nor of her personality. But to argue well concerning women, or to argue well concerning men, earnestness is not all that is necessary. One must have seen much and studied much. One must, I believe, have experienced their personal passions in all stations of society, from the silver-tipped summits where vice is happiness to the depths where misery seeks solace in debauchery. Upon the human rock thus battered by the shocks of life, the logic, the stenciled truth, may be read.

I should like to see the question of the emancipation of woman treated by a woman who has loved much and has loved many, and who in her past life has associated with both the aristocratic and the lowly; for the woman of the garret can penetrate and understand the private or official views and the thoughts of the luxurious grand dame more easily than the woman of the salon can comprehend the open or hidden privations of the daughter of poverty.

However, in default of another Magdalen, bathing the feet of crucified humanity with her fecund tears and striving to lift it to a better world, for lack of this voice of civilized repentance, for lack of this woman who proudly and publicly abjuring all prejudices of sex and race, of laws and customs, will bring us back to the former world, I, a human being of the male sex, will endeavor to answer you, Aliboron-Proudhon. For the emancipation of woman is nothing else than the emancipation of humanity—both sexes.

Is it possible, great publicist, that under your lion's skin so much of the ass may be found? You who have in your veins such powerful revolutionary pulsations for all that pertains to labor with the arms or filling the stomach, your transports are no less fiery, but are stupid and reactionary, when you come to consider the emotions of the heart and of the sentiments. Your nervous and unending logic in questions of industrial production and consumption is without force when you consider questions of moral production and consumption. Your intelligence, virile for all that concerns man, seems emasculated when it is a question concerning woman. With hermaphrodite brain your thoughts recoil upon themselves in powerless efforts to conceive and give birth to social truth.

A masculine Joan of Arc who, it is said, has kept himself chaste for forty years, the maceration of love has ulcerated your heart, the rancor of jealousy has filled you with disgust and you cry "War against women!" as the Maid of Orleans cried "War against the English!" The English burnt her alive. The women have made you a husband, oh, holy man, long time a virgin and always a martyr.

Father Proudhon, shall I say it? When you talk of women you appear like a college boy who talks very loudly and in a high key, at random and with impertinence, in order to appear learned, as you do to your callow hearers, and who like you knows not the first thing of the matter he is talking about.

After having profaned your flesh for forty years you now profane your intelligence, and passing from pollution to pollution you pour forth your impurities to besmirch women.

Is that what you call manly and honest civility, Narcissus-Proudhon? I quote your words:

"No, Madam, you know nothing about your sex; you know not the first thing about the questions you and your honorable associates agitate with so much noise and so little success. And if you do not understand this question, if in the eight pages of the response which you have made to my letter there are forty illogical conclusions, that shows the truth of what I have said of the infirmity of your sex. I mean by these words—the exactness of which may not be irrefragable—the quality of your understanding which will not permit you to seize the significance of things which we men have at our fingers' ends. In your skull, as in your abdomen, is a certain organ which is incapable of conquering its own inertia; which requires the male to make it perform its functions. And even then it is not always successful. Such madam, is my opinion, the result of my direct and positive observations. I leave it to your obstetrical sagacity to

calculate from it for your thesis the incalculable consequences."

You wild boar—which is merely an undomesticated hog—if it is true, as you say, that woman can give birth to nothing from either the brain or the abdomen without man's assistance—and it is true—it is equally true the other way; it is reciprocal; neither can man produce from his flesh or his brain without woman's assistance. That is logic and good logic, Madelon Proudhon, that an apprentice who has always been your obedient servant can snatch from your hands and throw in your face.

Emancipation or non-emancipation of woman, emancipation or non-emancipation of man—what does it mean? Is it that by nature one has rights and the other has no rights? Is it that humanity is singular and not plural, masculine and not feminine? Is it that the difference in the sexes is a difference in the nature of humanity. Are the drops of rain which fall from the clouds not the same whether they are few or many, whether they are large or small?

Place the question of the emancipation of woman in line with the emancipation of the serf—woman as well as man; or to say the same thing differently, the human slave—whether in the seraglio or the workshop. This understood and it is revolutionary. But from the privileged man's point of view of social progress it is senseless and reactionary. To avoid quibbling and equivocation we must demand the emancipation of the human being. In such terms the question is complete.

From day to day humanity gravitates from revolution to revolution towards its ideal of perfectibility—liberty. But the man and the woman will advance with the same step, the same heart fortified by love, toward their natural destiny, the community of anarchy. But man and woman enter thus arm in arm, the face of one shedding its radiance on the face of the other, until they reach the garden of Social Harmony. But the group of the Human Being, the dream of happiness realized, the animated picture of the future, the harmonic tones and the radiant glory of equality offend your ears and dazzle your eyes. Your understanding, distorted by petty vanity, makes you see in posterity a man's statue erected on a woman-pedestal, a man-patriarch and a woman-servant.

Flogger of woman and absolute serf of man, Proudhon Hagnan, you use your words for a lash. Like a slave-driver you seem delighted to disrobe your beautiful victims (on paper) and flagellate them with invectives. Moderate anarchist, liberal, but not libertarian, you want free exchange of cotton and candles and you seek to protect man against woman in the exchange of affection and human passion. You cry against the great barons of capital, and you would rebuild a proud barony of man on vassal-woman. Logician with misfit eyeglasses, you are unable to read the lessons of the present or the past; you can discern nothing that is elevated or at a distance or in the perspective of the future.

You should know that woman is the mover of man, as man is the mover of woman. There is not an idea in your deformed brain, no, nor in the brain of any other man, that was not given life by woman; not one voluntary motion of your muscles or of your intelligence but what its object has been to attract the attention of woman and to please her, even including that which seems the most contradictory, your insults.

Everything beautiful that man has made, everything grand that man has produced, all the masterpieces of art and of industry, all the discoveries of science, the titanic steps which man has taken into the fields of the unknown, all con-

quests and all aspirations of man are due to woman who imposes the tasks upon him as a queen of a tournament assigns a task to a knight and rewards him with a smile when he has accomplished it. All man's heroism, all his physical and moral valor comes from love. Without woman he would still crawl on his belly or on all fours and browse on herbs and roots. He would equal the ox in intelligence. He is superior to the beast only because woman has said, "Be so." It is her will that has created him and made him man instead of brute. It is to satisfy the supreme exigencies of the feminine soul that he had attempted sublime things.

See what woman has done for man, and then see what man has done for woman!

Alas! to please her lord and master it is not necessary for her to possess great intelligence and moral force. If she will only mimic the shemoukey in antics and grimaces, hang a few bits of glassware to her neck and ears, dress herself in ridiculous finery, pad her hips until she resembles a Hottentot Venus with the aid of whalebone and crinoline, if she knows how to handle a fan like a skimmer, or can make porridge or strum on the piano, that is all her Sultan demands of her, all that is necessary to bring joy to the masculine soul—the alpha and omega of his desires and aspirations. If she can do these things she is rewarded with a lace handkerchief.

She who has regarded such a role as shameful and has shown her good sense by finding beauty in worthiness and by her self-reliant conduct testified to her sane intelligence has been set upon and pitilessly stoned by the multitude of Proudhons, past and present, called a blue stocking and persecuted with imbecile sarcasm and forced to stifle her individuality. For the crowd of heartless and brainless men she has sinned by having too much heart and too much intelligence. They have thrown stones at her and rarely has she the good fortune to meet a man who will take her by the hand and say:

"Woman, rise; you are worthy of love; you are worthy of liberty."

(Conclusion next week.)

### Giotto's Impressions.

MY DEAR HELEN: You ask me to write you what I think of "Women and Economics," now; but that is a hard question to answer. I have only a vague idea of the book even now. I could not read it—I could only dip into it. My "dips" into books are not worthless, but my resulting impressions must be far from exhaustively truthful. And perhaps my thoughts about "Women and Economics" lean much toward what it is not rather than to what it is. That would make me seem an ungracious critic, were I asked to criticize. But to you, who care to know what I think because I think it, I can talk freely.

You are reminded of the story we heard about the lover who lived, as all happy lovers do, in the joy of what his mistress was, until his sister appearing on the scene, insisted on drawing his attention closely to all she was not. And I like Mrs. Stetson so much for what she is—really, the book is full of splendid things—that I feel as if I were a querulous fault-finder when I enlarge upon what she is not. And, since I desire to keep on good terms with myself, perhaps I shall not enlarge upon it at any length.

A friend wrote me: "There is a good deal in it, but it gives me the sensation that she (the author) had been living in a house so very bad that in desperation she builds one for herself—very fine in all its make-up, but wholly destitute of the living-room."

But I think she mistakes the lack, or the error in Mrs. Stetson's work. The new house she builds for herself fails less than those now built in the "living-room." That is just the trouble



with the family homes of to-day—people do not live in them. They do everything else in them, wash, and bake and fret, but they do not live. And my impression is that Mrs. Stetson has pointed out this fact.

Laura Foster works in her office nine hours a day and her salary is sixteen dollars a month. She does not do it for love of the work. There is nothing to love about routine work. She has a sufficient income apart from her work; she is, as you know, a girl of unusually simple tastes, she is a musical artist in perception, and might become one in execution could she devote four of those nine hours each day to her practice. Her first passionate wants are for leisure and art in her life. These could be met in her home were freedom there. But her home is undesirable. She has told me all about it.

There are a great many Lauras. For women like her there is, in leaving the home for the office, the same feeling of relief, of escape, that one experiences in leaving a small village for a great city. The eyes that one meets are those of strangers from whom one expects no friendliness, at the most no definite interest beyond that of simple human kindness, but they are easier and pleasanter to meet than the scrutiny of neighbors for whom life holds no keener interest at the moment than to discover if you "have on anything new," if it is becoming, and where you can be going at this unusual hour.

These women who work for nine hours a day must dress acceptably to their employer or he will find others who can; but he will not ask them whether they are going to make over that old dress before they wear it again, or whether they are going directly home after they leave work.

It is in the daily life, daily association with the tyrant that consciousness of the tyranny forces itself upon us. That is one reason why women will sew in attics for twenty-five cents a day rather than enter the "comfortable homes" provided for them at three dollars a week. I am as helpless—and I know myself to be as helpless—under present economic conditions, in the factory as in the kitchen, but my master's orders have a more remote sound. I do not brush his coat while he is wearing it, and his sons do not make me playful overtures which I am expected not to resent.

It is well to have pointed out and insisted upon, that a wife's position is as surely one of both dependence and servitude as that of the horse in the stable. And I think that Mrs. Stetson has done this admirably. I never realized it so vividly before reading her book. But what she does not see is the share that the wife's ideals have in keeping her there. The stable horse can never regain his freedom because there is no possibility of his ever attaining a consciousness of his own power. But he is not held in slavery in consequence of being unable to escape from his own ideal of an eternal, monogamic union.

Dick did not need a very violent "breaking in" to harness, because his ancestors were broken in long ago. Dick's mistress (by courtesy) took as kindly to her home as he to his stable. Dick was bought with "good money" but, having a kind master, he obeys him lovingly. Mrs. Farrar had more choice in a master, loved him first, and later, dreading his displeasure, studied the art of averting it. She "bore to him a son" as the poets in all the ages had phrased it for her. Then she nursed the boy because she loved him, and afterwards trained him as his father wished. Mr. Farrar was an "indulgent" husband, and her situation comparing favorably with that of her neighbors, she is now congratulating herself on a successful life and thinks that something must be quite wrong with those who complain that marriage is a failure.

Is not this Mrs. Farrar and her life?

You must read Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism." He says good hard things in good hard words. These will fit Mrs. Farrar.

"And so, though she is completely disillusioned on the subject of ideal love, yet, since it has not turned out so badly after all, she countenances the illusion still from the point of view that it is a useful and harmless means of getting boys and girls to marry and settle down. And this conviction is the stronger

in her because she feels that if she had known as much about marriage the day before the wedding as she did six months after it would have been extremely hard to induce her to get married at all."

Giorro.

## Great Women of the Past.

BY DORA F. KERR.

I would like, in the interests of historical knowledge, to point out some of the most extraordinary omissions in Mr. James' "nearly complete list" of women of original genius. These omissions are so glaring to the student of either historical proportion or of the peculiar merits of individual genius, that I feel sure that Mr. James must have intentionally laid himself open to criticism in order to invite further discussion. It would be difficult to make a less representative list of very able women than Mr. James' list is, save as to the numerical prominence he rightly gives to women who have been exceptionally successful in political rule.

Zenobia is omitted. Of the two great women sovereigns of Russia, Catherine II. was much more important than Catherine I., and both should certainly be in the list of able sovereigns which contains Isabella of Spain.

In poetry, Sappho is universally admitted to be in the first rank of lyric poets; and this kind of genius is so rare that we may well include two lesser stars, Lady Nairne, the Scotch song writer, not quite equalled by Burns in songs, and Mrs. Brown ing, as to whom I have heard Prof. Thomas Davidson (of New York) remark that there have been three world-known women poets, Sappho, Lady Nairne and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Mr. James entirely ignores the able women of France—Georges Sand, Rosa Bonheur and all. Perhaps the most extraordinary omission is that of Joan of Arc, who certainly possessed original genius if ever human being did. To the real lover of history, Joan of Arc stands as a wonderful type of the nation which taught the world an ideal of the noble soldier through ages when there was much soldiering and little nobility of character, a nation which today exercises a penetrating influence on modern progress which has been well compared to the influence of women in the world.

I fully agree with Mr. James that the experiment of educating women is not yet at all complete, and we may look for many more important results of it. No doubt the race that educates its women and encourages them to insist on more practical sociology than has yet been at all generally grasped will be the dominant race in the world and will deserve to be so.

Mr. James' doubt whether men do not spend as much force in propagation as women do is so curious that I must compare it to the belief of the savage tribe, mentioned, I think, by Karl Pearson, among whom it is customary at the time of the birth of a child to put the father to bed as the invalid! But the general experience of mankind and that of physiologists concur in the opinion that very heavy demands are made on the energy of the woman in gestation, child-birth and suckling, to which nothing in the life of the man can be compared, not to speak of the keeping up of a larger and more elaborate reproductive apparatus which is a continual tax on the strength of the woman.

It is certainly true that there have been many fewer women of high genius than men of high genius; but that history can nevertheless show a good many women of genius is worth nothing as a fact bearing on important subjects which are as yet but little understood, while the high place women have taken as able political rulers is very significant.

Samuel P. Putnam's admirers now have an opportunity to possess fine photographs of the late freethought leader. The best likenesses ever taken were the work of Miss Levin, a Russian artist of New York—now dead. Her negatives were purchased by E. C. Reichwald, who is having them printed in large quantities. The cabinet size sells for 25 cents. For 50 cents there is a large picture suitable for framing for the wall. For sale at this office.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.  
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Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper  
that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason  
against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and  
Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—  
for Justice against Privilege.

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

### Change of Address.

507 Carroll avenue is the present address of our publication house and our family. We are two blocks north of Lake street and one and a half blocks east of Ashland avenue. Out-of-town friends should take the Lake street elevated to Ashland avenue, as it is the easiest way to remember. The Fulton street cars pass one block south of us, and the Paulina and Ashland avenue cars connect with and transfer from most of the east and west lines. Please "paste these directions in your hat" so that you will have them convenient when you come to see us. Friends from out of town often complained of inability to find us when we were on Congress street. We hope they will have less trouble in finding us here. On the elevated trains it takes ten minutes to get here from "down town."

The change has caused unusual delay in the filling of book orders. Our friends, we hope, will excuse us for the delay.

### NO LUCIFER NEXT WEEK.

So much time must be taken to arrange our stock, etc., and get settled down in working order, that it is almost impossible to give sufficient thought and care to Lucifer at the same time. Hence we have decided to omit one issue of the paper. Subscribers are credited by number—52 numbers for one dollar—so they will miss nothing by omission of one week's issue.

This change will seem quite sudden to our friends, but as a matter of fact we have long contemplated it. We needed more room, and there were other serious disadvantages connected with the Congress street place. But the thought of moving was quite terrifying, and the worry of it was too much for the editor. The only time to undertake it was in his absence so that he would find all running smoothly on his return. I expected to announce change of address in last issue, but southern Florida is so far away, and descriptions of houses had to be sent there, and then we had to wait for father's decision and then the lease had to be sent for his signature. At the time of going to press last week it was not fully decided which of two houses we would take. At Congress street we had a six-room flat. Here we have a large, roomy house, which I hope will be much better for our business.

### DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

We have several hundred subscribers on our list whose subscriptions are in arrears. Many of them are good friends who have taken the paper for years, and who we feel sure will pay. But they seem not to realize that their subscription is due. I have been sending out statements to some of these, but my time is so fully taken up with the details of moving that I am unable to send statements to any considerable number of them. If these subscribers would only send in the amount due now we

would be able to defray all the expenses of moving and the editor could remain south until warm weather. This is not a calamity howl—it is merely a statement that we need what is due us. I feel very hopeful of the future of Lucifer and its work. "United we stand!"

LILLIAN HARMAN.

LOIS WAINBROOKER's present address is Santa Ana, Calif.

IN NEXT issue I shall give some of the responses which I have received to my "Practical Question" regarding "disgraced" mothers. I have received many—though not too many—letters from all over the country, and they make me feel very glad that I wrote the article. They prove to me that all which is needed is to let the people be known to each other—those who need, and those who can give help. I shall have more to say on the subject when I publish the letters. In the meantime, I shall beglad to hear from others who may be able to suggest something for the benefit of women who feel themselves "ruined." L. H.

THE LATEST report from the editor is to the effect that he is feeling stronger in body and mind, but that the general symptoms in the region of heart and stomach are about the same as during the winter. He feels hopeful, however. His last letter was from Kissimmee. He expected soon to go to Palmetto, Fla. He will probably remain in the south until warm weather if financially able to do so. The cold and damp and variable weather of Chicago would doubtless be worse than ever for him now.

I have been requested to announce his address in each issue of Lucifer. This is impracticable. It takes two days for a letter to reach me from him. We go to press Wednesday and the paper is mailed Friday. Thus the address would be at least a week old when it reaches our readers. He does not want to be troubled by planning where he will be two weeks ahead, as if he were a commercial traveler obliged to report to the House. Letters may be sent to him at the last address given, and forwarded from there, or can be sent to this office and forwarded to him. Those to be forwarded should be marked "Personal."

### The Human Being.

This reply to Proudhon is, in my opinion, a very important contribution to the literature on the subject. I had not intended to publish it in Lucifer, but to make a small pamphlet of it. But the extra expenses incurred in moving and otherwise make me reluctant to undertake any extra publication unless I am sure of sales sufficient to pay the first cost. I hope that the installment published in this issue will be read carefully and those who want to preserve it in pamphlet form will send in their orders at once.

It will make a pamphlet of probably twenty-four pages. The price will be five cents a single copy, twenty copies for fifty cents, or \$2 a hundred. Please send in your orders as early as possible.

### Free Speech and "The Gatling Gun"

Walter Hurt thinks that Lucifer misrepresented him. He overlooks the fact that the sentence he quotes was written by a correspondent and is not necessarily the editorial opinion. That which I write is not necessarily representative of Lucifer even though I am in charge. Only what Moses Harman writes or endorses can properly be held to be representative of the paper.

This statement seems to be necessary because several papers have recently commented on the words of a correspondent, not naming the correspondent but only Lucifer, giving the impression (as in the case of Mr. Hurt) that the words quoted were editorially expressed.

As a matter of fact, I personally endorsed the opinion of Hosea McCoy, which Mr. Hurt quotes. Possibly I have misread the "Gatling Gun." I hope such is the case. There are all too few workers for liberty, and if Mr. Hurt is one I shall be glad to learn of my mistake in thinking him the reverse.



I have not read a great many articles in the "Gatling Gun." The style was repellent to me. It seemed to me that the editor sacrificed truth to his peculiar style, that he was unjust, abusive and strove to "be funny" at the expense of justice and truth. But I have not one copy of the paper at hand by means of which to verify this impression.

I read one article, however, which, if he either wrote or endorsed, placed him in a position in which he personally had no right to protest against any injustice which a stronger power chose to put upon him. This was an article on the race troubles in the south. The writer advocated the total extermination of all negroes and every one who had negro blood in his veins. It was an appeal to all the lowest elements of race hatred to be found in the hearts of his readers. It was a barbarous invocation to mob violence, as indiscriminating as unjust. It was the most atrocious, cruel and vindictive expression of feeling I have read for a long time. Because some negroes perpetrated the crime of rape, all were to be exterminated by white men, many of whom are also guilty of the same crime. I should like to write more on this subject, but lack of time prevents.

I shall only repeat that if my eyes and my memory did not and do not deceive me, Walter Hurt has no cause to complain of injustice. He advocated injustice for the already wronged and oppressed, and now a stronger power has oppressed him. But the principle is the same, whether attacked in the person of Walter Hurt or of Charles Bradlaugh. Never were truer words spoken than when Bradlaugh said: "Better a thousand-fold abuse of Free Speech than denial of Free Speech; the abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race." L. H.

### Is Uncle Sam a Polygamist?

Mrs. Harriette D. Mealer, a prominent and wealthy woman of Rush county, Kansas, was arrested a week or so ago on the charge of defrauding the United States government. Mrs. Mealer went to Rush county about fifteen years ago with a family of grown children. She had been a widow ever since the civil war, her husband having been killed in battle. She was prominent in society and a leading church worker. Beginning about two years ago, she would go to Missouri frequently, ostensibly to visit relatives, and would remain several weeks at a time. Recently United States detectives followed her and found she went there to visit a man to whom she had been married for two years. She was then arrested. Her crime consisted in having drawn a pension after she had married again.

This statement of facts as related in newspaper dispatches, is significant of the economic dependence of woman. The granting of pensions to widows is based on that idea. The wife is supposed to be dependent on the husband and when the husband is killed fighting for his country Uncle Sam undertakes to provide for her support. But as that support is conditioned upon the woman refraining from marrying again Uncle Sam virtually becomes her husband. If her husband should engage in some hazardous undertaking for another man on condition that he should be paid for it and if he should be killed his widow should be cared for during the remainder of her life by the other man there would be no bar to her second marriage. Of course such a bar could be inserted in the contract, but few husbands would insist upon having it inserted. This is shown by the fact that comparatively few men bind their wives in their wills or in their life insurance policies not to marry a second time.

But in Uncle Sam's case it is not even a contract, for the husband has no option in accepting the pension law. This puts Uncle Sam in the position of being the husband of all the war widows and if they prove so unfaithful to their polygamous husband to marry more satisfactory husbands Uncle Sam cuts off their allowances.

That Uncle Sam is a very immoral fellow, from a conventional viewpoint, is shown by the fact that in such instances he

puts a premium upon illicit sex relations, if he does not make marriage virtually a crime. For a pensioned widow may sustain illicit sex relations with one or a dozen or more men and your virtuous Uncle Samuel will not withhold his allowance for her support. He is generous enough to allow her all the liberty she wants, but when she forfeits that liberty by marriage Uncle Sam positively declines to support another fellow's wife.

### The Minister and the Women.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

I want to tell Lucifer's readers a true story which was told to me by the pastor of one of the most prominent Protestant churches in Chicago a few days ago. I will tell it as nearly as possible in the clergyman's very words. I tell it in order to show how utterly the conscientious ministers of the churches fail to understand the meaning of the natural desires of human beings which God—admitting the existence of a God who created all things and "doeth all things well"—implanted in humanity as well as in other creatures.

"I was called upon in my study a few weeks ago," said the clergyman, "by a woman who appeared to be about twenty-eight years old. She said she was in trouble and wanted to talk to me. I asked what the trouble was, but she seemed to be unwilling to tell. She spoke vaguely and in such a way that I did not know how to advise her.

"If there is anything I can do for you," I said, "I will beglad to do it. Is your trouble of a spiritual nature?"

"Yes, I guess it is," she answered.

"Well, if you feel disposed to tell me what it is I will try to advise you," I said. She still hesitated and I said, 'Are you a member of any church?'

"I was once," she replied.

"Your trouble is a matter of conscience?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered, but went no further.

"If you do not wish to tell me what the trouble is I do not see how I can advise you," I said. 'Perhaps it might help you if I should ask you questions?' She made no objection and I asked if she had been sustaining improper relations with some man. She said she had. I asked her if she was married. She said she was not, and she also said the man was not.

"Why don't you marry him, then?" I said.

"I don't think I love him enough for that," she said, and she added 'I don't think we could get along together if we were married.'

"Well I told her," continued the pastor, "that the only thing for her to do was to stop her improper relations with the man. After giving the matter some consideration she promised me she would do so. A few days ago the same woman came to me again for consultation. As before she said she was in trouble but she seemed unable to command words to tell what her trouble was. I asked her if she had broken off her relations with the man and she said she had.

"Did he interpose any objection?" I asked.

"No," she answered, 'he said he wanted me to do what I thought was right; he acted very nicely about it.'

"When did you see him last?"

"Last night."

"He doesn't urge you to resume your former relations?"

"No; he tells me to do what I think is right."

"What is the trouble, then?" I persisted. She shook her head and did not answer for several seconds, and then she said:

"Oh, I am so unhappy, so miserable!"

"I saw she was greatly perturbed and I reluctantly asked her if her own desire to resume the old relation was the cause of her trouble.

"That's it, exactly," she exclaimed. 'I am ashamed to say it, but I must tell you; I feel as if I could not live without him. I want to be a good woman, but this desire seems to be unquarable.'

"I advised her to use all her strength to overcome her temptation and to ask God to give her power to conquer."

That, in substance, is the story the minister told me. I leave the story here for Lillian Harman to make comment on, for a woman can speak best of matters that concern women's nature. I could write enough comment on this case to fill an entire issue of *Lucifer*, but I refrain in deference to the wishes of those who have complained that too much space in the past has been taken by myself and a few others. I would like, however, for the women readers of *Lucifer* to write for publication the advice they would have given this woman. In reporting the preacher's conversation I omitted only such words as might possibly give a clew to the woman's identity.

#### Walter Hurt's Defense.

EDITOR OF LUCIFER: It is a matter for surprise to me that *Lucifer* should refer to my recent arrest by the federal authorities in such sneering terms. In your issue of February 24, the following sentence is used in speaking of Charles C. Moore and myself: "It is the irony of fate that both these champions of morality should be arrested on charges of immorality."

To the charge of being a champion of morality I plead guilty. It was a difference of opinion between my Uncle Samuel and myself as to what constitutes morality that caused my arrest. I read *Lucifer* every week and had always supposed the Light Bearer to be a champion of morality; that its mission is to correct social evils; that one of its great purposes is to free woman from the galling yokes of sexual slavery; that its aim is to lift the race into the light, lead it up to the morning star; that it contends for those primal principles of natural justice which form the fundamentals of all true morality. If I am mistaken, or if such movements are immoral, I would like to be set right. I cannot countenance any immoral intent. It was the reading of *Lucifer* that prompted me to write the article on "Sexual Fraud" upon which the affidavit against me is based.

You have further said: "Both . . . through their papers have advocated the regulation of other people's affairs." As to Moore I have nothing to say at this time except that I never saw anything obscene in his columns and consider his arrest and imprisonment a rape of the principle of personal liberty. When he was at large I antagonized him in a fair and manly fashion because I honestly disagreed with his doctrine and disapproved his methods. I have never regarded him as helpful to humanity, but consider his influence as pernicious. Such narrow-minded men are nearly as great nuisances as religious fanatics, and they can only be obstacles in the road to reform. In his own paper he was constantly calling upon the authorities to deprive me of my liberty and suppress "The Gatling Gun." Yet now that he is in the hole I would help him if I could.

I have never attempted to regulate "other people's affairs," although I have advocated the regulation of arrogant abuses which inflict injustice upon the individual. In a recent number of my paper, while making mention of Moore, who had made a vicious attack upon me, I said: "I do not condemn the heathen philosopher for his atheism; I do not condemn anyone except for hypocrisy. And Moore, I think, is honest." Somewhat further along in the same article I said:

"I do not denounce any man because he fails to teach the truth. Mayhap we are all mistaken. Here's my hand to each and all, whether atheist or Christian, Jew or Gentile, who seek to slay the shadows. I have suffered persecution at the hands of doubter and dogmatist alike. I find enough of narrowness on either side. Only from the independent searcher for truth can I hope to receive charity and the comfort of comradeship. And so I am willing to welcome any honest effort toward liberty and the light. I strike only at superstition. I am rewarded for all my labors if I lay a single stone in the foundations of the temple of truth."

Are those the sentiments of a bigot or a dogmatist? And so it is. Through several years of journalistic labor in different parts of the country I have ever been the friend of freedom, a

lover of liberty, in favor of fair play. I forever follow the torch of truth, though often I may stumble. It is quite time that all progressive people should put aside intolerance. Not all men may think alike, and we have different ways of doing our work. With a mighty and militant foe confronting us why should we fight one another? Save your shots for the enemy, my brother.

No one should know better than the editor of *Lucifer* that the charge of "mailing obscene matter" is the most convenient pretext for the persecution of reform publications. But every such arrest, whether it result in conviction or acquittal, marks a milestone on the path of progress. For it serves to direct attention to existing despotism and arouse uneasiness in the public mind. We should not lament too loudly. Every movement for liberation must have its martyrs, and salvation can come only through sacrifice. Yours in a hope for better times,

WALTER HURT, Editor "The Gatling Gun."

#### The Process of Evolution.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

It is important not to overlook the continuity required in the process of evolution. Before a species can be benefited by the survival of the fittest, there must be a sufficient number who are advanced beyond the rest to enable them to continue the species after those who are less advanced have been exterminated. In the development of man from the anthropoid ape, if the "missing link" had been exterminated too soon, the human never could have existed. The same principle applies to all forms of evolution. A custom cannot evolve into a higher custom unless the lower form is continued until the higher form has become established. The first step to be taken in evolution, is not the destruction of an inferior custom, but the establishment of the superior custom. Even if the inferior custom is entrenched behind forms of law, while it will make advance more difficult, it will not change the order of the advance; for a superior custom cannot be developed out of the ashes of an inferior, but must have its origin while the inferior custom is still full of vitality. Whatever obstacles we find in the way we must "walk directly through them as though they were not there;" and when the higher ideal has become safely established, we can clear away the rubbish of hostile laws or customs which have become dead letters.

Even then the iconoclast will do more harm than good, if he does not consider that while a custom he objects to may have been outgrown by a certain class of people, and no longer needed for them, there may be another class of people who have not yet developed up to it, and who will need it in order to escape from still lower customs by which they are dominated. There is a long series of gradations from the highest ideal of the present day down to the ideals of thousands of years ago which are not wholly outgrown.

#### Elmina to Her Friends.

"Little Freethinker" will commence Vol. V. next month, and I hope friends will be kindly helpful toward it. It is guaranteed for one year and the publisher and edit or hope to receive patronage enough to make it a permanent publication. Send five cents for a sample copy and a letter from

E. D. SLENNER, Snowville, Va.

#### VARIOUS VOICES.

E. L. Small, North Truro, Mass.—Find enclosed \$1 to renew my subscription to *Lucifer*. Times are not quite so hard with us as some years. I was much interested in the outline sketch of M. Harman's career. I am compelled to say that the paper seems to do well. It certainly loses nothing in interest.

W. H. Ephrata, Pa.—I see by the number on the wrapper of my paper that I owe you one dollar for the best paper printed. You can class me with the few who want knowledge. I am



sorry I did not get acquainted with Lucifer sooner in life. You will find enclosed one dollar, so mark me ahead to 799 and oblige yours.

David W. Gilmore, Chanute, Kas.—I am sorry that your father's health failed so that he had to seek a rest and return to health, but I am glad it was possible for him to go when it was necessary for him to do so. The Light Bearer is in charge of an able person in the absence of the editor. I hope his sojourn in the south will greatly benefit your father and that he may live many years to follow his chosen work. I have been a subscriber to Lucifer quite a while, and have no notion of stopping now, therefore I enclose one dollar to renew my subscription, which has just expired.

Ira P. Holcomb, Reedley, Cal.—In Lucifer 752 which I have just finished reading, I find a very interesting letter from S. R. L., of Los Angeles, Cal. Will you kindly send me her address. I am sure I would enjoy a correspondence with her. I would also like to know if there are any radicals in this neighborhood. I am acquainted with a few. Also will you send me the names of as many broad or rather liberal colonies as you know of. Myself and some friends are hoping to go to Mexico this fall and we wish to organize a broad free colony and so would like copies of by-laws, as well as suggestions from their experience.

[Yes, we have subscribers in the vicinity of Reedley, but many people object to having their names given to strangers, so we think it best to publish the request for acquaintance, and let those who desire to do so, respond. No doubt Mr. Holcomb will receive many letters from colonists. L. H.]

H. J. Hunt, 1039 N. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.—I feel moved to respond briefly to my old-time comrade, Francis Barry's kindly greeting. For some years pen and tongue have been held in abeyance. I feel that "I stand amid the eternal ways" waiting for my own to come to me, and while I wait I listen for  
That grand anthem calm and slow  
That God repeats.

Whittier.

And while I listen I hear what may be the wreck of matter and crash of worlds, but as I look again I see it is only the image-breaker as his axe swings right and left, laying low the Goddess (or godly) shrines of man that have so long claimed the allegiance and worship of human reason. Hearts are crushed by the iconoclastic blows, and faith goes glimmering in the dim shadows of doubt and unbelief, and we almost long for the faith we once deemed so sacred and unalterable, safe from profane hands and unholy question. In vain we reach out, to save from the destroyer's axe our most sacred idols, the family, the church, the state, but we find the axe laid at the root of even these. Yet even now our faith in the eternal principles of truth, justice and humanity is founded securely on the Rock of Ages.

James Becson, Hytop, Ala.—I will ask Messrs. James, Kerr, et al., what they expect to accomplish by criticisms their readers cannot understand, and which they appear not to understand themselves. What difference does it make with people starving and freezing to death what the word chivalry means? Webster says: "Knight errantry—valor." He also explains errantry as roving, and valor as bravery, daring, etc. Of these qualities the James boys and the Younger brothers had enough and to spare. Is Webster right or wrong? and what are they going to do about it in either case? Mr. Kerr defines the word as a deference shown by men for women, but it was always my understanding that it was a word peculiar to the knights of mediæval Europe, and August Spies says that when the knights tired of women captured in their predatory roving they threw them into a sink hole that had no bottom, at the back of their castles. Of what account are such arguments anyway, and what do they expect to accomplish by them? If they want to air their crudition let them write for such papers as the "Scientific Monthly," "Scientific American," etc. Such articles can have

but little worth, if any, in our emancipation from slavery of any kind.

Cynthia M. Tregear, Wellesley, Mass.—Few men have been credited with having done more to free women from sex slavery than has Moses Harman, and for this reason it grieves me very much to see that his pen pictures of the emancipated woman as a mother make her nothing more than a dependent weakling. In the pamphlet "Motherhood in Freedom" which Mr. Harman published some time ago, he gives his ideas of how "The new woman, the emancipated woman, the womanly woman of the future will go about her work as race builder."

After having read Mr. Harman's "Motherhood in Freedom" I have come to the conclusion that he may live long enough to see that his present ideas of the curative work of the new woman, as a race builder, is as foolish a dream as was his faith in the Methodist church and the sons of temperance.

In Lucifer No. 752, Mr. Harman writes that he delivered a lecture on "The Ascent of Life—How Evolution Evolves," which brought forth considerable discussion from the audience, and that a Mrs. Emma J. Huff thought that "the motherhood question would settle itself when women became free financially and industrially," and she "urged her hearers to concentrate their efforts upon the work of reforming our financial and industrial systems so that no woman would be dependent financially upon any one else."

Mrs. Huff is on the right road. We cannot have free motherhood until women are free financially and industrially. And let me add that women must be free from the co-operative home with man as well before she can be a free mother.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 12.

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WHOLE No. 755

### The Great City.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breeds of orators and bards,  
Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them to return and  
understands them,  
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds,  
Where thrift is in its place and prudence is in its place,  
Where men and women think lightly of the laws,  
Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases,  
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected  
persons,  
Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea to the whistle of death  
pours forth its sweeping and unscripted waves,  
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside au-  
thority,  
Where the citizen is always the head and ideal, and President, Mayor, Governor  
and what not, are agents for pay,  
Where the children are taught to be laws to themselves and to depend on them  
selves,  
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,  
Where the city of best-bodied mothers stands,  
There the great city stands.

—Wall Whitman.

### THE HUMAN BEING.

(Letter written to P. J. Proudhon by Joseph Dejacque in  
1857. Translated from *Les Temps Nouveaux* by Jonathan  
Mayo Crane).

(Conclusion).

No; what man wants—that is, what he who usurps the  
name of man wants—is not woman in all her physical and moral  
beauty, the woman of natural and artistic form, her face  
beaming with the aureole of grace, her heart sympathetic  
and tender, her thoughts enthusiastic, her soul enamored of  
poetic and humane ideals. No, that brainless booby, like a  
footman at a fair, wants a colored and beplumed wax figure.  
Like a glutton in an ecstasy before a butcher shop, he wants  
a quarter of veal garnished with lace.

Disgusted with the man she finds such an idiot, weary  
of him in whom she has sought in vain for sympathy of senti-  
ment, history tells us—alas! I wish it were only a fable, a le-  
gend, a Bible story—the woman passes from the biped to the  
quadruped. Beast for beast. It is natural after all that she  
should permit herself to be seduced by a greater beast than  
herself. Then, at last, nature having endowed her with im-  
pulses and affections too robust to be extinguished by re-  
pression and abstinence, she turns disgusted from humanity  
and seeks in temples of superstition, in the devotees' aberrations  
of mind and impulse, the food for the passionate hunger  
of her nature. Failing to find the man of her dreams, she  
lavishes her affection on an imaginary god, and the priest has  
replaced the beast of a husband.

Ah! if there are so many abject females and so few  
real women, what is the cause of it? What have you to  
complain of, Dandin-Proudhon? You wish it to be so.

I admit that you personally have fought valiantly for  
the revolution; you have gashed the marrow and the trunk  
of property and have made the noise of tumult resound afar.  
You have stripped off its husk and left it exposed to the gaze  
of the populace; you have shaken down like dead branches  
and leaves your powerless authoritarian antagonists and have  
shown the emptiness of the revamped Greek theories of the  
state socialists, your own included. You have drawn with  
you through the sinuous avenues of reform all the pack of  
appetites physical and moral. You have traveled the road  
and took the others with you. You are tired. You would  
like to rest, but the voice of logic urges you to follow up  
your revolutionary deductions and march onward, always  
onward, lest you be overtaken by those whom you have  
deluded.

Be then frankly an entire anarchist and not a quarter  
anarchist, an eighth anarchist, or one-sixteenth anarchist, as  
one is a one-fourth, one-eighth or one-sixteenth partner in  
trade. Go beyond the abolition of contract to the abolition  
not only of the sword and of capital, but also of property  
and of authority in all its forms. Then you will have arrived  
at the anarchist community; that is to say, the social state  
where each one is free to produce or consume according to  
his will or his fancy without controlling, or being controlled  
by, any other person whatever; where the balance of pro-  
duction and consumption is established naturally, no longer  
by the restrictive laws and arbitrary force of others, but by  
the free exercise of industry prompted by the needs and de-  
sires of each individual. The sea of humanity needs no dikes.  
Give its tides full sweep and each day they will find their  
level.

Do I need, for example, one sun for myself, one river  
for myself, one forest for my own, or all the houses in all the  
streets for my own? Have I the right to become the prop-  
rietor of them to the exclusion of others, especially when I  
do not need them? If I have not that right, is it any more  
just for me to wish, as under the system of contracts, to  
measure to each one—according to his accidental ability to  
produce—just what proportion he should receive of all  
things; how much of the sun's rays he is entitled to, how  
many cubic feet of air and of water shall be allotted to him,  
or the extent of his promenades in the forests; what number  
or the parts of the houses he may occupy, what streets he may  
walk in and what streets he must keep out of?

With or without contract, will I consume more than is  
good for me? Will I take all of the sunlight, all of the air,  
all of the water? Will I monopolize all of the shade of the  
trees, all of the streets of the city, all of the houses or all of

the rooms of the houses? And if I have a right to the productions of nature, such as the light and the air, have I not also a right to manufactured products, such as the street or the house? Of what use then is a contract that can add nothing to my liberty, but on the contrary most certainly will restrain it?

And as for production, will the activity of my nature be developed all the more by being restrained? It is absurd to assert such a thing. The so-called free workman even in the present state of society, produces more and does his work better than the negro slave. How would it be if he were really and universally free? His productive power would increase one-hundred fold.

But the idlers! you say. Idlers are produced by the abnormal conditions of society. That is to say, when idleness is held in honor and labor in contempt it is not surprising that men are reluctant to engage in labor which repays them in bitter fruit. But in an anarchist community, with the arts and sciences developed as they will be developed in our days, nothing of the kind could be seen. Of course there would be, as there are today, some who would be greater producers than others, and there would be some who would be greater consumers than others, but those most active in producing would also be most active in consuming. The equation is natural. Do you demand proof? Take one hundred workmen at random and you will find the greatest producers are the greatest consumers.

The human organism is supplied with certain precious implements the use of which is genuine pleasure. There are the arms, the hands, the heart, the brain—all made for use—and can you imagine a man voluntarily will let such precious tools rust? In the free state of nature, with its marvels of industry and science where all calls to activity and joyous life, in such a state do you imagine a human being would seek for happiness in imbecile idleness? Nonsense. It would be impossible.

On the soil of true anarchy, of absolute freedom, there would be such diversity among the people—diversity of age, of sex and of tastes—that none would be without congenial society. Equality is not uniformity. That diversity of people and of each succeeding moment of time is just what makes all governments, all constitutions and all contracts destructive of liberty. How can you bind yourself for a year, for a day, for an hour, when in an hour, a day or a year you may think entirely different from the way you thought at the time of making the contract.

Under the conditions of radical anarchy there will be some women, as there will be some men, of more relative worth than others. There will be children and there will be old folks, but all, without distinction, will be none the less human beings and they should be equally free to move in the circles of their natural attractions, free to produce and consume as they see fit, without any parental, marital or governmental authority, without any legal regulations to restrain or to hinder them.

In a society thus constituted—and you ought to know it, you anarchist who pride yourself as a logician—what would you have to say of the sexual infirmity of either the female or male human being?

Listen, Master Proudhon! Before you talk of woman, study her; go to school. Stop calling yourself an anarchist, or be an anarchist clear through. Talk to us, if you wish to, of the unknown and the known, of God who is evil, of property which is robbery; but when you talk of man do not make him an autocratic divinity; for I will answer you that

man is evil. Attribute not to him a stock of intelligence which belongs to him only by right of conquest, by the commerce of love, by usury on the capital that comes entirely from woman and is the product of the soul within her. Dare not to attribute to him that which he has derived from another or I will answer you in your own words: "Property is robbery!"

Raise your voice, on the contrary, against the exploitation of woman by man. Proclaim to the world with that vigor of argument which has made him famous as an intellectual athlete, that man, without the aid of woman, is unable to drag the revolution out of the mire, to pluck it out of the filthy and bloodstained rut into which it has fallen; that alone he is powerless; that he must have the support of woman's heart and brain; that in the path of progress they should march forward together, side by side, hand in hand; that man can not attain his goal and endure the fatigue of the journey without the sustaining sympathy and the encouraging caresses of woman.

Say to the man and to the woman that their destinies are to draw nearer together and to understand each other better; that they have one and the same name as they are one and the same being—the human being; that they are, each in turn, the one right and the other the left hand and that in the human identity their hearts are as one heart and their thoughts are inseparable.

Say to them that in this condition only can they be able to sustain and support each other in the journey and the light of their love shall pierce the shadows that separate the present from the future, or civilized society from harmonized society. Tell them the human being, in its relative proportion and manifestations, is like the glow-worm, which shines only by love and for love.

Say that. Be stronger than your prejudices; more generous than spiteful. Proclaim Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the indivisibility of the human being. Do it; it is for the salvation of the public. Declare humanity in danger; call on man and woman to cast prejudiced invaders out of the frontier of social progress; create a second and a third of September against that other masculine nobility, that aristocracy of sex which would rivet us to customs of the past. Do it; it is necessary. Proclaim it with passion, with genius, trumpet-tongued, make it thunder . . . and you will have well won the esteem of others and of yourself.

JOSEPH DELAQUE

### The Coming Men and Women Not Lovers.

BY L. D. W.

How many of our cherished idols we see doomed to oblivion by the remorseless strokes of the giant, Progress. Religion, marriage, patriotism, duty, obedience, have been attacked by the iconoclast and are tottering under his blows.

The most sacred of all human institutions, the home and family, are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The submissive wife, the meek, dependent woman, the quiet, unassertive young girl are not modern models of womanhood. One by one our idols are shattered.

Many of us, who without regret, have observed their exit, have fondly clung to one beautiful image that we call love, hoping that it would escape the general destruction. But love is doomed! Love as we have known it, the love that poets idealize in song and verse; that artists preserve in enduring colors; the love that inspires men to deeds of bravery, industry and devotion; that brightens the lives of women, lifting them above the prosaic details of commonplace surroundings; the love that exalts its happy victims into a very paradise of blissful delight,



that makes the sunshine brighter, the music of the birds sweeter and the world more beautiful will have no place in the future. This kind of love is to be relegated to the attics and garrets—banished with other broken gods that have served their time.

Men and women of the future will be intellectual, strong logical, well-balanced, self-centered and resourceful in themselves. Such people will not be lovers. This conclusion is drawn from observing the nature of those who approximate this standard at present. As more men than women have attained these acquirements, the absence of love, or the inability to love is more noticeable in men than in women.

The man who has reached this stage in evolution may have a feeling of tenderness for women (more or less mingled with contempt), in rare instances he may feel respect and friendship, but he is not, he cannot be a lover in the fullest sense. He will conscientiously and honorably fulfill any financial obligation he may have assumed, he will be gentle, patient, even tolerant toward the women near him, but that is all.

It is not altogether impossible that he may some time during his life experience a really intense attraction that strongly resembles love. He will indulge in its expression to whatever extent it can be done easily, without much exertion or any sacrifice on his part; but to yearn intensely for companionship, to desire her happiness above all things, to admit that his happiness in any degree depends upon her smiles or affection or proximity, to determine to be near her at any cost, to feel that their lives entwine and enfold and depend upon each other—not by any manner of means. The man of this kind scorns such sentiments. These emotions belong to the lovers of the past, or to the men who have not reached this advanced condition.

From the standpoint of utility women as wives or mates are of no value, for owing to the perfection of domestic economy, there is not a single thing a wife can do that a man cannot have done more satisfactorily and at less expense in the general market.

Men seek each other for intellectual companionship, a circle into which women are not admitted and have no place. The warmth and tenderness and intensity of woman's affection is of no value, men are only bored by it. If the self-sufficient man happens in a careless moment to have said or done the things that gave birth to these emotions, he is inwardly if not audibly condemning or damning the silly sentimental women who take themselves and things so seriously.

Women are doomed to suffer most in this death knell of love, for their emotions are more a part of themselves, but suffering is not new to them and they will be all the better after the war is over and join in the sentiment of the new woman who shows the superior happiness of calm, quiet, restful friendship over the fitful, delirious, drunken ecstasies of passion.

### How the Laws "Protect" Women

It is not often that the daily press so far forgets its policy as to tell so much truth as did the Chicago "Tribune" of March 20, in the following editorial, under the heading:

#### THE LEGAL STATUS OF MOTHERS.

That a devoted and irreproachable mother can be arrested and imprisoned in Chicago for "kidnapping" her own child seems almost incredible, yet this is true under the existing statutes of Illinois. A mother has not even a legal right to give permission for her child to be taken a ride on a street car, and if the father wishes to take from her a nursing child and to give it into the care of a baby farm or of a dissolute mistress he can do so and have all the legal machinery of the courts to support his action. And if a mother, to avoid being thus robbed of her child, tries to escape with it to another state, she can be arrested and subjected to a maximum punishment of imprisonment in the county jail for one year and a fine of \$2,600.

This is but one example of a score of barbarous anachronisms still existing in the common and statute law of Illinois and of most of the states in regard to the status of mother and child. Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch, an attorney of this city has

gathered the most glaring injustices of this sort into a little book of fiction called "Mr. Lex." Mr. Lex, of course, is an impossibly hateful father who takes deliberate advantage of every unjust power which the archaic law gives him, yet each individual act ascribed to him is not only possible, but is supported by actual cases on record, and these are cited by chapter and section. Combined in this form they make an unanswerable brief against the flagrant injustice of the legal fiction by virtue of which the father is sole guardian of his children no matter how vicious and arbitrary his rulings may be.

Under existing laws the father may choose the clothes his children shall wear, the church they shall attend, the kind of work they shall do, the medicines they shall take when they are sick, and the place they shall be buried when they die under his treatment, all in defiance of the mother's wishes or judgment, even though she furnish all the funds for running the father's business. If a daughter at the age of fourteen, falls a victim to a seducer, her father can drive her out of his house and forbid her mother to help the unfortunate girl. If the disgraced girl-mother manages to get something to do and to support her illegitimate infant, the girl's father can go and—with a little maneuvering—collect the money she has earned, for she is still a minor. As long as the father is supposedly in his right mind the mother cannot collect the wages of a child, though the father may collect every cent of such wages and use it all for drink if he pleases. The maximum punishment that can be imposed upon the seducer of a girl of fourteen is to compel him to pay \$550 in the course of the first ten years of the infant's life. Even if he does not pay a cent toward the support of the child he can at the end of ten years take the child from the mother who has reared and supported it, and can legally dispossess her and make the child earn wages to keep him in tobacco and whiskey.

If the wife of a worthless husband comes into possession of a legacy she cannot be compelled to hand it bodily over to the husband, but she can be compelled to pay the husband's bills with it. In the supposititious case of Mrs. Lex she is compelled to pay for her husband's trousers, for his medicines, and even for his tobacco, upon the theory that he is the lord and master of the family, and that these things are necessary for the support of the family. If anybody doubts the tobacco item he will find it supported by a specific case in the Illinois Appellate Court records. In the words of Mrs. McCulloch, "a mother is eligible to all duty, all burden, but ineligible to receive benefit in the shape of wages, and ineligible to direct the expenditure of her own funds."

There is not a shadow of question as to the validity of Mrs. McCulloch's indictment of the legal code in relation to the status of mother and child. Three-fourths of our states, including Illinois, still make the fathers sole guardians and custodians of children, and deprive mothers of such authority. The whole idea is a relic of feudalism if not of barbarism—a survival of the law that came into being when the fathers apparently possessed all the intelligence as well as all the strength and all the property. The only reason that these absurd and abominable injustices of the common law are not wiped out is that the majority of fathers do not avail themselves of their legal rights. But there are too many cases where worthless husbands take advantage of their unjust powers. Every legislator would do well to read Mrs. McCulloch's booklet. The laws on this subject will never be worthy of a civilized nation until they are changed so that fathers and mothers may be joint guardians and custodians of their children, with something at least approximating equal responsibility and authority.

The following is taken from a short story in the "Times-Herald" and shows the immoral tendency of the popular taste. Nothing so evil could appear in *Lucifer*:

"Nina—Then I fell in love. He was a barrister, rich and kind and very clever; we were engaged—I was acting at Brighton. He was going abroad and he persuaded me to go and stay at the Metropole a few days first. He said it didn't matter. (Nina spoke jerkily and with a sob in her voice). We were to be married immediately on his return, and—and—then, he grew tired and stayed away. Nella, that's all—you see I am not fit for you to know."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

PUBLISHED AT 507 CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
European Representative, William Duff, 9 Carlin St., Glasgow  
Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper  
that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason  
against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation  
and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—  
for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

THE LATEST news from the editor was contained in a letter written at Lake Helen, Fla., Thursday, March 23. He was "not feeling as well as usual—some fever and headache." He had expected to go to Palatka on that day. On the outside of the envelope was written, "Friday morning—Have concluded to stay here till to-morrow. Nothing very serious the matter—as I think."

## Leroy Berrier Pardoned.

We learn through the newspaper dispatches that on March 11 "The President pardoned Leroy Berrier, convicted in Minnesota in March, 1898, and sentenced to two years in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for sending obscene literature through the mails. It is stated that the testimony before the court did not show that the matter complained of was in fact obscene, but had the approval of many reputable physicians."

We had expected to learn more of the particulars, but up to the time of going to press no further news had arrived. Mr. Berrier is to be congratulated on attaining his freedom—a freedom, it is to be hoped, unrestricted by promises of silence to be maintained by him in the future.

## The Fate of Lieutenant Wark.

C. L. Swartz comments in "I" on this case as follows.

"Three years' penal servitude is the commutation of the sentence of death passed upon Lieutenant Wark, of Liverpool, who was convicted of being an accessory to his sweetheart's death, which was the result of an attempt at abortion. It was shown at the trial that Wark was miles away on military duty at the time of the tragedy and for some time previous; but Mrs. Grundy was well represented on the jury and he had to feel her wrath at the fact that he had dared to be sexually intimate with a woman who loved him but was not his wife. And there was not a person who was more grieved at the woman's death or who would have done more to save her life than her lover. The commuted sentence is possibly less severe than the original—no less unjust."

## "The Broadest Liberty."

This is the title of an admirable address by Dr. J. H. Greer, (author of "A Physician in the House") which he delivered before the Spiritualists' Convention recently held in this city. Though Dr. Greer is a graduate of "regular" schools of medicine, and is not a Spiritualist, he upholds the right of the people to choose their modes of treatment from any school, whether that school be "regular" or "irregular," "Christian" or "Mental" or any other so-called "Science."

"If we are to have state medicine," he says, "if the people are incapable of correct judgments as to physicians why not have state supervision over all the affairs of life and declare at once that the people are fools and cannot think for themselves? In my opinion we need protection from only the legalized quacks who are striving to subvert the liberties of the people."

The address is published in full in the "Medical Liberty News," Chicago, and the price is five cents a copy.

## On the West Coast.

PALMETTO, FLA., March 16, '99.

The middle of March finds me enjoying the sea-breezes that blow landward from Tampa Bay, a most beautiful sheet of salt water, about fifty miles long and ten to fifteen wide, situated near the center, north and south of the west coast of Florida. It finds me also enjoying the hospitality of our old-time friend and generous helper, Dr. H. B. Houghton, formerly of Paris, Texas, but for the past twelve or more years located at this quiet and unpretentious seaport, a village of some five or six hundred inhabitants, about fifty miles directly south of Tampa, the chief city of West Florida and lately famous as a military camp and point of embarkation for the United States army. Vessels sail for Havana every night from Tampa.

Like many other towns in Florida, east and west, Palmetto is something of a winter resort for tourists in search of health. In the pleasantly situated and remarkably home-like cottage of Dr. Houghton I was most agreeably surprised to meet Dr. Lorinda Brown of Rockford, Ill., wife of Dr. G. W. Brown, of that place, author of "Researches in Oriental History," and other books (which can be obtained by addressing him or the publishers, the "Progressive Thinker" Co., Chicago, Ill.) and known everywhere as one of the most distinguished of the pioneers in the great anti-slavery conflict in Kansas. It was he who edited and published the "Herald of Freedom," the first "Free State" paper published in Kansas. I was glad to find here also, Lucifer's faithful friend and correspondent, Jay Chaapel, whom I had unexpectedly met two weeks ago at the camp near Lake Helen, and whom I had not seen before for some ten years. During these years Bro. Chaapel has been in the east, in New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts, occupying his time chiefly as correspondent of the various Spiritualist papers. His address for some months will be at this place.

Monday morning, March 6, in company with Bro. Chaapel, I left Lake Helen and took train for Kissimmee, Fla., situated about fifty miles in a southwesterly direction from the "Southern Cassadaga" encampment. Having to wait three hours at Orange City Junction on the Key West railroad, we concluded to visit the famous Blue Springs, situated near the St. Johns river, and one and a quarter miles from the station. To one who has seen the big springs of Missouri and other western states this Florida spring will not be so impressive on account of the great outflow of water as on account of the deep blue color, the strong odor of sulphur and the high temperature—about 75 degrees Fahrenheit—of its waters. The spring affords water enough to float a good sized steamboat, and could doubtless be used in propelling the machinery of large factories to good advantage. As yet the surroundings of the spring are in a state of nature. The verdure is luxuriant and semi-tropical. Most conspicuous is the "cabbage palm" that grows to the height of forty or fifty feet, the name "cabbage" being given it because the central part or "bud" is edible, being eaten raw or cooked, the taste resembling our common cabbage. This bud is so large that an average specimen is sufficient to make a dinner for a large family. The leaves are used for fans and for making hats, baskets, etc.

At Kissimmee I found an old friend and former subscriber of Lucifer, A. J. Gardner, who gave me a right cordial greeting, and who again allows his name to be enrolled upon our subscription books. Kissimmee, the county seat of Osceola county, is pleasantly situated on the west side of Lake Tahoekekaliga, at the head of navigation on a chain of beautiful lakes, which with the canal and river connections stretch in a serpentine course southward to Lake Okechobee, then westward to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 375 miles. It is in the direct line of travel from Jacksonville the "Gate City" of the state, to Tampa, the metropolis of the Gulf coast. Geographically Kissimmee enjoys a very fine position, and for those in search of a semi-tropical climate and opportunities to engage in the sugar business, or in vegetable growing for northern markets, or in the culture of the orange, the pineapple, grape-fruit, figs, apricots, etc., besides the more



common fruits such as peaches, strawberries, grapes, melons, etc.,—this region holds out superior inducements.

To the pilgrim and sojourner in search of health this locality this locality has also its attractions. At the home of our good friends the Steeles, located on Shingle Creek, three miles west of Kissimmee, I spent a most delightful week—or nearly so, and on leaving was urged to stop off when returning from the west coast, and stay with them another week—or longer if I could spare the time. One of the very pleasant incidents of my visit here was a day's fishing and picnicking. Though not a disciple of Isaac Walton, I am sufficiently carnivorous to enjoy eating a fresh-water bass nicely broiled on the coals. Our party of five caught twenty-two medium-sized bass, of which number it was my luck to land five. Our picnic cloth was laid under the wide-spreading branches of a large cypress tree, among the "knees" of the old patriarch. I had often read of "cypress knees," but could form no conception of what they were like. These knees are simply protuberances or wart-like growth from the root of the cypress tree, presenting a wholly unique and indescribable appearance. They are hollow, and grow to the height of three or four feet from the ground.

The whistle of the mail boat reminds me that I must bring this letter to a close if I would get it off today. This is not a railroad town and there is but one mail boat per day. Hoping to hear good news from the great "Windy City," as well as from friends and helpers everywhere, I once more sign myself

Yours hopefully and fraternally, M. HARMAN.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Our old-time friend, C. F. Hunt, likes to see a "variety of topics even in a small paper." As a reader, so do I, but as editor *pro tem.*, I look ahead and shudder, for I see looming up before me many two-column articles in defense of Astrology, Korshanism, Malthusianism, etc., all of them laboriously demonstrating that Mr. Hunt doesn't know what he is talking about. And if I do not publish every one I will be reproachfully reminded by each aggrieved author that "It would be different if our Chieftain were in the editorial chair!" Really, I wonder how many of *Lucifer's* readers confine their periodical reading supply to this one paper? I wish we could publish a paper large enough to fairly deal with every question before the people—something like the "Free Review" used to be, for instance. But I presume it will be several years before we can attain this ideal. In the mean time, it seems difficult enough to make ourselves understood in the one field of reform which *Lucifer* cultivates. The woman question is an old story to Mr. Hunt, but he must remember that but a small proportion of *Lucifer's* readers have, as he has done, read it for fifteen years or thereabouts. *Lucifer* must speak to the new readers as well as to the old.

The tendency to generalize from one's limited individual experience is said to be a "feminine characteristic," but a brother falls into that error this week. "N. P. S." assumes that because his wife does not permit him to read *Lucifer* we are wasting our time—we are trying to "help women who want no help." On the contrary, we are striving to stimulate a feeling of independence, of self-respect, in both men and women by means of which they will attain strength sufficient to help themselves.

Sometimes we receive such a letter as that by N. P. S., but more frequently a woman writes that her husband objects to her reading *Lucifer* and she must therefore cease subscribing. I know many such stories. Some time ago a woman who has written articles for *Lucifer* which have been highly praised, informed us that her husband made her so much trouble that she must stop taking *Lucifer* in her own name, but she had it come to her box. It went in that way for several months, but one day the postmaster handed her mail to her husband—then there

was more trouble. She thought it necessary to have it stopped, but she is determined that some day she will again subscribe.

Here is another instance in which woman proved to be bound more by the weakness of her will than by the adverse circumstances which she blamed. Some years ago a young woman read *Lucifer* when she could get it—which was not very frequently. She could not receive a paper or a letter through the mail without her husband demanding to see it. He threatened to shoot any one who would write to her. She lived in a small western town, and was by his jealousy almost entirely cut off from all companionship. She said if only she could support herself and her child she would not endure that life for a day. Well, time went by, and an uncle died and left her some money. "Now," she said, "I would leave my husband, but I can't take my baby away and I can't bear to leave it." And so she remained. After a time her boy, too, died. Now she would surely leave her husband. She made her plans, even to the time of starting—but she weakened, and there she remains to this day, so far as I know. She was too weak to carry out a resolution. "He has rights who dares to take them, and taking, dares maintain."

### We Return Thanks for the "Repudiation."

"The Truth Seeker" says: "Mr. Walker speaks for the social radicals known as free lovers, and his indignation at Mr. Moore's repudiation of free love is natural enough." On the contrary, as my article clearly and unmistakably shows, I attempted to speak for the consistent friends of free press and mails, wholly regardless of any opinions any of them might hold concerning any other question. I was disgusted and indignant because Moore threw away a splendid opportunity to defend liberty of expression. Free lovers thank him for one thing only—his "repudiation" of their principles; for the same reason that other freethinkers would be glad of the chance to thank him for repudiating theirs. Moore is nothing as a representative of vital ideas, but the reversal of the judgment against him is imperatively required.—E. C. Walker.

### Men, Women and Love.

BY M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

"The Coming Men and Women not Lovers" has been handed to me for comments.

"The most sacred of all human institutions, the home and family are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The submissive wife, the meek, dependent woman, the quiet, unassertive young girl are not modern models of womanhood."

With this I freely agree. The advanced, intellectual, educated woman has found out that "sacredness" is a superstition used in marriage as an altar for the sacrifice of womanhood.

"Sacred. Pertaining to God or to religion; holy; divine." "Sacrifice. An offering to God; destruction or surrender of any thing for the sake of something else."—Webster.

Thus "sacred" implies sacrifice. Through the ages the woman has sacrificed her personality for "the sake of something else." Instead of a thinking, self-reliant woman she has been a "submissive wife, the meek, dependent woman."

L. D. W. goes on to say, "The men and women of the future will be intellectual," etc., then in the next paragraph there is as much of a distinction made for man in her social code, as the church and conventionality make in the moral code. Old-fashioned love man will not want, and women will, seems to be her inference. As woman is allowed intellectual advancement she changes her own condition and gets a better. I have yet to be convinced that intellectual development results differently in the sexes. If "well-balanced, self-centered" persons love less, the statement must be true of both men and women. If love is necessary to life, and cannot be had by intelligent, free men and women, let us stop education, close schools, public and private, and leave the human race to love and happiness. We might

gain a little light by visiting the districts of our cities where those without education live. See if the husband and wife love each other, and both love their children more than our educated men and women love. The meek, submissive wife, as a rule, expects no real demonstration of love. If her husband is a kind owner, she compares herself with the wives who are beaten and abused and considers herself a fortunate woman. This may be the result of our civilization, but take savages—would L. D. W. be satisfied with the love there manifest?

"The love that poets idealize in song and verse." Does she imply that the poets were ignorant, weak, illogical, unbalanced, wavering and dependent creatures? If not, then intellectual, strong, well-balanced men appreciated love, and they appreciate it now.

"Owing to the perfection of domestic economy, there is not a single thing a wife can do that a man cannot have done more satisfactorily and at less expense in the general market." There have always been men with property enough to hire a housekeeper. Did such men love their wives less than those who had to see the women they loved overworked with the care of house and children? Or did freedom from such labor give both parties time for enjoyment?

This is a transition state in the home. Intellectual people do not like the old-fashioned kind. Those who see its defects before they enter it, keep out, and it will take time to make each one create what would be liked as a substitute. When it is formed, it will be difficult to find others who have the same ideals to join in that home. Many men and women who appear not to yearn for companionship, do yearn for it, but where is it to be found? Let a man be found such as L. D. W. would love most, could she agree to be the companion he would desire to associate with constantly? Is her life cast in such environments that she could freely live her life if intellectual men were proved to be her ideals?

We are all imprisoned in the walls of conventionality, and though we may hate it, and declare we have no respect for it, we must submit in a measure to superior force. If all acquaintances are to hold a club over our heads ready to strike us for a free expression, and every one of them feel they are doing right, we waver in our thought, sometimes wondering if we are mistaken, and we stay indoors in our living rather than be clubbed for stepping into the free air.

I believe men and women suffer equally in this change. I also believe, even the absence of love, that some of us experience, is no less suffering than we would have in the homes that were considered best by our parents—a quiet sisterly and brotherly love existed in the best of them. We compare our condition with our desire instead of with former possibilities.

There is some man starving for "the warmth and tenderness and intensity of woman's affection," every time I believe.

I hope the sacrifice will be left out of love, and that men and women can express their tenderest emotion without considering they are thereby enslaving themselves for the future. Love has been a beautiful trap, that when once in you were imprisoned at hard labor for life, however much you had been mistaken in your choice.

A man could answer this much better than a woman, but I resent for man the assertion that "he cannot be a lover in the fullest sense." When men reach that state of development wherein love is not necessary, women will also be there. While I have a desire for love I believe others have the same.

"Men seek each other for intellectual companionship, a circle into which women are not admitted and have no place." Perhaps some men do occasionally, so do some women, like a private visit with women. It is usually in both instances where there is not intellectual emancipation, and they consider some subjects too "sacred" to be discussed by both sexes. WALKER, where are you? Invite L. D. W. to Manhattan Club, Sunrise Club and Lucifer Circle.

The old home is going. The old governmental love and subjection is going, the duty and sacrifice are going. We miss them as we miss the horse cars when we take the electric cars, as we

miss care of stoves when we move where we have steam heat, as we miss the candle we had to mould. We miss the man around every day telling us our duty, and giving us carresses when we please and frowns and censure when we displease, but we may when free enjoy the love that is awakened by appreciation. Those who understand less than I, must have a less appreciation of love than I. Those who have better developed natures than I must feel more appreciation. One hour's comradeship between a woman and a man "intellectual, strong, well-balanced, self-centered and resourceful in themselves" must give more pleasure, more real joy than the life of a savage could contain or appreciate.

"One thrill of the soul of Shakespeare outvalues the gathered experiences of a whole race of Calibans." Give me moments with great experience, rather than years of sacrifice, duty and obedience to one once loved. We are exchanging the government of home for the society of love.

### Brief Comments.

BY C. F. HUNT.

I notice that Malthusianism is referred to as "a well-established law." Well established rubbish. Will some one name a single food plant or animal, in common use as such, which does not increase as rapidly as man? Then we will be better able to believe that all do not.

I have received a book entitled "The Science of the Millennium" from San Francisco. If any one else has a copy I wish he would inform me whether I am crazy, or if it is the book. The burden of it seems to be "surrender self," reiterated in a thousand different ways, in very bad grammar. What there is left of one when self is surrendered, does not appear.

Those to whom Francis Barry threw bouquets ought at least to make a bow. I am competing with Bro. Barry as regards modesty, and have concluded to let Lucifer be for, of and by woman. I like a variety of topics even in a small paper. Even with a million phrases, the subject woman cannot always interest. I admit all that woman claims—then close the subject. Except when she claims supremacy. A woman can be the worst of tyrants when guided by religious fervor, or fanaticism, as she is liable to be.

A man handed me a circular lately describing Korsh Teed's philosophy. In the matter of "rising again" truth cannot compete in agility with a well-told lie. Teed has been ridiculed, refuted and logically driven into the turf, but he rises after the crusher passes over him and declares it never touched him. Because a level line extended meets the line of the ocean at the horizon, Teed says the ocean is concave. The two sides of a street seem to meet at a point some miles away. Are the sides of a street therefore concave?

Pope Leo's late encyclical letter is lauded by all devout prelates who draw a good salary. Mr. Leo denounces as false the idea "that in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions." But soon after remarks, "The church has, guided by her divine Master, a kind and merciful spirit, for which reason from the very beginning she has been what St. Paul said of himself: 'I became all things to all men that I might save all.'" If the faithful can tell what to do after reading both the above infallible truths, it simply proves the superiority of faith over logic.

I have been looking into astrology. I learn that if a child is born when Jupiter is in Pices, he will have big feet; and if a comet passes the meridian at 9:47 p. m. he will be troubled with warts. Like all other dogmatists these believers never prove



fundamental points? Does a planet affect the nature of a child, and how? Why at birth rather than any other time? Birth is not a critical point in the formation of its mental or physical qualities. The constellations are so far away that they cannot influence a planet in conjunction any more readily than in opposition. Let us get down to earth and have fun thinking that if a brindle cow jumps into the garden just as a chick is breaking its shell, the latter will afterwards be a progressive, rather iconoclastic fowl, not liable to lose its toes in winter, or if three neighbors' small boys' dogs howl in unison, then the south meadow should be plowed for wheat. I like practical things.

### A Cowardly Crime.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

The American citizen—I mean the American subject—is forever Prating and Prattling  
Anent his Liberty,  
Whereas his Liberty vanishes in the voids the very moment that he

Thwarts or  
Traverses  
Orthodox opinion.  
The religious trusts, the medical trusts, the political trusts and the social trusts are on the top today, and woe be to the man or woman who dares to formulate a new

Idea or  
Ideal!  
Yes!  
We must all salaam to what some old sons-of-guns in the past laid down as the Law and Gospel.

But, I am proud to say that there be American preachers, physicians, statesmen and others, who defy King Custom and order their respective lives on the lines of Freedom.

They suffer for it, however—suffer in more ways than one—suffer in

Purse and  
Person—  
Suffer at the hands of men and women who call themselves Christians.

Christians?  
The fabled Avernus is so full of just such Cur-r-istians that their legs are sticking through its every window.

If I write bitterly, it is because I feel bitterly, for a friend of mine—Walter Hurt, of the Cleveland (O.) "Gatling Gun" has been taken into custody for daring to criticise Hanna—for defying that demagogue and all his dollars.

Of course the pimps who instigated the arrest, made it upon a different plea—declaring that Hurt was circulating obscene literature through the mails contrary to the

Law and  
Gospel  
Of Puritania—the "obscene" literature in question being the "Gatling Gun" itself!

Well, good gentlemen, all, I am proud as a prince to say that Walter Hurt has honored me enough to publish certain sentiments of mine in his "Gatling Gun," and if there had been even one line of indecency in that "periodical of the period" I never would have written a word for it—never.

All who know me, know this, and all who know Walter Hurt know that he is a pure, noble, grand young gentleman, whose very soul shrinks back from all that is

Vicious or  
Vulgar.

But he has been made a prisoner, just as hard and hearty, and now it behooves every American who is half a man—who believes in the liberty of the press—who wants to perpetuate the ideas and instincts crystallized in the creed of Jefferson—it behooves him, I say, to rally round this young man and to see him

through his trouble. He is fighting your fight and mine—the fight of every one who revolts against the

Yoke and  
Hobbles  
Of despotism. He is poor in purse, but richer in intellect than the richest king.

Let us see him through.

### Emma Goldman in Chicago.

Sunday, April 2, 3 p. m., at Lental entertainment of Priesnuge Gemeinde of the Northwest side, at Schoenhofen's Hall, corner Ashland and Milwaukee Aves.

Wednesday, April 5, 8 p. m., at Hoerber's Hall, 710-714 Blue Island Ave. by Turner Society Enigkeit. Subject: "The Trades-Unionism and What it Should Be." In German.

Saturday, April 8, 8 p. m., at Zeph's Hall, 120 W. Lake, cor. Desplaines St., by Brewers and Malsters Union No. 18; in German. Subject: "Trades-Unionism."

Tuesday, April 11, 9 p. m. at 55 N. Clark St. Painters and Decorators Union No. 275; in German: "Politics and its Corrupting of Man."

Friday, April 14, 8 p. m., at Ruehl's Hall, 220-225 12th St., under the auspices of International Working Men's Association. Subject: "Politics and its Corrupting of Man." (English).

Thursday, April 20, 8 p. m., at Torwart's Turner Hall, 1168 1170 W. 12th St., under auspices of Turner Society, Torwarts; a German lecture. Subject: "Politics and its Corrupting of Man."

Sunday, April 23, 8 p. m., at Thomas Hall, 198 Madison St. under auspices of International Working Men's Association. "Authority vs. Liberty." (English).

Monday, April 24, 8 p. m., at Jung's Hall, 104 Randolph St. Journeymen Tailors' Union No. 5; in English: "The Future of Trades-Unionism."

Wednesday, April 26, 8 p. m., at Aurora Turner Hall, cor. Ashland Ave. and Division St. Aurora Turn Society. Subject not decided yet, will be published later on.

It is to be hoped that some more organizations will invite Emma Goldman to address their members, but it is not possible for me to withhold these new announcements any longer.

There will be some more meetings arranged, but are not ready yet to be reported. The International Working Men's Association will arrange some in all parts of the city, mostly in the English language and will be reported to your paper as soon as we are ready; as also is to be hoped that the Single Taxers and Society of Anthropology will arrange for lectures. As soon as the program is complete you will hear from me.

THEO. UFFEL, 1360 N. Rockwell St.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

N. P. S., Dundee, Mich.—LUCIFER THE LIGHT BEARER, Respected and beloved: Inclosed find fifty cents to balance my indebtedness to you. You will kindly discontinue your weekly visit to me; not because I do not like you, not because I do not agree with you and your sentiments, all of which I know are truths, but because it causes 'hell' in my environments. If your contributors knew what I know they would not waste time in trying to help women who want no help, but are incessant night and day in forging chains under the law of marriage to bind men. My wife hates you and your teachings simply because she aims to enslave man. She does not want liberty.

E. J. P., Tacoma, Wash.—During the past few months I have become acquainted with Anna Marcus—a woman who dares. The first week of January she gave birth to a free child, a fine boy, which she named George Marcus Cowell. She says her heart has been craving him for ten years. He true woman's pride of her love child made me call her one of the Madonnas of freedom. She is a Russian woman of twenty-eight years, mentally and physically qualified to be a mother to the better man.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

Her companion, F. A. Cowell, is known to most of the radicals as one of the ablest writers in the cause of liberty. Both "Free Society" and "Discontent" received recognition through his writings. His pen is idle through no fault of his. Their address is Lake Bay, Wash. Good luck to the free couple and their free child.

W. J. Kent, Norman, Oklahoma.—The book you sent me came all right and here are seventy cents, fifty cents for the paper covered book and twenty cents to pay postage on the two books. I can't help you much, but every little helps I suppose. If the doctors E. C. Walker speaks of in article in last Lucifer could read it possibly it might open their minds to thought. Mr. Walker has never been given any more space in Lucifer than suits me.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 13.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 8, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 756.

### Face the Light!

There's a ringing, glorious measure  
In the march of life, my brothers:  
If we listen, we may hear it all day long,  
With an undertone of triumph  
No discordance ever smothered.  
And this is the cheerful burden of the song:  
Forward! keep the column moving!  
Perfect rest shall be our guerdon  
When our missions are fulfilled—our labors done;  
Duty's path lies plain before us,  
Whatever our task and burden,  
If we bravely set our faces to the sun.  
Disappointments may o'erstrike us,  
Losses, griefs and grim surprises  
May assault us on the weary way we go;  
Look not back; but onward, ever,  
Lo! the goal before us rises,  
And the valley of the shadow lies below!  
With a hand to help the falter,  
Where the rugged steep descends,  
Though the reddening sunbells warn us of the night,  
We shall conquer all the evils  
That assail us and betray us,  
While we keep our faces bravely to the light.  
Steady! keep the ranks in motion!  
Though we only be retrieving  
The disasters and mistakes of yesterday,  
There is shame in dull inaction,  
There is glory in achieving  
If we take one step on the upward way!  
Day by day the distance dwindles,  
Foot by foot the steep surrenders,  
And we dread no more the barriers overpast;  
While we breathe the air serene,  
And our eyes behold the splendour  
Of the gates where we shall enter in at last  
Wayside thorns may rend and goad us,  
Driving mist and cloud may blind us,  
As we struggle up the last stupendous height;  
But remember and take courage,  
All life's shadows lie behind us,  
While we keep our faces bravely to the light."

—Secular Review.

### The Causes of Progress.

BY R. H. KERR.

In a recent number of *Lucifer* allusion was made to a saying of Chauncey Depew that "all progress is the result of illogical actions." *Lucifer's* treatment of the subject seemed to me rather inadequate, and made me think how few people there are in the world who have a clear idea of the various stages of progress through which the human race has moved, and the causes which made it advance from stage to stage. The reason no doubt is that the fundamental law of progress was first revealed to the world as lately as 1859, and by a biologist, Charles Darwin. All theories of progress anterior to the "Origin of Species" are now quite out of date; yet the Darwinian theory has not only failed to become popular, but has not yet been clearly understood even by our best modern historians.

The fundamental cause of past progress, the backbone of history was natural selection, or the survival of the fittest,

in the struggle for existence. The fundamental fact which made natural selection possible was the tendency of all plants and animals (including man) to multiply beyond the means of subsistence. As Darwin himself puts it, "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in less than a thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny."

Given this fundamental fact of over-multiplication, and the rest is simple. There being too many for the means of subsistence all cannot survive. Naturally those best fitted to the surrounding conditions will, on the average, be more likely to survive, and to be succeeded by offspring like themselves. Thus we have the law of the survival of the fittest, which has from age to age preserved the brainy and brawny to continue the race, and has weeded out the weaker vessels.

The three great agencies to which the weak have succumbed in human history have been starvation, disease and war; and these therefore have been the chief promoters of natural selection. Of starvation and disease little need be said. The rapid disappearance of savage before civilized races shows what disease can do; and the early deaths of the poorer classes speak eloquently to the united power of starvation and disease. But war is peculiarly interesting to us, because it is to war that we owe the beginnings of our great and complex social institution. In war it is not so much the strength and cunning of the individual that succeed, as the cohesion and solidarity of the tribe among themselves. In war unity is strength, and individuality is a curse the moment it interferes with unity. Thus the first great problem of early society was to crush individuality and subject everyone to the iron rule of military despotism and tribal patriotism. The principal agent in achieving this was superstition, which is now regarded as the great engine which enabled some tribes to overcome the rest. Thus the principal parts of the world fell into the hands of races with highly elaborated religious systems, and with a complex system of laws primarily based on superstition.

As time went on, however, secondary causes of progress became very important. Among the chief was the gradual growth of the arts and sciences. The beginnings of these date back to an incalculably remote period, but real progress in them was first made possible by the establishment of slavery. The world owes much to the men who first had the sense to keep their captives and make them work instead of putting them to death. When every man had to fight and forage for himself, there was little time for brain work; but the establishment of a leisured class by means of slavery at last made a class of thinkers and inventors possible.

Yet slavery alone could not have accomplished that, had it not been aided by superstition. Slavery alone would only have given us a brutal fighting and hunting class, like the feudal

lords of a few centuries ago. But superstition gave us the priesthood, who managed to gain an intellectual domination over both the fighters and the toilers, the masters and the slaves, and to discover by degrees the rudiments of the arts and sciences. As Bagehot tells us in "Physics and Politics."

"Little popular and little deserving to be popular nowadays as are priestly hierarchies, most probably the beginnings of science were made in such, and were for ages transmitted in such. An intellectual class was in that age only possible when it was protected by a notion that whoever hurt them would certainly be punished by Heaven. In this class apart discoveries were slowly made and some beginning of mental discipline was slowly matured."

It thus appears that the most important causes of our progress in the past have been over-multiplication, starvation, disease, war, slavery and superstition. Nowadays we live in what Bagehot calls "the age of discussion," but we must never forget that the most marvelous triumphs of progress, which have done most to make us what we are, were achieved in ages when discussion was a poison utterly fatal to the tribe or nation which tolerated it. Hard hitting, not high thinking, was the thing which the world needed then. We must also remember that, even now, ideas and enlightenment are by no means the one thing needful. I cannot do better than quote Herbert Spencer's answer to Comte's statement that "Ideas govern and overthrow the world":

"Ideas do not govern and overthrow the world; the world is governed or overthrown by feelings, to which ideas serve only as guides. The social mechanism does not rest finally upon opinions, but almost wholly upon character. . . . The modification of men's moral natures, caused by the continuous discipline of social life which adapts them more and more to social relations, is therefore the chief proximate cause of social progress."

On the whole, the above is rather a sad story; but I did not invent it. Some tender-hearted Luciferites will say that they do not like natural selection, and that they wish population did not tend to outrun the means of subsistence, even if that fact has done so much for us. Well, it is never too late to mend. Science has now taught us to limit population, so that with limited families, good social organization, we can be emancipated from the struggle for existence. Moreover, Moses Harman has taught us how the race may be improved in mind and body from age to age without natural selection. Free motherhood will do the work of natural selection without exposing us to its pains; because the selection by women of the best fathers for their children, and the rejection of the worst, will be a conscious process precisely similar in its character to the unconscious process which has been for ages painfully elevating the race.

### My Opinion and Walter Hurt's.

BY HOSEA M'COY.

The comment I made in Lucifer No. 753 on the arrest of Walter Hurt and the conviction of Charles Moore, I believe was as justifiable as the arrest of the one and the conviction of the other were unjustifiable. My full sympathy goes out to Walter Hurt because I regard his arrest as an outrage, and I cannot imagine how he could distort my language into the expression of a sneer. I am astonished that a man so merciless in his criticisms of others as Hurt is, should wince at my mild and kindly-meant criticism of his methods. As for his style of writing I offer no criticism, for that is a matter of taste and doubtless there are many who like his audacious and scintillant logodadally. (I beg the pardon of Lucifer's readers for that Hurtian word, and I shall try to avoid any approach to lexicaphanicism in the rest of this article). His style is pungent and bracing, but a "Gatling Gun" should be handled by a gunner with a clear sight. I do not claim to "know it all," but I have my opinion and I shall give it to Walter Hurt. It may not benefit him, but

it can do him no harm, and it ought, at least, to prove to him that I am in sympathy with him, rather than against him in his battle for freedom of speech.

Walter Hurt expresses surprise at my calling him a "champion of morality" and then pleads guilty (?) to the charge. Not to go into a long argument, it is sufficient to say that I meant "conventional morality." According to Walter's definition of morality, every honest man is a champion of morality, for morality is merely a matter of opinion, the general idea being that it is that course of conduct which best promotes the welfare of humanity, or is least in conflict with it. Now on that platform Walter Hurt, Charles C. Moore, Charles H. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock can stand together. So far as the definition goes their platforms are identical, yet their views as to what is for the best interest of humanity (society) are so divergent that Comstock and Parkhurst regard Hurt and Moore to be dangerous to the community and Hurt and Moore regard men of the Comstock-Parkhurst ilk as enemies of intellectual freedom and human progress—or, in other words, as immoral. So, for that reason, I say "It is the irony of fate that both these champions of morality should be arrested on charges of immorality."

I am aware that Hurt and Comstock do not agree as to what obscenity is. But I am also well aware from the writings of both that they consider it the province of the moralist to interfere with others who dare conduct themselves in a manner not in accord with the views of Hurt (in one case) or Comstock (in the other) as to what is for the best interest of society.

Now I believe Hurt might accomplish much good if he would take for his motto "The fullest liberty which does not invade the liberty of another"; if he would get down nearer to nature and learn from nature the rightfulness and wrongfulness of things, instead of sticking to conventional definitions which manacle liberty and stifle progress. For instance, in the April number of his paper he says: "It seems that almost no great, or distinguished, man of the past was too pure—if 'pure' and not 'cold' is the right word—to experience any improper yearnings." The context shows that by the use of the word "improper" he means sexual. He calls Moore a "blasphemous old brute", but could anything be more blasphemous than for a man of intelligence to call sexual desire an "improper yearning"? Such a desire can be improper only when it is accompanied by an inclination to invade an unwilling person in order to gratify it.

Further along in the same article, which Hurt in a foot note says is "written especially for the ladies," he speaks of sexual desire as "that scarlet force which, more than any other, determines the destiny of every human being." The word "scarlet" imputes shamefulness to the very act which brought Walter Hurt into existence. I do not accuse him of "sneering" at his own conception; it is merely the blind gunner shooting at random and taking inadvertently for a target that very basis of life which was worshiped by his and my ancestors as the most sacred principle of nature.

Even as I write the Christian churches are on the verge of celebrating the heathen day sacred to the goddess Eostre (Easter) who represented the fecundity of nature. The Christians have borrowed the feast from the old sun worshipers who held festivals on the first day of the sun (Sunday) after the first full moon after the vernal equinox to celebrate the return of the sun to revive the earth and make it fruitful. And Walter Hurt speaks of that great life-giving principle sneeringly as that "scarlet force." Fie! my friend; if you are not careful you will convict yourself of obscenity. And yet a few lines further along he says his intent is to "generate in the reader the moral breadth which is the ethical balance wheel of the Gatling Gun." A little less "moral breadth," methinks, would prevent the Gatling from scattering its shot against things the gunner would spare if his eyes were not blinded by the veil of conventionality.

An example of Walter's inclination to meddle with the affairs of other persons which do not in any way concern him is afforded by his confession on the second page of his paper for



April. He tells of playing the spy on a preacher whose wife and daughters were out of town for the summer; of following him into a "beer-battered vaudeville show." And he adds "I went purely under a Parkhurstian impulse—that's the way I always go." This from a man whose arrest on a charge of obscenity was also the result of a "purely Parkhurstian impulse"—such arrests always are!

It is no defense to claim that the preacher was a hypocrite and had no business there; that is a matter for the preacher to decide. He says: "Of course I do not insist that he had any improper intentions. . . but how does it look?" I don't insist that Walter had any improper intention in playing the spy "purely under a Parkhurstian impulse," but how does it look?

Then he talks of the "lop sided arguments" used by a man whose "wife is out of town" and gives this as a sample: "Nature is the court of ultimate appeal, and it is really sinful to balk her in anything." Perhaps he thinks that is my argument, but it isn't. I admit it is lopsided, because it is impossible to "balk" nature. Nature is too all-pervasive for that. It takes almost as much force to carry water down hill as it does to carry it uphill and the muscular exertion or the force in one case is just as natural as in the other. He continues "It is merely improper to violate convention"—that is a matter of opinion—"It is a crime to violate nature." Rubbish! It is an impossibility. Then he asks "Can't you smell the breath of Asmodeus in this?" No, but I hear the prattle of the nursery.

"Whether a man becomes truant or not always depends largely upon the character of his wife," he says, and adds "an incense-breathing Florimel will raise a professional debauchee to respectability." Don't you believe it, my innocent friend. So many proofs of the falsity of these assertions exist, doubtless among your own acquaintances, that it is unnecessary for me to attempt to cite any examples.

I will not follow this further. I know Walter is guided by his own opinion, as I am by mine. I would not be unjust to him and accuse him of wilfully trying to injure a fellow human, but I do think he does not make sufficient allowance for the opinions of others when he assails them for conduct of which they, and not he, should be the judges as to its propriety. If he will confine his shots to targets which seek to restrain the liberty of non-invasive speech and action, he will have my heartiest approval.

As special targets for the "Gatling Gun" I suggest the people referred to in the following paragraph taken from an article translated from "Les Droits de l'Homme" by Benjamin R. Tucker, and published in the March issue of "Liberty":

"Through all the changes that the world has undergone one thing has remained changeless—the hypocritical horde of the knights of virtue, provokers of murder and pillage, who, always under the same pretexts, always by the same calumnies, urge on an entire people to the remunerative extermination of a defenceless minority."

### Catherine the Great.

BY C. L. JAMES.

I am indebted to Dora F. Kerr for urging me to do what I have long meditated but delayed attempting, partly because I appreciate the claims on Lucifer's space. That is, to vindicate the greatness of some ancient women, all of whom were exempt from sexual superstition, if not sexual slavery. I cheerfully begin with Catherine I., because I always thought her the most indisputable example of a self-made, original female genius—also because by the world's standard, she was "naughty."

She was born a pauper and a bastard in the Swedish part of what is now European Russia, and was "brought up out of charity" by a Lutheran clergyman, who did not think it necessary she should be taught to read. So far as I can judge from appearance there was nothing either Scandinavian or Turanian in her blood. Her towering forehead, her very large black eyes, her rather handsome, though over-sized features, profoundly marked by a mixture of intellect, sensuality and melancholy,

and surrounded by a luxuriant profusion of black curling tresses, all appear entirely Slavonic.

She was married early to a Swedish soldier, who, almost immediately afterwards fell fighting against the Russians. Catherine became the captive and mistress of a Muscovite officer, and when he had dropped her, was passed from hand to hand, until the Czar Peter the Great, who had lately assumed command in person, picked her up.

This prodigious rise was only the beginning of greatness, for which she was indebted solely to her brains. The Czar led his army across the Pruth into Moldavia and imprudently marched southward, to a place where the river could not be crossed. A superior Turkish force cut him off from his base, and the Russians were fairly in a trap. The officers could suggest nothing, the soldiers were demoralized, and the despair of the women, who were much too numerous, completed the irreparable disorder of the army. Catherine alone retained her presence of mind. She took her jewels to the Turkish camp, and bribed the vizier to accept a convention, which enabled Peter to retreat on the strength of some unsecured promises. The Czar came home defeated and ashamed. Every eye was fixed, not on him, but on the woman who saved his army and his country. Without doubt her scheme was very simple and obvious. So was Columbus' plan of reaching the West Indies by sailing west; and so was his way of making an egg stand on end. But similarly, only the original person thought of it. The Czar, who had privately married his mistress, soon found he would be approved in acknowledging the marriage. According to the laws of the Greek church she was rebaptized Catherine. Her name previously had been Martha. The vizier was promptly put to death for betraying his country. He must have foreseen the probability. By what blandishments his prudence was overcome, is not recorded.

The great Czar and Czarina were not born for domestic peace. Both had genius, but both were uneducated, intemperate, licentious, obstinate and self-willed. There was a tremendous storm when Catherine was detected in an amour. Having learned that she would not be put to death, but her paramour would, she had the magnanimity to intercede for him. Foaming with fury, Peter smashed a huge mirror imported at great cost, and roared to her:

"Thus can I destroy the chief ornament of my palace!"

"Well, Peter," replied Catherine, who perfectly understood, "do you think you have improved your palace?"

His fury was disarmed, but his resolution was inflexible. He made her ride with him several times round the stake on which his rival's head was fixed and watched her closely during the ordeal. She made no attempt to conceal her disapprobation; and it was equally clear her heart had not been broken by the loss.

Peter had paid the penalty of genius in soaring to an intellectual region whither no friend or confidant could follow. He found what he wanted—a comprehending kindred spirit—in Catherine alone. After all these domestic tempests he died in her arms; and it was to this woman—foreigner, slave, prostitute, drunkard, and one who could not read, that he bequeathed his empire, with the responsibility of carrying out his gigantic plans. Her private morals were not at all improved by sovereignty; her ignorance sometimes caused her to be imposed upon, and she probably died of drink, but her short reign decided this, that Russia would not again relapse into the barbarism from which Peter had raised it.

When I consider the depths whence she rose unassisted, and her discretion at the dizzy elevation she attained, I think it preposterous to compare her with Catherine II., who was born royal, educated as a princess and married as the queen of a civilized country, who left the government to unworthy favorites, shrank from her one great scheme of abolishing serfdom, and died fighting against that regeneration of the human mind which, in her better days, she had done much to facilitate. It may be allowed she too, had some ability. So had Zenobia. I doubt if either possessed the transcendent gift of genius.

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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THE EDITOR felt rather better when last heard from, than he felt last week, but did not send a letter for Lucifer. We hope to have one next week. He is still in Florida.

ARE YOU one of the many who like to have radical ideas presented in story form? If so, "A Cityless and Countryless World" should appeal to you. The paper-bound edition is exhausted, but there remains a supply beautifully bound in red cloth, gold lettering, 450 pages, which we will send for \$1 each, postage paid.

756 is the number of this issue of Lucifer. Will you please look at the number on the wrapper of your paper, and see if your subscription is in arrears? If it is, and you are unable to pay now, and yet want to continue to read Lucifer, can you not send us a card, saying you want Lucifer and will pay for it when you can? If you do not want it, please say so. If, however, you do want to continue taking the paper and are able to send in your subscription now, I hope you will do so. This is not a plea for "donations," but is to remind our readers that I have little time to spare in sending out statements, and those who do not wait to be reminded, do me a great favor, saving me time labor and postage.

## "The Ballad of Reading Jail."

The edition of this poem which B. R. Tucker has just published, is a beautiful work of art. It is printed on hand-made, antique paper, with deckled edges, and is bound in blue cloth with vellum back. It is printed on only one side of the paper, and is, altogether a very handsome book.

The poem contains more than six hundred lines, and holds the reader fascinated from beginning to end. The book was published in England about the time (I think) of Oscar Wilde's release from prison, but this is the only American edition. Extracts from the poem have been printed in Lucifer, and I will give the following few lines as a specimen of its style, though to be properly appreciated the poem should be read in its entirety:

"The vilest deeds like poison weeds  
Bloom well in prison air;  
It is only what is good in Man  
That wastes and withers there:  
Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate  
And the Warden is Despair.  
"For they starve the little frightened child  
Till it weeps both night and day:  
And they scourge the weak and flog the fool,  
And gibe the old and gray,  
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,  
And none a word may say."  
"With midnight always in one's heart,  
And twilight in one's cell,  
We turn a crank, or tear the rope,  
Each in his separate Hell,  
And the silence is more awful far  
Than the sound of a brazen bell."

In England when a convict is hanged, his friends cannot claim the body, but it is buried in the prison yard in a bed of

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quick-lime. Of the trooper, in whose memory the poem was written, Wilde says:

"For he has a pall; this wretched man,  
Such a few men can claim,  
Deep down below a prison yard,  
Naked for greater shame,  
He lies with fetters on each foot  
Wrapt in a sheet of flame.  
"And all the while the burning lime  
Eats flesh and bone away,  
It eats the brittle bone by night,  
And the soft flesh by day,  
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,  
But it eats the heart away."

I do not think the author exaggerated the horror of prison life—and death. I had a few glimpses of it last year, through the permission of the Home Office.

"We turn a crank, or tear the rope—"

The convict is condemned to turn the crank of a wheel so many thousand revolutions a day—I forget how many. Nothing whatever is accomplished by this labor, no machinery is attached to it, the convict's back is strained, his hands calloused, and all for nothing. It is his "punishment."

To "tear the rope" is to pull into fragments tarred ropes—it is "oakum picking." The fibre cuts and tears the fingers—the fingers of the men I saw at work were sore, and their nails torn. The entire system impresses one with its terrible waste of energy. Think of keeping men at work on a tread-mill to grind corn for food! That is what they do at Leeds, and probably at other prisons.

In memory, I have an ineffaceable picture of the treadmill at Leeds—the men upon it, stepping up, up, yet always remaining in the same place, their hands on a rest, heads bowed down, and perspiration on their brows. From that room we passed across the yard, where the dead convicts lie in line, with the ground level above them and only a little wooden stake at the head to mark the place. We saw two rings of convicts taking their exercise—around and around they walked, reminding me of the horses which used to turn the old-fashioned threshing-machine. How despondent, how utterly hopeless they seemed!

"In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard  
And the dripping wall is high,  
So it was there he took the air  
Beneath the leaden sky,  
And by each side a Warden walked,  
For fear the man might die."

In England, imprisonment for debt has been abolished. If a man is unable (or unwilling) to pay his debts his creditors may prosecute him, and if he loses his case, he is sent to prison, not for debt, but for "contempt of court!" L. H.

## "The Claimants of the Purse."

The above is the title of an allegory in "Munsey's," which it is surprising to find in a conventional magazine.

The story is of a woman who, while walking along a road, found a new purse filled with coins of gold and silver. She was delighted with it and took it for her own, and freely spent its contents, only rarely putting a penny back. One day, when all the money was spent, she saw that the purse was ragged and torn, and so flung it into the dust at her feet and passed on her way.

Another woman, coming after her, saw the purse. Ragged and seemingly spoiled though it was, she admired it, and thought it must have originally been beautiful. So she picked it up and took it home and worked patiently repairing the damage, mending the silken web and burnishing the clasps until it seemed good as new.

"But still," we are told, "she did not show it to her friends nor boast of it—as the first woman had done when it was new—for fear some one would ask her where the purse had been found or sneer at her for treasuring what had been cast into the dust of the highway."

She put gold and silver into the empty purse, but as she



spent money from it, each day she placed more coins in it, until one day she was astonished to find that it contained more than she had ever put in it.

The second woman became so proud of her purse that she would no longer conceal it, and one day the first woman, seeing it in her possession, was surprised at its appearance—so beautiful and so heavy—and she laid claim to it.

The second woman defended her right to its possession, and asked the first woman what claim she could have to the thing which she had discarded, and the reply was that it belonged to the one who had "found it first," and the people applauded and demanded that the second woman should give it up.

This she was forced to do. "But lo! as the latter seized it, and while all were gazing, it became empty of treasure and torn and tarnished and battered, even as it was when she had trampled upon it. The first woman cried out in anger, and the people comforted her with their sympathy, for they loved justice and they were indignant that the purse should not be possessed by its rightful owner, beautiful and well-filled with treasure as the other woman had caused it to be.

"For the purse which had been cast aside when empty was the heart of the first woman's husband, and the treasure which it held was love."

### Epistolary Fragments.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON, *Friend and Co-Worker*: It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your entertaining letter. Was somewhat surprised to find the author a lady; but so much the better, for an interchange of ideas between the sexes, when carried on in a proper manner, is conducive of much good.

Your ideas in regard to free thought coincide with my own. There is no chance for argument as far as they relate to religion and religion's God. But I judge from the tone of your letter that you do not stop there, and as I am ignorant of the particular phase of free thought that you advocate, I write for more information.

I wish to state right here that I am a strong advocate of women's rights—they can't have too many rights. Women comprise the best half of the intelligence of the human race. Woman's person is her own, and cursed be he who invades her sacred rights. That today she is the slave of brutal passions cannot be denied; but the remedy—what is it, and how to be applied?

The questions I wish to ask are these. Do you believe in the marriage system of the present? If not, how would you bring the sexes together to perpetuate the human race? These are bold questions, I will admit, but very necessary. . . . If what you say does not meet my approbation I will tell you so and give my reasons. . . . My opinion of love may not agree with yours, still a free expression of views may be a benefit to me.

I may not address you in a proper manner, as I cannot make out by your signature whether you are a Miss or Mrs.

Hoping to hear from you again, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

WALTER BARTON.

WALTER BARTON, *Dear Sir*: . . . Why were you surprised to find the author of my letter a woman? You say, "Women comprise the best half of the intelligence of the human race," so if you were surprised to find the letter written by a woman, it must be that you considered it below the standard of the best half—hence a masculine production. I have never been able to discover a better half to intelligence or sex. Perhaps I am deficient in my ability to discern goodness.

In regard to the idea of a personal God, I think we agree. My particular phase of free thought is, freedom to think.

I wonder on what authority you use the word "sacred." That belongs in the same grave in which you buried your God.

. . . Sacred and cursed are words belonging to the vocabulary of the God-worshippers. You say "Cursed be he," etc.;

but who is to curse him—God? Well, "curse" is not quite so religious as "sacred."

"That today she [woman] is the slave of brutal passion cannot be contradicted. But the remedy—what is it, and how to be applied?" you ask. Suppose I tell you of a man who is unjustly imprisoned and ask you what is the remedy. What would you say? I imagine your answer would be, "Release him!" So I would say whenever woman is "the slave of brutal passion" she should be released.

How can you "apply" liberty? I fear *applied* liberty would not be liberty. There are millions of slaves to the Catholic church—what shall we do with them? Free them mentally from their religion. "What will you give them instead?" Freedom to think for themselves, and to express their thought in words and deeds. What have you in place of the God which the superstitious worship? Do you want some new doctrine, crystallized in a system, "applied" to your mind in place of the old? You know every priest will say you are likely to be a bad man without it. Have you ever known a person made bad by being freed from a bad thing? Just so surely as men and women are made better by the freedom to think and act in regard to religious questions, are they made better by freedom to think and act on all other questions.

How would I "bring the sexes together to perpetuate the human race?" you ask. Well, I don't think it my business to bring them together. If you and a woman want a child I would say you and she should decide how you would come together for that purpose.

If the instincts and love of humanity will not perpetuate the race it would better cease to exist.

It does not matter whether your idea of love agrees with mine or not. If we are both free, you will love the one whose ideas do agree with yours, and I will love the one who agrees with me. If free, each may live his own life and the result may be made known; then we can learn which is better. We all know the present system is far from satisfactory, so why not allow honest individuals to try their ideals and see if there would be improvement?

My proper address is M. Florence Johnson. It looks quite complete on an envelope. I hold to that address as it does not reveal my sexual experience or lack of it, any more than does a man's address. When I read "Mr. Walter Barton" I do not know whether you are married or not. I presume that you are not a youth, or you would be addressed as "Master Barton." "Miss" and "Mrs.," however, are supposed to tell whether the woman has ever been married or not, and I see no more reason for that than for knowing whether or not a man is married. I believe in *equality*. When "Master" means that a man is unmarried, and "Mr." that he is married, or when "Miss" means an immature girl and "Mrs." a mature woman, I may use the prefix. Do you not consider that fair?

You say, "An interchange of ideas between the sexes when carried on in a proper manner is conducive of much good." I am not quite sure what you think proper, but if this letter is improper, and you think better, I can write to your mother, wife, or sister and they may read to you what they think proper.

Sincerely yours, M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

### The Influence of the Radical Novel.

BY ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

"Hilda's Home" is not to be regarded from a literary standpoint; the preface frankly waives all claim to literary consideration and thus puts it outside the lines of literary criticism. Its value lies in another direction and the reader must meet it on its own ground. Passing over, therefore, all the technical points, and regarding it as a picture of what is and what might be, I consider it a valuable book for propaganda work.

The first part of the book, which portrays the present condition of married life, is more convincing than the last part,

which is merely ideal, and rather arbitrary. Every girl is kindly provided with a lover, there are no cross attractions, no unequal attractions, no mistakes, and "everything is lovely." One wants to know what would happen if everything did not run quite so smoothly, for in real life, even among radicals, and in fairly free conditions, there are rough roads, and the path of free love does not always run smooth.

The writer seems to believe in affinities, perhaps in "counterparts," for she makes each maid find a lover who is to her the one, and though there are other loves, none of them at all reaches the plane of the one best beloved. This one lover seems to be the only one chosen as a father to her child when motherhood is sought by the woman, and all the women are represented as wanting at least one child. In all this there seems to be something quite arbitrary, and some of us are of the opinion that there would be diversities of attraction, that some loves, though ardent, would be but temporary, and that not all the women would desire children; nor would each woman necessarily desire the same father for all her children.

This is a minor point and is an objection only to those of us who believe that freedom would produce a greater diversity of attractions and relations. To many, even among free lovers, variety is unnatural and undesirable, and for this reason I consider the story of "Hilda's Home" to be better for propaganda work, especially among the timid, than would be a more radical book. The germs of freedom for all desired relations is there, and that the more extreme are not depicted is a positive advantage in trying to present our ideas to most conservatives.

Another valuable thing about "Hilda's Home" considered as an agent in propaganda work, is that it appeals to the emotions as well as to the reason. While man is a reasoning animal, he has not yet learned to subordinate his emotions to his reason, and when he meets any new ideas they come at once into collision with his emotions before his reason has a chance to take action upon them. If the result is a shock, all further attempt to reach the reason is, for the time, useless. From this cause the finest reasoning on the subject of sex freedom often fails of effect, because the question is met and settled in advance by the emotions, the prejudices of past thinking.

To present a new idea in such a way as to appeal to the emotions first is a kind of flank movement, and often a very wise one. The reason will be willing to listen to excuses, and to search for justification of that which has enlisted the sympathy of the emotional nature. While the fancy is captive to a new experience, the heart beating quicker in sympathy with the delight of freedom, and the untrammelled play of the finer feelings—then, with the soul in mutiny against the old, narrow, slavish dogmas, if there is any "sweet reasonableness" in the mind, sound, just, impartial, sane argument will convince it.

It is just this that "Hilda's Home" is fitted to do. It appeals to both the mind and the heart, and in such a way as to enlist the emotions on the right side. It does not shock, more than is always unavoidable when arraigning old standards and institutions, and above all it presents the ideal of freedom in the sex relations in such a way as to emphasize the purity of the idea.

Purity is the whole atmosphere of the book. Hilda, Margaret, Imelda are pure women, and women whose purity is evident, even to the conservative mind. There is not a note that can be called licentious, voluptuous, even erotic; passion is always subordinate to affection and both to reason. In the portrayal of those whose lives are not attuned to this pure, free love, there is no suggestiveness, nothing coarse and yet they are made to appear in most disagreeable contrast to the free lovers of the story.

It is not ever so with those who advocate free love. There are some to whom freedom in the sex relations means excuse for coarseness, vulgarity, shamelessness. Sex is essentially pure. From this they argue that all mention of sex, anything connected with it, natural or unnatural is also pure. They think a "free" person must of necessity enjoy "smutty" stories, lewd jokes,

any reference to sex relations whether it has any useful purpose or not. This is not the fault of the free love idea, nor are these really free people; they are just as fond of the smutty story before as after they embrace the free love platform; they delight in the forbidden topic—partly because it is forbidden—and the unwholesome attitude of mind thus developed may continue after they begin to gain a truer valuation of things.

This class does much to cast odium on the whole movement for sex freedom in the minds of the people as a whole. Seen through their representations and arguments, free love is not attractive to the pure-minded and the timid; it savors of the street-corner and saloon gossip and morality; the familiar handling of words long associated with mystery and with shame is revolting, and whatever of truth and of justice there may be in their arguments appeals to deaf ears. A flippant handling of such grave questions is never in place, and is an injury to the cause when used in presenting the subject to conservatives.

One who is trying to lead another out of the folds of Puritanism into the love of liberty, is often sore perplexed to choose from the literature on the subject. A book which may be wisely offered six months hence will not do at all now. An article which would shock today may be acceptable tomorrow when the way is prepared for it. Hence the "missionary" in this line will welcome "Hilda's Home," for it is a fine book to put in the hands of beginners in this thought. It may well prove an eye-opener to many, and not alone among the over-cautious, the prudish, but among the opposite class, for I find it quite as difficult to present the true gospel of freedom to those whose life is one of indulgence in forbidden ways, as it is to those whose lives and thoughts are most Puritanical. Imelda found it quite a task to bring the light to Corn's superstition-ridden mind; in spite of her experience she was not much readier for the truth than was Imelda herself when Margaret first presented the new ideal to her.

Again, Lawrence Westcott was no more apt a pupil than was Norman Carlton, and it would have been useless to try to enlighten Tom Dixon. "A woman who does not believe in marriage—what would you?" From my own experience I set down as hopeless both the spinster who doesn't like to say "Father, because it is suggestive," and the young male animal who thinks "It's naughty, but it's nice—and the naughtier, the nicer." Such a book as "Hilda's Home" would at least be a mystery to such, and to some a revelation.

I hope the book will have a wide circulation. I wish it could be read by every young man and every young woman in the land. We need to wield an influence over the ideals of the young and it is the books they read in their most impressionable years, as well as the opinions they hear, which form their ideals.

Early in the teens when the incipient manhood and womanhood is awakening and demanding recognition, the young person turns eagerly to novels, wherein he finds depicted the loves and passions which he is just beginning to find developing in his own nature. What does he find? What are the ideals thus impressed upon him? Alas! they are of the "brood of lies" and these are they: Exclusive love, exclusive possession; jealousy, the accompaniment of all true love; Man, the Master; Woman, the willing Slave; a woman never truly loves till she is mastered; Marriage, a Divine Institution; Divorce, eternal Disgrace; Once Lovers, forever bound; The Family, a Divine institution; Man, the owner of Wife and Child; Motherhood out of wedlock a sin and a shame;—you know them, the odious ideas which are sown in our young minds and often linger there even when we come into fuller light. How we despise them now! How bearing and sorrow-breeding career! In all literature they are rampant, the dead and decaying superstition of a day that is past, an ignorance that is outgrown by the world's thinkers, young, the aspiring, the growing minds of the leaders of the future.

We welcome "Hilda's Home," we give thanks and all honor



to Rosa Graul, and we stand ready to welcome many more; we want to flood the world with sweet, pure, wholesome stories of love that knows no bondage, womanhood that knows no "thou shalt, and thou shalt not," manhood that seeks no possession, no mastery, and childhood that is loved and sought. The Ideal must precede the real. To renovate society we must remodel society ideals. Then shall we begin to see the light of a new day.

### Coming Out.

BY ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

It is really encouraging to find so many people who have long been thinking, but dare not speak, now lending their voices to the advance movement. Courage to speak comes when they find others sharing their convictions. For my part, I have long practiced plain speaking not only for my own satisfaction, but for the very purpose of encouraging the weak and timid. Women especially, who have long been held back, need to cultivate their self-esteem and to be taught that the world needs their thought. It is their duty to utter the truth that is evolved for them only.

An intelligent woman near seventy, active and social, said to me, "I have long thought that it is all wrong for husband and wife to occupy even the same house much less the same bed. A woman should be left entirely free and independent and relieved from the drudgery of washing, mending, feeding and caring for other than herself and children. I believe all would be happier if the visits of the husband were on a purely social and intellectual basis. Many a quarrel separating loving hearts has arisen out of the jarring of domestic or other matters quite foreign to their love for one another. They would preserve that love and their self-respect by living apart."

Another intelligent woman of eighty years remarked, after approving an article I read to her from *Lucifer*: "Yes, I said to a young man once—a young man to whom I felt free to speak—(he was just getting married). I said, 'John, for pity's sake when you get married don't be guilty of committing a rape on your wife. Remember that she belongs to herself and respect her and yourself enough to act accordingly.' Yes, indeed," pursued my friend, "many a young and sensitive wife, an innocent, ignorant girl—ignorant of men I mean, has been shocked and disgusted on her marriage night so that she never could love or respect her husband again."

"And yet," I replied, "they go on suffering in silence, in the belief that separation and divorce are disgraceful and society holds them to their vow."

"Well, it don't, or at least it couldn't if they did but know it. But O, if they would before marriage only inform themselves of the rights of one another and how to live, it would be so much better."

A lawyer said yesterday, "I'd like to be appointed an assistant attorney down at that court on the west side. Do you know how they treat those prostitutes? They make a raid on Market street every little while, haul 'em up and fine 'em—yes, to get money—and, I s'pose you've heard, they tip the wink to the men, as they never get caught—O no! If I had authority I'd never fine 'em a cent, poor things. Society makes 'em and society ought to protect 'em. Damn society, anyhow!"

At our Social Democracy and co-operative gatherings I meet a mother and her two big boys, well-behaved and attentive. They all seem so glad when I give them a new copy of *Lucifer*.

"Do you go to school?" I asked.

"We go here, one of them replied with a smile; "we work when we get a job."

A man to whom I lent "Karezza," Dr. Stockham's invaluable work, said to me after reading it:

"If we'd had that book forty years ago we might have led better lives and been a deal happier."

I also supplied the family table with *Lucifer* every week and found it appreciated.

"But," said a dear woman friend after reading "The Awful Life of a Lawful Wife" in a recent number of *Lucifer*, "what will become of the children of these free lovers or whatever they are? I think," she continued, "that they ought to be married and the father ought to support them."

Then I told that sweet, benighted soul that many a married father did not support his children; that he often deserted his wife, and if he did not the wife had to earn enough to keep all, himself included; that we read not only of the sailor who had a "sweetheart in every port" but of men who had a wife in every state; so that looking at the question from that standpoint, marriage was not the ideal condition we would fain believe. Children are looked after somehow or they are abused or neglected without, so far as we can see, any reference to the marriage of their parents, so that what becomes of the children is really a question by itself.

Doubtless men and women are happier and nobler together provided they have the elements of harmony and nobility in their characters; so children fare much better reared in congenial homes where everything needful to their best growth (including genuine love) is supplied.

They should be taught to love as well as to dance, but we must admit that sometimes children fare better at the hands of others than with their parents. We all owe a duty to the young for their sakes and for our own. It used to be much the fashion to pity children who had a step-mother. We have learned to think and to observe that often children gain not only in physical care and moral training, but in mother love by the removal of an own mother and the substitution of a stepmother. The qualifications needed for any position in life inhere in the person and not in the law; hence a loving woman of good sense may profitably supplant a careless, brutal or ignorant woman who has happened—mind I say *happened*—to give birth to beings who need the ministrations of her successor and would be ruined by her own. Let us learn to look at things squarely in the face and to judge clearly each fact by itself.

### Forced to Love

BY JAY CHAPEL.

Walking one sunny day last September in the country near the magnificent Maine woods, I met a little boy leading a big, yellow, hybrid looking dog, by a dirty knotted string. I said to him as I patted his head,

"I suppose you love that dog and the dog loves you in return?"

With a gracious smile and a dignified air he replied:

"You bet he loves me; he knows very well if he didn't I would knock the stuffing out of him!"

That is just about the situation of things with this land boasting of freedom and the Filipinos.  
Palmetto, Fla.

### Fashion Notes for Men

[The following is especially commended to the attention of those who think *Lucifer* a "one-ideaed, woman's paper." The notes were written by Ana Perkin, a woman who dresses in coats and trousers]:

The trousers this spring are flared at the bottom. One or two stiff rattan hoops are run in the bottom to keep their shape. They are faced with pink silk.

The new frock coat reaches to the knee. It is lined with pink silk. The bottom of the coat is finished with a black satin ruffle, slightly full. The sleeves are flared at the top, slightly puffed at the shoulder, and finished at the wrist with six buttons and a little black satin bow at the top.

The vest is cut very low and laced across with gold cord. Two large roses, a red and a white, are worn at the left side of the silk hat.

The hair is parted in the middle and held in place by gentlemen's side-combs.

The watch is worn outside the vest, fastened at the pocket seam with a large ornamental pin. The watch chain is a gold donkey.

The gentleman of fashion may now sally forth, knowing that he is properly and elegantly arrayed.

756.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

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This powerful poem of more than 200 lines, is the work of OSCAR WILDE. C. S. S. having been the poet's prison number during his confinement in Reading Jail. It is dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in the jail at that time, and it depicts the terrible sensations of the author and his fellow prisoners before and after the execution.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 14.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 15, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE NO. 757

### Love Must Be Won.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air.  
Nor given away for naught to any one.  
It is no common right for men to share—  
Like all things precious it is sought and won.

So if another is more loved than you,  
Say not, "It is unjust," but say, "If she  
Has earned more love than I, it is her due.  
When I deserve more it will come to me."

But if your longing be for love indeed,  
I'll teach you how to win it, a sure way:  
Love and be lovely, that is all you need.  
And what you wish for will be yours some day.

—SARAH COOLIDGE.

### Some Trials Incident to Transition.

MY DEAR HELEN: Is not Edith's experience causing you, both of you, too much chagrin? Do not think so much of it until you have had time to get a better perspective. You will be able to laugh at it by and by instead of being full of indignation.

But the first keen sense of the situation is depressing and almost disheartening—although, perhaps, no word with "heart" in it should be used in this connection.

Ask Edith what has become of her cheer, ever-ready "never mind; don't you care." The entire episode meant only that Adolph was in what Edward Carpenter would call a "passing sex-spell," and when he offered her love it had no particular reference to her but only to "some one, anyone." She ought not to feel too personally insulted. Adolph is not the only man into whose mind has never yet entered that a woman may be free to love and yet may not love him. Edith must take it as one of the minor pains of a liberal education which no one can afford to go without.

I know how Edith feels. "The quality of mercy is not strained," but I sometimes fear that the quality of love is becoming so. In this transitional age, perhaps love's attitude is—occasionally—ludicrously like that of Doss, one paw up and one down, uncertain whether to go or stay, to be or not to be, and what to be or not to be. In this uncertainty there is a good deal labelled "love" that seems to be a combination of benevolence, a dull interest, a half-perception of the requisite number of admirable traits—the "yes, I think you will do" variety. The product bears about the same relation to heart-love that a fashionable "at home" evening does to the communion of souls.

But free love theories can hardly be held responsible for men like Adolph. If he had never heard of love apart from marriage his feeling would have been of the same essence. Shaw's characterization, "The humdrum fondness of the bourgeois Jack for his Jill" is excellent. Love never rises above the high water mark of the lover.

You said that you sometimes felt as if radicalism never made a day's more happiness for anyone. But that isn't what we have to expect of it now. If radicalism means new discovery of

truth it must make for happiness sometime—but at present it is in the making. "I came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword." We are perhaps—probably—worse off in a good many ways than those to whom the old creed is still enough. We are no longer fitted to the old, and the new is not yet here. This is the time of storm and stress. New ideas only put us out of touch with the old life and the old life has still possession. There is no unity, and there can be no unity, about our own lives while all else is still of the old.

A bicycle is made to be ridden, not to stand alone. The rider not being at hand, nor anything else, it will tip over ridiculously and ingloriously. And we have no right to expect any other feats of new men living in an old world.

I will confess that I have often felt—just as your indignation about Adolph is making you feel at this moment—that the radicals were a poor lot. But I remember that before I was one, I used to see people behaving in a way which made me say, "We're all poor critters." New ideas do not affect temperament or tenderness. Nor do they at once remodel character. And yet ultimately new thought will effect everything, will reconstruct everything.

It ought to be remembered that to strike out in an entirely new line requires a certain kind of force in a character—possibly even an aggressive forcefulness—and perhaps that is incompatible with the easily graceful and beautiful qualities which we would enjoy finding in people. And then you know, it is like this: The pioneers of the world always have to do the world's rough work. It is not fair to demand that their hands be always soft and pleasant.

Mrs. Stetson says that some time, "women will make better men." I intend to quote her exactly, but the book is not at hand. Better men will be made better when the conditions of life are better, when freedom is, and life in freedom. But more goes to the making of fine men than any woman's will and intention. For a long time yet, some very heroic women will make some very worthless men.

And it is to me quite incomprehensible that a woman can seriously believe it possible now, or that it can ever be possible, for a woman to be educated into reading character so discerningly that she will be secured against mistake in her choice of a lover. I say "lover," although Mrs. Stetson is speaking of husband. I often think of the Frenchman who replied to his daughter's remonstrance against marrying a man whom she hardly knew at all: "That is not at all necessary, my dear; you will know him better in a week after marriage than in a year before." That is not all, either. One may live with a man many years and know him not at all. Knowledge of character is a faculty which only experience—long experience—of life, develops. Education can do nothing directly in this, although a false education may mislead.

I have not said that a certain quality of happiness was never found in a communal home. I am only convinced that such an arrangement is fatal to the growth of individual strength.

What is really needed to be perceived is that, other things being equal, the communal household is ruled by whoever in it has the kind of strength we call self-assertion, and often by the kind of self-assertion that comes from a deadness of feeling where others are concerned. The woman is not always subjugated in the home of today; sometimes the man is.

GIOTTO.

### The New Marriage Law of North Dakota.

"Be it enacted. . . The probate judge in each county shall appoint a board, consisting of three reputable physicians, one of whom shall be a female physician where practicable; if there are not that number of physicians in any county, the board shall consist of two, but if three are appointed, not more than two shall be of the same school of medicine where avoidable.

"It shall be the duty of this board to pass upon the application of all persons for licenses to marry, and no license shall be issued to persons contemplating matrimony unless they shall receive from the board of physicians appointed a certificate setting forth that the applicants are free from the following diseases, any one of which shall be deemed sufficient cause for refusing a license to marry: Dipsomania, true insanity, hereditary insanity, primary, secondary or tertiary syphilis, hereditary tuberculosis or consumption.

"The examining physicians may be removed for cause by the State Board of Medical Examiners and shall be removed for inefficiency or neglect of duty, or when complaint is made by any applicants for a marriage license whose complaint is sustained by a majority vote of the board. Applicants for license to marry shall pay a fee of \$2.50, for examination, and out of these fees the members of the examining board are paid their salaries."

The author of the bill, State Senator H. M. Creel, said that the bill passed the senate after being considered by the Judiciary Committee at Bismarck, N. D., March 1, 1899. This is another bill against the rights of the people, and is a great big African in the medical wood-pile! Why did Mr. Creel not include in his list vaccination, which has been proved to cause both syphilis and consumption? I do not usually take a pious streak, but this time I will quote from a symposium given in the New York "World" by several Divines, showing the trend of progressive thought:

Rev. Heber Newton: "The church and clergy have been derelict. They have not taught the people the responsibility of marriage. I would not like to see such law adopted in many states at present. A beginning must be made somewhere, if we are ever to have a rational and sane dealing with the social problems."

Rev. Rainsford: "The impression seems to prevail among a great many people that (more) law is a cure for every evil. I entirely disapprove of this rushing into legislation for all kinds of purposes, and I do not believe such a bill as this will be of any value and is unworthy of further discussion."

Rev. Dr. Dix shows the ear-marks of the churchite. He says, "The legislature should not traverse the laws of the church." Taking for granted every church law is perfect. O, my!

Rev. Ducey: "In the Catholic church marriage is a holy sacrament. It is certain that the normal instincts of nature cannot be restrained by man-made laws."

This is one of the very best of reasons why all priests should marry, but the edict of the church is against it, though it is seldom a priest will tell so much truth all at once as this Rev. Ducey. He says further:

"It cannot be predicted with certainty that children of diseased parents shall be themselves diseased. I could not contemplate with equanimity the ruin of so many lives which might be productive of good. The law is defective and cannot be enforced."

Last but not least the divine (?) Ingersoll says:

"In my judgment science will not only increase sentiment, but sense also. Men are influenced according to their capacity, their temperament, their knowledge. Sentiment can never be destroyed and love will forever rule the human race. I have not

much confidence in law—in law that I know cannot be carried out. The poor, the sickly, the diseased, the degraded, the crazed, as long as they are ignorant, will marry and fill the world with wretchedness and want. Let us have more science and more sentiment, more knowledge and more conscience, more liberty and more love."

Is it not one of the enigmas of the times that this "World" paper never once asked the opinion of the mothers or women upon so all-important a law? It sends straightway to the eminent he-male men—ministers who have always ordered the making and obedience to all such august legislative laws where women are most concerned, but never once allow them a voice in the legislative halls. "Wimmin is queer things." They much rather follow after some sky-pilot than to pilot themselves through the earth and heaven too, if they should be so unfortunate as to go to a Christian's Heaven. Really, I think I'm not so very pious after all, but I am yours for justice.

FLORA W. FOX.

### Brief Notes.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Naturally the Lake Bay Colony being founded on liberty, succeeds better than Liberal, Sinaloa and all other communities founded on authority. But has it vigor enough to fight the persecution which will surely come when its neighbors find out that anarchists and free lovers have the gall to succeed? If so, it is the nonpareil. If not, its members would be better employed in a city, converting the world to anarchism.

I am afraid Romulus was born too late to be up in his Malthus. If economic independence builds up new and happy homes like nests of free birds in spring they will soon destroy economic independence. But economic independence won't build them. Homes are playing out; restaurants, bakers' cooking, private peoples' dinners, laundries, telephones, *rus-in-urbe* villages around all the great cities, and bonanza farms, mean co-operative housekeeping and new idealism ahead.

Harriet R. Oh, no, I didn't concede that government must be retained for the sake of convenience. Only that "tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered." As to public schools:

Oh, if folks knew their own affairs  
As well as what are none of theirs;  
If Jack could do the chores of Jack  
As Tom does his behind his back,  
And Tom could do but Tom's as well  
As Jack the way to Tom can tell;  
The work would doubtless be well done,  
But how could Jack and Tom have fun?  
None both love boxing more than six,  
Their work is scamped the way it is,  
While Jack and Tom elect a boss;  
They like it—never mind the loss.

I mustn't find fault with Comrade Beeson since he agrees with me about what chivalry means. But I will give him the information, unwelcome, I am afraid, that I have written a reply to Kerr, which perhaps Lucifer intends to print, and of which the gist was that chivalry, according to his own definition, is not the destined emancipation of woman—that she is becoming free not because men revere her weakness, but because she is stronger socially and financially than she was. Surely this is something to the point. It seems rough that before this reply to R. B. appeared I should also have Dora in my hair. Ten years ago, amidst the heart-searchings of the Chicago martyrdoms, I deliberately resolved to give all my time to the work of human emancipation, and stop trying to "get a living" except as I might pick one up along that road. I need hardly add that I have been several times as near starving and freezing to death as any average specimen of those whose burden I thus assumed. But I will inform Mr. Beeson that it has all along been my opinion, as it still is, that knowledge is necessary to emancipation and that I did well to cultivate it. True, there are different



kinds of knowledge. I have seen recent proof that a man may do something for the emancipation of mankind though he does not know the difference between "patrician" and "partisan," or between "innovate" and "invade." But "wisdom is justified of all her children." A man of that kind could not do my work.

### How and What Shall We Teach Our Children?

From "The Human Flower," by Ellis Eshelmer.

Doubtless the soundest and most unexceptional way to introduce the requisite physiological knowledge for children is by the teaching of its parallelism in simple botany; some of the incidents of animal and vegetable biology in the processes of generation being so closely analogous to us as to almost insensibly induce the reflection of the further truth in the young student's mind—at any rate, with very slight indication on the part of teacher or parent. Happily our false shame has scarcely reached the excess of considering any function of a flower impure, or improper for general observation and consideration. Indeed, our very emblem of purity is a flower; and that any idea or suggestion of impurity should attach to cor, responding and equivalent human functions is due largely to that ill-advised excess of reticence, and groundless reprobation of innocent inquiry upon the subject.

But not all parents, however well-intentioned, have the technical knowledge required to meet and satisfy the questions of the youthful intellect of this advancing day. And to parent or to child, school books or the generally accessible manuals of physiology are of no avail, for from them all mention of the generative organs and functions is usually excluded.

One of the most natural thoughts to occur to a child's mind is the question, "How did I come into existence? I know that I was 'born,' but what is 'being born'?" The thought may have suggested itself while one was still a small child; and would almost certainly be renewed by the arrival of a baby brother or sister or other relative. Then the information was perhaps sought from father or mother, whose reply—a judicious one—may have been, "It is a thing you will be able to understand better when you are older." But the pity is that, generally speaking, as the child does grow older, the awaited knowledge is not supplied. Too frequently the child has a silence and shamefacedness gradually forced upon itself in regard to thought or questioning upon the matter. And when, later on, the further growing observation as to difference of the sexes is aroused, the youthful inquirer may find that curiosity on that subject also is checked or met with evasion. This reticence on the part of those applied to may, however, have been largely due to their own lack of full information; since there has not been very clear knowledge and instruction on many of these points till within recent years.

Those of you who have thought upon the matter at all deeply will have reflected that not only are human beings born or reproduced—older ones dying off, and their places being filled by younger ones; themselves to disappear in due time, leaving successors in their turn—but a similar thing occurs with other animals, and with plants also. Thus you know that dogs and cats and horses may die, but that puppies and kittens and colts have been born, which grow up in their places; and if you have ever looked after a little garden of your own, you know that though your delicate-scented mignonette or your brilliant convolvulus die at the approach of winter, yet the ripe seeds you have gathered from them will grow up into similar flowers if you sow them the next spring. Indeed, if the ground has not been disturbed, you may find similar plants growing again without your help; some of the seeds having fallen from the mother plants to the ground, and lain hid and dormant during the cold months, till the warmth and light of spring called them into full light and growth.

So far we may see how human beings and animals are some-

what at one with plants; but as we go farther on we shall find them still more alike in their nature and action, and you may be surprised to learn how very closely similar are the processes which have brought into life a little violet plant, and a little human baby that will perhaps be called by the same name as that sweet flower.

### Crudities Criticised—No. 9.

BY FRANCIS BARRY.

There seems to be adaptation and harmony in nature, with a single exception. A vast amount of poetic aspiration has been developed, with very little poetic ability. The columns of reform journals, to say nothing of capacious waste-baskets, are in evidence. The very pretty poem of Jonathan Mayo Crane in *Lucifer* of Feb. 11 (No. 749) is an exception to the general rule. The poetry is good, the sentiment better.

Two able writers have taken considerable space to discuss chivalry. As two-thirds of the world's work is done by women, it seems that this masculine attribute, though possibly a beautiful and even magnificent ideal, does not exist as a matter of fact, to any great extent. But as woman's work is just as useful, and just as faithfully performed as that of her stronger and more assuming relative, it is difficult to discover where and how any great amount of chivalry is to come in. In case of parentage, the masculine parent, to be just, not to say decent, will furnish a full half of the care and providence, he will hardly be able to indulge largely in chivalry without sitting up too late for his good health.

It has been claimed (see *Lucifer* Feb. 18) that marriage "tends to limit the venereal contagion." As the world is nearly full of marriage, and as there is yet a fearful amount of sexual disease, the limiting business does not seem to have been a wonderful success. Marriage and sexual disease go together and will go out together. It has been often claimed that non-exclusive sexual relations develop sexual disease. It is not true. But it is true that free lovers will need to be select and judicious, and prudent and watchful to the last degree, or they will help to spread this constituent element of the marriage system. As yet there is more innocence than wisdom in free-love. Let wisdom "bear a hand" till the marriage abomination goes to the shades, then innocence can have its own way and be happy.

One of *Lucifer's* esteemed contributors, in giving an account of two lovers who were too honest and pure-minded to get married, calls them husband and wife. But there never was in the wide world, a wife who was not a married woman, or a husband who was not a married man. To use terms otherwise is to go contrary to the dictionary and general understanding. Worse than this, by far, is to apply terms that pertain to the marriage system to relations that are innocent and commendable. Intelligent and well-meaning persons do nothing so pernicious as to engage in white-washing marriage. But no one who does it need feel lonesome, nor as especially criticised, for the "woods are full" of semi-radicals, who take time they had better devote to sleep, to ply this nefarious trade. Thirty years ago, in writing an article for the Stanton-Anthony paper, the "Revolution," in denunciation of the popular mistress system, I said incidentally, as I had been saying for fifteen years previous, that it was more honorable to be a mistress than to be a wife. The papers raised a hue and cry, and Mrs. Stanton, broad-minded and wisely brave woman that she was and is, came out with an elaborate editorial demonstrating that "Francis Barry is right." *Lucifer's* praiseworthy contributors should not be content to be thirty years behind the respectable radical—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Magistrate—"You are charged with beating a horse. What have you to say for yourself?"

Prisoner (sobbing)—"Why, yer worship, I've just lost me wife, yer worship."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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ONLY PERSONAL letters have been received from the editor this week. I quote the following from his latest letter, written at Pensacola:

"Reached this place at 11 last night (April 9). Did not feel strong enough to go on to New Orleans without stopping for rest and sleep. Stayed two nights and one day at Jacksonville, with A. and Ina Champney, and with A. J. Gardner of Kissimmee, Fla. . . Have considerable headache and some cough, but don't consider my symptoms alarming. Expect to go to New Orleans tonight—reaching there between 8 and 9 o'clock. I wrote you I had some copy ready, or nearly so. Expected to finish it and send it on today, but circumstances prevented. I saw No. 755 at Palatka and at Jacksonville. Some rather bad typographical errors, but on the whole a very good number, I think. Sometimes my meaning has been changed by typesetter. For instance in one of my letters I was made to say "on my trip this year," instead of "on my trip thus far." A very important difference—the inference being that I am in the habit of taking a vacation trip every year. I may not always write plainly, but I certainly try to make my letters plain enough for an average reader."

## A Truth-Telling Judge Discovered in St. Louis.

"A man should have the right to slap a wife occasionally, but he should be very careful whose wife he slaps." This is the opinion of Judge Thomas H. Peabody of St. Louis, who discharged Bernard Kretzer, charged with wife beating. Just so. A man has a right to kick a dog occasionally, but he should be very careful whose dog it is he kicks. In either case, he should be sure that the property punished is his own. Otherwise the owner may sue him for damages. Of course neither the woman nor the dog has any right to object to their master's treatment of them.

It is evident that Mrs. Kretzer was laboring under the curious delusion (a delusion shared by many intelligent people) that there is a law to protect wives from physical violence, so she appealed to the court for such protection. The learned Judge soon set her right, however, rebuked her presumption, and dismissed the husband. We are not told whether her master gave her another "dressing down"—to use the elegant expression of the Judge—as a punishment for the inconvenience of his attendance at court. Probably she has learned the futility of making complaint if he did.

"When a woman takes a man for her husband," says Judge Peabody, "she does so knowing full well he is to be the ruler of the house."

Unfortunately, women do not know the blunt truth as stated by this Judge. The real facts are hidden by romance and illusion. I would like to see Judge Peabody's decision printed

on every marriage license that is issued. He would thereby do more good than he could otherwise in a hundred ordinary life-times.

"And," continues our Judge, "he [the husband] shall have as much to say as she. Whenever there is a dispute between them and the husband's desire is a good one it should certainly be acceded to. If he is then provoked to undue anger I think he would be partly justified in striking her."

Who is to decide if the "husband's desire is a good one?" it may be asked. What a foolish question! Who but the husband should decide it? It is scarcely probable that a woman would oppose, at the risk of submitting to a "dressing down," a desire which she considers "good."

A marriage license is a license to indulge in "undue anger," it appears by this decision. If a man yields to impulses prompted by undue [sic] anger, when "provoked" by a woman not his wife, he is not usually excused therefor. It is well to make a note of the various passions to which marriage license gives free play. Such information should be especially useful to women contemplating marriage.

In this case the woman's offense was that she was "trying to counteract and thwart her husband's will in the presence of their children. It was setting a bad example, which he had a right to rebuke," we are informed by our legal guardian. Are we to infer that in striking their mother in their presence the father was setting a good example to the children?

"It would be a good thing to warn the women of the country that their husbands have the same rights that they have in the home and they should always be respected."

True, O mighty Judge! And I, in my weak way, will aid in sending forth this warning! If the man has the "same rights" that the woman has, does it follow that the woman has rights identical with those given the man?

Granted the rights claimed for the husband, is the wife to be excused for yielding to "undue anger" when provoked? If so, and if she should strike her husband, is it agreed that she would then be setting a good example to the children? If "same" does not mean "identity," "oneness," and therefore equality, what does it mean? As a matter of fact, this equality of rights is the kind enjoyed in many a home. And yet such homes are maintained for the benefit of the children! Is it a matter for surprise that there is so much hatred, strife and misery manifest in the world when the home is, as now, the hot-bed of these evils? Let us rejoice that "There is no place like home!"

LILLIAN HARMAN.

## What Can We Do for "Unfortunates?"

Under the department heading, "Various Voices," will be found a number of extracts from letters referring to "A Practical Question," which appeared in No. 752. I expected to take up the subject again before this time, but press of other matters has prevented.

In effect, the question was what could be done to aid women about to become mothers outside of marriage, and who, because of their false education, believe themselves thereby ruined. They are unfortunate, truly; but no more unfortunate than their married sisters who bear children when they are physically or financially unable to do so. A woman suffers enough under such circumstances without having added the horrors of social ostracism and disgrace, and loss of self-respect.

There are now in the cities plenty of places where a woman can remain during the periods of pregnancy and child birth, and from which places she can have her baby adopted, but these are available only for those women who can pay a price which is beyond the reach of the majority. So this thought occurred to me: It may be possible that in each state there are women who could and would take women who find it impossible to remain at home, and, either at a reasonable rate for board, or and considerate treatment rendered it necessary, give a home

As Lucifer has subscribers in every state in the union, I hoped



a suggestion of this kind might meet the eyes of some of these women, and I gladly report that I have received responses from ten states. Kansas led with six answers, and other states have several to their credit.

Organization with the object of providing a large home has been suggested by several, but that is impracticable at present, I think. All that I expect to do at present is to record the names of those who are willing in any way to help, and then, when I learn of a woman who needs such help I can put her in communication with those nearest her. I believe much good can be done in this way, at a cost of but little time or trouble.

Much could be said on this subject, but more important than words is earnest thought. If you deem it worthy of your consideration, will you not let me know what you think?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

### People of Bad Character Must Remain Married

If "Old Missouri" doesn't get her name in the papers it will not be fault of her judges and legislators. Here we have a bill which has just been introduced in the House at the instance of the State Bar Association, requiring that all decrees of divorce shall be provisional for one year, and only be made permanent upon proof that the person seeking the divorce is of good character.

Why it is that a person of bad character is presumed to be a desirable marital partner and parent, is perhaps clear to a Missouri lawyer, but I must confess that my brain is too sluggish to comprehend. If I believed in marriage (thanks to my lucky stars, I don't), and if I were married to a man of bad character (thanks to myself I am not), I should certainly be very grateful to him if he would get a divorce from me.

I wonder if this is the result of a deep-laid plot to give occupation to the lawyers and judges? Two people of bad character are not usually supposed to be the best stock from which to breed the coming generation. Yet this law would hold them together, for neither could obtain a divorce. And who, pray, is to decide what is "good character?"

L. H.

### Does Liberty Slay Love?

There is not so very much difference between the comments made by M. Florence Johnson and my own ideas. She admits the change in love, but thinks men and women will suffer equally. I think women will suffer more than men in adapting themselves to a love that means only a transient, evanescent, passionate desire, dissolved as soon as expressed, after they have so long looked upon love as a steadfast, permanent anchorage.

Love, robbed of the elements of permanence, stability, constancy, its all-around mutual interests and co-operation in all departments of life, is something so different that the poets who sung of its faithfulness and constancy would not recognize it now.

My comparison was not between intellectual men and savages, but between the men who worship conventional gods and those who have thrown away all gods. The men who consider themselves progressive, free-minded, philosophical, who study biology and ologies "various" are the ones who take the sincerity and sentiment out of love and have most to say about the "inferiority of woman." Not that all conventional men are good lovers and radicals are not, but a greater number of the latter regard love as a very light affair. It has no bearing on the serious concerns of life.

Men do not want to be taken seriously in love-making; they express a good deal of surprise and distress, or vexation when they discover that some foolish woman is suffering over an affair that should have been forgotten as soon as ended. Of course in many cases the thing is reversed, and the man does the suffering, but not so frequently.

Love has triumphed over the dictum of church and state. has escaped through the prison bars of custom and Grundism to be slain in the camp of the free lovers, its professed friends and rescuers.

The editor of *Lucifer* may accuse me of a "tendency to generalize from a limited individual experience," but I do not care now to defend myself from that.

I wish to state emphatically that I have no regrets or complaints or objections against any result of liberty. If love is robbed of the qualities we thought belonged to it by knowledge and analysis and investigation, let them go. We will not mourn over crumbling idols. If love is slain by liberty, still will I trust in liberty.

LILLIAN D. WHITE.

I do not admit the change in love. Love is rare, and ever was so. The change is in our refusing to endure the hardships common to our ancestors. Formerly a woman bore many undesired children, and did the work of two or three women, and all because when a maiden, a youth told her he loved her. The liberal woman refuses to perform the "duties" of a wife and abandons the house when the lover changes to a legal owner, and the home becomes a workshop or prison. Our mothers expected nothing better, and the "good provider" need not be a lover. Indeed a caress given by a person after he or she had reached "middle age" was "spooney," "disgusting," "silly." That is the kind of home life that is going. There have been lovers. There are lovers, and the more intellectual, the better, more tender the lover. And as there has always been transient, evanescent love, there probably always will be. There have always been steadfast, true men and there always will be.

"My comparison was not between intellectual men and savages, but between the men who worship conventional gods and those who have thrown away all gods."

But if it is claimed that intellectual men do not love, we must go clear to the beginning and see if unintellectual men love better. Let us carry our reasoning to a logical conclusion.

M. F. J.

### The Sun Salutation.

"Melitta," in "Froth."

"Earth shall have spring again!" gleefully shouted the warm golden sunshine as he darted through ether waves.

"Earth shall have spring again; go proclaim it to the peoples pining in night and ice," was the message Mother Sun bade him deliver. But as he drew near the earth he grew pale at the sight of so much misery and privation. Gladly would he have returned at once, but just then two smiling innocent eyes met him and two child hands were wistfully extended toward him. In a basement tenement of a huge city a child of anguish had clutched a sunbeam.

Again the sunbeam sped away to the quarters of poverty, but here no one had time to notice him, and none cared to know aught about sun messages. Forth, therefore, he flew, until he came to a large, cold, desolate house within which lay many invalids to whom no friendly hand ministered, for whom no heart beat either in hope or fear, poor forgotten ones who were here awaiting the end of a friendless existence.

There in one corner lay a woman with wild, distorted features. She had been despised and hated, for oh, cruel fate! love for her child had made her an unfortunate. Despised and hated, though dying, was the outcast still. Trembling, the sunbeam kissed the feverish brow of the sufferer, and a warm thrill permeated her. She thought of her love, the love that had caused her all this anguish and smiled blissfully.

In his narrow cell famished a captive, a workman—one of the best of men. He had fought bravely for freedom and light and had been condemned to night and death.

"A human being in a dungeon," thought our sunbeam. "Why dost thou tolerate it, O beneficent Nature, while fragrant flowers are free and warbling birds and babbling brooks?"

Then he shone into the heart of the lonely captive, down deep into a heart with a burning thirst for sunshine he beamed "Springtime must yet come," thought the captive, "the springtime of liberty for which men have so hotly contended."

Further and further glided the bright messenger of spring

until he reached the silent city of the dead. He skipped by the tomb marked by splendid marble shaft or stately statue until he reached a mound with a plain memorial. Sacred is this spot, for the spirit of truth and liberty keeps vigil here. Here the exalted ideal, which outlives its originators and confessors, triumphs over death. Thousands stood around the graves of the heroes who fell in '48 in the struggle for freedom. They had dedicated countless wreaths to their noble predecessors—shoulder to shoulder they stood a mute, strong, proud host. An inviolable oath welled up in each heart, each felt the solemn compact though none spoke.

The day was declining, the sun sinking, yet once again fitted the sunbeam, radiant and blood-red, over the graves of those who fell in March. But those who lingered understood the blood-red sunbeam. Yes, springtime shall gladden the earth again.

### The Question of the "Bed and Board."

Occasionally we see an advertisement to the effect that inasmuch as the advertiser's wife has left his "bed and board" he will be responsible for none of her debts. Sometimes, though not often, the wife "talks back," as in the following, taken from the Liberty, N. Y., "Register":

"Whereas, my wife Helen, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I forbid all persons from trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting.

J. T. TREMPER.

"And, whereas, that the said bed above mentioned belongs to me and is still in my possession; and whereas the said board was nothing to brag about anyway; and, whereas, such as it was it has left my husband and he it, and not I him; and, whereas, the only other board now running at large and unchallenged was a half-paid-for table, which has disappeared with the alleged provider and non-owner of the bed aforesaid; and, whereas, the aforesaid trust, as above said, was never operative; therefore, be it resolved that my husband never had any bed and but a very meagre amount of trust and not more than half a board to protect; and, be it resolved, furthermore, that he be allowed to hustle for new board, a place to lay his head, and such trust as God and man may see fit to endure; and, be it further and lastly, resolved, that undertakers are not barred on the aforesaid and lastly named trust.

HELEN TREMPER."

### Three Good Rules.

If every one would read the following rules and then heed them, the world would be improved more than by all the sermons that ever were preached:

"If you are tempted to reveal  
A tale someone to you has told  
About another, let it pass.  
Before you speak, three gates of gold.  
Three narrow gates—first, 'Is it true?'  
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind,  
Give truthful answer, and the next  
Is last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'  
And if to reach your lips at last  
It passes through these gateways three,  
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear  
What the result of speech may be."

### VARIOUS VOICES.

L. M. Bryan, New Florence, Mo.—I see our subscription has expired and send you fifty cents to extend our subscription and ten cents to help send out sample copies. I shall always be thankful to some one for sending me samples, and take this method of showing it. If I can cause one or two papers to fall in the right place and shed a few rays of sunshine I will consider myself well paid.

T. J. McFeron, Cheney, Wash.—Enclosed find \$2.10 for which please send me one copy of "Hilda's Home" and credit me \$1 on subscription. Wife and I think your paper is grand—we cannot

very well get along without it. Hope the trip to the sunny south will greatly improve the health of the editor. While you of the east are having such unusual cold, we of this northwest state are having sunny spring.

A. H. T., Mo.—I have thought that the desire you expressed in regard to these poor husbandless mothers (none the poorer for being husbandless, but from adverse sentiment) can only be realized by systematic organization or co-operation. When I read in last week's Lucifer of the "Free Discussion League" (and free discussion is one of the tenets of my creed that I feel sure of) I felt that I could not afford the seventy-five cents membership fee. But for this protection to prospective unmarried mothers I am willing to subscribe one dollar per year and more if my financial condition should improve to permit it. And I am a man, too. I don't know but your appeal was intended only for women.

Ed. Secrest, Randolph, Kan.—I see by my tag that my subscription has expired and therefore enclose one dollar for Lucifer another year. I have followed your father very closely since he left the north to seek a little rest and recreation in his old days in the balmy Southland. May he return from his trip refreshed and invigorated both bodily and mentally to again enter the arena of polemics, strap on sword and buckler and take up the fierce conflict with the enemies of right and truth. In his absence you have held the helm of an heretical editor with a firm hand, and the best interests of Lucifer have been well guarded. Individually however, I would prefer to see shorter articles, and I am just a varietist enough to wish to see long articles divided and distributed through one or more successive numbers. This would give your admirable corps of correspondents a chance to be more often and briefly heard through our little paper.

S. E. M., Topeka, Kas.—I wanted to write you a good letter when you wrote the little short sketch of your father's life just after he started out on his trip. You don't know how much love I gave you for that little biography, for, as you said, we should not wait till he has passed from this plane of action before giving him the words of praise he so much deserves. In looking over the paper that came today, I find your words about the girl who is about to become a mother. I am one that would take such a girl in my home and give her all the love and respect and protection I could possibly give any prospective mother, and all the information I could also. If I were able, I would make it my business to take such women in and give them home and protection, but lack of means deprives me from doing many a good deed my heart prompts me to do. My associates are those of too good sense and understanding to make me or any one with me any trouble, or subject of remark, and any one in my care would be safe from the public.

Adeline Champney, 1421 Florida Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.—We are daily expecting to see your father again, but I hear he is detained at Lake Helen by an attack of biliousness, which we sincerely hope will have already passed away. On his first visit to Jacksonville he came to us with the blizzard. As his letters failed to reach us he gave us a surprise, and a most delightful one. We only regretted that we could not make him as comfortable as we should have liked to do. It has been my fortune to meet with disappointment in the personality of some whose writings I have liked, but in this case I am glad to find one whose presence is in harmony with the ideas one has formed from his work. I think you are a fortunate woman in having such a father, and I see from frequent words in Lucifer that you appreciate him. I think you are both fortunate in that you can give your minds to the work that most interests you, and that you need not be diverted by the bread and butter necessity, to the dull grind of labor for capitalists under this slave system.

Albina L. Washburn, 1336 Evans St., Denver, Col.—So glad



our editor, rambling in search of health, is finding it. I enjoy his letters so much. I see one of your readers wants to let a room to a radical—it don't say where. If in Denver, would like to communicate. I want to help some radical a few hours in the morning at light housework for a good room where I can comfortably read and write and perhaps receive a few friends at times. I have thought of late we might start a small industrial colony right here in Denver (or any one might in a large city) by procuring a suitable rooming house where ten or a dozen of the lone workers now rooming about in various places, could ply their various trades co-operatively, having a common dining room and rooms for depository of surplus goods for exchange and parlor for evening meetings. I know several progressive, intellectual women who are ready to go into such an arrangement—but there's the avaricious landlord who will have nothing but legal tender for pay, although there are six hundred kinds of money in use, all to buy labor. Can any Luciferite find us a co-operative house owner?

J. H. K., Mo.—Although you do not know me personally, and I have not heretofore written to you, I feel that I may address you as a friend, having been a constant and appreciative reader of *Lucifer* for a year. Am pleased with the conduct of *Lucifer* during the enforced absence of your father, and doubly glad that your ability to conduct the paper gives him the so much needed respite from care and worry, and do most earnestly hope his sojourn in the sunny southland may prove a genuine elixir of health and rejuvenation. Your mention, in a recent issue, of the girl who thought herself "ruined" elicited my sympathies, and I often wish that some asylum might be open somewhere where genuine sympathy and friendship might, without running the gauntlet of public approbation, be safely extended. Also the case of the woman in Los Angeles who yearns to be a mother again; when you know that a married man at fifty is childless, perhaps you may see how natural this feeling. I enclose copy of a somewhat free translation of a squib in the last issue of "Freiheit," John Most's paper. I thought it might be suited to *Lucifer's* columns. The name, "Melita," I think is fictitious. Wishing you the best success.

E. S., San Jose, Cal.—The enclosed letter is from Mrs. J. W. D., my next door neighbor—just across the hall. She is old and I do all her corresponding. She began to read *Lucifer* (the copy you sent me is doing good work) through me, is poor, has a husband like many other men, and must be secretive as I am. We both have read "Helen Harlow's Vow"—found it in a private circulating library—and are anxious to read "Perfect Motherhood." I wish I could send you what we all need—money—I cannot now. Some day, God willing, the noblest advocate of woman's freedom shall find the bread cast upon the waters return. Do you ever receive short stories for publication? I find many women—beginners—will read a story, while the other articles are "too dry" they say. "Hilda's Home" is a masterpiece. I'd like to know the author or see her photograph.

[The question whether *Lucifer* should publish stories is one rather difficult to answer to the satisfaction of all our readers. The paper is so small that many grudge the space taken by fiction, while on the other hand, others have become interested in *Lucifer* through the ideas presented in a story. We have under consideration the manuscript of three serial stories, but whether they shall appear in *Lucifer* has not yet been decided].

Alamo.—When a few weeks ago, I expressed my conviction that monogamy in freedom was the best thing for all concerned I did not intend to express an opinion as to the "immorality" of variety, nor do I believe it to be immoral, but only unwise. Still it is unwise to live on a diet of fat pork and beans, but some of us have to do it. And so some of us to whom the one has never showed her face, on whom the eyes have never smiled, may be, in some lesser degree, attracted to some one and, with

all reverence to her womanhood, give and get benefit, and be benefitted thereby. It is, for each, a case of "a half a loaf is better than no bread." And it need not be purely physical. Nevertheless, blessed is he that findeth his other half, for verily he shall be satisfied.

My remarks on free lovers who are disappointed because their wishes are not in every case gratified were not directed to "men about town," but men who profess to call themselves free lovers. The men about town I don't know; the free lovers I do. If you say that what I have said about them proves the falsity of their claim, I have only to reply that it is quite as just to put them down—or hold them up—as representing freedom, as it is to point to the man who cares nothing for the "Sermon on the Mount" in his life as representing Christianity.

John H. Mitchell, Cleveland, O.—I have just laid down the current number of a popular monthly with a renewal of the feeling that is strong within me that in spite of Comstock outrage and oppressive laws, that while in law the world, and especially the United States, is in darker depths than fifty years ago, yet the spirit of sexual liberty is advancing in the minds of all reading and thinking people faster than we readily conceive. When we read only the proceedings of courts we have come apparently to fear that we are drifting back to the days of the inquisition, and become almost discouraged. But when we read the thermometer of the modern thought—of the reading, thinking, reflecting men and women—then we may feel almost jubilant at the progress in the last quarter of a century towards the goal of perfect sexual freedom. These thoughts were renewed (not born) from reading a sketch on pages 972-973 of "Munsey's" for March, which I send you in another wrapper by this mail. When so conservative a magazine which caters to the Puritanical taste, admits an argument in vindication of the woman who exercises sexual freedom—even though gilded over with the language of parable—it is worthy of note. And "Munsey's" is following, not leading in the publication of sentiments that twenty-five years ago would have cost them the major portion of their circulation. There is light ahead.

L. C. C., Kansas.—The questions, "What do you think?" and "What can you do?" at the close of a very interesting article in *Lucifer* No. 752, kept me awake a good part of last night. At first I thought, I am poor, I can do nothing; then this thought was crowded out by others and I resolved to write you this morning, present some of those thoughts and leave you to determine their worth. I would like no better work than that you mentioned, no higher work than helping such girls to regain their self-respect, etc.; and like yourself, I have long dreamed of what I would like to do. But I have no money except what I earn, and I have two children and myself to support, but I have thought, Why can not the *Lucifer* women band together, as do the women of the church, and help this work along? First, let a home be established in some city, where people mind their own business, then let those girls be sent there and let our money, contributed a mite at a time, go toward keeping up expenses of the home. But I cannot drop this all-important subject with these indefinite plans. Here are others: I am an experienced nurse. I have cared for a great many mothers, and have excellent health, and so am able to care for many more. I am living in this place, but it is too small. I cannot get as much work as I want and can do, so I am thinking very seriously of moving to Kansas City, or some other place where I can get more work and better pay. If I succeed in going there I shall have my own rooms and no one to interfere with my plans, and I should like nothing better than taking such girls, doing the work of caring for them if there could be some means of meeting the expenses. This is what I think I can do. Do with it what you will. I am yours in the work of saving woman.

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# LUCIFER.



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WHOLE No. 758.

### The "Question Mark."

We soar into the heavens  
To learn about the stars;  
We visit planets Jupiter,  
And Venus, Saturn, Mars,  
The light of knowledge seeking there,  
But still we're in the dark;  
And while we grope we bump our heads  
Against a—?

We turn the story pages back  
Of stern old Mother Earth;  
And gaze on hidden treasures there,  
And talk about their worth;  
And graven midst the fossils, that  
Repose there grim and stark,  
Again we find, as pain as day,  
A great big—?

In physics and in chemistry  
'Tis ever just the same,  
That things do so, instead of so,  
The "why" we can't proclaim;  
And when we gain a little light,  
Alas! though but a spark,  
'Tis quite enough to plainly show  
That monstrous—?

At last we seek theology,  
To study the Divine;  
And after facts about the great  
"I am" we seek and pine!  
We read of "Jonah and the whale,"  
And "Noah and his ark,"  
And the "Atonement," what we find  
Is still a—?

—C. A. Lower.

### France and the Social Question.

Ferdinand W. Peck, Commissioner General of the United States for the Paris Exposition of 1900, has reported that there will no special department for women in that big show. This has afforded a text for many American newspapers to expatiate on the backwardness of the countries of the eastern hemisphere in recognizing women as a factor in social and industrial progress. These newspapers mayhap are not acquainted with that pioneer work in the interest of women's emancipation, "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," written by Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of the wife of Shelley, England's most gifted poet of liberty. There are other old-world women writers of force and fame whom these newspaper writers may have forgotten, but, as the present day novelist would say, "Why continue the sad tale farther?"

That France, of all nations in Europe, is not blind to the importance of women as a factor in humanity's progress is proved by the recent publication in Paris of "La Revue de Morale Sociale," a quarterly magazine on lines quite similar to those of Lucifer and "Our New Humanity." The magazine starts out with an excellent initial number, and the articles it contains bear evidence that the study of sex problems in France is not a new thing. The magazine is printed in the French language, and for that reason comparatively few of Lucifer's

readers would care to subscribe for it, but for those who do read French no more progressive publication on sex problems could be recommended. Following is a translation of the editorial salute of the magazine's first issue:

"Among the many questions which are asked today, as if addressed to a sphinx which overlooks the path along which the present generation is passing, there is scarcely one more important than the problem of the moral and social relations between the sexes. The reciprocal rights and duties of men and women, the obligations and prerogatives of one and the other in the family and in society: these are questions which are vital to society as a whole and to each one of its members. On their solution depends, in a great measure, the happiness or misery of individuals, the prosperity or the decay of nations, and the future of the human race.

"Yet it is difficult to find a domain so little explored and so greatly encumbered by prejudices of all kinds—a classic land of blind traditions and of hasty and ill-considered judgments. Observe the differing expressions of opinion, study the wording of the laws, consult contemporary literature, listen to the conversation, frivolous or serious, in the parlor or in the street—what a strange confusion of ideas, and what an absence of purposive direction! But always one fact is manifest to him who will permit himself without prejudice to give the matter any attention: that is the injustice of which woman is the victim—an injustice which permeates conventional customs and institutions.

"Whether in morals, in law, in school teaching, in political economy, or in sociology, are not things looked at always from the man's point of view exclusively?—as if woman, being of inferior essence and of merely contributory value, ought not to be taken into consideration until man has received his full dues. He is the end; she is the means. But more and more, on all sides today, the righteousness of such a system is contested. It is beginning to be perceived that this exclusiveness, to the detriment of one of the interested parties, is contrary to the nature of things and perilous to social order. A change of these conditions is approaching.

"Besides, it is coming to be understood that, instead of raising altar against altar and appealing to the antagonism of the sexes, it is better to work together in a spirit of harmony and broad solidarity, not only for the profit of woman, whose rights and interests should not be considered different from those of man, but for the great good of society as a whole.

"There being no magazine especially devoted to the consideration of these questions in existence today, it appears to us that the hour has come to attempt such an enterprise; and we present you 'The Review of Social Morals,' (*La Revue de Morale Sociale*) for which we solicit your good will and sympathy.

"In the interest of science and reform this 'Review' will have for its object the critical study of all that pertains to the social and moral relations of the sexes; besides, it will endeavor to discover the best practical solutions for these problems and

will announce them as clearly and as precisely as possible. Among the many propositions for reform in this domain, which are becoming more and more numerous, our aim shall be to create a center around which the scattered forces may rally. These are our principles:

"One standard of morality for both sexes.  
 "Respect for the human person, which should never be looked upon merely as a means [an instrument, tool or machine] for others.

"Recognition and guaranty of the rights of woman, as well as of the rights of man, each to be equally free and responsible.

"Intervention in behalf of those who, because of their state of subordination or relative feebleness, are unable to defend themselves against invasion.

"Opposition to all species of official organization of debauchery and condemnation of all such measures of discrimination taken under the pretext of morality.

"In a word: *Justice!* That is our motto.  
 "Vast is the field of activity which awaits us.

"Without announcing in advance all the subjects to be considered, we will indicate, as entering more directly within the scope of the 'Review,' the following:

"Sexual morality, love and libertinage; the rights of woman and the woman movement; the family, marriage and free union; seduction, illegitimacy and infanticide; prostitution, panderism and the colonizing of women, inspectors of morals; the protection of children and others whose state of dependence makes them the easy prey of luxury and exploitation; the respective roles of man and woman in society; and other phases of the social question which are connected more or less with the preceding, such as the means of livelihood of poor girls, wages, education of children, alcoholism, public and private hygiene, depopulation, militarism, etc.

"We think, in fact, that the intersexual problem should be studied in all its aspects, without narrowness of view and without neglecting anything pertaining to it.

"We address a warm and pressing appeal to all those who, comprehending the importance of these problems, believe there is something to be done in the way of reforming customs and laws in view of a better future, and we count on their support. We particularly appeal to the women, who are the most concerned in our undertaking, for without their support we shall not be able to gain the one cause which is hers and that of humanity.

"The present regime is incoherent and profoundly unjust, full of tears and misery. A renovation is necessary; a work of destruction and of reconstruction, for the freedom of the individual and of the social order. However unworthy we may be for so great and so noble a task, we shall undertake it with all our heart according to the measure of our ability.

"Hope and faith in the future era of justice shall not be a chimera. To have an ideal is still the most sure guide."

The price of the magazine is 10 francs (\$2) a year. Address: Revue de Morale Sociale, Giard et Briere, 16 rue Soufflot, Paris, France.

#### A Pen-Picture from Life.

G. A. M. in "Coming Light."

"Jim, O Jim! get up!" shouted the man at the foot of the stairs. "It's four o'clock. Do ye hear?"

"Yes sir," came the nervous answer.

The farmer strode through the house, banging doors after him, pausing only to remark to his patient overworked wife, "That boy is a perfect deadhead."

Her lips quivered, but she said nothing. Wearily she moved about the shed kitchen preparing the breakfast, while anxiously watching the clock as the minutes flew by. Presently she took a candle in her hand and went up the stairs. A strange light glowed in her face as she bent over the boy, who jumped nervously from his sleep to an upright position and gazed with frightened eyes in the direction of the light.

"O Mom, is that you?" he cried, as their lips met in a morning kiss.

"Yes, Jimmy. Your father called you and I was afraid you would not get up in time."

The child sprang from bed and hurried into his clothing. It was the work of several minutes to get the swollen feet into the hard, crooked boots that sat on the floor at the foot of the bed. The tears would come in spite of his manly effort to repress them. He stumbled down the steps painfully, saying, "Never mind, Mom, after I've walked around a bit I shan't mind," and he hugged the little mother who was wiping the tears away on the corner of her checked apron.

"It's about time yer gettin' here," said the farmer as the boy entered the barn. "Here, oil this harness and feed them horses, then milk the cows while I go to the pen to feed the shoats, and be quick about it, young man. We must git the hay in 'fore night."

The man stalked off with a sack of grain upon his shoulders and the little wizened speck of humanity proceeded to carry out his orders. His hands were cracked and hard, and as he oiled the harness the blood flowed from the cracks which spread to seams. Occasionally he waved the burning hands in the cool air to relieve them. The fourteen horses in the great barn were then fed, and this mere babe of ten years picked up the milk pails and sought the barn yard where cows and milk stools would have made an interesting picture had the child been enjoying a morning nap instead of being obliged to milk them twice each day all alone, except when "Mom" could steal time from the house and its ceaseless care to lend him a little aid. This morning she could not come, so the little cracked, bleeding hands tugged away at first one cow and then another, until eight were milked. At first he groaned with the pain of it, then softly sobbed in contemplating a lifetime of these daily rounds of hardship. The tears were pouring at last as he staggered to the house between the mammoth pails he carried.

"Mom" came to meet him and took one pail to the cellar while he carried the other. Her tears came again as she saw the poor bleeding hands of her boy. She had just finished oiling them with warm mutton tallow when the farmer banged the door open and said crossly, "Yes, that's right; betty that chap a little more, will ye? He's a perfect nunny now, and will never be a man."

The child slunk shamefacedly into a corner.  
 "Go and fill up the woodbox," said the man. "Ye never see anything to do, and if ye did yer too lazy to do it." The child was trembling with fright but hastened to obey.

The mother protested against such hard, incessant labor for a growing boy. The farmer answered, "Ye needn't tell me what that boy should and should not do. He's mine, and while I've got my wits about me he'll pay for his keep, and I don't want to see any more salt water about it either."

He drew his chair angrily up to the table and began to eat his breakfast. His wife poured the coffee and the child tried to eat as his father's glaring eyes searched his tear-stained face. "Mom" could not eat, and finally the boy said, "Mom, this corn bread is fine; taste it," and he spread a generous supply of butter upon part of his slice and handed to her. She tried to smile and swallowed a mouthful or two to please "Jimmy."

Grabbing his hat from the nail the man said, "Come on," and then started for the barn. The boy followed, then ran back for a kiss behind the kitchen door, where he knew "Mom" was waiting.

She watched them climb on the hay rack and drive away. Then throwing herself upon the bed she gave way to the grief which was wearing her heart away. "What shall I do? How can I make a home somewhere for me and Jimmy? O God, is there no way out of this horrible prison?" She grew more calm at length and put the house in order. The dishes washed, she rolled out the great wooden churn and began the slow, tedious process of butter making. Her face flushed, then paled, as her eyes flashed with thoughts of possible freedom for herself and boy.



That was one morning.

Dinner was waiting now, and soon the rattling of harness announced "the men." Hurrying the dinner on the table she watched the men file in, waited upon them with water, coffee and milk, then turned her eyes in the direction of the barn where the boy had been left to feed the teams. He looked so old and wan, even through the tan that browned his cheeks. When finally he was seated at the table with clean face and smooth hair he was greeted by further unkindness from his father:

"Got around, did ye? Yer the slowest mortal I ever saw. 'Spore ye'd stop and pike up if the house was afire." The men laughed, and the boy choked some dinner down in silence and revenge.

This was one noon.

The scorching sun beamed down upon the burning earth as "the men" started again for the hay field. Anxiously "Mom" watched the wagons down the lane, as she wondered if the child would live through another such "awful" day. Her busy fingers pared the apples, to dry for winter use, all the long weary afternoon. It was almost sunset now. The kettle was hung and supper under way. She watched the sun recede from sight and the twilight shadows gather ere the hay rack came in view adown the dusty lane. The lamps were lighted now and they drew once more around the table. No one spoke till the meal was ended, then the farmer said shortly, "Jim, get the buckets and do the milkin'."

The child moved off and the father picked up a paper. An hour passed, then he called out angrily, "Hain't Jim done milkin' yet? It takes him forever to do nothin'."

Jim came in just in time to hear this remark. He and "Mom" strained the milk and put it in the cellar. This done, he sank into a chair and began to look at the pictures in a child's book that some one had given him.

"Put that book up and go to bed," said the man. "You'll be no account to-morrow without some sleep." Reluctantly the boy obeyed.

"Come on now, let's turn in for the night," said the man to his wife as he strode toward the bed-room.

"Yes, presently," said she. "I have a little more to do to prepare for morning."

She sat in the kitchen waiting. Bye and bye she crept noiselessly to the bed-room door, shading the light with her hand. "Yes, he is asleep," she said to herself with a sigh of relief. Taking a basin of water and some towels she dragged her tired form upstairs. Wringing a couple of towels out of the water she bound them on the boy's swollen feet. She then dipped some cloths in warm mutton tallow and bound them on his hands; then wrung out another towel and bound on the back of his neck, kissing his feet, hands and face as he did so. He slept heavily through it all until the wet towel touched the back of his neck. He opened his eyes then and said, "O, Mom, what would I do without you?"—and they wept in each other's arms.

"Try to sleep now, dear," said the mother as she gathered up the things and returned to the room below, where only snores broke the silence. It was eleven o'clock before she was robbed for the night.

This was one evening.

There were others.

Winter evenings, when the boy's feet were burst open from chilblains, when his hands were full of bleeding seams from husking corn! Evenings when he lay in a stupor from weariness and "Mom" frantically waited for returning consciousness, while the man slept and snored in utter oblivion of their existence! Evenings when neither of them slept until day dawn, talking and trying to plan how to get away and live.

The years went by until "Mom" grew too tired one day and folded her hands in eternal rest. The boy was sixteen then and never came home from his mother's grave. Neighbors helped search for him, but he was beyond their reach. He had walked to the nearest town and boarded a train for a large city. The money? Well, it was "Mom's" dying gift. She had surrepti-

tiously saved it, dime by dime, in a little tin can, from the revenue butter making brought. Stolen? Yes, every cent of it, but the boy is free and so is "Mom."

Who is to blame?

## Love.

BY SARA C. CAMPBELL.

"Love is doomed." Not by any manner of means. L. D. W. is altogether mistaken. It is but the counterfeit love which in the past was conceded by most men and some women to be love that is "doomed to be relegated to the attics and garrets—banished with other broken Gods that have served their time." Real love, "the love that poets idealize in song and verse," etc., the love that has ever been the ideal of true manhood and true womanhood, this kind of love can never die, but will live and flourish and fill the whole earth with its loveliness.

In the future, instead of "men seeking each other for intellectual companionship, a circle into which woman are not admitted and have no place," listen to Joseph Dejacque in *Lucifer*, No. 755. He says:

"Say to the man and to the woman that their destinies are to draw nearer together and to understand each other better; that they have one and the same name as they are one and the same being—the human being; that they are, each in turn, the one the right and the other the left hand and that in the human identity their hearts are as one heart and their thoughts are inseparable. Say to them that in this condition only can they be able to sustain and support each other in the journey and the light of their love shall pierce the shadows that separate the present from the future, or civilized society from harmonized society. Tell them the human being, in its relative proportions and manifestations, is like the glow-worm which shines only by love and for love."

Read all of "The Human Being" in *Lucifer* 754 and 755, then read "The Truth About Love," and "Love and True Marriage" in "Sex Ethics" or better still, read the whole of "Sex Ethics," and help humanity evolve to that state where real love will be the motor power of the universe.

## A Significant Sign.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the "Commonwealth."

A little wayside inn in England, called "The Four Ails," had a significant sign. Whether painted by some wag or a philosopher it gives the working masses the key to their hopeless slavery. In the center of the sign are the letters "All." On one side stands the soldier in military dress, pointing to the letters; he says, "I fight for all." On the other side stands the bishop in sacred vestments, pointing to the letters, he says, "I pray for all." Above sits the king in royal robes, pointing down; he says, "I rule for all." Underneath stands the laborer in ragged garments, hollow-eyed, bent and bony; he says, "I pay for all."

If the masses, sunk in poverty, ignorance and vice, understood the lesson taught by this sign, they would throw off the burden and demand an equal share in the necessities of life, shelter, food, clothes, education, time for rational amusement, recreation and release from burdensome taxation. In what is termed hard times all the well-to-do classes shift their burdens on the laborer. With a new tax on real estate, the owner raises the rent; with an added tax on manufactures, a higher price is demanded for clothes, the tools of the artisan, the implements of husbandry, and on all that the masses eat, drink and wear. They pay a tax on every match they light, on every pipe they smoke, on every loaf of bread, every cup of coffee and glass of beer.

An observant Swede went into a lawyer's office, saying: "You see I buy me a piece of land and I tank I shall have a mortgage on it." The lawyer told him he did not want a mortgage, what he wanted was a deed. "No, I tank I want me a mortgage. I buy me two pieces of land before an' got deed for dem, an' nother feller came with mortgage an' take 'em. I tank I better have mortgage dis air time."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

WALTER HURT, editor of the "Gatling Gun," Cleveland, O., has been indicted on nine counts. Friends of freedom of publication should see to it that the paper which he represents is supported, whether they agree with him or not.

THE KANSAS FREETHOUGHT Association will hold its annual convention in Forest Park, Ottawa, Aug. 23 to 29, inclusive. This Park is a splendid place for such lectures—has a lecture hall, dining hall, dormitories, etc. For further particulars, address Etta Semple, Ottawa, Kas.

ANOTHER WEEK with no letter for Lucifer from the editor. He expected to remain only a few hours in New Orleans, but met with such a warm reception that his stay was prolonged for several days. He also spoke at two meetings. "My experiences here," he writes, "have been unique—nothing like them in some respects. Such hearty and generous hospitality and such complete appreciation and such intelligent understanding of Lucifer's central work, I have seldom or never found among those who have not been habitual readers of our literature. Am feeling stronger today (April 14) than usual, though I did not sleep so well last night as I generally do. Don't know that it is best for me to try to do so much talking, but if I could manage my appetite, and could get what I want to eat and drink I think the talking would not hurt me, but would be a help by diverting my attention from my own ailments. . . . My time is so taken up with visiting and sight-seeing, that I seem to have none left for writing—or rather I have no energy left for writing."

## How the Age of Consent Law Works.

Colorado is one of the states which acquired a high age-of-consent law when the craze for such legislation was at its height. Now it is reaping the natural results of its action.

In '97 Frank Conlon boarded with a Mrs. Sullivan in Boulder. She had a daughter of fourteen who was reported to be unusually developed mentally and physically for her age. The daughter and Conlon became very friendly, and all went well until in the summer of '97 a disagreement arose and Conlon was arrested under the age-of-consent law, charged with rape. "The evidence introduced at the trial shows that the girl was forced to testify against him by the mother under the threat of being sent to the State Home for Girls if she refused. While giving her evidence she fainted twice and had to be removed from the court room, and although there was no other direct testimony against the accused he was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary, where he is now. . . . Nannie Butterfield, Mrs. Sullivan's daughter, who was the complaining witness, has lately made an affidavit that her testimony against Conlon was perjured and that he was never guilty of any wrong to her, and that she testified as she did because she had been threatened by her mother."

I quote the above from the Colorado "Representative," which adds: "Before getting into this trouble, Conlon's reputation here was very good and much surprise was expressed at the outcome of the trial."

The victim and his friends are poor, and the only reason

that his case is brought to the attention of the public now, is that a lawyer (O. A. Johnson), who has learned of the facts has interested himself in the matter. His case is to be brought before the board of pardons which, it is hoped, will release him when convinced that he was convicted on perjured evidence.

It seems that such a case as this ought to make people think. Doubtless the mother believed that in ruining the man she was saving her daughter from ruin.

The power which is placed in the hands of the ignorant and prejudiced is terrible in its effects. Under the "protection" afforded by the age-of-consent law it is possible for anyone to separate lovers if the woman is under eighteen, and send the man to prison, no matter at what cost to the woman; and on the other hand, if a man outrages his wife no one can object. Before marriage a woman belongs to the state, after marriage to her husband; never to herself.

L. H.

## A Persian Pearl and Other Essays.\*

This is the title of a series of essays by Clarence S. Darrow, comprising "A Persian Pearl" (the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam), "The Skeleton in the Closet," "Walt Whitman," "Realism in Literature and Art," and "Robert Burns."

Mr. Darrow's works are full of gems, and the temptation is to quote at length. In his address on Walt Whitman, he says:

"To Walt Whitman there could be no thought of class or caste. . . . He had no faith in those laws and institutions which the world has ever made to defraud and enslave, and deny the common brotherhood of all. He believed that every child that came upon the earth was legitimate and had an equal right to land, and sea, and air, and all that nature gave."

Each of us is inevitable,  
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth,  
Each of us allow'd the eternal purposes of the earth,  
Each of us as divinely as any is here."

"Walt Whitman's democracy did not end with sex. Man is not always a logical animal. Most of the practical democracy of the world has stopped with men, and generally with white men at that. The political equality of woman has only barely been considered; the still more important question, her economic independence, is yet a far-off dream. But Walt Whitman knew no limit to equality. With him equality meant equality. It could mean nothing else."

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man  
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,  
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men."

"Probably Walt Whitman would not have raised his hat to a woman on the street, nor given her his seat in the car, simply because she was a woman. Both of these may be well enough, but they grow from false ideas of women, and of course through these false ideas women lose the most. Injustice and oppression can never be made up by chivalry and pretended courtesy. And the evil always is and must be the false relation which these create. Men expect to pay women for their economic and political freedom in theater tickets and by taking off their hats in public, and in the end women become willing to receive this paltry and debasing bribe."

## The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

This edition is rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald, with notes and an original introduction, brief but sufficient.

Heretofore Omar Khayyam has been known only to a few who cultivated him as a literary fad and recognized Fitzgerald's interpretation as a marvel of felicitous translation. But he should be known to and read and circulated by freethinkers, for the old Persian poet is pre-eminently one of us. His protest and satire against the dogmatic religion of his time and country is equally applicable to our time and country, for superstition is the same in all races and climes, and the Christian superstition

\*Printed on rough surface, English "Boxmoor" paper, ribbed sides and initials. In boards, \$2. In limp green chamois, silk-lined, \$2.50. Edition limited to 300 copies, each book numbered. Published by the Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y., and may be ordered through this office.



is borrowed from Omar's day and generation and from other religious developments of the human mind. Previous editions of this wonderful interpretation of a wonderfully keen dissection of religion, are loaded down with notes and introductions and lives and pictures till the cost is high, and our "old Omar" is removed from the plain of popularity. The little edition just issued by the "Truth Seeker" has the introduction necessary to present him to the non-oriental student and the notes which make the verses plain. Those who wish to delve further into the history of the Persian philosopher and his gifted interpreter will find it a pleasant field. A few Christian poets are now having their flings at Omar, but their productions are doggerel compared to Fitzgerald's magnificent verses, and affect him no more than the light of a candle affects the brilliancy of the sun. All liberals should have this poem, and they will find it will bear reading and re-reading. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M. P., one of England's brightest intellects, who made a fine prose translation of Khayyam's quatrains, used to carry a copy of Fitzgerald's interpretation in his pocket for study at leisure moments—a purpose for which this edition is admirably fitted.

The cover of this pamphlet is from special and most appropriate design by W. Parker Bodfish, printed on the Victorious cover paper. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

### Man vs. Husband.

BY ARGO.

Man, the image of God, is a being in whose heart kindness, sympathy, honor and love abounds; under no circumstances will he intrude on the sacred rights of woman. Man respects the person of woman as the most sacred of all things animate or inanimate. Man regards the woman with whom he associates as his equal in all things, and the absolute owner of her own person and property, to the same extent after as before marriage. Man makes use of the marriage license and ceremony only to protect the woman he marries from the venomous tongues of the scandal monger in the church and the self-constituted "elite" of the community in which he resides. He does not consider the marriage license gives him any greater right over the person of his wife than he had before he paid his dollar to the clerk who issued such license.

A man never attempts to exercise any restraint over his wife. When he uses the term "my wife," or, speaking of another woman, "his wife," he does not mean ownership, for he does not consider that any man can under any circumstances acquire the ownership of any woman. The grandest, noblest and most sublime appellation that can be applied to a female, is to say that she is a woman; the word lady should never be used when speaking of a pure, noble woman; lady carries with it a narrow, imperfect meaning, and describes an inferior grade of woman. Man considers the woman whom the law calls his wife, his partner having equal rights in all things, business matters as well as social affairs. He recognizes her right to dissolve that co-partnership whenever she may choose to do so; to have and hold one-half of the co-partnership property in her own right. No man will exercise any restrictions whatever over his wife, or bind her to him by legislative enactments, or judicial decisions. He will rely on the power of the laws of love and attraction. By respectful consideration of her worth, rights, kindness, and love, he will cause her to cling to and go to him for advice, counsel, sympathy and consolation. The sublime law of nature that impels the earth to turn to the sun for warmth and light, will attract and hold her.

#### WHAT IS A HUSBAND?

A husband, like a corporation, is created by legislative enactments, entrenched and fortified by judicial decisions. The law extends to a husband privileges and authority not desired by man, the image of God. Under the marriage laws a husband expects, and exacts obedience from the one woman whom he calls wife, without regard to her condition or feelings. The Bible teaches,

the church upholds and encourages, and the law enforces obedience to the demands of the husband. A husband may be a man but all husbands are not men. Some have the attributes and principles of men but such are exceptions to the rule: a law-made husband is a male being who has purchased the legal right (a marriage license) to ravish a certain woman if he desires to do so. He restricts the liberty of his wife; he uses the term wife in the possessive case. When he says "my wife," to him it is the same as "my horse." He regards her as a thing for his special pleasure, as his personal property; and when she demurs thereto he reminds her that she promised to both love and obey him in all things. A husband has the form and some of the features of a man, but he is not a man, he is only a husband. He is jealous and selfish, he keeps a continual surveillance over the daily life of his wife. Before marriage he was courteous, attentive and kind; but the courtship ended, the marriage ceremony finished, he at once assumes a different attitude toward her; she is his slave and he the master, a condition made possible only through the teachings of the church and the enforcement of man-made laws.

A husband is a legal fiction, not a natural person. The husband derives his authority over his wife through the law made by himself. Very like a corporation, which has been defined to be "a fictitious person without a soul to damn or condemn, having no body to imprison, punish or burn, no conscience to appeal to." When a woman takes a husband she surrenders her individuality, loses her identity, her name, and as Shakespeare is wont to say that "priceless jewel." Her loss is greater than her gain. It is true she has a husband to protect her from other men, but who protects her from her husband? Who can or dare step in and interfere with the husband's rights given him by the marriage laws? She is his (wife) property. No one dare attempt to arrest a husband, though he forces admission to the bed of his wife. He is protected by the marriage law in going to her bed at his will and pleasure without consulting her wishes. She may protest but the law affords her no relief. The law, the judges and the courts say that he may do that to his wife which if done to any other woman would be a crime punishable by imprisonment. In many cases very soon after the marriage the wife, to her sorrow, discovers that she has made a mistake; that her husband has inherited consumption, insanity or that his blood is otherwise tainted, and that he is not a fit person to be the father of her children. What can she do? Appeal to the law for relief? No. The courts cannot grant her any relief. She must quietly endure her affliction and bow to the power of the marriage laws of the land. Suicide or insanity brings relief to many noble women.

If the marriage laws were so modified that married women, equally with single women, should have the exclusive control of her person, coupled with the right to select the father of her children, she then in a measure would be compensated for the loss of her liberty.

### The Home.

BY EDGAR D. DRINKERHOFF.

In Lucifer, April 1, L. D. W. and M. Florence Johnson assume, the one regretfully, the other rejoicingly, that the home must go because "there is not a single thing a wife can do that a man can not have done more satisfactorily and at less expense in the general market." They forget that the woman must keep a home for her children, and that it is the most natural thing in the world to have a man about. I am not afraid to use the word natural notwithstanding recent flings against it. The home is with us to stay because it is very, very natural. Some features that are unnatural will not survive, as the custom that allows the man to usurp the woman's place as head of the family. The way in which the future man will purchase home comforts in the general market will be to join some existing or prospective family home in the capacity of a boarder. The home, like trade, land and banking, needs to be freed. Mrs. Johnson could not say those bitter things against the free home.

The home is not, however, the only natural thing. Nature is not seriously violated when a woman avoids propagation and enters into commercial or scientific pursuits for a part or all of her life. Savagery is not the only place in which to find nature. Nature lies just as much ahead of us as behind us. What is in harmony with the constitution of things is natural. There are degrees of naturalness. We use the word unnatural to designate a very low degree of naturalness. Those things that nature has found it necessary irrevocably to discard were natural in so low a degree that we regard them as unnatural. Government in the home is so unnatural that it will yet pass away. The free home is so natural that it is bound finally to survive. An exclusively commercial life is so much less natural for women than housekeeping, that it will stand no show in competition with the free home. There is something about a home that makes a man want to indulge in one, especially those who have tried the furnished-room-restaurant-laundry plan. Even if pressing a Bellamy button would bring any desired material thing, woman will be wanted as a help-meet if for nothing else than to press the button to have everything in readiness for the man returning from work.

Nature sometimes gets a set-back. The home was more nearly right at one time than now. Artificial influences afterward prevailed, and the home reverted to a lower type. But as "truth crushed to earth will rise again," so a more natural home will be again evolved. Even experiment is natural. When society becomes free more natural institutions will develop than were dreamed of in any savage tribe.

#### Spiritualism and Social Freedom.

In the "Progressive Thinker" of March 18, Hudson Tuttle was asked his opinion of the "Anti-Christian Spiritualist Order." In his reply the free love or anti-marriage plank in their "Declaration of Principles" is what he strikes hardest at, and my comments on that is, I think, the reason my reply was not accepted. The following is a condensation of that reply.

Mr. Tuttle says Spiritualism is not Anti. Now if I know what Christianity teaches, Spiritualism is decidedly Anti-Christian. Webster defines the word, "Opposite to, or opposing the Christian religion." Christianity teaches special creation of a perfect man; the fall of man, thus necessitating a savior; this savior immaculately conceived of a virgin by the Holy Ghost (whatever that may be), and the only salvation for the human race must come through this virgin-born man god.

Spiritualism teaches development of the human race through evolutionary processes; that only through growth and one's own efforts can the soul be redeemed from ignorance. Antipodes to be sure.

With 35,000 people owning more of a nation's wealth than the remaining 70,000,000, and Spiritualists turning their halls into churches, their lecturers into reverends, their healers into doctors, and with their eyes turned upward in prayer and singing "Nearer My God to Thee," and of the "Beautiful Homes Over There," with a national organization that avows a part of its mission to "build homes for indigents," it seems to me the time is ripe for the wise spirits to come to earth and take control of the old ship of state and help us to weather the storm we are now abreast of before we are entirely wrecked, and what little of civilization we have is destroyed.

Look abroad over the land and see the blots in the shape of institutions for the criminal, the insane, the imbecile, the deaf, dumb and blind, the reform schools for children too young to be classed as criminal—all degenerates—then ask yourselves candidly: Does the respectability church and state tags us with for following her edicts, pay the cost? Read and reflect.

"An enlightened free race—once this can be said of humanity—will contain no degenerates. This reform which demands freedom for love is the only true method whereby there can be

a redeemed humanity. Marriage as it is legalized, granting authority to husbands, ownership of the wife, destroys the real means whereby a race can be evolved to its highest perfection in the mortal. Of women mothers are made, of mothers are born humanity."

Can any mind capable of thought beyond the narrow limits of selfishness fail to see these truths? Can you not see why church and state cling so tenaciously to this marriage system which breeds the kind of people the above-named institutions are builded to care for? A race of people born from slave mothers can easily be held subject to unjust systems of economics and religions.

Brother Tuttle sets up the same old scarecrow that church and state frightens would-be respectables with, refusing their tag of respectability if we refuse to comply with their regulations and laws.

No child born of love, and welcome, could be a degenerate, whether under legal sanction or outside of it. Nature cares nothing for man-made laws. The present degenerates are proof of how severely she punishes disobedience of her edicts. I read, "Freedom for love is a point to be considered wisely."

Mr. Tuttle has used nearly a half column to prove the bestiality of man. This is self-evident, and that it is true, is the great need of the work of this order. He wants "The strong hand of social order expressed in law" to control this; But does it do it? Instead it grants a license in marriage to all manner of bestiality, and the poor victim who "believes and yields to it," has no redress in law. Law acknowledges no such thing as rape in marriage. "Once consent, always consent." Thus saith the law.

This "law and social order" condemns a vast army of our sisters as sacrifices on the altar of man's lust in houses of prostitution (legalized) and dooms another vast army who are working for a mere pittance, to this walk of life for the clothes to make a decent appearance before their masters. With all this, and the prostitution under legal sanction, I ask where is our boasted virtue? Is it this class that are attracted to reformatory movements and talk of mateship in love and freedom? For shame; these are the parents (legal) of the degenerates that this order must labor to lift up and out of their inherited tendencies to bestiality, intemperance, hatred and murder. The shallowness of the assumption that "These doctrines come up like fetid odors from the hot-beds of passion and are advocated because a plausible excuse is offered for their gratification," is too palpable to be worthy of notice. That any person would stand in the fore front of such an order to be misjudged, denounced and all the vile epithets that vile minds can command to be hurled at them, for the opportunity to gratify lustful desires, when the opportunity is staring every one thus inclined in the face under legal sanction and respectability, and outside, too, if one be hypocritical enough to keep it covered, is the height of absurdity.

One important point to be mentioned is, no officer receives any salary and no dues are collected for membership. Surely a labor of love to elevate humanity. Yours for the whole truth along all lines of reform.

Chicago.

MATTIE E. HURSEN.

#### The Reform of All Reforms.

For more than twelve years I have tried to study our social and industrial conditions with what ability I possess, and without prejudice. A great part of these years I believed that Moses Harman was giving unwarranted prominence to the reforms he advocates, mainly, "liberty in love." But my observation teaches me that he knew much better than I, that his prophetic judgment discerned much further and deeper than mine.

I have been inclined to the belief that if women were industrially free and independent matters would ultimately right themselves. But they never will be thus conditioned until a generation is born of the right kind of mothers—mothers who rightly prize the freedom they should maintain and do not.

\*Those who desire to learn the teachings of this order should send to Allie Lyndsey Lynch, 8225 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill. for the Order's "Declaration of Principles," which will be sent free to all applicants.



The reason we have so few genuine reformers today is because we have so few women who possess sense enough to know their rights and dare maintain them. This infernal cringing to the powers that be, this despicable indifference to outrageous conditions that are making a veritable hell for nearly half the race, all come through lack of intelligent motherhood, and the situation can never be materially improved (as Moses Harman has for years contended) until mothers come to know and appreciate that freedom is better than slavery, that self-ownership is only an inalienable right, and in the name of humanity demand and maintain this right.

I used to believe that reform would come without awaiting the slow process of breeding a new generation of the right kind of reformers, but I am becoming discouraged. "Fool mothers invariably breed fool children. The exceptions are so few as to prove the rule. About the only thing we can do is to give Lucifer as liberal support as possible and continue, in the name of humanity, to protest and protest against every form of injustice, oppression and monopoly; after awhile the sun may break through the clouds.

Has any five or ten cent booklet yet been written that stands in the same relation to the woman's emancipation reform that "Merrie England" does to socialism? If not it should be written. I would like to hear from Lucifer's readers on this question.

HENRY E. ALLEN.

Berwick, Ill.

### Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets.

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### Emma Goldman's Lectures.

Thursday, April 20, 2 p. m. at West Side Turner Hall, Women's Sick Benefit Society, "Fortschritt," German lecture. Subject: "Women Emancipation."

Thursday, April 20, 8 p. m., at Vorwart's Turner Hall, 1168. 1170 W. 12th St., under auspices of Turner Society, Vorwarts; a German lecture. Subject: "Politics and its Corrupting of Man."

Friday, April 21, 8 p. m. at Ruehl's Hall, 220-224 W. 12th street; German lecture, "Authority vs. Liberty."

Monday, April 24, 7:30 p. m., at Jung's Hall, 104 Randolph St., Journeymen Tailors' Union No. 5; in English: "The Future of Trades-Unionism."

Wednesday, April 26, 8 p. m., at Aurora Turner Hall, cor. Ashland Ave. and Division St., Aurora Turner Society. German lecture. Subject: "The Origin of Evil."

Thursday, April 27, 9 p. m., 151 E. North Av., Amalgamated Wood Workers' Union, No. 17; English lecture. Subject: "Development of Trades Unionism."

Friday, April 28, 8 p. m., Aurora Hall, cor. W. Huron and Milwaukee Ave. Intern. W. M. A.; English lecture. Subject: "A Criticism of Ethics."

Saturday, April 29, 8 p. m., at Clubrooms of International Working Men's Association, 105 Wells street. Comrades and friends of Emma Goldman are cordially invited to attend an international farewell entertainment tendered her at above headquarters. Entrance free.

Sunday, April 30, 8 p. m., at Fortschritt's Turner Hall, 1824-1830 Milwaukee Ave., Turner Society "Fortschritt"; German lecture. Subject: "The Basis of Morality."

### THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL. BY C. S. S.

This powerful poem of more than 600 lines, is the work of OSCAR WILDE. C. S. S. having been the poet's prison number during his confinement in Reading Jail. It is dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in the jail at that time, and it depicts the terrible sensations of the author and his fellow prisoners before and after the execution. Just issued; price, in cloth, blue, velvet back, beautifully printed from large type on hand-made antique paper, double edges; reading matter on one side of the paper; a sumptuous book of 66 pages, 7 inches by 5, \$1.10 paper, 44 pages, 10 cents. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price, by M. Harman, 101 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Argo, Ia.—Please apply the enclosed two dollars on subscription to Lucifer. You will also find enclosed the epitome of my observations of the practical results of our marital laws after twenty-five years active practice, during which time I have been employed in several hundred divorce and other cases, growing out of the relationship of husband and wife under existing laws.

L. E., Ottawa, Kas.—I am trying to get a breathing spell after a very busy winter. I am watching with great interest the reports of your good father's health. I hope to be always able to send you a big round dollar whenever due, only wishing it was \$5. The female laborers in any avenue find only a limited supply, even under the most favorable circumstances; and when the mother heart is taxed for supply of food, raiment and education, it seems all too little, but I try to remember "there are others." You may be sure of my sympathy and respect, and my assistance whenever possible.

Frank E. Leonard, Okla.—In the main, I heartily approve of what M. Florence Johnson has to say under the title "Epistolary Fragments," in Lucifer, No. 756; but when she says: "We all know the present system is far from satisfactory, so why not allow honest individuals to try their ideals and see if there would be improvements?" it seems to me that she weakens her position quite materially. Why not allow *all* individuals to try their ideals? I judge her use of "honest" in that connection is merely a slip of the pen, but if I am mistaken in that, would be pleased to learn her reasons.

[This point is well taken and shows the need of using language that truly conveys our ideas. The only thought I had in using "honest" was that dishonest persons now live as they please, hiding the result, and those who would honestly give the result of experience to the world that we may improve thereby, are ostracized. I believe in *all* individuals being free, or, in other words, in universal liberty. M. F. J.]

L. A. D., Springfield, Mass.—By the kindness of my friend Chavannes of Knoxville, I have some copies of your paper. I enclose trial subscription and request that "John's Way" be sent me as a premium. You who are in such a position that you receive many letters from friends of the cause, and often meet them personally, cannot imagine what a mighty lonesome world this is for those of us who are working without any companionship save that of our own thoughts. Although I am but thirty years of age, this subject has had my attention almost since the dawn of conscious manhood, let us say for the last fifteen or sixteen years. During this time I have believed in, and advocated, equal rights for women in all respects. Holding that a woman, and she alone, has the right to determine how and where and when she shall dispose of her personal favors; realizing that the woman who marries for a home is none the less a prostitute because she sells herself to one man, losing even the poor privilege of a voluntary selection, and feeling that she has no right to repent of a bad bargain once made; and observing how, when the laws of Nature and the artificial laws of man come in conflict, the artificial is compelled to give way to the real; meeting with total lack of sympathy for high aims and ideals, is it any wonder that I am "sore" on the scant-brained majority of the world who have no standard of right and wrong, no greater thought or no greater degree of progress than was measured by their ancestors of two centuries ago? Is it any wonder that I should welcome, even on the printed page, the evidence of minds such as mine own? I have many friends, so-called, but I would trade the whole bunch for a half-dozen people who were like myself, only more so. "Fewer friends, and closer," is the way I feel about the matter. In this wilderness of ignorance where I live I am, so far as I am aware, entirely without sympathizers or co-workers. If there be any such I should be delighted to know them.

758.

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**The Outcome of Legitimation.** By Oswald Dawson. This of the January "Adult," but the printers of that number played Bourdon on a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which they did print was "bad enough, but we are printing that and decline to print the rest." The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 16.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 29, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 759.

### The World.

Fashion, the world, society, to me  
These ever are as some brave board outspread,  
Where men and women feign to feast, unfed;  
Smiling and gay, yet holding in each eye  
The pitiless hunger of the soul's agony.  
Ah! this alone is death, and these the dead;  
And yet men call it "life" pitying, instead,  
The child-like soul that loves simplicity.  
A padded pomp, a bill state, a gaslight glare,  
The bitter-sweet and dust of discontent.  
Soul-hunger and a secret none dare broach—  
These are thy wages, world, thy servants wear  
Upon their brows the stamp of manhood spent,  
Lost innocence, and haunting, vague remorse.

—J. Wm. Lloyd.

### Paragraphs.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

It requires more courage to grant others the right to their opinion than it does to fight for your own.

A privilege is a "private law;" it is particular favor enjoyed by some one or more persons which is not enjoyed by all.

We would be more charitable in dealing with those who disagree with us if we would remember that belief is not a matter of choice.

"The greatest of faults," said Thomas Carlyle, "I should say, is to be conscious of none." It is a greater fault, I should say, to be unwilling to be conscious of any.

No word, perhaps, is more generally misunderstood than the word "lust." It literally means "desire," and desire cannot possibly be avoided by any conscious creature.

I am for woman's rights as well as for man's rights; but I am opposed to woman suffrage and to man suffrage, because suffrage is a privilege, and a privilege is never a right.

It is a poverty of words compels people to speak of "laws" of nature. Laws are made by men and can always be evaded. But the course of nature is as old as nature and is unchangeable and inevitable.

Who can doubt the humane spirit of a nation that pays \$20,000,000 for the privilege of assuming another nation's fight to subdue the inhabitants of a few Pacific islands who wickedly want to attend to their own affairs in their own way?

A few of the brainiest clergymen in Chicago who have denounced the war policy of the United States are called "visionary dreamers" by the Chicago newspapers, and some of the little

preachers are gaining newspaper prominence and adulation by announcing that they are about to form an "Expansion Club."

The word "love" comes from the Sanscrit word "lubh" which means "to be lustful." Lust is desire. Love is desire accompanied with a wish to promote the happiness of the person loved. Lechery is desire which seeks gratification regardless of the wishes of the person desired. Much confusion in the discussion of love results from ignorance of these distinctions.

A man who mounted a dry goods' box in Madison street, Chicago, last Sunday, and began telling his hearers that capitalists were responsible for the woes suffered by the poor was promptly arrested on a charge of "blocking the sidewalk." Half a block away the Salvation Army and Ballington Booth's Volunteers were telling their hearers that the Devil was the cause of the woes of humanity, and they were not molested. Chicago's streets are notoriously dirty, but they evidently belong to the holy trinity Gold, God and Government.

### Compulsory Ignorance.

BY HENRY R. THAYER.

It needs no very deep or profound thinker to conceive that a better social order than the one now prevailing could be devised. A large percentage of the people are mentally and morally asleep. To these it does not occur that a better social order is a possibility. Above them there is a progression of thoughtfulness manifested, till at the other extreme are found men vitally awake to the question of race advancement; men to whom it seems such a crying need and vital necessity that they willingly give a whole lifetime to thinking out and living out a solution. This does not necessarily mark these men as heroes, or make them subjects for our pity, for they are simply seeking the line of least resistance, and find it in this manner. It is as foreign to their natures to let the question alone as it is for those at the other end of the scale of perception,—those who "having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things that so nearly concern their temporal salvation"—to have any live interest in such matters.

Not to this class, however, will these lines fall, but to those vitally interested in bettering conditions as they find them: interested not through philanthropic and altruistic motives, but because compelled to do so for their own good and pleasure. Altruism and benevolence are not causative, but resultant. They are but the manifestations of selfishness, the higher selfishness that actuates noble minds, the selfishness that recognizes solidarity, and the universal needs of the individual.

In seeking reasons and causes it is seldom that we go back far enough. We are often content to rest on the discovery of a half truth, instead of getting clear behind and under it, to bedrock. To many of the aforesaid thinkers, the cause of Com-

stockism is found in the Puritanical spirit. This is certainly the great force without the support of which it could not exist, but it is a finality! One would naturally seek back of that the cause of Puritanism. This takes us deep into English history, even into the world's history. I merely remark in passing that it was a reaction, which is a feature of progress. In seeking to go ahead, we move by these reactions, like the swinging of a pendulum, or rather the progress of a man groping through a hallway in the dark, going from side to side as he goes ahead.

All that these Puritans do, however, is to furnish the public sentiment, the moral backing necessary. They do not make laws, they are very seldom represented in legislative bodies.

Who, then, do enact the iniquitous repressive laws? Who cause them to be enacted? Who is it that closes the press against free speech? Who blocks the way of every investigator into the mysteries surrounding conception, and the nature of the origin of life with a "Thou shalt not"? Who makes it a criminal offense to publish any information concerning the avoidance of too large a family? Who so relentlessly hunts down the man who dares to impart to the mother, broken down with repeated and too-frequent child-bearing, the information which she would give ten years of her life to possess: the ability to avoid bearing another weakling?

We have a condition of the densest ignorance; not merely race-ignorance, nor yet the ignorance which is not yet evolved to a realization of the truths that lie in advance of present ideals, but ignorance of another sort; enforced, compulsory ignorance, and that in a department of human life where there is a recognition of it, and a crying need of knowledge.

In seeking for a cause of some existing economic condition, it seems to me a good plan to hunt for the individual or class that the existing condition will most benefit. In this instance we surely will not have far to seek. It is equally necessary that there should be power to produce and to maintain a given condition. Here, then, are three factors to deal with: enforced ignorance, some one to greatly profit by its enforcement, and someone with power to enforce it, where it is to his profit. Is there any doubt that these apply directly to the monopolist, the exploiter of human labor? Let us see.

The capitalist leads, for the most part, a parasitical existence. He lives on the blood of the worker. In order to be able to do so, it is necessary for the worker to approximate the condition of a slave. His rights and privileges must be brought down to the smallest compass, while it is equally necessary at the same time to make him think he is a free agent in all matters, and quite able to do just as he pleases. As he is a short-sighted creature, and trained to short-sightedness, this is no hard task. He is given a set of conditions much to his liking, as an ideal, and is fooled and hypnotized into believing that they really exist. He is made to think that he is a factor in the government. Why, hasn't he that little piece of paper called a vote, which enables him to be ruled by whomsoever he will, and doesn't this make him self-governing? The poor fool really thinks it does. It does not occur to him that he has not the slightest voice in the selection of the men whom he can vote for, and that there is no real choice. So if he does not get the condition of affairs which he hoped to by casting a vote, he is told that he cast the wrong one, that the other kind was necessary to bring all the desires of his heart. It would seem that any fool could see that the whole voting system was a farce, and that every vote he cast was a vote for the continuance of his slavery,—but no. Even those who think seek only to better existing conditions, so grounded is our habit of holding on to a worn-out past, and seeking to patch it, and to re-patch the patches, rather than to cut loose and weave a new fabric.

The press, which is so universally owned by the money power, the wage slave is not bright enough to regard as an organ of the plutocrats, whose news, and editorials in particular, are worded so as to show the exploiters in the best possible light. He believes that paper as he does his Bible, because it says it is true and inspired. What hope for a man who can prove anything by itself?

I have been digressing somewhat, to show that ignorance exists in the minds of so many of the men from whom the coming race must spring. I need not say that many of them, if given a chance, would gladly reverse their position, becoming exploiters of other men, instead of the exploited. When they had reached this position the grievances of the under dogs would pass from their memories like a bad dream, and they would uphold grabbing as well as any man born into a fortune.

To return to the subject: Why this repression of every movement in the line of race progress? Why these strenuous efforts to keep people in ignorance? Too many credit the whole business to the Puritans and the prudens. As they are not the politicians or the law-makers, how can they be responsible?

All the effects of education are to make the worker a less valuable slave, but nowhere is this truer than in regard to the improvement or limitation of offspring. The exploiter well knows that the man who knows himself too poor to properly care for and educate a child is entirely in his power when the unwilling father of six or seven. If possessed of the knowledge that would enable him not to have so large a family, or none at all if he saw fit, he would be many times more able to revolt. What a man with a largesickly family would never, could never, dare think of doing, he would risk. He could make and enforce demands. If he had one or two children, healthy and desired, loved by their mothers during gestation, they would be so apt to be happy children with clear minds, who would grow up to be thinkers.

Suppose all the men in a factory were free from the encumbrance of a large family, and their women companions were not drudges, the slaves of the children and husbands—there would be a vast deal more of independence shown. Is it to be wondered at that this is recognized on the part of the exploiters, and laws enacted to try to prevent the spread of such knowledge as will make a more independent race of men inevitable?

Then it is necessary, for the maintenance of the present starvation rate of wages, that there should be more men than places for them. If they cannot make a living wage, they will make half of it, so great is their desire to live a little longer. Under conditions where there are more places than men (which was once the case in the United States) even the unskilled are employed. Wages are higher, for the man can dicter and demand something. With a greatly reduced birthrate, and a greatly improved stock, the condition of the demand equalling the supply would exist, and the capitalist lose a great deal of his power over the worker.

I am sure that some will object to my attributing so much malevolence to the capitalist, or so much power, either. I would not wish to be understood as stating that as a class, he does deliberately seek to injure the worker. He merely seeks the line of least resistance, and it is the most comfortable thing not to think of the worker at all. He knows that it means suffering to the worker, if he thinks at all about it, but he seldom does. If he does, he may state, as an excuse, that it is meant that there should be two classes, the aristocracy, as it were, and their servants. At any rate, whether born rich or poor, he has been brought up to worship money, and regard the possession of it as a mark of superiority. The poor man thinks the same. Perhaps the capitalist began life as a worker. In this instance, he will probably tell you that any man has an equally good chance to get rich, and that it is his own fault if he does not do so. He will ascribe it to his improvidence, or his wastefulness. Probably by telling that story so often he has come to believe it himself.

If we admit that the mass of the capitalists are very much like the common people, there still remains the fact that there are among them a few, who by design, try to keep the people in studied subjection, and in the ignorance best suited to the continuance of it. Perhaps the rest merely fall in with the plan, as best suited to their needs, also. With hired lobbyists, and a plentiful use of money in the way of bribes, is there any doubt



that a few can get laws passed to this end, and that they are doing so?

I do not consider the outlook for the worker very hopeful. He is not ready to rise and throw off the yoke in a successful revolution. He is encumbered with notions and traditions that would make any plan of reconstruction abortive. Nowhere is this so true as in all things referring to a knowledge of all that pertains to life itself. He is slow to take any interest in the science of life; sex is a subject that very few can study in an unbiased manner as they would arithmetic, and there is still lingering in the minds of the majority the notion that reproduction is a thing which it is dangerous and sinful to attempt to regulate. This notion cannot altogether be laid to the capitalists. It had a deeper and an anterior origin. Where, we can only guess, as history is as silent on that point as the average mother to her darling daughter, whom she criminally allows to grow up in what she hopes will be unsullied innocence.

The ignorance of the poor man on all economic problems is equally dense, but far from as hopeless. The whole system in vogue he indorses. He believes in money, interest, rent, taxes and banks. He believes in government and, in a great majority of instances, in voting. It is extremely doubtful if he will better things much by a social overturn. His standard is money not labor. If all the capitalists were removed, the smartest of the laborers would soon be filling their places, and singularly enough, these make the very worst slave-drivers. One would expect more consideration from them, but will find it instead in those "to the manor born." The workingman is his own worst enemy. I see no hope, save through the slow, tedious process of evolution, and the education of the masses. By the time these have attained a proper idea of the meaning and scope of the word justice, and an understanding of the independence of the race, it will be time enough to begin a war of extermination on all the exploiters that remain.

How are we, in the meantime, to get along amid the conditions that are so entirely at variance with our desires and ideals? We find very often that the worker does not wish to be taught. He has a perfect right to remain in ignorance; in that case he hugs his chains and looks on money as rather an end than a means. He seems to us to be blind to his higher interests. Nor that alone; if he knew us to be anarchists, free lovers, and atheists, he would not listen at all, but would shun us as his most dangerous enemies. I see no other way in many instances, but to leave him to his own destruction, hoping that from experience he will derive instruction.

It is not, however, to the interest of a radical to leave ignorance undisturbed. Recognizing as he does, the solidarity existing in the entire race, and more particularly among those with whom he is more nearly associated, his near neighbors, he knows that his own greatest stumbling block in the way of freedom is his neighbor's ignorance. It certainly is a dense skull—though there be many such—that will not admit any helpful thoughts from a progressive man's talk.

Every man will seek the path that offers to him the least resistance. To some it may be quietly putting up with things as they are, in spite of the certain knowledge that they need improving, and that some one has got to pitch in and help to do it. To many others it consists in thinking, arguing, agitating and especially trying to live out the problems relating to a happier and more advanced state of society.

Jacksonville, Fla.

### The Story of May.

BY HARMO.

Several people have asked me to tell the story of May, and as she herself is quite willing, I will here briefly state the facts of the case, as it may be helpful to those who are querying how to help unmarried mothers.

About three years ago I received this letter:

"DEAR FRIEND:—For God's sake, come to us. Help us, advise us, tell us what we can do. Our little May—my pet—is about to become a mother.  
WILTON."

A few days later I took the train and went to meet my sorrowing friend. He met me at the depot with horse and carriage, and during the long drive out to the family residence he told me the facts of the case. May was about to become a mother, and the father of her child could not marry her, because he was her sister's husband. The whole family had turned against the poor child, (she was not yet seventeen) her mother most bitterly of all, and my friend knew they were driving her to destruction. They had decided she must go to a hospital and stay until after the child was born and give it away or place it in an asylum. She vowed if forced to do this she would enter a house of prostitution. He was at his wit's end and knew not what to do, as the other members of the family swore she should not stay at home.

Finally she said to him, "Write to Harmo, Papa, and if she will take me, I will go with her," and so the letter came to me. I talked to the different members of the family as best I could. I told them no woman need be ruined because of a thing like that, for some of the world's best and sweetest spirits had been unmarried mothers.

At the end of a week I brought May home with me; then the storms broke over my own devoted head. Self-righteous neighbors told me if I kept "that thing" in my house, every one would be down on me and no one would come and see me. I replied that the world was wide, and there was much more room outside my house than in, and that if they chose to desert me because I followed the dictates of my conscience they could do so, that it mattered but little to me. The storm raged for a while, until the stormers saw I was firm, and then I was left in peace until the babe was born, a lovely girl who now bears the name of two of our leading reform women.

By and by the neighbors becoming curious to see the babe began dropping in, one by one. At first they began pitying May for her ruined life. She told them she would show them her life was not ruined, and she would yet prove that she could live as helpful a life as any of them.

"Yes, oh yes," drawled one sanctimonious gossip, "the vilest sinner may return to the fold." "I refuse to consider myself vile," said my little May. "I consider myself just as pure as any of the rest of you, and prouder than some, for I love my child's father."

At one time the deputation came to enquire who the child belonged to. "Why it belongs to me," said May, "to myself and mother Harmo, here; it is mine by birth and hers by love."

Little by little, our gossips became more kindly, when they knew my girlie would not be browbeaten and cast down. Little by little they took her into their good graces, until when our little Flo was six months old she had won the good opinion of all, and was everywhere kindly received; and instead of condemning her, they condemned her family for driving her from home.

Shortly after this time a young social radical came to visit me. He and May were drawn toward each other at once. The attraction grew stronger as the days went by, till friendship grew to love, and they concluded to cast their life lines together. To satisfy the prejudices of the people, they were married according to law; but with the contract between themselves that both should be as free as if unbound by law. And I know that they live up to the spirit of their contract. Their love is something beautiful to see, and May, the girl whose family were driving her to a life of prostitution through their fear of Mrs. Grundy, is a loved and respected woman, and bids fair to lead a useful life. And thanks to my tuition and the lessons learned of Lucifer, she is a free and fearless woman; one who has learned her lesson well—the lesson that no one act can ruin our lives unless we ourselves consent to the ruin.

Free and universal discussion bears the same relation to truth that a road does to a city toward which it surely leads.—  
William Francis Barnard.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Homeward Bound

HAMMOND, LA., April 17, '99.

Whether or not an apology is due to the readers of *Lucifer* for my prolonged silence I know not. Silence is oftentimes better than speech, oral or written. Several causes have conspired to prevent the sending of a weekly letter for publication, each of which is a valid excuse, as I see it.

One of these causes is the chronic pressure of contributed matter asking for space in our columns, and the desire on my part to give all an occasional hearing. Another is the fact that much of the time since my last letter for *Lucifer* was written I have been in poor condition, mental and physical, for putting my thoughts in shape for publication. The little energy I have been master of has been almost wholly used up in making and receiving social calls, in making "parlor talks," platform talks, and in private and personal correspondence. Several pages of report of my journeyings in the "Land of Flowers" were written at Palatka, Fla., some two weeks or more ago, but getting separated from my baggage containing this manuscript copy—two of my grips having gone on to New Orleans—I postponed finishing the letter until I could recover what I had written. From various causes I did not recover this manuscript till the day of my departure from the Crescent City—too late for insertion in No. 757 of *Lucifer*.

My last letter for publication was sent from Palmetto, Fla., about one month ago. Taking leave—Saturday noon, March 18—of our good friends at that place, and turning my face once more towards the north star I had another very enjoyable ride over the smooth, clear waters of Tampa Bay. The boat—rightly named the "Margaret" (pearl)—was the same that had brought me from Tampa to Palmetto nearly a week before, and having to make a number of landings at the various small trading ports that line the bay, it was dark before we reached Port Tampa, ten miles from the city proper. At the railroad station I was again met by Friend H. J. Barksdale, whose acquaintance I had made on the train some weeks before, and who now informed me that arrangements were being made for a meeting at "Carpenter's Hall," Tampa, for Sunday evening.

Not feeling very strong I remained in my room most of the day Sunday, and when the hour for the meeting arrived I felt relieved rather than disappointed to find only a small audience to meet me at the hall. For some unexplained reason no announcement had been made of my lecture in the daily papers, as was promised, with the result that only a few labor reformers put in an appearance.

Intending to make but a short talk I began by reading an extract from the New York "Journal," in which the editor advises his readers to "Watch the trusts. Fight them when it comes to voting; fight them you must, since eventually the men who own them must be treated as pirates are treated usually. The owner of a trust, the manager of a trust, holds in slavery both man's necessities and his labor. Such a person must be done away with sooner or later. . . . Eventually it may be necessary to hang a good many to stamp out the breed," etc., etc.

Commenting on these utterances of the "Journal" I took ground against "hanging" as a cure for the ills of our industrial

system, saying, in substance, that "trusts" are the legitimate and necessary outgrowth of the competitive system, supplemented as that system is by "protective" privileges granted by law to certain lines of industry and supplemented also by a land-and-money system which practically says, "To him that hath it shall be given and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have. The men who to-day own the trusts are as a rule, neither better nor worse than the men who cry out against them. If it were possible to persuade the voters of today to nationalize the trusts, the men who clamor for the change would want positions in the favored class, the official class, the governing class, and they would want large salaries for little work. Equality of opportunities, "Equal rights for all and privileges for none," is beyond the comprehension of the average reformer. That this is true is proved by the history of "strikes". The strikers demand a better adjustment for the wage system, not the abolition of the wage system. They do not want to own their time, their tools and an equal share in nature's undeveloped wealth. They are willing that the privileged few should own and control these. All that the striking workers ask or expect is a better adjustment of the yoke to their necks, with perhaps the addition of better and more frequent opportunities to get into the wage-owning class themselves.

Proceeding I tried to show that something else is necessary than simply a modification or revamping of the old monopolistic systems. No half way measures will ever remove the evils now complained of. Looking for fundamental causes I tried to show that the parent "trust," the trust of all trusts most harmful, is the marriage trust—the ownership and control of the "creators" by priest and judge; the trust that denies to woman the ownership and control of her person; the trust that denies to children of the masses the natural right to be born well—to be born of love and to be reared in an atmosphere of love, as the first and chief condition or factor in the creation of a race of human beings wise enough and strong enough to change the industrial and financial systems that now enslave the producing masses in this and all other countries.

To secure this much desired revolution I maintained that woman must take the lead. That man's selfishness will never grant to woman the right of self ownership—the right of "Initiative and Referendum" in the creation of a new race—the creation of a new "dispensation," a new heaven and a new earth, in which "dwelleth righteousness," that is RIGHTNESS, which means justice, equity, fraternity, love and truth.

Replying to my statement that woman must take the lead in the reconstruction of human society—that the most effective of all strikes would be the "strike of a sex," Mr. J. C. Jeffcott said, in substance, that women are the "helpless sex." Women can never raise themselves from their present state of dependence upon man. This dependence is woman's normal condition.

When she attempts the role of breadwinner she unsexes herself, and thereby loses the respect and love of man. This is illustrated by the well-known fact that to be a lady typewriter is regarded as equivalent to being a woman of "easy virtue."

"I once read," said Mr. Jeffcott, "a book called 'A Strike of a Sex'—one of the most silly, most impracticable and absurd things I ever read or heard of. Man's nature is aggressive, progressive, domineering, imperious,—man must be the leader, must be ruler. Woman's nature is passive, receptive, submissive, yielding,—women must be the subject sex, the dependent sex, in social and economic life. Man must boss the family. The man who cannot boss his family does not deserve the name of man," and much more in the same vein. Several others took part in the discussion, some siding with Mr. Jeffcott, others taking what may be termed middle ground.

In my closing remarks I said that while Mr. Jeffcott's statement as to the relative position of the sexes is largely true—true to fact, true to nature as we find it today—yet what has been true to fact and to nature in the past need not and will not always be so, will not always be right or normal. There is



such a thing as evolution in human ethics as well as evolution in physical nature. Because man has dominated woman in all the past, does not prove that he will always rule and enslave her. Woman's dependence, woman's inferiority in the social and economic realm, has been largely because of her lack of strength and physical courage, and because she has been handicapped in the race for supremacy by her childbearing and by the care of children. After ages and ages of dumb submission and of voiceless suffering, woman is at length awaking to a sense of the wrongs that have been inflicted upon her, inflicted by man's selfish love of power and because of the unequal load placed upon her shoulders as builder of new human beings.

Woman, in all the past, has been "veiled and sleeping" because she "knew not her power, nor what was due to her as a human being, but now the veil is being removed from her eyes. Now she begins to look upon the problems of life from her own standpoint, instead of from the standpoint of a "lord and master." Though not yet strong enough nor brave enough to stand alone, to stand erect and to demand all the rights and privileges of a human being, she is no longer prone on the ground,—no longer is her body stretched upon the sands of the desert; already she has "risen to her knees," and she is now asking—of herself she is asking—"Might I not rise?"

Woman, some women, are now demanding rights of citizenship, demanding equal political rights with her brother, man, refusing longer to be considered a minor, refusing to be classed with idiots, with imbeciles, or with prison convicts because of her sex; and more important still—in infinitely more important, she is now demanding the absolute ownership of her person, whether married or unmarried—including, of course, the right to be called by her own name, instead of by the name of the man who by law claims the right to own her person.

And while self-ownership is woman's first and supreme demand it is not her only demand. In order that self-ownership may be everywhere practicable woman demands a thorough reconstruction of our industrial and economic systems. She demands that the wage-slave system be abolished, and that in its stead a system of equitable co-operation and of equal right to the advantages conferred by labor-saving invention, be everywhere inaugurated. She demands that the claims of motherhood, that is, that woman's labor and time while devoted to the work of race-building and care of infant children should receive due recognition, due reward, as the most important of all human industries.

When womanhood and motherhood shall receive their due recognition in associative human life it is confidently believed that the first and most important step will have been taken towards removing the ills complained of by labor reformers and by all other societary and governmental agitators.

These are some of the views, thoughts, or opinions, presented for the consideration of the very earnest and intelligent labor reformers who met at "Carpenter's Hall," Tampa, Florida, on the night of Sunday, March 19, '98. Though few as to numbers it was one of the most interesting of the gatherings addressed by Lucifer's editor during his sojourn in the Palmetto State. Tampa is one of the largest cities in Florida and because of its prominence as a military post or rendezvous of United States soldiers during the late war with Spain, there are few Americans who have not heard of this town. The following are the names of some of the more prominent of Tampa reform workers: P. W. Knapp, J. W. Jeffcott, J. C. Cameron, L. G. Denson, H. J. Barksdale, E. M. Pearsons, Capt. Burnham Nick Jacobson, R. Hanlon.

Leaving Tampa Monday morning, March 20, I returned to Kissimmee, and on Tuesday found my way to the Shaker colony near Narcoossee, about ten miles eastward from Kissimmee. Was very kindly and hospitably entertained by Benjamin Gates, who seems to be the business manager of the colony, and of the other members thereof. This colony is not large (only some ten or twelve persons in all), but they seem to be quite prosperous in business, and appear happy and contented in their compara-

tive isolation from the great outside world. Their principal industries are pine-apple growing, sugar-cane culture—from which they manufacture molasses only—and pasturing cattle for neighboring stock-growers. Those of our readers who may wish to know more of this experiment in colony life may address Andrew Barrett, Narcoossee, Fla., who will, as I feel assured, answer all letters that enclose a self-addressed and prepaid envelope.

Near this colony is another in which the mode of life and leading doctrines are very similar to those of the other Shaker colony, but whose members entertain somewhat different views as to government in this world and as to the meaning of "life after death." With Brother Roberts, who seems the leading spirit here, and others of the colony, I had a very pleasant visit of two hours or more, finding them to be persons of superior intelligence and culture. Though few in numbers they seem to have solved the industrial, social and religious problems of mortal life in a manner quite satisfactory to themselves.

M. HARMAN.

### Is There But One Way?

"The only real help to bestow on 'unfortunates' . . . is to circulate the libertarian sentiments found in Lucifer and other radical papers," says Kate Austin. I agree with her that this is a very important help, but I cannot concede that it is the only help, nor that it is impossible to combine the teachings of Lucifer with other means of assistance. In fact, I do not believe that there is "only one way," of accomplishing any work. Different cases require different methods.

Yes, we should circulate Lucifer—I would gladly give many free copies to prospective mothers who would be willing to read them. But sympathetic personal talks need not lessen the influence of the printed page.

It is true that married women need sympathy and help. When did I ever deny it? I would help a married woman just as readily as one who may be unmarried, if she should appeal to me for help as unmarried women have done. Surely our friend does not think we can help only one class of women. The reason I wrote of unmarried mothers was I thought apparent in my words. Some of them feel disgraced, and want peace and quiet until after the baby is born, and peace and quiet is what they cannot have at home where they constantly meet the reproaches and scorn of their family and acquaintances. Perhaps they "ought" to be strong enough to endure it, but the fact remains that the majority are not, and many are driven to despair and suicide. Understand, I am not writing of those who intelligently and voluntarily assume motherhood outside of marriage but of the multitude who ignorantly do so, and so have to endure not only the condemnation of their friends, but self-condemnation. They need help to self-respect rather than material assistance. And that period can be made the most important turning point in a woman's life.

Yes, the next question is, "What of the child?"—and it is largely for the sake of the child that we should help the mother. Mrs. Austin has strangely misread me if she understood by my allusion to the common "lying-in hospitals" that I advocated the renunciation of her child by the mother. The answer to this question might be different in each case. The world is large, and the mother is not always obliged to go back to her old home. She may make new acquaintances, form new ties, find employment in the place in which the babe is born. Or she may have acquired the knowledge and courage necessary to take her baby back and be proud of it. If after all, she does not want it, if she thinks it a nuisance and wishes to rid herself of it, the best possible thing for the child would be to give it to some one who would love and care for it. Perhaps she "ought" to love and keep it; but even if she could be made to look on it as a duty, duty love is but a cold substitute for the genuine mother love, and it is most deplorable that any child must be brought up on it. Watered milk is fattening, in comparison.

In conclusion, I must say I am aware that I can do but little toward removing the monstrous mass of ignorance, prejudice and superstition which crushes women and through them the countless little ones yet unborn; but to the little I can do I shall devote all the powers of heart and hand and brain. I believe in holding up the ideal of self-reliant womanhood, but if a woman is not strong enough to live up to that ideal—and the majority cannot even see it—I shall help her to be herself, in so far as I can do so, even if she cannot be as strong and free as my ideal. And I don't care whether women are married or single, old or young, black, white, yellow, or any of the colors of the rainbow, if I can help them to a place in which they can help themselves and their babies, I shall do it. I am quite sure such work need not interfere with that advocated by Mrs. Austin.

### "Love Must Be Won."

In *Lucifer* I read the poem headed as above, and I thought how true that is, and passed judgment on it as very good.

Another day I picked up the paper and read "Love is not free to take like sun and air," and the thought occurred to me, Who ever took sun and air, and where did they take them? We may enjoy the sun and air by going where they are; we cannot take them in the way that we take anything else. We may remove things that shade the sun from us, so that its rays fall in our direction—we may also open our windows and let in the air; but fill a room full, then close the windows to enjoy your own room full of air, and how long can you keep it as fresh air?—surely a very short time, if you breathe it.

So instead of saying, "love is not free like sun and air," we should say, "it is free like sun and air." We may improve in its light and warmth while it is day—we cannot take it, nor enclose it, nor keep it, nor give it away, any more than we can take, keep, or give away sun and air. We can build our houses in a way to receive little or much sun and air, so can we develop our natures to receive or give much love. Yet however well built are our houses, there are weeks of cloudy weather when we see no sunlight, and at other times our windows reveal to us the blinding lightning when it strikes our favorite tree. We are glad to shut out some air when hurricanes come, and however loving and lovely we may be, there will be lonely times when a lover is absent, or there is no love to meet our own; yet "some day" or on some days the sun will shine and love will comfort us—the sunlight and love which we might wholly shut out by wrong architectural design and an unlovely character.

M. F. J.

### Genuine Free Thought.

The "Truth Seeker," of Bradford, Eng., comes to us each month laden with good things. William Francis Barnard contributes a page to the April number, from which we quote:

Might does not make right. Nor does right (more's the pity) often make might.

If freethought does not imply free action, if it does not make for free action, what is the value of freethought?

The gods are not dead merely because one god is dead, religious superstition is only one among many superstitions.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," says Bryant. Yes, and the crusher will be waiting for her when she rises.

"Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist," says Emerson. Yes, but—whoso would be a nonconformist must first be a man.

A "freethinker" accosted a philosopher. "I am a free-thinker," he proudly exclaimed.

"What do you think of free—"

"Bosh! They ought to be imprisoned."

W. MacQueen contributes a very important article on "Free-

thought and Free Action." Among other articles are, "The Drama of Christianity," by Arthur B. Moss; "The Way from the Church," by Charles C. Cattell; "Clericalism and Militarism," by Edward Leggett. These are but a few of the titles. The paper is very bright and interesting, and advocates free thought on all lines. We have a few extra copies, which we will send to any address for five cents each.

### Homes.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

The home has received another savage attack, this time directed by C. L. James. He says, "Homes are playing out." He thinks the restaurants, bakers cooking, laundries and so forth, mean, or look to, co-operative housekeeping. Some of the home haters should explain themselves. The central idea conveyed by the word home is that of a dwelling place. Do the opponents of homes think that dwelling places will soon be things of the past? Evidently this chief element is not the one to which the anti-homists are opposed, for dwelling places will continue to exist as long as man himself, except when he betakes himself to roaming like the Bedouin of the semi-desert. Possibly this is the only sense in which the home must go—to keep up with the wandering Arab who sets up a new home each day. Still the roaming one might keep a home some where to come to when his travels are over.

The home destroyers must mean that they expect the home of the future to evolve and take on new characteristics and lose some old traits. It is interesting to speculate as to what principle our homes are to surrender to make themselves acceptable to the home smashers. Mr James' intimation is that the individual is to give way to co-operative house-keeping. In a rough way this is true. The farmer no longer manufactures his own sugar and coats. He now buys these things ready made. In his housekeeping economy, these two branches of individual manufacturing have been represented by commercial transactions on his part, thus introducing the element of free co-operation. Free co-operative house-keeping changes the housekeeper's work from manufacturing to commerce. Individual manufacturing gives way to co-operative manufacturing, but the commercial part remains as nearly individual as the housekeeper's former work.

It is hardly probable that the mother and her children will in the future live without a home. It is not likely that they will live in some other person's home. Homes will be so easy to be had that they will live in homes of their own. They will shut the manufacturing part of the housekeeping, but the commercial part will be attended to by the mother. Families will not universally or even usually make their home in a hotel, because a small concern can always compete successfully against a large one under circumstances of freedom, which means that the mother will find attending to her own household affairs cheaper than hotel living. Her housekeeping will be co-operative so far as manufacturing is concerned. Her individual housekeeping, keeping her house in order as to those matters that can hardly be hired or bought and in such trade transactions as ordering goods and paying bills. She will keep a man boarder, but even he will not be homeless, for although his landlady will attend to what little housework developed industry requires, yet he will feel at home as he will pay for home comforts according to the terms agreed upon. Men will not own their own homes as, like hotels, they will not be able under freedom to compete with women in the housekeeping business.

### "What Shall We Do With the Children?"

BY KATE AUSTIN.

The question, "What can we do for 'Unfortunates'?" will sooner or later lead to that other no less vital question "What will we do for the 'unfortunate's' child?" If the illegal mother is to be shielded from the consequences of her own act, the child must be hidden from those who move and "have their being" in that select circle to which the mother belongs. In order to do



this, the babe, as soon as it is born, must be deprived of its mother, robbed of the natural right to lie in that mother's bosom, and forever doomed to remain in ignorance of its own parentage; that is, if it survive the cowardly cruelty of its own mother.

It is deplorable that a false moral code has so distorted woman's natural maternal instincts that she will avail herself, means permitting, of refuges in the city, "where women can remain during the periods of pregnancy and childbirth, and from which places she can have her baby adopted." The question is, ought we to encourage a woman to desert her offspring? Is it not better to arouse all the combativeness of which her nature is capable in order to meet that contemptible public opinion that demands nothing less of her than the desertion of her own child to appease its respectable maw?

The fact is, there is no place for a woman to hide. Sooner or later she must face the consequences of her own act, or do that which will cause life-long regret. Girls that have been "led astray," as a general rule, have plenty of relatives or friends who will see that they do not suffer, so far as material interests are concerned; they are as well off or better in that respect than the average married woman.

Those liberals who have replied so feelingly to the proposition will find ample room at home to exercise their benevolent faculties, and do not need to send abroad for subjects. The only way to alleviate the mental suffering of so-called "unfortunate" girls, is to cultivate their self-respect and common sense. By words and actions, show not only them but their neighbors, that you consider them every way your equal in true morality. Do not tolerate in silence the "holier than thou" feeling of prudes and hypocrites. It is easy to point to the generally well-born child of a lawless love as one blessed by nature, if cursed by man. Point out the frequent contrasts in favor of the illegal article compared with many legal specimens. Do all this and more, but do not encourage cowardice in the prospective mother. Suppose it possible, and she is gladly willing to "flee from the wrath to come." What then? After the child is born she must give it up to strangers or some "Home for Foundlings"—a deed that any self-respecting, healthy woman ought to consider the most shameful thing she could do—or return to her friends with the little infant in her arms and face the usual gossip and averted looks of those whose opinions and scorn she ought to have ignored in the first place. I have known more than one girl who has successfully "lived it down" in her own community, who has quietly and bravely faced what seemed to her the burden of a nameless sin, and at last found solace and peace in her love for her child. As one said to me:

"Before my child was born I shed many tears, but I thought if I am mean enough to bring one into the world I ought to be good enough to take care of it."

Can anything surpass the true morality and goodness embodied in that simple sentence, from the lips of a young and ignorant girl? Such as she need no refuge but their own self-reliance and courage, and it is needless to add that her child was mentally far above the average.

I think it perfectly safe to assert that in every neighborhood there are, on an average, more respectable women in dire need of sympathy and a home for themselves and children than there are among the "unfortunates." The only real help to bestow on "unfortunates" of all classes and sexes is to circulate the true libertarian sentiments found in *Lucifer* and the various radical papers.

#### Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets.

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## VARIOUS VOICES.

L. K., Wall street, Colo.—I enclose twenty-five cents to apply on my subscription to *Lucifer*. I am inclined to think that short stories would be a taking idea in your paper. I know that I have enjoyed the reading of one or two that have appeared lately, and I am inclined to think that stories "point the moral" just a little better, if anything, than do columns of dry argument and altercations between persons, of which there is too much to suit my taste in *Lucifer*. People, as a rule, do not care what this or that person thinks, but they do heed and remember a good point pressed well home in a story. Try the idea.

E. H., Ohio.—I see by your letter in *Lucifer* (viz. "What Can We Do for 'Unfortunates'") that you have heard from six states, of people who are willing to give a helping hand to those in need. Therefore if you can give me the address of one in this state who is willing to help a woman out of her difficulty in this direction, you will confer a favor upon one in need of a home during accouchement; could pay about \$1.50 or \$2 per week.

[Ohio is one of the states which I have not heard from. Yet we have a considerable number of women subscribers in that state, and it is possible that one may be willing to consider receiving E. H. in her home. If any will, I hope she will write to me. I will place them in communication with E. H. L. H.]

Alfreda, Thayer, Miss.—I have read and re-read what Mr. Walker had to say in No. 753, and think such articles are just what we need for propaganda work. If the masses could only be convinced that most of their sufferings are caused by their own ignorance in regard to intimate social relations and by their false modesty in not being willing to discuss these matters in the serious and candid manner their importance demands, how much of human misery might be avoided. Sometimes speak so plainly in defence of unfortunate women who are attacked by my own sex, that my lady friends look amazed. One old lady, otherwise kind-hearted, said to me lately, "Why, we have to ostracise men and women when they don't come up to our standard, or more would go astray than they do now. We must vigorously hate vice, or we can but tamely love virtue." As these women were all orthodox, I quoted the alleged saying of the Nazarene on a certain occasion, and our little gathering looked thoughtful, for a short time at least.

Lydia R. Todd, R. 21, 415½ S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal. .... Now in regard to the article you have in the paper about the young girl who had been "betrayed" and therefore supposed to be "ruined," finding a friend in other women. I will just say that in me all women have a friend, and anything I can do to help them I am more than willing to do. Of course I cannot do a very great deal, as I have only what I earn by day's work, aside from a little property from which I get little except tax receipts. I am much obliged to you for publishing my letter, but am sorry that you did not give my name in full. I always sign myself so. I never hesitate to say just what I think, and would do so if I knew that I would go to prison. I have made lots of enemies and some friends by being outspoken. I cannot help it, I must do as I think right and I am willing to take the consequences.

[Some people object to having their names published in *Lucifer*, so unless I feel reasonably sure that the writer does not object, I suppress the name when I insert extracts from letters which are not plainly written for publication. Often people ask for addresses which I do not feel at liberty to give without permission. If our friends, when writing to the office, would say how they feel in regard to this matter, they would help me very much. L. H.]

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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 17.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 6, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 760

### Love's Infidelities.

I tell thee, O Harmon, could I time retrieve,  
And could again begin to love and live,  
To you I should my earliest offering give;  
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,  
And I should all my vows and oaths renew;  
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth I find  
Love hates to center in a point assigned;  
But runs with joy the circle of the mind;  
But let us never chain what should be free,  
But for relief of either sex agree,  
Since women love to change, and so do we.

—Jonathan Swift.

### Mary Shelley.

BY C. L. JAMES.

It would scarcely be possible to imagine a feminine nature more unlike my first heroine's than my second, though there doubtless are still in the world Philistines who would bracket them together as "erring women." Each is the central figure of a drama. But Catherine, emerging from the darkness of her origin like lightning from a thundercloud, forces herself into startling prominence. Mrs. Shelley, who habitually suppressed herself, is not easily given her due place among the tragic figures of that stage in which she moved.

Unlike Catherine, she had ancestors. Her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, became immortal through writing "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." Her father, William Godwin, will always be remembered as the man whose "Political Justice" called forth the famous essay of Malthus. The character of both contributed to form hers.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft, whose capacity for affection and devotion made her loved by all who knew her, was evidently of an impulsive disposition, unregulated by good training, for she had none.

Godwin possessed no common imagination, as shown by his romances, "Caleb Williams" and "St. Leon," but it was untutored by a particle of emotion. His merits and faults, as artist, philosopher and private person, all alike turn about a single point—the utter coldness of his logical vigorous spirit. The only passion of his long life was Mary Wollstonecraft, who lived with him but a year.

Mary Wollstonecraft's father had been a man of dissipated habits and a violent temper. Her mother, whom Mary and her sister Eliza encouraged to obtain a separation, was, until then, the passive victim of his caprices. But it may be mentioned that the daughter's view of women's rights had nothing to do with suffrage, did not involve a formal attack on marriage or Christianity, and was probably not meant for any such thing. It was Godwin whose uncompromising logic made their daughter an anarchist and free lover before, at less than seventeen, she startled him by an unexpected application of his principles.

The thesis of Mary Wollstonecraft's book (dedicated to Talleyrand) was simply this: that since woman is the chief educator of youth, she must herself have all the moral and intellectual advantages of man, else her influence will always be a destructive drag on human progress. In working out the conclusions from this obvious premise, Mrs. Wollstonecraft spoke plainly. In a Comstockian age she might probably have been imprisoned. Under the more guarded tyranny of Pitt, the obscurity among her contemporaries could only revile her—which they did most characteristically.

At Paris, during the Reign of Terror, she married, under the laws of that distracted period, an American named Imlay, by whom she had a daughter Fanny. After many separations, of which his "unfaithfulness" was a part cause, she finally left her husband and attempted to destroy herself at London in 1795. This was nearly the beginning of her acquaintance with Godwin. Fanny Imlay killed herself with laudanum October, 1816—no cause absolutely known but melancholy, which may have been inherited. Mary Godwin (Shelley) was born at the end of August, 1797. Her mother died September 10.

"They say that thou wert lovely at thy birth,  
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.  
I wonder not—for one then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undimmed  
Of its departing glory; still her fame  
Shines on thee through the tempests dark and wild  
Which shake these latter days.

Mary Wollstonecraft in youth had been appreciated by so conservative a mentor as Samuel Johnson. But the tempests were truly dark and wild, her fame still visible only to a discerning few when Shelley addressed her daughter thus. A generation had passed away ere Tennyson wrote beside her tomb this cautious eulogy:

"Now is done thy long day's work,  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest  
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there  
God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confessed  
But let them rave."

"For the good of his children" Godwin took another mate whom her literary friends agreed in disliking. She is suspected of underlying Fanny Imlay's fate, undoubtedly predisposed Mary to what Mary's father considered a rash step, and her daughter, Mrs. Clairmont, became the mother of Byron's illegitimate child, Allegra.

Of Mary's flight with Shelley July, 1814, the immediate cause is that her father had very decidedly interfered with their intimacy, which was only forty days old. As usual, his reasons for his conduct are much more creditable to his general good sense than his capacity for that special discernment which depends on sympathy. They resolve themselves into this, that

Shelley, though already deserted by his wife (March of the same year) was married. The simple reason why this "cut no figure" we will let Shelley himself state.

"True love in this, differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away.  
Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks  
Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes  
A mirror of the moon—like some great glass,  
Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
Dashed into fragments by a playful child,  
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild;  
Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,  
A thousand images of loveliness."

Though the unfortunate Harriet was no companion for him he always desired a reunion with her. It was she who would not have it. She believed in divorce and remarriage—she formed another connection before her death—she did not believe in variety.

Mary confesses some jealousy of Harriet, of Mrs. Clairmont and of Emilia Viviani, to whom the last quoted lines were addressed, but she considered these unworthy feelings. That she entertained them means that she was Godwin's and Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter. That she held them under means that she loved and comprehended Shelley. For in truth Shelley's qualities were all as unlike Godwin's and Mary Wollstonecraft's as possible. Mary Wollstonecraft was explosive. Shelley, though irritable, had self-restraint. Godwin's insensibility to persons made his anarchism powerless against Malthus, who knew men. It was to Shelley, not Godwin, of whom he imagined him a disciple, that anarchism meant unchecked development of the spirit.

"The man  
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.  
Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,  
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame  
A mechanized automaton."

Shelley rewarded the love of Mary by calling forth her genius. Yet it may have been the destiny of his fame to cast a shadow over her's. The author of "Frankenstein" had no idea of her own powers. It was Shelley who stimulated her to this effort, so extraordinary in a girl of eighteen. Having made it, she appears henceforth as his satellite. But she had some reasons for being satisfied with that. She was a critic whom he would have done well to let guide him more. She knew, as he did not, that the author of "The Cenci" does himself injustice when he dissolves in rainbows and the odor of sweet flowers. As his editor and biographer she has forever entwined her fame with his—for his fame was by no means established before his death. Her's was. The tremendous motifs of "Frankenstein"—the inexorableness of past actions, the Nemesis of presumption, the contagion of injustice, the dependence of human sensibilities on the senses in which they vegetated—these, and the dramatic form into which she cast them, would have insured her immortality had she not been Psyche to his Eros. But how little we should have known then about the limpid purity, the angelic sweetness of his spirit before which slander itself has fallen like the serpent blinded by the emerald's light.

Freedom has been associated by others with morality, with expediency, with reason, with power. It was reserved for her to identify this most sacred and most blasphemed of liberties, eternally with beauty. She had a very difficult task.

Shelley, whose only real fault was callousness—he was but twenty-nine when he died—had been painted by the ghoul of respectability as a monster. The great works which contain his vindication were as yet but little read. His literary friends, as Byron, Hunt and Trelawney were themselves too much under the ban to be his sponsors. She on whom it devolved was, according to vulgar misapprehension, the cause and partner of what was supposed to be his crime. It would doubtless be far too much to say that her success though astonishing, is complete. Her editing of his poems is in some respects, notoriously defective. In encyclopedias and other manuals of popu-

lar misinformation, we may still, at least sometimes, read such fictions as that Shelley deserted Harriet to run away with her. But this much she effected—that Shelley's complete works are known to every reader of English, and that even the obscure have ceased to blame her. This involves her husband's triumph; for to acquit her, and read him and condemn him are three things which will not go together. Moreover, she placed the monument which she erected upon immovable foundations.

Boswell is the king of biographers, made so by his veracity and loyalty, but he lacked tact. Mary Shelley did not want tact, yet she is as candid as Boswell. She left for publication which is now made, every fragment of the facts about Shelley. But she selected for immediate use what was suitable to the time. No one who has read Dowden's voluminous work will doubt that she did well. We read in Dowden such things as how the prudent Godwin received money from his wayward daughter and son-in-law, while refusing to see them till they were white-washed. It would be pleasant not to know. But in all the new information there is nothing to take from our personal esteem for Shelley or Mrs. Shelley, and not much to augment it except her previous reticence.

### Husband and Wife Partnership.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

In comparing the views of radicals with those of their fellow radicals, we are often forcibly reminded that many are yet in the second stage, defined by Spencer, when he observed that the unanimity of the ignorant is followed by the disagreement of the inquiring, and that this in turn is followed by an improved unanimity, namely, that of the wise. From the utter condemnation of the home on the part of some radicals, we turn to the other extreme, in which it is advocated that in the co-partnership entered into between man and woman everything should be held in common. This idea is frequently met with. Says Argo in the April 22 *Lucifer*:

"Man [in the best sense] considers the woman whom the law calls his wife, his partner having equal rights in all things, business matters as well as social affairs. He recognizes her right to dissolve that co-partnership whenever she may choose to do so; to have and to hold one-half of the co-partnership property in her own right."

This is domestic communism with a vengeance. But if common ownership did not work in the Jamestown colony why expect it to work in the family? It is safe to say that when we become wise enough to be unanimous once more we will agree that, in the ideal family, each piece of property will belong to one member, not to the members in common. Let the business belong to the man as a general thing. Let the household goods belong usually to the woman. The man will attend to business affairs, the woman to household affairs. Both will have an opportunity under freedom to increase in property. The man will get profits or rather wages from his business. The woman will have a source of income if she lives with a man that is not merely her husband. What man would pay her less than her services were worth? Knowing that the (future) law gives her no claim on his property, she will not squander the surplus remaining after household expenses are paid. The amount to be contributed for household expenses by the man will be very precisely determined in a free market. When a co-partnership is dissolved each takes his or her own property; there is nothing to divide, nothing to disagree about, use for the courts only in exceptional cases. The progress from the family holding everything in common, to the free family, is an advance in which organs become more specialized and functions further differentiated.

We often magnify troubles and difficulties and look at them until they seem greater than they really are. Foresight is very wise but tomorrow very foolish, and castles at any rate better than dungeons in the air.—Sir John Lubbock, M. P., *Philosophy*



## The Unanswerable Question.

DEAR LILLIAN: Some months ago, perhaps a year or more, when your correspondents and yourself were writing of the propriety of telling children "the why and the wherefore" of babies in their first visits to life, I felt inclined to send you a "recollection" of my difficulties in that matter when a child of seven years of age, but your pages are crowded, and one correspondent is afraid that another should have more room, etc., and I am a stranger to most of your patrons, and am of very little consequence, and once again age is apt to write at too much length.

I will write you the recollection—if you can use it all right, if not, more than all right. Here it is:

### A REMINISCENCE.

The little farming town of my residence when a child was full of bigots, and one of the members of the church was a young man with a wife and baby; living with them was a young girl of fifteen years of age who called them uncle and aunt—I do not know about the relation. This girl gave birth to a baby, but she would not give the doctor the name of the father, as she said she "promised Uncle Phil she wouldn't."

I heard a great deal said about the affair in a blind way, but I couldn't make out about it. I got courage at last to ask my aunt, who was in place of a mother, and belonged to the same church (Presbyterian) with "Uncle Phil."

"Did God make all babies?"

"Certainly," she answered, "he makes everybody, he makes everything."

"Then," said I, "why was it wicked for Sarah Webb to have a baby?"

Poor, dear auntie, she was the best woman I ever knew, but she could only say, "I can't tell; you must wait till you are older."

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## A Woman Proud of Maternity.

While coming home from teaching last Wednesday I saw a very unusual, and to me a beautifully impressive sight.

Two of my sisters, who are also my pupils, were with me, when one of them said as a woman entered the car,

"There is a lady without corsets—see how nicely she is dressed."

I glanced up, and as the woman walked past I observed her closely. She was elegantly dressed in silk and lace. Her dress cleared the floor nearly three inches. She seated herself almost facing us, and I noticed that her shoes had low heels. She was probably twenty years of age; and as I admired her happy face I observed that she would soon become a mother. A baby on its mother's lap across the car from her seemed to interest her. She would look at it and smile, then she leaned her head against the window and closed her eyes a moment, and an expression of contentment and satisfaction settled on her face, while her lips seemed almost ready again to break into a smile. It was plainly to be seen that in fancy she was proudly holding her own babe in her arms, while lovingly gazing in its up-turned face. Only the mother of welcome children can understand the happiness to be found in such dreams.

My sister remarked how seldom it is that a pregnant woman appears proud and happy. Long will this face remain with me, a pleasant memory. Desired motherhood accompanied by the judgment to dress in a way to enable the mother to enjoy the baby's presence before birth and permit its free development is so rare that it does one good to witness it. This woman was so quiet and modest that had I not been a student of physical development I would not have noticed her.

If women were more observant of such things they would learn to live sensible, beautiful lives, instead of imitating any ugly fashion that is presented in the papers. Worth would be obliged to combine comfort and beauty in his designs or they would be worthless to him. Motherhood would lose many of its terrors and joy would be written on the faces of expectant mothers, where often we see only pain.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

## A Sanctified Wife-Murderer.

"Jewell," in "Truth Seeker."

I take the following from a late issue of the Detroit "Journal":

"John M. Dean, a confirmed member of the Holy Trinity Catholic church of Detroit, pleaded guilty to the charge of 'feloniously assaulting and murdering his wife' on March 20, 1899. His wife was a pronounced Freethinker, and burial services were conducted in accordance with her belief."

If Dean should be hung for his crime he doubtless will repeat the language of Merritt of Indiana on a like occasion, who said he was sorry his wife was not prepared to meet him in heaven.

## Freedom of the Press.

Townshend on "Libel and Slander," says: "Whatever else may be intended by the phrase 'freedom of the press' or 'liberty of the press,' it means the freedom or liberty of those who conduct the press. . . . The liberty of the press is connected with natural liberty. The use and liberty of speech were antecedent to Magna Charta, and printing is only a more extensive and improved kind of speech. The liberty of the press, therefore, properly understood, is the personal liberty of the writer to express his thoughts in the more improved way invented by human ingenuity in the form of press. The liberty of press consists in the right to publish with impunity truth with motives and for justifiable ends whether it respects governments, magistracy or individuals."

"Save good faith there is no limit to criticism concerning a man's actions or his creations. 'God forbid,' exclaimed Baron Alderson, 'that you should not be allowed to comment on the conduct of all mankind provided you do it justly and honorably.'"

## Look to the End.

By the light of history's pages  
Travel back the past dead ages;  
Ever find the tragic story telling just the same:  
Man in bloodiest war engages;  
Tortures, burns and kills the sages;  
Ever stained with blood and crime and lust of power and fame.  
Who can answer, who can say  
Man is wiser, now, today.  
Then when Egypt's Pharaoh lived and reigned on earth?  
Once the State's or Church's away  
Offer any nobler way?  
Are not countless millions doomed to wretchedness from birth?

The world is ruled by millionaires;  
The cross of Christ no message bears—  
Throws but a blighting shadow everywhere o'er life;  
The rulers claim all that is theirs;  
The toiler's harvest—all but the tares!—  
Where do history's pages show base robbery more rife?  
Lust of gold, of power athirst,  
This Man's history from the start—  
Ever since the written record was begun on stone or skin;  
Ever making gods the worst;  
Reflect all his deeds accurst;  
Showing by his worshipped gods how poor Man's life has been.

High the towers and steeples rise  
Of churches mocking fairest skies—  
But within does right word spoken ever greet the ear?  
And with every hour that flies  
The church all freedom o'er denies—  
The cross-crowded Church holds jangling priest—no prophet, poet, seer.  
Ever chained by superstition;  
Ever slaves to old tradition—  
So the toilers of the world build new on earth their bells;  
Seemingly without volition,  
Willless in self-wrought perdition—  
O, for this sad condition be there word or spell!

Unnumbered slaves of every nation;  
Old archetype lies their adoration;  
It would not seem a grievous wrong their choice to dwell in hell—  
But that the coming generation  
May wallow in the same stagnation;  
They succumb as well as ring the little child's knell.

—Clinton Laveridge in "Free Society."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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THE TRIAL of Walter Hurt, editor of the "Gatling Gun," Cleveland, Ohio, has been postponed to the September term of court. In the May number of the "Gatling Gun" the indicted articles are named. I have looked up the articles and read them. I do not, of course, know what effect they may have had on other readers, but I could see nothing obscene in them. I could criticise them at length for other features which do not please me; but so far as I am aware, the "Gatling Gun" is not published especially to please the taste of Lillian Harman, so I shall refrain from such criticism here. I hope, however, that the lovers of fair play will send ten cents for a sample copy, or one dollar for a year's subscription, and judge for themselves the character of the paper.

L. H.

## Florida Gleanings.

THAYER, Miss., April 27, '99.

HAVING once more reached a quiet retreat, or haven, in which I can feel that my time is my own, I will now try to finish the promised report of observations and experiences during my two months sojourn in the peninsula of Florida.

As before stated in these letters, I regard Osceola county, Fla., as possessing many advantages, and as offering many inducements to homeseekers. For further information I feel safe in recommending all interested to write to our friends and subscribers A. J. Gardner and J. B. Steffes, of Kissimmee, the county seat, and also to Postmaster Simpson of the same place, or to C. P. Prevatt, Sheriff of Osceola county, none of whom, they tell me, have lands for sale.

As to healthfulness, Mr. Simpson is authority for the statement that since 1886 the death record of pupils attending public school at Kissimmee shows but two deaths in all for the twelve years. The average attendance of pupils at this school is upwards of two hundred. It is claimed that Florida ranks among the very healthiest of American states, the United States census for 1890 showing a death rate of 11.72 per cent., as against 13.11 per cent for Colorado, and 13.33 for California, the two states commonly reckoned as most healthful.

Once more bidding good-bye to our friends, the Steffes, to whom I feel under lasting obligations for hospitality and for many kind attentions, I returned March 22 to the camp at Lake Helen and found most of the cottages deserted and the big hotel closed for the summer. My trip to Southern Florida seems not to have been helpful to me as a health-seeker. Whether it was owing to my own indiscretions as to diet, or to the excitement of the Sunday night meeting at Tampa I know not, but certain it is that on reaching camp I felt compelled to stop and rest from Wednesday till the next Monday. During this enforced delay I was kindly and hospitably cared for by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Buddington, of Springfield, Mass., who own one of the best cottages at the "Southern Cassadaga" camp. For several years H. A. Buddington has organized or managed winter excursions for tourists from the northeastern states to Florida. Friend Buddington is an author and publisher of books. Prominent among the books and pamphlets brought out by his publishing house are the somewhat famous "Bowles' Pamphlets," giving an account of the "Experiences of Samuel Bowles, Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) 'Republican,' in Spirit Life—or

Life as He Now Sees it from a Spiritual Standpoint. Written through the Mediumship of Carrie E. Twing of Westfield, New York." There are five or six of these pamphlets, and while I do not wish to enter upon a discussion concerning the truth or falsity of the philosophy or the phenomena now known as Spiritualistic, I feel free to say that these pamphlets are to me very interesting reading. Whatever the source may be of the doctrines advanced, or of the ethics inculcated in these pamphlets, I think it must be conceded by every reader that these doctrines are, in the main, eminently natural, rational, and in line with the ideas taught by the leaders in modern scientific research.

From Lake Helen I came to Palatka, an old town situated on the St. Johns river, about fifty miles south of Jacksonville. Here I found myself very much at home in the family of our old-time friends and subscribers, the Downings. Many of our readers will doubtless recall the name W. S. Downing as a contributor to Lucifer's columns. The history of the experience of this veteran in reform work, and those of Mrs. Downing and of their large family of children, in their attempts to solve the industrial and economic problems in California, Georgia, and Florida, would make a most interesting and useful volume. Though physically unable to make a full hand at ordinary labor, W. S. Downing is mentally a very active man, and while his sons have been employed in the Palatka lumber mills he has elaborated a plan for the winter protection of orange trees and of other tender fruit trees and shrubs that it is confidently believed will be worth many millions of dollars annually to the people of the Palmetto state.

Of those at Palatka who take an active interest in our work and are readers of Lucifer, I will take the liberty to mention Mrs. Hinda Nugent, photographer; Mr. C. N. Brown, engineer of the Selden Sash and Door Manufactory, and Dr. J. A. Hall, an old physician who has for many years made stirpiculture, or homo-culture a special study.

Wednesday, March 29, I had a very enjoyable steamboat ride from Palatka to Jacksonville, on that majestic and unique river, the St. Johns. Unlike most American rivers it flows from south to north. Though not to be compared to the Mississippi or Missouri in length it is, for most of its course, a much wider and deeper stream. The chief item of commerce connected with this river is the lumber business, especially the cypress lumber business—its shores and the swamps contiguous thereto affording almost inexhaustible supplies of that timber. One of the most interesting incidents of my week at Palatka was a visit to the Wilson Cypress Company's mill. Having had some experience in the lumber business some thirty-five years ago in Southern Missouri I was amazed to see the improvements since then made in the methods of handling the logs—if indeed it be not a misnomer to call the processes of manufacture *handling*, when nearly everything is done by steam and by labor-saving machinery.

Arriving at Jacksonville I was very agreeably surprised to be met at the landing by Bro. Gardner of Kissimmee, who was staying temporarily with our Jacksonville friends and who piloted me to the home of Adeline Champney, her sister Ida, and of Henry Thayer. Very different was the temperature on this balmy April eve from what it was on my first visit to Jacksonville, when the temperature registered ten degrees above zero—the coldest weather ever known to the oldest inhabitants, so said. Here I remained two nights and one day—the last ere of my stay at this home of progressive thought being made memorable by a parlor meeting at which I made the personal acquaintance of several friends and old-time readers of Lucifer. Of these I wish here to mention the names of F. H. and Mrs. Barnard, and of Mrs. and Mr. Foster, whose initials I have not now at hand. Was urged to stay another day in order to meet a number of people who, as Bro. Barnard assured me, were much interested in Lucifer's line of work, but having already tarried in Florida much longer than at first intended I bade our newfound helpers a regretful and yet hopeful farewell, and next



morning took train for New Orleans—stopping one night for rest, at the old town founded by the Spaniards and named by them Pensacola, I reached the chief city of the Gulf States without accident Saturday evening, April 8. M. HARMAN.

### "What Will Become of the Children?"

This is the question which is always asked, and which is confidently expected to settle the discussion of freedom in sexual relations. It is assumed that women, in freedom, will bear as many undesired children for whom no provision has been made as married women bear when they believe that the marriage ceremony will in some mysterious way insure them against disease, death and poverty.

"What of the children?" we, too, ask, when the woman bears more than she can care for, and her husband deserts her, or loses his employment, or becomes an invalid, or dies. As a case in point I will quote from a letter which I have just read. It was written by a conservative woman to her cousin. Doubtless she would be shocked by the teachings of Lucifer if she should ever see it, and would probably ask, "But if men and women were not married, what would become of the children?"

"I have had a hard time, and much sickness. The doctors said they thought the most trouble was that I had worked too hard. My husband died ten years ago and I was left with eight children and all very small. The eighth was not born until three months after his death. So you see I had to do the best I could—and nothing to do with. It seems the doctors haven't done me much good, so I thought I would try a remedy that has been recommended to me. But it costs \$2 and I don't know if the time will ever come when I get that amount ahead, as I am not able to do more than three washings a week, and my expenses are pretty high. Rent and wood cost me \$5 a month, while my income is only \$8 a month with four in family. I will be forty-two years of age next September."

And this is not even an unusual case. I know many such. This woman taught school in a country district when she was only fifteen. The letter bears evidence of a mind with aspirations towards culture and refinement. Think of the tragedy of such a life—a constant struggle for the bare existence of herself and her children!

How much the worse would have been her lot in life had she continued to teach and study until she had acquired an education, and then have borne a child, or even two or three? At the worst she could have supported them with more ease than she has fed and sheltered her eight. But one child born outside of marriage would probably have seemed to her a sign of eternal disgrace, though her eight children, to whom must be denied all but the barest existence, are, she perhaps thinks, merely a "dispensation of Providence."

"What is to become of children" born and reared under such conditions? L. H.

### A Noble Woman.

It gives me pleasure to have a few words from Lucy N. Colman once more. Hers is one of the rare personalities that never seem to grow old. Though she has lived nearly eighty-two years, her mind is vigorous and she has lost none of her interest in the pressing problems of life. Her memory is a treasure house of stories of the anti-slavery struggle—a struggle in which she was one of the most earnest and powerful participants.

At twenty-six she became a mother, and of this experience she wrote: "I always like to write the word Mother with a capital M. To me it is the most wonderful word in all the language; it means joy that can never be equalled. I can never forget the ecstasy that came over me when I first looked in the face of my child and knew that it was mine, but with the joy came the remembrance of the slave mother's agony as she looked upon her child and knew its fate."

To this daughter she gave the name I now bear, and she once told me that this coincidence helped me to win a place in her heart with her lost Lillian.

I shall never forget a little visit she paid us as Crescent Beach, near Boston, the summer in which my little daughter was journeying "Out of the Nowhere into Here." I had admired her for years, but had never seen her, and wondered if her personality would prove disappointing. When our eyes met in the first glance, I knew that she could be disappointing to no one. Bright, clear, kindly eyes looked out from a strong face whose every line expressed power and goodness. White curls, falling in the fashion of the "long ago" formed a fitting framework to the grand old face. She kept us charmed with her interesting words, and we were loth to let her go. She is one of the rare women whose very presence is a source of comfort and strength. Her influence for good has been incalculable and she has earned her rest; but when at last she lies down to sleep we who love her will sadly miss her, for we will know that a tower of strength has been laid low. Such women are all too few.

I cannot close these remarks more fittingly than with a few sentences of the tribute paid Lucy N. Colman by Samuel P. Putnam in "Four Hundred Years of Prethought":

"Mrs. Colman is radical in every direction. She is opposed to white slavery as well as to black slavery, and has devoted herself to woman's rights as to the rights of man. She is a radical Freethinker, having outgrown superstition of every kind. She has not lost her interest in any living question. She has had a busy and eventful career; has mingled with the world, among its great characters and great movements, and has done her share to bring about the great gains of the present time. She has shown what a woman can do who has self-reliance, energy and devotion to truth and right. Her name shines in the annals of progress." L. H.

### Why the Difference?

Estelle Baker.

They were twins—both rosy and plump, but she rather more robust of the two.

They were popping corn on the kitchen stove. Every now and then a kernel popped out of the popper on the stove, where it perished, to the regret of the children. Suddenly a score did what they had many precedents for doing—leaped from bondage to death. The children could not permit all that destruction without some effort to prevent it, so both reached out a hand to save a few kernels and each hand obtained—a burn. Both children started, crying, to the sitting-room to tell their father, who sat reading; but Nellie's dress catching on the oven door, Ned reached him first with his tale of woe.

"Well, my son," said the father, as he looked up from his magazine, "you have learned that a hot stove burns."

As Ned crept into a corner, blowing his smart, Nellie arrived on the scene, and, climbing into her father's lap, rained tears on his open book as she said: "It hurts awfully, papa."

And her father said, "It's a naughty stove to burn my little girl;" and kissed the little fingers.

Ned hated his father and hated Nellie—for an hour.

Nellie had a reason for avoiding contact with a hot stove, but Ned had two.

Ned and Nellie had each a "flyer" which would fly down a snow-covered hill, but not up. On one of their flying trips they espied at the foot of the hill a man coming toward them, and Ned steering his flyer to the right and Nellie guiding hers to the left, essayed to encircle him, instead of which each appropriated one of his legs, which caused him to entirely envelope them both. When the man regained his feet he had both acquired and lost—acquired a very red face and lost his cane. He quickly found the latter without relinquishing the former, and gave the flattened Ned three energetic strokes before he could make himself cylindrical enough to roll out of the way. Then he turned to the frightened Nellie, saying, "Poor little girl, I hope I did not seriously hurt you. Take this nickel and run across the street and get you some candy."

Ned ever looked carefully about before he took a fly down

the hill, but Nellie—well it would be absurd to say that candy isn't a bit like a pickle.

One day Ned lay back in his yellow cart driving his beloved Punch along Oak avenue. He didn't hate his father, or Nellie or anybody. The clouds seemed so friendly up in the blue sky, and the castles up there were so beautiful and real too—he knew he could make them real. He would be great, but he would be kind and helpful to all who were not great; he would forgive injury, and nothing but peace should dwell—

His head was nearly snapped off backwards. Punch was rearing, and another horse was trying to break its halter. The wheels of his cart were locked into those of the carriage attached to the other horse. A policeman, No. 46, ran up and jerked Punch back by the bit, hurting his mouth awfully, Ned knew, and then No. 46 struck Punch on the nose so that it brought tears to Ned's eyes, and ended by saying, "You little idiot, don't you know anything? Go home and tell your mother to put long dresses on you."

But that wasn't all. Ned remembered that last week he and Nellie were out in the same cart, and Nellie was driving just as he was today, that is, not driving at all, when they were suddenly jerked back by this same No. 46 just as a street-car swept by, and No. 46 had said to Nellie, "Excuse me, little lady, if I gave you a start, but there was no time to speak." And when Nellie thanked him he had answered, "Nothing but my duty, Miss."

And Nellie believed this.

Ned, remembering this, resolved that he would adopt dresses for his future clothing, short ones now and long ones later on.

Nellie, with the bright face of seventeen and its soft brown eyes, round red cheeks, full smiling mouth, curling locks on brow and temples, and all framed with a large dark blue velvet hat, stepped into the First National Bank to get a check cashed. The cashier handed her a fifty-dollar bill. She started to put in her purse, then hesitated, saying,

"Would it be too much trouble to give me five tens instead of this?"

"No trouble at all; delighted to do it," answered the cashier, as he handed her five ten-dollar gold pieces.

Nellie gazed upon them a moment, then opening her red lips and thereby uncovering four pearls—they are teeth in an older woman—said, "I ought to have said that I wished paper money. Oh, I am so unbusinesslike! You must be disgusted."

"Deliver my sex from businesslike women," said the cashier with a cordial smile, "and you can just as well have what you want as not, for we have all sorts and conditions of money here," saying which he handed her five ten-dollar bills.

Every one in the bank remarked simultaneously, as she closed the door, "A bewitching girl."

Two conversations were going on at the same time—and possibly another one somewhere in the world. One was in a down-town office. "He knows what he is about," said the old book-keeper.

"Almost everybody does know what he is about after a year down stairs under Pettison, and Ned has had that discipline," said the operator; "but I agree with you that he is a bang-up smart boy."

"Well, holding a man or woman wholly responsible for every act is the only way to have them come out with a spinal column," said the book-keeper. "If we could exemplify the divisibility of matter by eternally dividing Pettison and distributing him in every home, perhaps the market would not be so flooded with mollusks as it is at present, especially that half called the softer sex. How can a mollusk be hard?"

The other conversation was on a street car.

"Oh," exclaimed a sweet voice, which came from between two red lips, located below two soft brown eyes. Then she crossed the car. "Oh, Mr. Clarkson, won't you have the conductor stop the car? I ought to have got off at Ninth street."

Mr. Clarkson looked up with a delighted glance, and sprang

to the rear of the car which had just started on, after a stop at Ninth street. It stopped again, and Mr. Clarkson got off to walk back with the lady to Ninth street.

"How troublesome women are!" she exclaimed; but I am so accustomed to Ned's care that I am not a bit self-reliant."

"It is the 'troublesome' women that are agreeable," he returned, with a happy laugh. "May I ever be preserved from the 'self-reliant' woman."

Mr. Clarkson had become "James." It was moonlight, and she was "driving." A bicycle shot past them; the horse jumped, the lines fell out of the carriage, and before "James" could spring to the horse's head, the vehicle had two wheels resting upon air; but he got them on terra firma before the complete overthrow of the carriage. When he was seated once more beside her, she said:

"I am just an irresponsible, and useless for an emergency."

He looked down on her with shining eyes, and said, "Oh, sweet 'irresponsible!' Don't you know that is why men were made—for emergencies?"

And she believed him.

They had been married six months and were keeping house. He had been out of town for a week. He went down cellar for a hod of coal. He returned with the hod. "Why, Nellie, there isn't a pint of coal down there," he said with a blank face.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Nellie. "Kate told me day before yesterday that we needed coal, but I forgot all about it," and two lips as red as ever uncovered four pearls as pearly as ever, below two soft brown eyes as soft brown as ever, as she leaned complacently back in her chair, with her arms over her head to drink in the words, "Well, sweetheart, we'll just have to draw so much heavier on our hearts' warmth till I can order some."

She watched his mouth. His lips parted. He said: "This fire won't last till midnight, and it will be beastly having to dress in the cold."

The fire went out then, for Nellie.

They had been married three years, and the house had for one year contained two jewels, brighter than diamonds and more dear, duplicates of herself and Ned—twins. Her cheeks were neither round nor red now, for those two fat, heavy, red-checked babies had had every disease that children can thrive on, and not one night's unbroken rest had she had since their arrival. She did not dress so well either, for they were saving to buy a home of their own; a house with a yard, where the "jewels" could roll on the grass and "play house" under a tree.

She went down town to get a check cashed, for Christmas was near. The same kind cashier of a time some years before was bringing her the money, when she said with her old-time sweetness: "I forgot to ask you to bring it all in paper except one five-dollar gold piece."

With a weary air he turned to comply with her request. He turned toward her again. "I beg your pardon, but I wanted two five-dollar gold pieces. I am so sorry to make you so much trouble, but I want them for Christmas gifts."

He stood still and looked coldly at her; then he folded his arms across his chest and said: "Are you quite sure that is the final decision?"

And all her answer was in the color which rose, and in her eyes, which dropped.

The president of the bank had stood near, and, when Nellie left he volunteered: "That fine young man who just deposited \$10,000 for Cross & Co. is her brother. They are twins, and when they were children I used to visit the father in his home. Then, she was fully her brother's equal, if not more; but there seems to come a time—and an early one—when a boy shoots ahead, while the girl stands still, if she does not deteriorate. The law of sex will show itself."

"James" was coming home to his midday meal. About two blocks from home he came upon No. 46 and a crowd surrounding a smashed carriage and a broken-legged horse, which he recognized as his own. No. 46 was saying, "The woman went



into the house and left him unbuttoned. I could see that he was a horse that wouldn't stand without tying, and before I could reach him he turned around, got frightened at his own footsteps, and began to run. For total absence of judgment in all matters of common-sense, just give me a woman. Ain't that so?" he concluded, turning to James.

"I wish I could dispute it," James said bitterly. Then, with a start, he saw a few steps away, a woman lying on some coats. It was Nellie, with her leg broken, and she had heard every word.

Next day, as she lay where she would lie for many a long week, James said: "How could you have left Jim when you know he won't stand a moment?"

"I just came in to bring Mary the sugar, and was going back down-town for some other necessities. When I saw him turn I ran out to stop him, but No. 46 made him shy towards me, and he knocked me down, and the carriage wheels ran over my right leg. Besides," she continued, "I didn't feel that much damage could be done if he did start to run, with policemen everywhere."

"Policemen everywhere!" replied James scornfully. "Most people hold quite opposite views on that subject. Well," concluded James, in the tone of the schoolmaster who says, "Now stand up and take your punishment," "well, this postpones the house for another year."

Her bed had been put in the back parlor, and that evening she interrupted James as he sat reading the newspaper by saying: "James, what would you think if a man should plant onions and weed them and water them, and say over and over and over again that he liked them above all vegetables, and then, when they were grown, be angry because they were not cabbages?"

He looked at her a little anxiously, and then said, "I wouldn't talk if I were you." Then to himself, "She's getting flighty."

"Oh, I know what you think," she smiled, but I am perfectly clear headed, as I shall prove by giving you a conundrum. You know you like riddles."

"I confess I have a weakness for them," he said, his face brightening.

"And you are so good at solving them," she went on.

"The boys seem to think so," he returned in a pleased tone.

"Well, listen," said Nellie. "Why is irresponsibility called cunning in childhood; in girlhood, bewitching; in maidenhood, charming, and in wifehood, imbecility?"

He gazed at her as though the condition suggested by the last word had taken hold upon his brain. Then he looked far into the coal stove.

"Well," said Nellie at last, "this is my solution—it is imbecility all the way up."

James went down cellar for a hod of coal.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. J. D., Va.—I hope your dear father may continue to improve and be restored entirely. I enjoy reading his letters over so much; your articles also, and I always enjoy reading Mr. E. C. Walker's. I think he is a splendid writer. Enclosed you will find fifty cents on subscription.

M. H. C., Colo.—Yours of the 20th at hand and also the books. Enclosed find \$2 for two copies of "Hilda's Home." "Karezza" is a trump. It comes to self and Julia pretty late in life, but splendid for our four children—two married and one soon to be, likely.

L. L. Mo.—I suppose you have not forgotten me. We are at Ottawa. I am sure I shall never forget you and little Virna. Nor will I ever be able to give up the fight for liberty; but sometimes I feel with Giotto and L. D. W. that it is a hard and lonely "road to trubble," and I feel like giving it up and being

like other folks—but that is hardest of all. So I am with you for good and all. Hope your father is better. I know he wants to be home and at work again, but he and I must learn to be quiet. I can't go to work again for six months, so the doctor says, but at the end of that time I want to get in some reform office. I feel very much encouraged at the outlook for reform. "Lots and lots" of people are thinking—that we find in this little out-of-the-way place. With best wishes and love to yourself and Virna, I am yours for freedom.

Mrs. A. M., Santa Ana, Cal.—I will address you as friend, for friend you have been to me through your valuable works in Lucifer. Through Dr. G. I received the first copy of Lucifer, and it being so different from anything I had ever read, so much more sensible and natural, that it set me to thinking very deeply on the subject of sex reform. You have a grand work before you, and the minds of a great many people are just in the right condition to receive the benefits of a thorough reform paper like Lucifer. I have two children, boy and girl, aged three and five years, and I want to bring them up alike, and if it is possible, teach my boy that he has no special privileges because he is a boy. I often think how little I was fitted for motherhood, but the best I can do now is to learn. As the old saying is, "It's never too late to mend." I admire your plan for unfortunate girls, and wish I were in circumstances where I could take a dozen for my heart goes out to them all. Please send me "What the Young Need to Know," and apply the rest of inclosure on my subscription.

D. J., Cleveland, O.—Mr. Walter Hurt, editor of the "Gatling Gun," handed me, a day or two ago, a copy of Lucifer. A careful perusal of the same has awakened an interest in me, sufficient at least to make further investigation. I have always believed that a state of society in which man and woman can contract and bind themselves together by law but cannot by mutual agreement do the opposite, viz., separate, is wrong. I have therefore been an earnest advocate of "divorce by mutual consent," but I find that this remedy is impracticable, and in fact is not sufficiently far reaching in its effects towards curing the evil. I am therefore, as you see, in the position of one who has recognized an evil but has failed to find the cure. I have selected a book, which from its title, I inferred would throw light on your theories. I would, in addition, be very much pleased to hear an expression of your ideas if you find it convenient to write. You may send me Lucifer for six months, also "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs," by Oswald Dawson. You will find enclosed herein money order in payment of same, and for post age on book.

Mrs. B. M., Okla.—I have been thinking for some time I would write you for information on various subjects, but have been putting it off for want of time, until something came to my notice which compels me to write. There is a young woman here who has dared to think and act for herself and is snubbed on all sides. She is an orphan and has just come into the neighborhood. Can you tell me where she could be sent? I am radical enough to dare the opinion of the people, but I have a public office and that would debar me. We like Lucifer, and I am letting every one read it that I dare to, and it is doing good work. The people here are very ignorant, not many of the older people can write their own names nor read them when written. Can you tell where liberals live in Texas? There are freethinkers around here who want to know, for they say they just can't live in the church element. If you would or could print in your paper some names of the most prominent ones and their locality it would be a great favor. Some whom I know are splendid speakers and workers in the labor movement. Some have stayed at our house and we put your paper in their hands, and every once in a while one says, "Well, I am a better man than when I came here." They did not know that any one dared print such books and papers.

760.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 761

### The Lion Path.

I dare not!—

Look—the road is very dark—  
The trees stir soft and the bushes shak—  
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves  
Here—there—beyond—  
There's something crept across the road just now!  
And you would have me go?  
Go there—through that live darkness hideous  
With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill?  
Ah look! See there—and there—and there again—  
Great yellow glassy eyes, close to the ground!  
Look! Now the clouds are lighter I can see  
The long slow lashing of the sinewy tails  
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait—!  
Go there? Not!! Who dares to go who sees  
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.

Afraid at first, yet bound  
On such high errand as no fear could stay.  
Forth goes he with the lions in his path.  
And then?—

He dared a death of agony—  
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts—  
Long struggle in the horror of the night—  
Dared, and went forth to meet—O ye who fear!  
Finding an empty road, and nothing there.  
A wide bare common road, with homely fields  
And fences, and the dusty roadside trees.  
—Some spitting kittens, maybe, in the grass.  
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### Jealousy as a Cause of Crime.

BY MARY BRUNDAGE.

Who has not been horrified beyond description by the account of the terrible tragedies which we read in papers daily. Divorces, prostitution, suicide and murder! Police Chapman, Theologian Parkhurst, Moralist Grannis, detectives and newspapers, all busy trying to find a remedy for the social evils that beset us.

Neither divorce, nor the consecrated marriage permitting no divorce reduces inharmonious in family life in general. Arrest and punishment of solicitors on the street does not stop prostitution. Clearing the "Bowery" only transfers the evils to another location. Laws against attempted suicide furnish no incentive to live when real desire for death comes, and electrocution has not terrors enough to stay the hand of the murderer. No one seems to expect to cure the evil.

Mrs. Grannis thinks not one man in ten outside the church is virtuous. She does not tell the people the proportion in the churches. Grant thinks even Christianity helps only the few, and proposes to keep the evil stream within a certain channel by the wall of segregation. Detectives hunt up culprits and law shuts them up and no one seems able to assign a cause for such evils. What is the reason for persons acting so badly?

When I read of the Guldensuppe murder I asked,

"How could they cut a man up so, even if in a passion they killed him?"

A friend replied:

"Jealousy could do it; ninety per cent of all murders are caused by jealousy."

I believe that is the cause of all the troubles mentioned. Humanity has come to look upon love as a commodity, one and indivisible. The person who loves is held to be able to limit that love, or if not, he or she is very immoral. Hence at the first intimation that any love is expressed for another there is the terrible fear of loss, and the suffering of envy an uncultured person feels when he sees a superior do something he would like to do and cannot do. I am well aware that society does not want to look at the question in this way—it wants to see it in the accustomed way, the old-fashioned way.

For generations laws and customs have tried to enforce the ideas of conventional morality now upheld; they have never succeeded. Love will risk being murdered rather than go unexpressed, and the owner of another's love will risk electrocution rather than yield its property rights.

There is one solution to this trouble, and that is education. Love is appreciative of those attributes and things in life that make us most happy. We appreciate one person's music without expecting to be blamed if another musician touches chords that thrill us as well. We admire the oratory of a Phillips without censure because we also love the speech of a Beecher. We cannot choose whether a white, a red, or a yellow rose is sweetest. In everything in life except love of individuals, we think a person more cultivated who understands and loves many things than one who knows but one thing. A real true appreciation of this fact will make any one of us understand that love for another does not weaken love for one. A woman or a man must be a great egotist who thinks himself or herself capable of supplying another person's wants to the extent that no one else is loved. When I look around me and see women who are my superiors, some in beauty, some in one accomplishment, some in another, some in education, etc., I feel that I could not love a man who had so little appreciation of these qualities that he did not see and love them, or who was hypocritical enough to deny it. When a man I love tells me of his love for others, and what he loves in them, I can believe him when he says he loves me. The man who loves me best and whom I love best, is the one whose nature I harmonize with in most ways. But because I love him in many ways is that any reason why I should withhold my love in some one way, from the person who has one superior claim, or that I should be jealous because my lover finds a counterpart in some other person in something I have not? Not at all. I certainly should not prohibit him from something because I cannot supply it. Then if he loves me for my gentleness, affection and intellect, how can he help loving the same things in others. There is no ground for jealousy in natural appreciation. It is in our notions, our habit of ownership of the property and person of the one we love.

We talk a gospel of love, but enact and enforce a policy of hatred. It is legal and moral to express hatred for your neighbors, but illegal and immoral to express love, especially if you are really sincere in it. An understanding of the question is the only thing that will do away with jealousy and its consequent crimes.

When we are not forced by society to lie about love, when we can acknowledge we love as many as we do love without being considered wicked, the deceit, the treachery, will have no place, and then all can love and be loved. No woman will need to solicit a man on the street, no man will be so depraved as to have no choice and accept such a woman; prostitution will die a natural death. The time spent by intriguing wives and husbands to prevent an expression of love can be put to self-improvement and make them worthy of love. No one will murder another for jealousy, and Parkhurst, Chapman and Grannis can enjoy their own lives instead of trying to regulate the lives of others.

This is no visionary theory; it is in practice and eminently successful with many persons, now.

### A Preacher Advocates the Abolition of Marriage and Divorce Laws.

[I inclose clipping from a Denver daily (I don't know which one). If you haven't seen the sermon or the interview it may do you good, as it does me, to read the sentiments. Recently I heard Dr. Myers at the Broadway Theatre in Denver and at once decided that was my church. As a seeker of truth it does the innermost me good to listen to a teacher who so nearly approximates it. VER H. VINCENT.]

"If I had a daughter who wished a husband I would take her to a phrenologist who would select a man. I would take my daughter to that man and marry them—but they should live together whether married or not."

These words were attributed by a local paper to Rev. Dr. Myers in a recent address at the Broadway temple. Mr. Myers denied yesterday that he had been correctly reported.

"I have been misunderstood," he said. "I didn't say that I would go to a phrenologist to pick out a husband for my daughter, nor did I leave that impression of compelling her to marry the man picked out. What I did say was this: 'If I had a daughter who wanted to get married I would take her and her intended husband to a phrenologist, and if he said they were congenial and compatible, I would say, "get married," and if they wanted to live together unmarried by human law, I would say, "live together," for they would, if they were properly matched, be married by a law of heaven more powerful and more binding than if a priest had joined them.'

"If I could regulate the laws," he continued, "I would do away with marriage and divorce laws. Here we sit on God's footstool and make long lists of laws when we ought to throw them away and learn the first sweet noble laws of nature. The human race will never be happy until nature rules the world as it should. Marriage and divorce laws are substitutes for imbecility. They are childish, foolish, absurd. The idea of saying to nature, 'that man and that woman are man and wife,' when nature knows that they are not. Natural laws are complete and perfect. No flower that blows is without its mate, nor any bird that flies. Every man has his affinity and every woman hers; and if a man is married by law to a woman who is not his affinity it is wrong for them to live together. They are not man and wife. A crystal will unite with another crystal and the effect is beautiful, but a crystal will not unite with either granite or sandstone.

"Nature gives every man a wife," said Mr. Myers. "Marriage is fitly represented by a window. All the flies on the outside want to come in and all on the inside want to get out. For heaven's sake let them out, for if they're in and want to get out they shouldn't be in."

Dr. Myers warmed up to his subject again and gestured excitedly.

"Why should they go through a lot of law before they can get out? I'd take all the little laws for divorce in all the states and put them together into one general law so that every couple married when they ought not to be married could be divorced easily. It's too bad we have to have the law at all. Shame on Moses, who originated it!

"Now here are three chemicals," he went on, reaching down for a paper and pointing out imaginary objects; "here is one and here are the others. Now, I can put this with this and there would be a frightful quarrel; they must be taken away from each other as soon as possible. These two, however, formed perfect equilibrium and must remain together."

"But do you think a phrenologist would be able to discover an affinity?" he was asked.

"I most assuredly do," he answered. "Why, I myself could tell."

"Suppose a woman discovers her affinity and he has already married?"

"Then she should marry him any way, and if a divorce from the man's wife were unattainable she should live with him any way. It would be a sin if she did not, an injustice to herself and to him and to that woman who had been unfairly called his wife. She was not his wife in truth and before heaven if she was not his affinity. God is love and this love pervades everything—the world is nothing without it, and perfect love is found in the mating of a man with his affinity. The large class of criminals and fools are the result of these uncongenial marriages. Most of the insanity and vice in the world is caused by them. What an ideal world it would be if we could be married by God in heaven, each man with the woman whom nature has picked out for him."

### Sincerity vs. Secrecy

From "Psychology of Sex," by Havelock Ellis.

As a youth, I had hoped to settle problems for those who came after; now I am quietly content if I do little more than state them. For even that, I now think, is much; it is at least the half of knowledge. In this particular field the evil of ignorance is magnified by our efforts to suppress that which never can be suppressed, though in the effort of suppression it may become perverted. I have at least tried to find out what are the facts among normal people as well as among abnormal people; for, while it seems to me that the physician's training is necessary in order to ascertain the facts, the physician for the most part only obtains the abnormal facts, which alone bring little light. I have tried to get at the facts, and, having got at the facts, to look them simply and squarely in the face. If I cannot perhaps turn the lock myself, I bring the key which alone in the end rightly opens the door: the key of sincerity. That is my one panacea: sincerity.

I know that many of my friends, people on whose side I, too, am to be found, retort with another word: reticence. It is a mistake, they say, to try to uncover these things; let the sexual instincts alone to grow up and develop in the shy solitude they love, and they will be sure to grow up and develop wholesomely. But, as a matter of fact, that is precisely what we cannot and will not ever allow them to do. There are very few middle-aged men who can clearly recall the facts of their lives and tell in all honesty that their sexual instincts have developed easily and wholesomely throughout. And it should not be difficult to see why this is so. Let my friends try to transfer their feelings and theories from the productive region to, let us say, the nutritive region, the only other which can be compared to it for importance. Suppose that eating and drinking were never spoken of openly, save in veiled or poetic language, and that no one ever ate food publicly, because it was considered immoral and immodest to reveal the mysteries of this natural function. We know what would occur. A considerable proportion of the community, more especially the more youthful members, possessed



by an instinctive and legitimate curiosity, would concentrate their thoughts on the subject. They would have so many problems to puzzle over: How often ought I to eat? What ought I to eat? Is it wrong to eat fruit which I like? Instinct notwithstanding, we may be quite sure that only a small minority would succeed in eating reasonably and wholesomely. The sexual secrecy of life is even more disastrous than such a nutritive secrecy would be; partly because we expend such a wealth of moral energy in directing or misdirecting it, partly because the sexual impulse normally develops at the same time as the intellectual, not in the early years of life, when wholesome instinctive habits might be formed. And there is always some ignorant and foolish friend who is prepared to still further muddle things: Eat a meal every other day! Eat twelve meals a day! Never eat fruit! Always eat grass! The advice in sexual matters is usually not less absurd than this. When, however, the matter is fully open, the problems of food are not, indeed, wholly solved, but everyone is enabled by the experience of his fellows to reach some sort of solution suited to his own case. And when the rigid secrecy is once swept away a sane and natural reticence becomes for the first time possible.

### The Policy of Exclusion.

George E. MacDonald in "Truth Seeker."

In expressing her surprise at my recent observations (April 15) about Mr. W. E. Johnson, who wants an expurgated edition of the American Secular Union, Mrs. Helen M. Lucas says:

"I don't understand him [Mr. Johnson] as having any intention of bringing the present Freethinkers' Association into disrepute."

I don't either. He is well-meaning, but uninstructed. My previous remark about Mr. Johnson was this:

"He doesn't even 'savvy' that the big talk lately made about 'a national Freethinkers' association for the twentieth century' was not started with the organization of any such association in view, but with the subtle intent to bring the present one into disrepute."

Mr. Johnson was not the starter of the talk. He was only one among those who were beguiled by it, and he is not charged with subtlety. I think it will be safe for Mrs. Lucas to accept as true my statement as to the intent of the original proposer of the new organization, i. e., to augment any dissatisfaction that may be felt with the American Secular Union.

The respected lady asks:

"Are anarchy, etc., so very popular that we should hang on to them or take them into our wagon?"

As members of the American Secular Union we are not expected to consider the anarchist or his ways. The Union furnishes us with no viewpoint whence we may regard him. If we insist on contemplating the anarchist we must do so as individuals and on our own responsibility. The association cannot back us up in such a proceeding, for it is non-committal. I do not believe that the Union should officially recognize the "anarchist, etc.," but without doing so it cannot exclude them, and exclusion would be no less irrelevant than inviting them into our midst. Mr. Johnson and those who sustain him should be able to see that in raising the anarchist question they, and not the radicals, are exalting a divisive issue.

### His Marriage a Success—But Hers —?

"Belief Advocate."

Some one wanted to know the opinion of a Cumberland County farmer on the question, Is marriage a failure? His reply was: "I should say not. Why, Lucindy gets up in the morning, milks the cows, and gets breakfast, starts four children to school, looks after three others, feeds the calves and pigs, skims the milk, washes the clothes, gets the dinner and does lots of other work, and helps in the field when she is not busy. Think I could hire anybody else for what she gets? Marriage is a grand success."

[And this is no joke, though the Chicago "Tribune" reprinted it as one.]

### Our Motto in the Philippines: "Lead is Cheaper Than Rice."

An illustration of the way in which the United States "protects" the weak is given in the letter of a soldier, Timothy Lynch, serving in the Philippines, which was published in the San Francisco "Call" of March 18. Since it has become "treason" to send through the mails speeches delivered in Congress and printed officially, it would probably be dangerous to comment on the occurrences detailed in this letter. But perhaps comment would be unnecessary. Let our gallant defender of liberty speak for himself, and let our proud bird scream in triumph as his talons tear the quivering flesh of the naked savages who dare rise in rebellion against their owners!

#### THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

"When we stopped shelling Santa Ana, the First California regiment entered, and what we had not burned they finished with a vengeance. Their motto, as well as that of the other regiments is: 'The only good Filipino is a dead one; take no prisoners, as lead is cheaper than rice.'"

"The Tennessee men were on the right and an orderly came aboard and reported that they were killing every native in sight, whether a soldier or not. The boys were enjoying themselves shooting 'niggers on the run.'"

"All along the river we could see the corpses of the natives lying on the banks or floating down the river. The Idahoos at one place were burying the natives, and at the hole I saw them throw in sixty-five bodies."

"Our own batteries and regiment did not do much Saturday night, but the next morning they made one of the grandest charges in history. They charged a cemetery that was full of natives, and piled them up till you could not count the dead. They say our major bears a charmed life. He rode at the head of the column, urging his men forward and telling them to spare not even the wounded, thrusting his own sword through every wounded insurgent he passed."

### "Cuba's Fight for Freedom and the War With Spain."

However much the readers of *Lucifer* may differ in regard to the rightness of the unrighteousness of the part taken by the American government in the war of "Intervention" in Cuba's behalf, we are all interested in the past history and the future prospects of the "Queen of the Antilles," as this famous island has often been called. A friend has donated for *Lucifer's* benefit a few copies of a large and handsomely bound volume with the above title. The book claims to be: "A comprehensive, accurate and thrilling history of the Spanish Kingdom and its latest and fairest colony; the long struggle of Cuba for freedom and independence; the Intervention of the United States and the Fierce War with Spain that Followed; A Record of Oppression and Patriotism, of Cruelty and Valor, and above all of the Triumph of the Stars and Stripes. Profusely illustrated. Written and edited by Henry Houghton Beck, author of 'Famous Battles,' the 'Greco-Turkish War,' etc., etc. Published by the Globe Publishing Co., Philadelphia."

The book contains 569 pages, heavy paper, excellent print; price in half Morocco with marbled edges, \$2; same in cloth, \$1.50. On receipt of price and 17 cents for postage, we will send by post or express one copy of this handsomely bound and profusely illustrated volume—including a twenty-inch map of Cuba and Porto Rico, and *Lucifer* one year. As our supply of this book is quite limited, those who wish to avail themselves of this liberal offer will do well to send in their orders soon.

Edward Atkinson is a long way from being an anarchist, yet anarchists agree with him when he says, as quoted in a dispatch from Boston, April 27, that he favors "the kind of subordination which I hope, with Tolstoi, will ere long pervade all armies to the end that criminal aggression may be made impossible by the refusal of soldiers who think for themselves to carry out orders which are as abhorrent to them as they are inconsistent with any moral, economic or political principle."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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## Mississippi Notes.

THAYER, Miss., May 7, '99.

Omitting for the present my notes in regard to New Orleans and other points in Louisiana, I want to say a few words concerning the locality in which I am now sojourning.

Having good reasons for knowing that some hundreds if not thousands of Lucifer's readers are now anxious to get reliable information concerning lands in the southern part of the United States, I have constantly kept that fact in mind since leaving Chicago in January last. Hitherto I have refrained from expressing any decided opinion in regard to the comparative advantages for settlement offered by the various localities visited by me, thinking it best to wait until more extended observation would better qualify me to speak understandingly.

In considering advantages and disadvantages of location the average home seeker, if I mistake not, will have in view mainly the following considerations:

First, Healthfulness of situation. The factors promotive of healthfulness are chiefly the following: Purity of air; purity and plentifulness of water; temperature—climatic influences—neither too hot nor too cold; freedom from great and sudden changes, etc.

Second, Fertility and price of land.

Third, Nearness to market, or to railway and water transportation.

Fourth, Prospects for good social conditions or environments.

While it is doubtless true that no single locality possesses all these advantages in perfection, I now say to all who care for my opinion, that I think the hill country of Southern Mississippi, on the line of the Illinois Central Railway, offers more of these advantages than does any other part of the South that has yet been visited by me. Take, for example, the lands in the southern part of Lincoln county, in or near the new town called Thayer, near to which town I have spent about three weeks of my vacation. The lands here are mostly high and rolling—said to be about "five hundred feet above high water mark." In healthfulness this section is said to be unsurpassed anywhere in the United States. The state of Mississippi, as a whole, ranks as one of the most healthful, as shown by the United States census. This county has never had a case of yellow fever, so I am told. The water here is of the purest—equalling, it is claimed, distilled water in healthfulness.

The hill country is covered with a heavy growth of timber—pine, oak, hickory, gum, dogwood and other hardwood trees. On the bottom lands are also found magnolia, live oak, beech, maple and other kinds of timber, many of which are not seen in the latitude of Illinois. The largest pines have been mainly removed by lumbermen, but there are still vast quantities of very superior timber here, both of pine and of the hardwood already mentioned.

The soils on the uplands are mainly composed of yellowish or reddish clay, with an admixture of sand and vegetable loam. Good crops of cotton, corn, potatoes—both white and sweet—beans, peas, tomatoes, cabbages, etc., etc., are grown, many of these producing two crops per annum. Brookhaven, the county seat of this county, ships thousands of bales of cotton every year.

But next to health, it is as a fruit-growing and nut-growing country that I feel mainly interested in this part of the Sunny South. At present the strawberry is the chief fruit raised here for market. The "Mississippi Hand Book," issued by the Experiment Station, Agricultural College, states that "more strawberries" are grown between Hazlehurst and Durant, on the Illinois Central railroad, than on any other equal area in the world." The same authority says there are no diseases or insect enemies to contend with in strawberry culture. "With proper care and culture a yield of one hundred bushels per acre is not uncommon. Our first shipments are commonly made in March, and the fruit continues to ripen in quantity until June, while occasional pickings may often be found much later. In the central and southern part of the state a few ripe berries may be found at almost any time, and Dr. McKay, of Madison station, the largest grower in the state, informs us that he has shipped strawberries to the Chicago market during every month in the year."

The same "Hand Book" maintains that apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and other fruits common to the temperate zone, all do well here, and such is the testimony of the people with whom I have talked on the subject. Grapes never fail to bear full crops, and peaches very rarely fail. D. T. Price, of Booneville, Miss., says he has had "eight full crops of peaches in ten years," and this seems to be about the average as given by other growers. This year there will be very few peaches in Mississippi owing to the unprecedented cold snap in February.

Not wishing to monopolize Lucifer's space, I will reserve to another issue a further description of the inducements held out to landless home-seekers by this part of Mississippi, U. S. A.  
M. HARMAN.

## Mrs. Partington's Latest Imitator.

The "English High Church party" has equipped itself with broom and mop and is heroically striving to push back the advancing tide of marital reform. Its efforts will probably be as successful as were those of the illustrious Mrs. Partington, when she tried to resist the swell of the Atlantic Ocean.

Under date of May 1, the cable dispatches from London inform us that "On Saturday afternoon a military officer who had divorced his wife eighteen months since, was remarried in Christ Church. The marriage was being conducted quite privately, no one being present but the immediate relatives of both parties."

"Everything proceeded in orderly fashion until the words of the service calling upon 'any man to allege and declare any impediment why they may not be coupled together in matrimony by God's law, or the laws of this realm' were reached."

"Here the Rev. Dr. Edwin Walker, who was standing unnoticed in a pew apart from the small company of guests, answered in a loud voice:

"I, Edwin Walker, assistant priest of St. Peter's, London Docks, do allege and declare an impediment why these persons may not be coupled together in matrimony by God's law. This man has a canonical wife living."

"The wedding party first stood aghast at the interruption, but two church wardens then advanced and forcibly removed Walker from the church. On the way a military friend of the bridegroom struck him a blow on the side of the head, to the great scandal of all present. The bride had been supported by her father, and it was several minutes before the ceremony could be proceeded with."

"The Rev. Edwin Walker, interviewed, said:

"It makes no difference to those for whom I speak that the bridegroom was an innocent party in a divorce suit. He cannot be married according to canon law, while the canonical wife is living. I came here at the instance of Father Black, who has repeatedly made these protests, as we desire to show other clergymen are at one with him in this matter. There are plenty of registry offices where these divorced people can enter into a civil contract, and they should not desecrate the house of God."



by being married in church. We will render it impossible for any divorced persons to be remarried in London without such scandal as has occurred in this instance."

The reverend gentleman has my most earnest wishes for his success in his self-appointed task. I hope he will make so many "scandals" that the solemnity, mysticism and grandeur which have made church weddings so attractive to the people, will be lost in the ridiculous situations brought about by the ecclesiastics. The day has gone by when people who desired to marry would refrain from marriage merely because a preacher or priest refused to perform the ceremony. The preacher who so refuses sustains the loss of his nose, to make use of the homely saying, without attaining even the melancholy satisfaction of spitting his face.

L. H.

### Will Economic Freedom Alone, Free Women?

The following extract from a letter by a prominent socialist author will, I think, interest *Lucifer's* readers. The letter was not written for publication, so I withhold the name:

"I often find time to read your paper, which you must carry on at a great sacrifice. Still I think the slavery of women lies deeper than in the social conscience. I think that economic equality will free them and abolish marriage. I personally know many women whose position is one of continual torment, obliged to waste their lives because they can do nothing—nor go anywhere. Most advanced socialists are free lovers, but abstain from announcing their convictions on account of the influence it would have on the socialist movement.

"How useless it would be for us to attempt to further your movement in our ranks shown in last week's 'Coming Nation,' where a bid for the support of the rabble is made by charging that the 'old members' are free lovers. That is true, but they did not attempt to change Ruskin into a free love colony. It is very likely that the failure of the colony will be charged to free love sentiment, but while these people had control it prospered, and when the others got it, through an anti-free love crusade, it went down through their incompetency and mismanagement. I can give you any information you may desire on this matter in case it should assume public proportions."

To educate the "social conscience" will not alone give all women social freedom. Economic independence is needed as well. But it is at least equally true that economic independence alone will not free men and women socially. If it would, why the opposition to freedom at Ruskin, where men and women are supposed to be economically equal and independent? Is not the attitude of the Ruskinites and other Socialists proof that we need to educate the "social conscience" before people will be permitted to enjoy social freedom even under conditions of economic independence?

Our friend sees women living in degradation from which they cannot escape because of financial dependence; but does he not know many other women who are not dependent on others for their subsistence, and yet are slaves to their own unenlightened conscience, or to the consciences of their neighbors?

I do not know whether work for economic independence or for the education of the social conscience is most important. Both are vitally necessary, and I think each person should take up the work which he or she is conscious of being best fitted for. Sometimes feel an inclination to "magnify mine office," I try to. If I remember that the work of others is quite as important to them as mine is to me. There is room for all, there is work for all, and there should be cheer, kindly feeling, and hope for all.

L. H.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy; and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—*Ruskin*.

None should be rich enough to buy another, and none poor enough to sell himself.—*George Jacob Holyoake*.

### A Child of Liberty.

In *Lucifer*, September 24, E. C. Walker wrote:

"Another western girl has had the rare courage to calmly disregard the conventions of 'society' and deliberately assume motherhood, and this in a rural district where the community is a committee of the whole to intervene, censure and supervise. Few are the women who can serenely smile in the face of the frowning Mrs. Grundy. Out of the west are coming the pioneers of serious, self-electing, self-respecting motherhood."

I am in receipt of a letter from the young mother referred to, inclosing photographs of little Fern, now eight months old, and herself. The letter was not written for publication, but I am sure it will find interested readers:

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER LILLIAN: I have long wanted to write to you. Your experiences and trials and triumphs have inspired me with admiration for your courage in the cause of sex liberty and equality, and your love and sympathy for your sister women have won my heart-felt gratitude. I have been a very interested reader of *Lucifer* for ten years. I have enjoyed reading your articles so much. I remember the first time I ever heard of you I fell in love with your name, and shortly thereafter a little sister was born and I wanted so much to call her Lillian that Mamma told me I could. She is now twelve years old and reads *Lucifer* every week.

"I have loved babies all my life and I wanted one of my own, and believing I had as much right to have one as any other woman, I got one. I love her very dearly and she is ever so much comfort to me; but sometimes I think it is wicked for any woman to bring children into this world, it is such a hard old world, life seems to be one hard struggle. Children brighten life so much, but they soon grow up, then they have troubles of all kinds too. Most of my old friends think my ideas on the marriage question are very peculiar, but they respect me in spite of their prejudices. Nearly all came to see the baby and invited me to bring the baby and visit them."

I am not personally acquainted with this young woman, but friends of mine with whom she lives speak very highly of her and little Fern. The baby appears healthy and well-developed, and wears a calm, sweet expression on her dear little round face. A letter from my friend, in whose home the babe and mother live, says:

"That our little Fern is as sweet and beautiful in spirit as she is in face, we who know her can testify."

This friend has had the baby's pictures taken, and suggests that if I say anything about her in *Lucifer*, I add that a copy of the picture, with autograph of the mother, may be obtained by sending twenty-five cents to this office—the money to go to the baby, of course. This is in no sense an appeal for charity, however. The baby is not suffering for material comforts, nor is it likely to do so. But doubtless many people will be interested in the little one, and will be glad to possess its likeness, and her friend thought they might gratify the desire and help the child at the same time.

There is much more that might be said, but I am not quite sure if the publication of more details would be agreeable to the young mother, even with her name suppressed.

We occasionally receive announcements of the birth of children in freedom, and are quite willing to publish the fact when desired by the parents. The public has no right to demand information, at any rate so long as the parents are able and willing to take care of their children; but babies are always interesting to those who love them, and among their lovers I hope every reader of these lines may be classed.

L. H.

### "What Will Become of" These Children?

"While suffering from temporary aberration of mind," we read in the *Bayonne* (N. J.) "Budget," "Mrs. Ella B. Shannon committed suicide at her home, 26 East 24th street. Mrs. Shannon was a widow and leaves seven children between the ages of two and thirteen.

"About two years ago her husband was burned by molten

metal at the Orford copper works with fatal results. Mrs. Shannon brooded over her loss and over her struggle for an existence. She was forty-one years old.

"Suspecting her own mind was deranged, one day last week Mrs. Shannon applied to Recorder Lazarus to be committed for examination by a physician. She was kindly received, and induced to abandon her strange plan. Mrs. Shannon obtained two ounces of carbolic acid from a Jersey City druggist Wednesday. She took the deadly poison before breakfast Thursday and died a most agonizing death."

Marriage is instituted for the protection of women and children, we are told. Doubtless Mrs. Shannon believed this when she married, and felt sure that, no matter how many children she should bear, she and they would be supported because she was a legal wife. Is it surprising that when she found herself the sole support of seven helpless little ones her mind gave way under the horror of the situation? Rather, is it not cause for surprise that more women who are similarly placed do not become insane? Is it not time to "educate the social conscience" so that women will refuse to bear more children than they can see reasonable prospect of supporting if the father of the children should fail, from any cause, to aid in their support? Women must learn to depend upon themselves, and no longer lean upon the broken reed of marriage superstition.

L. H.

#### How Texas Courts Protect Husbands' Rights.

"The court of criminal appeals today decided the habeas corpus case of J. B. Warfield, from Dallas," says the Dallas "Semi-Weekly News" of April 28. "This has become a cause celebre, not only on account of its peculiarities, but because of the legal questions involved. The case grew out of a suit against Warfield by Morris for \$100,000 for partially alienating the affections of his wife. Pending the suit Morris sued out a writ enjoining Warfield from writing, talking to or making signs to Mrs. Morris, on the ground that he might wholly alienate her affections. The injunction was granted. Warfield ignored it to the extent of talking to Mrs. Morris, and he was presented to the court for contempt. His defense was that while he had talked to her, his conversation was not calculated to alienate her affections from Morris, and moreover, he did not visit her, but that she boarded at the same house he did and he had the right to go to his boarding-house. But Judge Morgan fined him \$100 and ordered him to jail for three days for contempt."

"The court of criminal appeals declined to interfere with the judgment of the court below, and held that an injunction such as sued out by Morris was legal, and its violation could be punished as other cases of contempt."

It is not unusual for a husband to sue a man for "alienating his wife's affections," but I believe this is the first time I have heard of a judge ordering a man to refrain from speaking to a woman. It would be laughable, were it not so serious for the victims of the judicial outrage. A Texas woman has reason to be proud of the title and position of "wife." It seems reasonable to infer, from the decision of this judge, that it is a very easy matter to express contempt for his court. Indeed, it seems strange to me that any self-respecting person in its jurisdiction is out of jail. I am reminded of the story of the judge who, meeting on the street the lawyer who had just lost his case, was denounced by him in language too fervid for quotation in *Lucifer*.

The judge, purple with rage, exclaimed:

"Do you know, sir, that you are guilty of contempt of court? I fine you \$50, sir!"

"But," protested the lawyer, "Court is not in session; you cannot fine me for contempt of court!"

"Can't fine you for contempt, do you say? I'll have you know, sir that this Court is *always* an object of contempt!"

L. H.

Being hopelessly divided as to what is true and right in religion, the preachers now offer to take charge of civil affairs and lead the country into a political heaven.—*American Sentinel*.

#### How the "Young Idea" Sometimes "Shoots."

A young girl, daughter of radical parents, was one day talking to a boy of her acquaintance, when he mentioned the name of a woman whom the girl did not know.

"Is she conservative?" asked the girl.

"No," was the prompt reply; "she's a big, fat woman!"

It was the brother of this boy, to whom the same girl was complaining at another time, about the "red tape" at her school. She objected to the rules regarding vaccination and other things, and considered them all "red tape regulations." The boy was sympathetically indignant.

"Do you know what I'd do if I went to that school? I'd just hang their old red tape up on the door knob and walk out!"

Little Charlie's mother used to tell him that he must never attempt to deceive her, for his eyes would tell her whether he told the truth or not. One summer day she looked out of the window and saw him with some "bad" boys. She called him in.

"Charlie," she said, "what were you doing? Tell me the truth, now; you know your eyes will tell me, if your lips don't."

"O, mamma, I'm so tired, an' so sleepy; I duss I'll let my eyes tell you, then!"

"Tootsie" is four years old. Dark, curling hair frames a round, doll-like face, and her big brown eyes look earnestly and solemnly as she talks "street slang" in a sweet, baby lisp. She came in to see my Virna one day, and as she sat on a high stool watching me work she gave me her confidences.

"We live in the back rooms—yes, we do—and Dottie and her mamma live in front. My mamma won't let me play with Dottie; she calls Dottie's mamma 'Dirty nigger trash!'"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; then in an "aside"—"they are polite!"

"Yes they do," she responded, "they fight all the time."

[By the way, the parents of this little one are married. They have been obliged to send away the elder sister as unmanageable. Will some one please rise and explain "What will become of the children?"]

L. H.

Professor Herron believes that even if women had the right of suffrage they would be disappointed, finding the privilege cost in name only, because the question of political equality is secondary to and dependent upon economic equality. Suffrage advocates do not, he said, go deep enough. It is necessary that there should be general equality, social, religious, moral and intellectual before there can be equality in an economic and therefore a political sense. The present marriage system, he said, makes women practically the property of man. No true comradeship between men and women is possible, he believes, while the two stand in relation of dependent and provider.—*From Report of Lecture by Prof. Herron of Iowa College.*

The idea of laws to protect a wife from being beaten by her husband is based upon the idea that men and most women have always held that women need protection. It is on a par with the chivalry that picks up a woman's handkerchief, but denounces her right to freedom of action. The New York "Journal" voices the counterfeit sentiment that passes everywhere for the genuine, a sentiment accepted by the women themselves to their utter ruin. Only the helpless need protection—the little child, the feeble-minded, the immature, the aged and infirm of either sex. Women in full possession of their faculties do not need protection. They need to assert themselves and give the world the benefit of their mature minds. The ballot will not do this. Woman herself must become alive to her power, and use it now for the betterment of herself and the nation.—*Coming Light.*

The Puritan's conception of hell is where everybody minds his own business.—*Harold Frederic.*



## VARIOUS VOICES.

P. V. Olsson, Little Rock, Ark.—Enclosed find twenty-five cents, for which mail me all you can of April 22 issues. I think that number has the best articles ever printed in *Lucifer*.

J. F. Lederer, Lambertville, Mich.—By this you will learn that I had to move again. This is the eighteenth time in thirty-three years. Who can beat it for a hay-seed tenant John Sherman pauper farmer?

H. L., Dallas, Tex.—I enclose you part of a page of recent issue of Dallas "News." In the special from Austin I have marked some matter which I thought might be of interest to you and your readers. Use it if you see where you can do good with it, but please do not use my name, as I am a man of family and do not wish to embarrass my wife and daughters, although I would not care much for my own part, for I have seen injustice and tyranny toward both men and women until I am almost a radical. I have been reading *Lucifer* as an exchange several years. At first I was shocked, but must confess that my views have been broadened and my sympathies enlarged by reading it. I admire your courage, and wish to compliment your editorial work. Would like to meet and talk with you and your father. I am a poor employe on the paper whose stationery I am using, and if you desire will send you clippings in line of your work as I may find them.

H. Clauson, Santa Cruz, Cal.—It is now somewhere about two and a half years since I stopped being a subscriber to *Lucifer*, for the reason that I wanted to devote all my spare time to study on lines of thought somewhat different from what *Lucifer* deals with, but I often long to see your common-sense paper again, so will you please send me a copy or two for the enclosed ten cents, or you can continue sending it for awhile, I shall soon send you a little more money if you do. I used to live at Redmond, Wash., but moved here to California a year ago, and bought a few acres of land three miles from Santa Cruz, and I have been busy ever since in trying to make a home on it. I like it quite well here, but will hardly be content, as congenial people are lacking; however, I have good neighbors as far as that is concerned. I may still join some strictly vegetarian co-operative colony somewhere if I find one that suits me.

N. C. Mathers, Wichita, Kas.—Enclosed find stamps, for which please send copies of *Lucifer* No. 759. I consider that an unusually good number for propaganda work. "Compulsory Ignorance" is most excellent, and I am sorry we do not get more of such articles than we do, into *Lucifer's* columns, more on the same line and of the same clear, forcible style, capable of being comprehended by any novice in the study of those subjects, instead of so many that are incomprehensible to anyone except the writers. I have learned by my limited efforts in distributing *Lucifer* among new readers that I could get more people interested in it and in the subjects discussed, and the theories advocated, if more of its contents were of such construction that an ordinary mind could grasp their meaning without reading it over two or three times, and studying their meaning out like an algebraic problem. Most people are too lazy to solve some of the riddles in *Lucifer*, even if they possessed the intellectual and literary ability. "Compulsory Ignorance" is a clear, concise statement of facts, and of existing conditions with their causes and prospects of future betterment.

Mattie Cuddie, Wathena, Kas.—I received "Hilda's Home." Have read it carefully, and in my simplicity would pronounce it almost perfect. O, that some such true pure love as it advocates might be realized in our day, that we could say, we have stood amid the eternal ways waiting for our own to come to us—and behold it has come. Friends and comrades all, is there any hope

for us? I think there is. Let us work together for liberty, for in union there is strength. And now just a word in reference to "The Minister and the Woman"—or in answer to Rev. Sidney Holmes in *Lucifer* No. 754. Now the advice I would have given that woman is simply this: If nature's attraction is mutual, enjoy your love. So long as your pleasure is not at the expense of another's pain you are all right. And now count me as another Kansas woman who is ever ready to help in any way she can all unfortunate girls and women who are in trouble. Am glad to learn your father is getting better; hope he will soon be well. We think *Lucifer* is getting better and still better. Will renew my subscription as soon as possible as I do not want to miss one number.

Elsie Cole Wilcox, Lawrence, Wash.—Now that the *Lucifer* readers seem to have finished "sitting on" me for my protest against being invited as a friend, and then being denied even standing room in the house, I want to express my hearty approval of the way Lillian is conducting the paper in the absence of the editor-in-chief. And I also want it understood that the one complaint I made (and which I still regard as just) was the only fault I ever found with *Lucifer*. How many of those who have sneered at me can say as much? I regard Moses Harman as one of the grandest and best men the world ever knew, and if he has any faults (and who has not?) they spring from the head, not from the heart.

But Flora W. Fox, what do you mean by that suggestion that the "World" should have thought of asking the opinion of the mothers or other women regarding the laws by which they shall be governed? Does the farmer ask the opinion of his horses or cattle? Does the slave-owner ask the slave what he thinks of the laws by which he is to be governed? So long as women are the property of men, so long will men legislate for them without saying "by your leave." And just as long as women are slaves to religion so long will they be slaves to men. More of what Capt. Adams calls "Bible banging" is necessary to free women from priestcraft before they can be socially or politically free.

Louis A. DuBois, Springfield Armory, Mass.—I must say that *Lucifer* more than comes up to my expectations at the time I wrote you first. "The Story of May" is an exceptionally good thing, and I sincerely wish it could be read by a lot of goody-goody people who would have no more sense, to say nothing of a natural love for offspring, than to turn their own flesh and blood from the door. And yet, these are the same people who fear that a state of society without marriage would lead parents to abandon or neglect to care for their children. Such a short-sighted and inconsistent view of life is enough to make one wish to leave the society of his fellows and get in some lonely corner to die of disgust. But beside these, there are many who hold our own views, and yet do not openly express them because they know the people who surround them are so narrow-minded they can see no more than an inch in front of their own noses. My own father, to whom I gave several copies of your paper for perusal, told me he had long held those views, but had never before seen them publicly expressed. I had an idea he was reading the paper as a matter of curiosity, but when the last one came and he got possession of it, I asked him if he was going out with me that evening, and he replied, "No, I want to stay and read *Lucifer*." As for myself, I am somewhat outspoken, and have no objection to the publication of my full name, although I admit I am inclined to choose the people to whom I talk personally. If there is any liberal in this vicinity I should be pleased to have him call and he will get the glad hand; or, if he has anything to say, and lives too far away, it will be found that I am ready and willing to exchange ideas with all people who have good sound sense enough to come in when it rains. If you like my style, write, all of you. If you don't—well, I have troubles of my own as it is—and so don't.

761.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 19.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 20, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 762

### Reassurance.

Can you imagine nothing better, brother,  
Than that which you have always had before?  
Have you been so content with 'wife and mother'  
You dare hope nothing more?

Have you forever prized her, praised her, sung her,  
The happy queen of a most happy reign?  
Never dishonored her, despised her, flung her  
Derision and disdain?

Go ask the literature of all the ages:  
Books that were written before woman read!  
Pagan and Christian, Satirist and Sage  
Read what the world has said!

There was no power on earth to bid you slacken  
The generous hand that painted her disgrace!  
There was no shame on earth too black to blacken  
That much-praised woman face!

Eve and Pandora—always you begin it—  
The ancients called her Sin and Shame and Death!  
"There is no evil without a woman in it,"  
The modern proverb saith.

She has been yours in uttermost possession—  
Your slave, your mother, your well-chosen bride—  
And you have owned in million-fold confession  
You were not satisfied.

Peace then! Fear not the coming woman, brother!  
Owning herself she giveth all the more!  
She shall be better woman, wife and mother  
Than man hath known before!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### The Regeneration of Society\*

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

This is a Christian nation. The fact is attested by a miracle. According to that interesting book called the New Testament "You cannot worship God and Mammon." What was an impossibility in the day of the evangelist from Nazareth is now an every day fact. I need not cite examples of millionaires who have given millions to establish and maintain sectarian schools; it is sufficient proof of the wedding of God and Mammon to pick up a silver dollar, or a twenty-dollar gold piece and see inscribed thereon "In God we trust." Hence my declaration that this is a Christian nation. Then by virtue of your dollar—you silverites—by virtue of your double Eagle, you gold bugs, I address you as Christians, and I say unto you "Except ye be born again ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." That was the saying of the Nazarene, but the world seems to have lost its significance. It is true. I will qualify that statement by saying that I do not know what the kingdom of heaven is, but if it is a state of perfection, I also say "Except you be born again you shall never attain the proper and possible development of the human race." Those who heard this saying of old marvelled and said, "Is it possible for a man

to enter again into his mother's womb and be born again?" The answer given was mystic, but this is not a day of mysticism. I say unto you, "Ye are born again in your posterity and unless the children of the future shall be born under right conditions the race is doomed to ignominious extinction."

The state and the church have undertaken to say how children shall be brought into existence. They have declared that this matter is not one which can safely be left to the parents.

The statute-moralists, from time beyond memory, have clamored for "Laws, laws, more laws, to regulate marriage, believing that if marriage were made hard to break into, and nearly or quite impossible to break out of, everything would be perfect. In the eyes of these regulators of the lives of others, parents are the natural enemies of their offspring.

It would seem that men and women are supposed to have a strange desire to bring into the world as many children as possible in order that they may neglect and starve and murder them or consign them to foundling asylums.

Male cats are credited with somewhat similar propensities. It is said that young kittens are their favorite diet. But the female cat takes her offspring by the napes of their necks and removes them to a place of safety.

The human mother, however, according to our wise lawmakers, is not blessed with equal maternal affection, so society (which it should not be forgotten is composed of other fathers and mothers) must make laws to protect the children from the natural hatred of their parents. The laws are supposed to have the power to transmute neglect into thoughtful care, and hatred into love.

There are as many schools of moralists as there are schools of medicine, and the doctors of morals are as nearly like their brothers of medicine as twin peas. Each has a patent nostrum for the cure of every human ill, and each has such great confidence in the worth of his remedy that he wants it protected by law, and demands that every one shall be forced to use it. No one may die except when attended by a licensed physician of a legally recognized school.

By way of illustration I will mention the fact that in Chicago in the early spring of '98, the papers gave a great deal of space to reports of a case where for several days a burial permit was refused by the Board of Health because the patient had been attended by a Christian Scientist. The very day on which the permit was refused, permits were granted to thirty-one victims of regular physicians! Needless to say, no comment was made. These thirty-one had died according to law. And as the Christian Scientist did not obey the law, he was properly punished. The Board of Health, which was composed of doctors of medicine, believed with the doctors of divinity, in the efficacy of punishment after death.

So we can neither die nor be buried unless we comply with the regulations of our doctors of medicine, and we cannot live unless we submit to the dictation of our doctors of morals. Like

\*A paper read before the Manhattan Liberal Club, New York, April 1, '98.

the charity patients in the public hospitals, we must swallow uncomplainingly, the medicine given us by the licensed experimenters.

What matter if their prescriptions are not what we need? We must suffer and die without a murmur, for we are measured by the Procrustean bed of statute regulations, and if we are too long or too short, or too thick or too thin, we must be cut off or stretched out to fit, and if we die under the operation, why should we protest? There are many more on the way whence we came to fill our places.

Progressive physicians admit that there is little virtue in drugs; that at best they are mere palliatives. Yet we must submit to the rule of the medical regulators. Evolution does its work so slowly, we cry, and like petulant children we destroy in our effort to hasten development.

We must take our injected morality as we take our state-regulated medicine. And in no other affairs of our lives are the hands of the meddlers felt so heavily as in those most intimate and tender and important relations of love and parentage.

Every nation, every religion, has its "Be it enacted," its "Thou shalt not." The state has barred the way of evolution, has rendered natural selection of the best human characteristics impossible, by holding together the mismatched and preventing those who are adapted to each other from claiming their right to reproductive association. The Church has ever given the lie to the edict. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." It has given lip service to the letter, but in spirit it has said, "Whom *Grady* hath joined together, let no God, let no natural attraction, put asunder."

The restrictions placed in the way of marriage itself have been many, and yet the demand is for more laws, more regulations. The cure for the evils of slavery, it is claimed, is more slavery.

If desires could be prevented by a "Be it enacted," then the law regulating the age at which young people may commit matrimony might have an influence for good, since it would delay the period of gratification until more mature years. But the fact that the law does not and cannot prevent some form of gratification is its condemnation. When the law forbids the only relation which society regards as honorable this prohibition has the effect of enormously increasing the evils of prostitution and kindred evils. The young man of strong passions gratifies them in a manner which he has been taught is degrading, with the result of loss of self-respect and the growth of a feeling of contempt for womankind. His experience is a mere travesty on love. What wonder is it that his experience having been degrading in his own eyes, all sex association is to him shameful and disgusting?

Many good people believe that if men and women were not permitted to marry until they had arrived at the age of twenty-five years or more, and had acquired a certain amount of property, all the evils now inseparable from marriage would immediately disappear.

Such requirements would undoubtedly vastly increase the number of illegitimate children. Under rationalism this would be no evil, but under legalism it undoubtedly would be. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." When young persons yield to their natural desires under stress of uncontrollable passion, and in a manner which they believe to be disgraceful and sinful, they thereby lower their own self-respect. The man feels contempt for the woman whom he has professed to love, and sees an ineffaceable stain upon his offspring. So, in the majority of cases, he deserts them, and the woman, believing herself to be ruined, is driven to actual ruin.

The advocates of these restrictions try by such palliatives to relieve some of the suffering which we see on every hand. They attempt to couple responsibility with slavery, unmindful of the fact that irresponsibility has ever been the fruit of legal restrictions.

Liberty and responsibility and they alone, will save humanity from degradation. The sympathies of these good people who

advocate legal restrictions are with an impersonal fetish—"Society." They fear Society will have to support uncared-for children. But does it? Who is the real sufferer? Who is it who really lives for these undesired little ones? Let the woman, not Society, decide what the property, as well as any other requirement shall be. Let no man have the power to force her to incur any risks which she does not voluntarily assume. Then, and not until then, will there cease to be over-production of the unfit.

We hear much of the rights and of the responsibility of man to the woman of his choice, and to his offspring. Apparently the woman is not in this case to any great extent, except as a sort of machine which shall produce as many children as man in his responsibility, or irresponsibility, shall compel her to bear.

Man pays the taxes; therefore he, in the aggregate, represents Society. Man pays the bills of the family; therefore he is the head of the family and must control the minor members, of whom the mother is one.

(To be continued next week).

### Ayesha.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Mahometanism, the third among religions in order of numbers professing it, reckons time from that day in the year of Jesus 622, on which its founder fled from his native city of Mecca to seek refuge at the rival town of Yathreb (Medina), whither almost all his disciples had already resorted. Among many very good reasons for attaching to the date such supreme importance in Mussulman annals, there is one immediately pertinent to my subject—on that day began to diverge in the dawn of prosperity what had been united through the midnight of adversity—the fortunes of Mahomet's connections through his first wife Cadijah and through her successor Ayesha, which have involved all his followers in the schism.

Mahomet is said to have been only twenty years old when he married Cadijah, who was nearly forty, very rich and twice a widow. She had as yet no children, but bore the prophet several, of whom the youngest, Fatima, alone is known to have left descendants. All this seems hardly credible, but there is no reason to doubt the match was so unequal and so advantageous that we must be surprised to find it happy. Notwithstanding the universal prevalence of polygamy, to which Mahomet afterwards proved very much inclined, Cadijah had no rivals.

She was the first to express faith in his divine mission, for which they both sacrificed fortune and reputation. Her death, shortly before the flight of Mahomet, was a great affliction to him; nevertheless he was soon afterwards betrothed to Ayesha, the young daughter of a devoted follower, who from her is called Abu Beker, "the Father of the Maiden," because she alone among the prophets' wives was a maiden when he married her.

Fatima was married at Medina to Ali, another enthusiast who had shared her father's perils to the last.

Mahomet's greatest enemy, Abu Sofian, was governor of Mecca, and the hostile party having exhausted all minor resources of persecution, with no other result than to increase and disseminate the new creed, resolved on its apostle's assassination. When the murderers reached his house and looked in, they saw him, as they thought, asleep. Having thus no occasion for haste, they wasted a little time in consultation, and when at last they entered, the sleeper rose up to show them that he was not Mahomet but Ali. Their intended victim had escaped by a back door to the house of Abu Beker, who accompanied him to Medina through many other perils. This devoted family had left all their worldly goods to the spoiler.

"For months together," says Ayesha, "we did not light a fire to dress victuals; our food was nothing but dates and water unless any one sent us meat. The people of the prophet's household never got wheat bread two successive days."

The housekeeping of Ali and Fatima was equally primitive. But in two years Medina had gone to war with Mecca, and practically accepted Mahomet as her sovereign. Of all his



merous wives and concubines Ayesha was the undisputed favorite after Cadijah. But the exception galled her.

"Was not Cadijah stricken in years?" she asked. "Hath not Allah given thee a better wife in her stead?"

"Never!" was the reply of Mahomet, "never did God give me a better! When I was poor she enriched me; when I was pronounced a liar she believed in me; when I was opposed by all the world she remained true to me."

These words, more than ambition, which soon entered into Ayesha's heart, explain the inveterate enmity she afterwards bore to Cadijah's son-in-law and descendants. She was the more unreasonable because she received signal proof of Mahomet's devotion to herself. On one of his military expeditions circumstances made it almost certain that she had an amour with a young warrior. Mahomet, according to the accounts which have reached us, demanded no explanation, nor did Ayesha offer any until compelled to by others. The scandal was raised by a sister to one of her rivals. Her own kinsmen appear to have believed it irrefutable. There was in Medina quite a party opposed to Mahomet which eagerly took it up. A satirical poet put it into verse. Mahomet was now in great distress. He sought advice of Ali, who made the sensible remark that to be overcome by so ordinary a slight was injudicious.

"Omar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belshazzar,  
Have much employed the Muse of history's pen;  
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,  
Such worthies this world ne'er shall see again;  
Yet to them all, in three things the same look holds:  
All four were heroes, conquerors and cock olds."

But the honest Ali, who always treated Ayesha with that reverence due to the "Mother of the Faithful," failed to understand the situation. It was not her being unchaste, but her being found out unchaste which worried both her and her husband. With logic characteristic of such women she hated Ali henceforth, not only for being Cadijah's son-in-law, but for not seeing how to whitewash herself. In truth, no one could be expected to see except Mahomet, whose resources were inexhaustible. He promulgated—of course by revelation—a law which made it practically impossible to convict any woman of adultery.\* The poet and the sister of Ayesha's rival were severely punished for slander under the terms of this retrospective statute. No doubt it served them right for not minding their own business.

Henceforth, Ayesha's influence with Mahomet steadily increased. Nothing—not even his own laws, which a revelation was always ready to modify upon occasion, could prevent his sometimes running after other women, among whom the Coptic slave Mary was the favorite. But towards the end of his life Ayesha had become his most trusted and almost his only companion.

Mahomet had always been subject to epilepsy, with which the profane associate his revelations; he also complained of frequent suffering from the effects of a poison which had once been administered to him by the conquered Jews of Khaibar. Although his death had been expected for several days before it happened, Ayesha was alone with him, when, after a delusive appearance of improvement, he expired in sudden convulsions.

The great question who was to govern, now rested on the word of Ayesha. She persuaded many that Mahomet had designated her father as his successor. At the same time she won another principal candidate, Omar, by proposing that the office should be elective. This disposed of Ali's hereditary claim, which was the best, and left Omar probable successor to the aged Abu Beker. Omar and Abu Beker having united their forces, the lat-

ter was proclaimed "Commander of the Faithful," and Ali had to give way.

Abu Beker, as had been expected, was succeeded, after a short reign, by Omar, and he by Ottman—Ali being defeated in the election because he would not pledge himself to abide by the legislation of his two predecessors. Ottman was assassinated in 655 A. D. by Mahomet, brother of Ayesha, and some other prominent men whom he had offended.

Twenty-two years had passed since the death of the prophet. During that short period his sect had grown into a mighty empire. The steel-clad cavalry of Persia, and the formidable infantry of Byzantium had alike proved unable to cope with the flying horsemen of Arabia. Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Persia, Bombay had become provinces of the Caliph. The Mediterranean was overspread by Moslem vessels, under the command of Moayah, son and successor of Abu Sofian, who had been Mahomet's greatest enemy.

The usual source of weakness to an oriental power—the prominence of local governors—threatened dominion. Ali, as a great hero, was accordingly chosen Caliph very promptly, though he persisted in refusing to be bound by the acts of his predecessors. He also declined to open an interminable feud among the most powerful families by avenging the death of Ottman. This moderation was turned against him by the intriguing Ayesha. Though her own brother was the principal murderer, she sent the bloody clothes of Ottman to Moayah and other satraps, with vehement exhortations to rebellion, which immediately broke out. Ayesha herself accompanied by some unsuccessful candidates for the Caliphate, hastened from Medina to Basserah, got possession of that city, and soon after fought a battle with Ali, where she appeared in the hottest of the fight, mounted on a camel, which was soon riddled with darts and arrows. She became a prisoner; but the war between Moayah and Ali continued until the death of the latter, five years later. His son Hassan abdicated in favor of Moayah.

Thus the sceptre of Mahomet passed from his posterity to that of his persecutors. Ayesha had only sorrow for the fruit of her plots. Her brother, fighting for Ali, who had condoned his crime, was taken by Moayah's followers and executed for the murder of Ottman.

Ayesha herself died in 680 A. D., at the age of sixty-five. She had lived to see Hassan poisoned through the arts of Yazid, son of Moayah, and her last recorded act was refusing to let the prophet's grandson be buried in his tomb, which she claimed as her own property.

But the feud she had been so active in stirring up continued to divide Islam. The descendants of Fatima became very numerous, and their illustrious origin makes them the only hereditary aristocracy of the east. To this plentiful source of party feeling are added the influence of romantic tradition and of religious dissension. Fatima was the favorite child of Mahomet.† We have the testimony of her enemy Ayesha, that she resembled him in sweetness of temper. When Yazid violated the constitution of Islam by assuming the Caliphate as a matter of hereditary right, Hassan, the surviving son of Ali, was induced to take up arms against him. Surrounded by overwhelming forces, he and his chief followers assumed their best attire, as bridegrooms of the Houris, and went to an heroic death. The head of Hassan was brought to Yazid's general, who smote the lifeless lips with his staff.

"Alas!" exclaimed an aged Arab, "I have seen those lips pressed to those of the prophet."

This was in the very year of Ayesha's death. The fate of Hassan is the one event which, in Asia, has availed to inspire the tragic muse. The anniversary is celebrated by dramatic

† Mahomet's love for Fatima gave rise to insinuations. I have some where seen a barbarous Latin account of his expressions, upon which this scandal has been founded. Throughout the Moslem world Fatima has become a name as common as Mary in the Christian.

(Continued on page 151).

\*Four witnesses were required. "In a memorable case the Caliph Omar decided that all presumptive evidence was of no avail and that all four witnesses must have actually seen stylus in pyxide." Gibbon ch. L. n. 164.

"And there Mohammed, born for love and guile,  
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;  
Then beckons some kind angel from above  
With a new text to consecrate their love."

—Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name *LUCIFER* means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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STAMPS are always acceptable to us, so send them along in payment for books and subscriptions. But it is not very conducive to "angelic" sweetness of disposition to open a letter and find stamps plastered over the writing until even the name of the writer is obscured, as sometimes happens. Moral: Fold the stamps in oiled paper.

WHAT DO YOU think of *Lucifer*? Is it worth reading? Do you want it published? Do you want to see it every week? Or would fortnightly, or monthly, or once a year please you quite as well? If every one of *Lucifer's* subscribers care enough for it to pay his or her subscription promptly, the paper will be sent on its mission regularly each week. If you do not want the paper you can surely send us a card informing us of that fact.

In 1875 Austin Kent published a pamphlet on "Free Love," being "a philosophical demonstration of the non-exclusive nature of connubial love; and a review of the exclusive feature of the Fowlers, Adin Ballou, H. C. Wright and Andrew Jackson Davis on marriage." This was considered an important contribution to the literature of that time, but it has been supposed to be out of print for years. At his death Austin Kent left his manuscripts and books to his cousin, Delos Danton, and among these were a few copies of "Free Love," which pamphlets Mr. Danton has generously donated to us to be sold for *Lucifer's* benefit. The book contains 140 pages, four by six inches, and is neat and attractively printed. Price, 15 cents each.

"THE REGENERATION OF SOCIETY." This address will be printed in pamphlet form if enough copies are ordered to pay for its publication. The price will be ten cents a single copy, or five copies for 25 cents. If you want it published please order early, as the pamphlet will not be published if at least 200 copies are not ordered by June 1. Many people were disappointed because Jean Dejacque's letter to Proudhon was not issued in pamphlet. But they did not order soon enough. If "The Regeneration of Society" is issued in permanent form, the speech on women and the economic question, with which T. B. Wake-man closed the discussion, will appear in the same pamphlet. Do not neglect to order at once if you want this work.

"THADDEUS STEVENS, 'the Great Commoner,'" is the title of a book just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. In it the author, Samuel W. McCall, tells of Stevens' obscure and poverty-stricken childhood and youth, and draws an affecting picture of his mother's struggles to rear and educate her four sons. Stevens' father disappeared from home when the children were too small to help themselves, and the mother "worked day and night" to provide for her boys. "She succeeded in sending him (Thaddeus) to Peabody Academy, and afterward to Dartmouth College. His gratitude to her seems to have been the nearest approach to sentiment in his long and lonely life." Thus did one woman solve the problem "What will become of the children?" when the father ignored responsibility for the care of his offspring.

L. H.

The "Truth Seeker" of Bradford, England, seeks the truth in fact, as well as in name. Send five cents to us for a sample copy.

## Louisiana Notes.

THAYER, MISS., May 12, '90.

I must not neglect to make a better report of observations and experiences in the "Crescent City" and at Hammond, La., while on my homeward trip from Florida. As already mentioned, I arrived in New Orleans from Pensacola, Fla., Saturday eve, April 8. My "through ticket" entitled me to a free transfer to the depot of the "I. C." railroad, or to any hotel in the city. I asked to be taken to the home of Capt. J. H. Massie who had invited me to call on him. The "Transfer" men declined to do this, saying it was too far. I then asked to be taken to a good "dollar-a-day" house. I was carried a mile or more and put down at a stylish-looking hotel. When asked to register I said, "It is late—I want no supper. What will be the charge for bed alone?"

"One dollar," was the reply.

I said that I had asked the driver for a "dollar-a-day house."

"This is a dollar-a-day house," very politely rejoined the clerk.

"And you want a dollar for a bed alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can let me have my grip-sack. I will look further."

Walking a block or two I asked a policeman to show me a good medium-priced house. Very civilly he referred me to the "Victoria," on the next corner. Here I found a room and bed for fifty cents, quite as good, no doubt, as the rooms and beds at the hotel I had just left, or at the "Richelieu" where I had paid a dollar for bed two months before, when passing through this city on my way out to Florida.

This little experience, and others like it, convince me that when in a strange city it is better to ask a policeman for information about hotels and boarding houses than to ask of cabmen, commercial travelers, or of railway officials and employes. Most of these have their reasons for "standing in" with certain hotel-keepers. And there is nothing to be wondered at in all this. It is one of the inevitable features of our hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot struggle for existence.

Early Sunday morning I found my way to the home of Brother and Sister Massie, on Bienville avenue and was by then right cordially welcomed and invited to stay as long as I could make it convenient to do so. At three o'clock p. m. we three went to a business meeting of the First Spiritualist Society of New Orleans. After the close of the business meeting I was asked to say a few words. Spoke about fifteen minutes and was then invited to occupy the platform the same evening at eight o'clock. At the appointed hour, Bro. Massie, who is the retiring president of the Society, introduced me in a very neat little speech. I spoke about an hour, chiefly upon the history of *Lucifer's* work in Kansas and in Chicago, and upon the necessity of the newer and higher education in sex matters. Was listened to with the closest attention by an audience of perhaps one hundred persons, at least half of whom were women. Installation of officers occupied the time that would otherwise have been devoted to discussion.

I found here several former readers and subscribers of *Lucifer*, and took the names of several more who will hereafter be constant readers. Spent several days in New Orleans, visiting a number of its popular resorts, and had a good view of the city from the top of one of its "sky-scrappers." Among the noticeable features of this historic city are its open sewers, its narrow streets—in the business portion especially, and the fact that the ground on which the city is built is several feet lower than the surface of the Mississippi river at ordinary stage of water. When these facts are considered, the wonder grows, not that New Orleans is scourged at times with yellow fever, but that "yellow jack," typhoid and malarial fevers are not epidemic here the year round. I am glad to say, however, that the sewers are now being sunk and covered, so that hereafter we may reasonably expect that the death rate of New Orleans will be materially lowered.



Although it may seem an unwarranted digression, I wish here to say a word or two of the "levee" system so characteristic of all the lower Mississippi country. If instead of building levees to confine the great river within its usual channel "The Father of Waters" had been allowed to spread over the country in time of summer rains, leaving its elements of fertility where they would do good, instead of trying to push them out into the Gulf of Mexico, it would have shown much better sense on the part of the people of Louisiana and of the United States generally. Capt. Massie, who has been a close observer of the working of the levee system for many years, estimates that the money paid by the state and national government to maintain these artificial "protectors" would now buy all the lands subject to overflow, at fifty dollars or more an acre, and that the worst feature of it all is that the evil—the danger from inundation—is constantly increased by these efforts towards prevention. The bed of the river itself is constantly being raised by these efforts to confine its waters, thus requiring higher and still higher embankments, and making the damage, the destruction to protected property all the greater when the natural, the inevitable result of artificial confinement occurs.

Is not this an admirable illustration of the working of governmental protection everywhere, in its attempts to promote morality and prevent crime? Does not all governments by authority—by so-called *legality*—simply create, increase, and make perpetual the very evils they profess to prevent or cure?

From New Orleans I came to Ponchatoula, a small town on the Illinois Central Railway, and made a short call upon our friends at that place. Ponchatoula is well adapted to the business of "truck farming," including the culture of small fruits for the Northern markets. The land is level and easily irrigated by means of flowing wells. All the truck farmers of this region have made money this spring, so I am told. For further information in regard to the advantages offered for settlement in or near Ponchatoula I would refer our readers to *Lucifer's* good friends and subscribers, Virgie C. Moon and J. Allen Evans.

On Saturday, April 15, in company with the friends just named, I came to Hammond, La., five miles northward from Ponchatoula. At the station we were met by S. O. Bishop, whose name is familiar to many of our readers, and by him was conducted to the home of the Hewetts, "nurserymen" who came from Waupun, Wisconsin, a few years ago, and have established here a nursery for the culture and sale of fruit trees, vines, flowering plants, etc. They are getting their grounds in good shape, and would have made considerable money this year from the sale of orange trees, as well as from the ordinary nursery stocks, had it not been for the exceptional weather in February last, which killed most of their young orange trees.

On Sunday afternoon a parlor meeting was arranged for me by our earnest co-workers here, which proved to be one of the most interesting and enjoyable meetings of the kind it has been my privilege to attend since leaving Chicago. At eight o'clock the same evening I attended, by special invitation, a "circle" at the house of a neighbor and friend of the Hewetts, at which I heard some very excellent discourses upon the practical affairs of life, given, it is claimed, by ex-carnate human spirits through the mediumship of incarnate human spirits.

After a very enjoyable visit of three days with our Hammond friends I took train for Thayer, Miss., at which place I am still sojourning, but expecting soon to be again on my way towards St. Louis and thence to the great "Windy City" on the shore of Lake Michigan.

As to health, am glad to be able to report a steady gain, as I think, but so slow as to be at times almost imperceptible. The air and water of this place seem to be well adapted to promote health and strength in the chronic invalid. For some weeks past my cardiac and gastric symptoms have been decidedly better, so that I begin to entertain more sanguine hopes of complete recovery than ever before since my departure from home in January last.

M. HARMAN.

## An Abused Husband Seeks Advice.

"A Son of Toil" sends us a tale of trials and tribulations. He writes from London saying that he accidentally found a copy of *Lucifer* and felt impelled to give a history of his matrimonial infelicities. As the story takes about twelve hundred words in the telling, however, I shall not give space to it in full.

About fifteen years ago he "courted" a young woman whom he desired to marry in spite of the fact that "in many ways she was rather peculiar," at times being "dull, uninteresting, unsympathetic, peevish, irritable, often not keeping her word." "The courtship," we are told, "was marked by constant snarling. At times she would swear eternal affection, though she showed little affection for me."

Not a very attractive picture, truly, and one would suppose he would be glad to have such a disagreeable sweetheart taken off his hands. But no. She fell in love with a bar tender and "jilted" our "Son of Toil." The bar tender promised to marry her, but failed to do so. She returned to her first lover, who proved to be as forgiving as "Uncle Joe," and they were married.

Her home life was not attractive. "Her mother was a drunkard, and raised Hell," our friend tells us, which "caused her father to drink, and made things ten times worse. Ultimately her father deserted her mother, leaving the woman with three young children and herself to support." (By the way, this drunken man and woman were married, we are told; but for all that, the marriage license does not appear to have provided for the children to any great extent). Our friend discovered that his wife suffered from epileptic fits, and her disagreeable traits developed under the influence of matrimony. He permitted two of her sisters to make their home with them, and they, too, drank. His mother-in-law added to the sweetness of his home life by calling on him when she was drunk and "abusing" him. It seems that the entire family are subject to epilepsy and alcoholism.

The unfortunate husband is groping blindly in the dark, and asks the advice of *Lucifer's* editors and readers. He says:

"The other day I read of a man in America who objected to his wife wearing corsets. She insisted on wearing them, so after he had been disobeyed two or three times he packed up and left her for good. Do you blame that man? I don't; but what would the corset hater have said if his wife had been out all day drinking, and after a day's hard work he had prepared supper for her and himself, and after waiting, waiting, she rolled home drunk at one o'clock in the morning, and told him to go to hell—she hated him, etc., I wonder what the man who didn't like stays would say? Now let your readers be my judges. Should I lead this life to my death, or shall I say good-bye to it all forever, and try to end my days in happiness and peace? I shall be most glad to hear the opinion of 'Various Voices.'"

It is rather unusual for a woman to "roll home drunk at one o'clock in the morning." But there are many women who toil all day over the wash tub, then prepare supper for a husband who does not come, but rolls home drunk in the early morning. I do not think it is any more the duty of a man to live with and support a drunken woman than it is the duty of a woman to live with and support a drunken man. It is not good for the moral development of either man or woman to be exempted from the natural consequences of invasive actions, as they are in marriage.

L. H.

## Edward Truelove.

Another veteran in the battle for free expression is gone. On Tuesday, April 25, Edward Truelove was buried in Highgate Cemetery, London. He had lived nearly ninety years. "For the last four weeks," says G. W. Foote, "his mind has been clouded."

"His interest in human affairs was unabated until death attacked the citadel of the brain; he had lived long enough to witness the comparative triumph of the principles he had espoused; he saw that society had improved in many ways during the seventy years he had been actively upon the scene; and

he must have felt that some measure of that improvement, however small, was due to his own exertions.

"Mr. Holyoake, in the brief address which he wrote to be read at Edward Truelove's graveside, rightly emphasized the dead man's courage. It was not of the noisy order. It was not Donnybrook Fair valor. He never courted martyrdom, but when it visited him it found him quietly unflinching. Nor did he make the slightest parade of his sufferings; he bore them manfully and soberly, counting them honorable, and knowing they were an investment, sure of a dividend, for the cause of liberty, which he values above everything else on earth, except the humanity to which it ministers. Many times he was in peril as the publisher of advanced movements, but it was not until he was nearly seventy that he fell into the clutches of bigotry, and tasted the refined cruelty of the plank bed in a Christian jail. His crime was the publication of a Malthusian pamphlet, which had been sold openly and without molestation for forty years, and which was actually written by a publicist who had been a United States ambassador in London. They tried him for this crime in the Court of Queen's Bench, where the jury would not agree to a verdict; then they took him to the Old Bailey, where they secured a verdict, and obtained a sentence upon him of four months' imprisonment like a common thief. When the brave old man came out of prison he was splendidly greeted by thousands at St. James's Hall, and the testimonial presented to him was doubtless very welcome to one whose whole life had been more or less a hard struggle. He returned to his shop and plodded along in the good old way, doing something unostentatiously every day for the world's freedom and progress.

"Physical courage, especially in crowds, is common enough. Millions of men will fight and die for almost anything, or nothing. But the moral courage is rare. Few men are able to stand against the mob, fewer still are able to stand, if need be, alone, with their feet upon the rock of principle and their face towards a hostile world. Edward Truelove was one of the few. When he stood for what he saw to be truth he was as stubborn as a hill, and nearly as quiet in his resistance. He asked no one but himself whether he was right. His own intelligence was his light, his own conscience was his guide. For seventy years of manhood he never wavered. And for this, if for nothing else, let him be honored. It might be his epitaph—'He was a brave man where so many were cowards.'

"But he had other titles to esteem. Professor Beesly well said that Edward Truelove was naturally an altruist. He was full of public spirit and at the same time kind, and gentle and considerate to all around him. The note of selfishness never rang from his nature. He saw his own good in the good of others. It was a pleasure to see him at meetings. A childlike happiness lighted up his features. Even towards the very end he would come out, when it was really dangerous for him to be from home, and make one at a meeting where liberty was being championed. 'You ought not to be here,' the present writer said to him at such a meeting not so very many months ago, and the brave old man's reply was unanswerable, 'I felt I must come.' 'I think I'll go,' he added, 'after you've spoken.' But he didn't go. He sat on and listened approvingly. The life of his life was devotion to his principles.

"Edward Truelove lived so long that many persons fancied he was dead. To these the report of his death and burial will come as a surprise. The younger generation scarcely knew him. He belonged to the past—the past of storm and peril, when the soldiers of freedom arose almost every day to meet a fresh difficulty or a new danger. He lived right through the heroic age of English liberty. He had seen William Cobbett; he knew Robert Owen; he stood beside Watson, Southwell, Hetherington and the rest, in their fight for a free press; he loved the undoubted Richard Carlile; he had some intimacy with John Stuart Mill, he was a friend of George Jacob Holyoake in his fighting days; Karl Marx held meetings at his house; the Positivists were indebted to him for hospitality; and he was a staunch sup-

porter of the great Charles Bradlaugh. He was one of the Old Guard—the Old Guard that never knew surrender. A few of them still remain amongst us, to shame our weakness and cowardice, to stimulate our strength and courage. One by one they disappear, leaving the world the poorer for their absence. Hats off to the veterans! And a last salute over the open grave of one of the truest that ever drew breath."

### Letter from England.

[The following extracts from a private letter written to an American friend, will, I think, interest Lucifer's readers. About a year ago I visited the Brotherhood Colony at Purleigh, to which she refers, and was charmed with it. I have wanted to write about it, but hesitated, feeling my inability to do the subject justice. L. H.]

Gloucester, April 30, MY DEAR COMRADE:—You will see from the above that I am in Gloucester. You may have heard about the colony down here from Lillian Harman. This is a thoroughly anarchistic colony, and not a would-be one. Several of the people down here are Tolstoists, but they all agree on the great main question—absolute individual liberty for everyone—and they practice it too. It makes me feel as if I am living in Morris's "News from Nowhere;" it is thorough anarchist-communism. They have destroyed their rights to the land and refused to pay the taxes. Of course the government may at any moment take the land from them, so that its no joking matter. But they have resolved not to go back to the commercial system, even if they have to go on the road and beg.

There is no exclusion; the place is open to everybody. This is practice—last how long it will, it will be perfect of its kind, and also a success.

The sole fault with most colonies is the strong desire of making it economically successful. But that does not serve the purpose—they are not living up to their principles. Wherever one may be, under whatever conditions and circumstances one may be placed, one can always practice one's principles, and if a colony fails to do that, be it as successful in every other way as possible, to my mind it will remain a failure. The large amount of brotherhood existing among these people wins outsiders. They get the people around interested—thereby doing heaps of propaganda.

I have been staying here a short time, and am delighted with the place. It is almost right away from "our glorious civilization." The country around is beautiful. It fills one with deep emotion to live amongst everything that is pure and natural. To see animal life in all its naive freedom; to see spring first reveal herself; to watch the flowers and find new ones spring up each day; the different shades of green that can be seen from the hilltops, the serene calmness of all this splendor makes one feel happy. To watch the beautiful sunset and then to see the stars coming out one by one until they are numberless makes one feel so near nature; it makes one feel that one is a part of nature. Everything in nature is beautiful and free—and above all to think of the people one is living amongst (down here) gives one fresh hopes of a better world to come! To think of the town people, of the large manufacturing dens, of the slums that people are living in, half-starved men, women and children who are sunk low, low in the depths of degradation and misery. What happiness can these poor wretches know of? How can they be brought to see their own wretchedness? Is it true that they see it themselves and won't help themselves? No! This generation is sunk too low to be capable of any rebellion. It is the new generation that we want to get at—the new generation that we hope for—that generation will outlive the old, and another take its place still in advance of the former, and so on, until man has reached a perfect state of development. The thinking animal man is at the present day living worse than the lower animal species.

How I long to do something to satisfy my desire of helping others. Don't think I am pretending to be an altruist, because



I don't believe such a thing exists. I'm an egoist in every sense of the word. Everything I do is entirely to my own satisfaction. It makes me happy to see others happy, and therefore I do all I can to procure that happiness.

When I said, "I will do all I can for the movement," I meant it in a very egoistical form, because I derive a great deal of pleasure in imparting to others things I believe to be right.

One never stops to think as to whether an act is going to be beneficial to himself or not when one has to decide on the impulse of the moment. When a man or a child is drowning you don't stop to think as to whether you are going to save the man's or child's life for your personal pleasure, because if you did it might make it too late to do the act. We judge the nature of the act by its motive; we know whether an act is right or wrong by its results, but the motive generally decides that too. Because the result may not always be as desired, and the motive may have been of the highest kind.

I nearly always act by instinct, but I never regret what I have done, as my instinct is guided by my reasoning power, so that I can always trust myself. Now I hope you won't run away with the idea that I pretend to be an altruist.

As to the kind of work I'm doing, I will gladly tell you. I have been working in a huge commercial firm that I could not take an interest in. Making gorgeous fur opera cloaks and capes and jackets, etc., etc., was not very interesting to me. I did not like my fellow-workmen, nor did they like me. I was a sort of machine from 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. I did not work quite so hard as most girls do, but the conditions under which I was working were detestable to me. I have given it up, in the hope of finding some kind of work that I can take an interest in. At present I am taking a holiday, but will soon return to London.

I got the four copies of Lucifer containing the translation of Joseph De Jacques' letter to Proudhon. It is a splendid letter, and I think will do a great deal of good. I went into ecstasies over it. One other letter I liked very much indeed is M. Florence Johnson's answer to "Future Men and Women not Lovers." I have heard a great deal about her from W. F. Barnard and I should very much like to meet her. Barnard is doing a lot of work down in the Provinces organizing "The Free Discussion League," lecturing and debating, working on the "Truth Seeker," and doing divers other things. He has created a stir in the Provinces. I think he is going to London May 5.

ROCHELLE ZOLMAN.

### Ayesha.

(Concluded from page 147).

exhibitions of constantly increasing magnificence, which combine the pathos of the mimic stage with the peculiar powers of a great religious solemnity.

"After the lapse of twelve centuries," says Macaulay, "the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation, that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement."

The last words of Hassein, "From God do we come, and to him we shall return," became the formula of the Shute sect, which prevails in India and Persia. Its tendencies are pantheistic and philosophical. From it has proceeded all the innovating schools of Mussulman piety down to that of Bab, which is the oriental phase of modern liberalism. The Shutes regard the first three Caliphs as usurpers, and Ali as the first true successor of Mahomet. The more orthodox Sunite sect, comprising the Turks, Arabs and Kurds, is virtually the Ayesha sect; for the modest and conservative character of Abu Beker would have produced no such effects as the passions of his energetic daughter.

It is not without reason that Ayesha, after all these ages, stands thus at the head of Mussulman orthodoxy. All the wives of Mahomet remained widows, in compliance with what was supposed to be his will, but the one who had "compromised

his honor" during life is the only one who has received any special reverence, because on the whole she deserved it best.

The historian, seeking original sources of information in Gibbon, Irving, Gobineau, Alufeda and other authorities on Moslem origins and evolution, will find that almost all we learn about Mahomet's personal character and private life is traceable in the first instance to Ayesha. She alone possessed the keys of his mind, because she only had braved his sensitive jealousy and subdued it. By virtue of this red light in her brief married life it is that her elongated shadow extends across a millenium and a half of conquest marvelously achieved, of reverses stoically borne, of regeneration opposed with pristine bigotry, of success in regions beyond what the prophet's own prescience could reach.

"What in the midst of that mighty drama," as George Eliot said on a similar occasion, "are girls and their blind visions? They are the yea and nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In their delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections."

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Yuma:—Will you please suggest in your paper the expediency or necessity of forming societies in rural districts for the prevention of cruelty to wives and children from their so-called lawful and natural protectors—husbands and fathers? And will you be kind enough to suggest a plan for the formation of such societies, for by-laws and practical methods for running and maintaining the same?

J. H. Dreher, Scranton, Pa.—Enclosed you will find one dollar, which kindly apply on my subscription to the Light Bearer. I am glad that you did not erase my name as soon as term of subscription expired. I hope you will continue to do the same in the future, as I would not like to lose one number. It sometimes happens that a person cannot send money at the time, and by holding his name you keep a customer. Now you just send the paper until I notify you to stop (that is providing you can stand it). I would very much like to hear a lecture on free love or treating on the sex question, but Scranton seems to be hoodooed. There are some liberal people here, but when it comes to freedom of sex they are not in it (to use a common expression). I know one woman who says she would not allow her husband to read Lucifer, and she considers herself very far ahead in the liberal line. And my male companions imagine when I express my views on these matters that my lecherous thought prompts me to speak in the manner I do; but for all that I keep hammering away, and in time we will get them on the higher track. Hope that Mr. Harman will come home improved in health.

Alfreda, Thayer, Miss.—I earnestly wish that all sex radicals who write for Lucifer—and some of them are very able writers—would make their articles more suitable for propaganda work. Or should we have an occasional edition of the paper prepared with special reference to the needs of those whose eyes cannot yet endure the unveiled rays of the Light Bearer? The law of magnetic attraction and repulsion is little understood, and the masses of people are afraid to investigate for themselves. I know many good women who would gladly learn something concerning the sex problem if it could be presented in a way to make them see that it was really a reform. As it is we dare not hand out the paper to our neighbor, who is starving for the information it contains, lest she be offended and repelled by the thorough-going manner in which the vitally important subjects are handled; especially we cannot give it to our God and government worshipping neighbors. Is the talismanic phrase free love so dear to the hearts of sex radicals that they will not substitute some name less terrible to the average reader?—some term that will appeal to the reason of all sensible persons and yet not shock their prejudices?

762.

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Christianity No Penalty or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity.  
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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., NO. 20.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 27, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE NO. 763

### Love.

Love is but a great desire—  
Coarse, refined, or low or higher;  
Love is like the leaping fire,  
Warmth and light, or scorching dire.

Love gives blindness, insight plain,  
Worth or weakness, loss or gain,  
Sweetest pleasure, saddest pain,  
Thrilling heart, or bursting brain.

Love is pureness, love is lust,  
Brutal rape, or resolute trust;  
Grants full freedom, or says "Most,"  
Lifts aloft or drags in dust.

Love is what the nations need,  
Love has made the nations bleed;  
Love of all things holds the seed—  
Love the flower, love the weed.

There is then a lower love  
Nobler souls will rise above;  
To the passion that is higher,  
Wiser souls will eye aspire.

—From "Songs of the Unblinded Cupid," J. Wm. Lloyd.

### The Regeneration of Society.\*

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

(Concluded).

A great deal of sentiment is indulged in regarding the relation of husband and wife, and proudly praised is the protection guaranteed the woman when she gives herself in marriage. Yes, she gives herself away it is true. She gives her person, her children, her property to a man when she takes the marriage vow. Stripped of the tinsel of false pretence, this is the ugly fact. It is well and truly expressed by an eastern judge whose advice was asked by a Colonel Walker who, when a poor man years ago married a wealthy woman, who, after supporting him many years, sought a divorce from him. The case was reported a few months ago in the New York papers. This learned judge—who, by the way, bears the euphonious name of Bumpus—asks, "What are the relations of the husband toward his wife and his household?" and answers the question in these words:

"The answer is the simplest one possible. He is the head of the house, in fact as well as in name. He can direct how they are to live, where they are to live, and every circumstance whatsoever must be under his direction and supervision. If he should say to his wife, 'You must live in this place,' it is her duty to submit. If he should say, 'The children cannot remain in my house, but must live elsewhere,' that must be done. In all questions relating to hospitality, selection of guests, and in fact everything that concerns the home, he is in fact the master. The law regards him as the controlling factor, and in all particulars the wife must submit."

"When it comes to the question of the assertion of authority there is no doubt regarding your position, nor is the position in

the least changed by the fact that the property stands in your wife's name or that it was purchased with her money. In all particulars you are master and she must submit.

"As the Supreme Court says, you are 'head of the family, master of the house.' You clearly have the power to say where she shall live, can dictate to her as to the style and fashion of her surroundings, the care and custody of minor children, and in everything pertaining to your family she is to accept your directions. This sounds harsh, but I am speaking as a lawyer."

And that is the way our boasted protection protects us.

The social system is diseased. The blood needs to circulate unrestrainedly. The pure air should be breathed freely in order that the poison may be expelled. But the body is covered with the plasters and bandages of law; the eyes are blindfolded by the bands of ignorance and superstition. Whenever a new pain is felt, yet another tightly-twisted bandage must be applied in the stupid effort to benumb the pain.

As I have said, the property qualification in marriage is offered as a new protective measure. Away with all such palliatives! Throw off the disease-and-death-producing restrictions and let us stand free men and free women. Let women have freedom of choice and let them take the responsibility of that choice.

I believe in the property qualification for parentage, but not for marriage. This qualification, however, should be decided on by the mother, and not by the state. To me it seems, to say the least, as risky a thing to bring a new life into existence without means of support as it would be to undertake to build a house without having any idea where the money to pay for the material is to come from, or to engage in any other business enterprise without sufficient capital. And this is my most important contention against legal marriage. It entraps the woman with the alluring promise that if she lives in accordance with its requirements she may be sure of support for herself and for her children. But in case of desertion, or disability, or death of her husband, she is left helpless. The property requirement, even if practicable, would be a very slight palliative of the evil.

If, instead of depending on the marriage system, a woman were free to bear, or to refrain from bearing, children at will, is it probable that she would bear more than she could see a reasonable prospect of supporting?

Fancy an unmarried man saying to an unmarried woman, "I love you. I have no property, and barely sufficient salary to support myself. To prove my love to you I propose that you give to me your liberty. You will give your time to the care of my home. We will procreate children at haphazard, and for protection we will depend on the special providence that is said to guard fools and children."

Would not that be a preposterous proposition? Yet, stripped of the illusory glamor of the marriage superstition, wherein does it differ from proposals made and accepted by countless men and women every day?

\*A paper read before the Manhattan Liberal Club, New York, April 1, '98.

If a girl were brought up with any rational knowledge of herself and of the pains and perils as well as the pleasures of maternity, the dangers of indiscriminate procreation in her case would be reduced to a minimum. She would understand that the responsibilities of maternity are not to be entered upon lightly; and if a man should urge her to assume such responsibilities she could as reasonably and as properly ask him what proportion of the cost he is able and willing to assume, as she might if he were to make any other proposition which, to accept, might involve considerable outlay of time and money.

As an illustration of the inefficacy of legal enactments in regulating reproduction of the human race, let me call your attention to the negroes of America. There have been stringent laws against miscegenation ever since negro slaves were brought from Africa to America, and what is the fruit of those laws? Rarely, if ever, do you see a full-blooded negro, and in many instances the Caucasian blood predominates. Instead of leaving women, white and black, in possession of their own bodies, with freedom to accept or reject any proposition from any man, the black woman was the slave of the master whose name she bore, just as the white wife took the name of the husband and belonged to him. Neither white nor black woman belonged to herself. I do not mean to assert that the absence of law would have prevented miscegenation; but I do maintain that the law did not prevent it. I am also confident that had the black woman been free, even though ignorant, there would not have been as great a mixture of the blood of the African and Caucasian races as exists today. In presenting these facts I do not wish to be understood as either advocating or opposing miscegenation. I merely use the illustration to show how utterly powerless such laws are to accomplish their purpose.

Sojourner Truth, who was born a slave, and who, by her simple, homely eloquence, did so much to remove the yoke of bondage from her fellow-slaves, hit the nail on the head in an incident witnessed and reported by Moses Hull.

One day, many years ago, two swaggering young men came into the railroad station at Battle Creek, Michigan, where Sojourner lived and where she was known and loved by all. They took seats, and were enjoying themselves in the manner of their species, when an old black auntie came and took a seat beside them. They hastily arose, and one exclaimed in indignation:

"What! do you suppose I would sit by a nigger?"

Sojourner smiled, and in her quiet way remarked,

"Lord bless you, honey, if all the white men had been as afraid to sit beside a nigger as you are, we wouldn't have bleached out so!"

Marvel not that I say unto you ye must be born again. The salvation of our race must rest in the hand of our descendants. Hence the necessity of the proper instruction in the sacredness of the sexual functions. What and how to teach the children concerning the sexual functions is one of the most perplexing problems which many persons who really desire to be progressive along the lines of social evolution have to confront. If we teach them the truth, if we answer their questions frankly, we are told that we thereby rob them of the innocence which is inseparable from ignorance. We are asked to believe that the functions of our beings which called our loved ones into existence are so vile, so despicable, that the children born thereof will lose respect for us if we frankly tell them the truth. Hydra-headed Mystery, mated with darkest Ignorance, parents of cowering Fear, have ever been the servants of the priest and the king. Without these three the Church and the State would crumble into dust. And to serfdom to these shadows of the night we are asked to give our children.

What would be thought of parents who would neglect to give their children the benefit of their experience in matters of deportment, bodily cleanliness, diet and things of like nature? Yet immeasurably more deplorable is the conspiracy of silence agreed on by society regarding sex relations. Ignorance, Mystery, Fear! To you do we offer up our children. We tell our

children to avoid certain errors, but we give them no rational reason for doing so. Always we appeal to the phantoms of Shame and Disgust.

Let us picture a child sent out into the darkness of night. The moon feebly shines through hazy clouds and the landscape is lost in shadow. The father says to the child:

"There is a pathway which, if you are wise, you will follow. On either side are brambles and ditches. You will occasionally find boulders in the path over which you may stumble and fall if you do not look closely."

But a friend stands by and says:

"What! will you rob your child's journey of all its romance? Would you destroy the illusions of youth? What is life for a child without its fairy tales? It will learn the truth soon enough when it finds itself wallowing in the muck and mire of the ditch. Tell it fairy tales which it may enjoy as it goes. I tell my child to keep its eyes turned to heaven—it is so vulgar and degrading to look under foot. I say, 'My dear, do you see those dark scurrying shadows in the moonlight? They are goblins that will get you if you turn either to the right or to the left. The pathway is hard and rough, I know, and on either side of it the way is smooth and pleasant to the feet; but under peril of damnation in this world and in the world to come, you must walk in the way I have pointed out to you.'"

Would not such warning result in the very evil sought to be avoided? If the way is rough to the feet, all the greater is the necessity for keeping the eyes turned in that direction. Humanity has been star-gazing, has been ghost and goblin-gazing, too long. If there is any good reason why certain actions should be performed, or other actions avoided, let us give these reasons to our children in a manner as plain and simple as possible. The ghost stories and the fairy tales belong to the past, and in the past they should be left.

When the ideal of freedom is advocated it is objected that liberty means license. This is a mistake. Liberty and license are absolutely and irreconcilably opposed to each other. Liberty means equality of rights. License means a special privilege. If one person has a license which gives him a special privilege to invade the liberty of another person, the invaded one's liberty is but an empty name.

How can there be freedom of conscience in religion in a country where one church has a special license, as in Russia?

How can we have individual liberty of choice of treatment when we must go only to regularly licensed doctors of medicine, as in the United States?

How could the black woman choose whether her children should be black or yellow when a white man held a license which gave him the ownership of her person?

How can the white woman do the best work toward the regeneration of the race when her husband holds a legal license which bars her from the liberty of choosing when she shall bear children, under what conditions she shall bear them, and how many children she shall bear?

Millions of men and women have suffered, have been tortured in every conceivable way, and have died, because of rebellion against legally licensed religion. Even in America today men are in prison because they refused to yield their liberty to perform useful labor on Sunday. The preachers want a licensed monopoly of the right to get their living on that day.

We see the same result when license interferes with liberty to heal, or attempt to heal the sick. No matter how successful men and women may be, how much the people may desire their services, arrest and robbery and imprisonment are their threatened punishment if they do not possess the government license.

Under equal freedom and opportunity there is the greatest possible incentive to improvement. But with the law-enforced advantage of a licensed position, more than half that incentive is removed.

And what shall we say of the influence of license in the sex relations of men and women? Licentiousness is a term greatly abhorred, yet that is what we have when liberty is denied.



Invasion of woman by man outside of the marriage pale is a horrible crime, which is *legally* punished by imprisonment, but the sense of the community revolts against the outrage so strongly that it frequently ignores the law and hangs or burns the invader.

But let the invader be licensed by law, and the woman has no liberty and is therefore *not* invaded. Her person is not her own, and she has no right to the control of herself. When a mob hangs a man for outraging a woman who is not his wife, the papers are full of details of the crime and its punishment, and the sympathies of the community are with the mob. But let an editor dare to call attention to a *licensed* outrage, and the prison doors yawn to receive him.

Do not think I am here to advocate or to condemn any school of medicine, or religion or morals. I am here to plead for freedom of choice in all these. I do not share the feeling of those who fear that if we dispel the horror of hell, we shall be left out in the cold.

It must not be forgotten that only through unobstructed development can evolution do its perfect work, and through growth in freedom only, can come the true regeneration of society. Our work should be to help clear the way, to help remove the debris, the gods and ghosts, the superstitions and prejudices of the past, in order that the light of reason may shine freely in the lives of those who are to live when we are dust.

### Comments on Contents of "the Best Issue."

BY C. L. JAMES.

No. 756 was the best issue of *Lucifer* ever printed. Naturally, what I wrote contributed to make it so; but that let some one else criticize.

R. B. Kerr's "Causes of Progress" was strong meat. Like everything he writes it was coherent, consecutive, radical and intelligible, consequently instructive to readers who have still the elements of evolutionary science to learn, and there are many such among those interested in sexual and economic freedom. Nevertheless I could make a few criticisms. Such important words as "progress" and "superstition" lack definition as bad as they do in Buckle; and similarly they introduce a sort of half-bakedness into the fibre. I'm afraid Mr. Kerr reads the evolutionary writers too much in the spirit of a disciple, and might profit by the antiseptic of that anarchistic literature whose sources were transcendental. He does not seem to doubt that Buckle, Herbert Spencer, Bagehot, Darwin and Westermarck, are sacred writers of equal authority, who may be used as an orthodox theologian uses Paul, Jeremiah and the author of the "Book of Esther." The truth is that from Spencer to Bagehot is a transition as disconcerting as from Paul to Calvin. It is passing from a great original thinker whose ideas are valuable not for their absolute correctness, but their fruitful suggestions, to a system-monger, who forges the bars and chains of a new prison from such material as he can use among the files and saws with which his prophet cut out an old one.

I don't believe I wrote "Columbus' plan of reaching the West Indies by sailing west." It was the East Indies Columbus expected to reach that way, and this is what made the paradoxical originality of his project.

"Straws," like the "Claimants of the Purse" in "Munsey's" are well worth any radical journal's marking as they whistle down the wind. I have known male claimants for a purse of the same kind, under like conditions.

M. Florence Johnson appears to be a new Richmond in the field. We shall be glad to hear from her again.

Adeline Champney contributes valuable matter to one of the most important departments of the anarchistic work—the critical—which has been neglected.

"Coming Out," by Albina L. Washburn is what we sorely need in the hard struggle against envying stupidity—a glimpse of light illuminating recently opened vistas whose existence we are apt to pass unnoticed in the gloom.

Jay Chaapel evidently can write a very pretty parable.

Hosea McCoy is no doubt justified in confining his strictures to the matter of certain would-be radical publications, especially as he touches the style, in passing, with such gentle irony. But the style is not quite a trifle. What reader of alleged anti-Philistine periodicals does not know the style I mean? The style, not to be personal, which is marked by such idioms as "thuswise," "p. d. q.," "logodadaly," "lexiphancism," "heterophemy," such complicated metaphors as "generate the moral breadth which is the ethical balance wheel," such "bracing" "pungencies" as "blasphemous old brute," and "beer-buttressed vaudeville show." All this is not in the least original. It is a growing, but most execrable fashion. It is a mixture of two styles which were both barbarous at their best—a hotch-potch of Carlyle and "Brick" Pomeroy. To every young journalist who aims at anything higher than the mountebank's ambition of making a sensation, I advise as follows: Shut up your Artemus Ward, burn your Danbury "News," throw away your La Crosse "Democrat," bury your Chicago "Times," forget your Bill Nye, abolish your Doesticks, keep your "Sartor Resartus" for Sunday, don't think you are Emerson, avoid Richard Grant White, take "Tak Kak" for the standard of all you would *not* resemble. As reading matter some of these have merit, but as models they are, without exception, very bad. If you have no style of your own, read, till you catch their contagion, the great old masters of our prose. Read Dryden, Addison, Bunyan, DeFoe—not for their ideas, some had but few—not for their culture, some had none—but for their manly plainness. Observe, I am not recommending pedantry. The thing I condemn unexceptionally is affectation; and the condemnation of purism consists in just this, that it is an affectation. Mannerism, if natural, is the note of originality. But you attain to classic excellence just when your reader forgets you exist and thinks only of what you express. You attain to unmixed atrocity when he thinks, "That fellow can sling the ink, but I don't quite understand him."

And this reminds me that with No. 756 *Lucifer* appears to usher in a new era in anarchistic and free love literature—the era of criticism, taste and style. When I began to write in the "Revolution" and the Boston "Investigator," the few radical papers which America, or indeed the world, possessed, were in no position to be choicer. Disturbing ideas were wanted. They came jostling each other; there could be no question of style, and not much of soundness. We have got beyond that. The radical papers of today are numerous enough and large enough to float the true daily burden of the radical world. There is no call to fill them up with aimless vaporings, discussions which belong to the past, crudities, tags and rags. *Lucifer* has risen to the level of the time. It is no longer ephemeral literature. It selects from advanced thought what deserves to live. It can well afford to leave for publications essentially Philistine whatever proposes making the reader open, not his moral, but only his bodily eyes.

Did you observe the articles on Lillian Bell and her famous paper in "Harper's Weekly?" The Harpers began by criticizing her; and I wrote them a reply, of which a synopsis, giving my name, was published with comments, 25th ult.

### The Savior of His Country.

Behold the man who never fails to vote;  
Look at his vest, his trousers and his coat,  
And note the chain he wears.  
He says "I done" and "They have went,"  
And if you were to ask him what he knew  
Concerning Homer, Shakespeare or Carlyle,  
'Tis safe to bet a dollar to a cent  
That he would look at you,  
And wrinkle up his brow and think awhile,  
And then respond about in this wise: "Say,  
What ward does dat duck come from anyway?"  
This is the man who always votes and who  
Assists in making laws to govern you.

—Chicago "News."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.  
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Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB meets every Sunday at 3 p. m., in Masonic Temple, ninth floor; free platform; free discussion; free admission.

OUR FRIENDS and patrons have doubtless been annoyed by my failure to attend promptly to some of their business communications. These delays have been caused by the necessity I have been under to try to attend to more work than I am able to properly manage. The extra work involved in moving and getting settled has very seriously interfered with the regular business, and now it may be necessary for me to further try the patience of our friends. My little daughter is ill with scarlet fever, and under the circumstances it is easier for me to neglect Lucifer than to neglect her. However, I trust the delay will not be serious; but I think it best to make this explanation publicly rather than to attempt to make many privately.

## The Social Conscience and Economic Equality.

In last week's Lucifer Lillian quotes from a private letter written by a "prominent socialist author" in which the writer says:

"Still I think the slavery of women lies deeper than the social conscience. I think that economic equality will free them and abolish marriage."

This is, in part at least, the view taken by Mr. J. C. Jeffcott, a prominent economic reformer, in his criticism upon my socialist talk at Tampa, Fla., of which a brief report was given in a recent Lucifer. So also thought Mrs. Emma J. Huff, Vice-President of the Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist Association, who criticized my talk at Lake Helen, Fla., and so also thinks Mrs. C. M. Tregear, of Wellesley, Mass., who in a letter to Lucifer—see 754—takes sides with Mrs. Huff, and who sharply criticizes my little pamphlet entitled "Motherhood in Freedom."

That all of these more or less friendly critics are honest and sincere in the views advocated by them is reasonably certain; and that the many thousands of socialist readers and writers who agree with them are also honest and sincere goes without saying. That they are all well-informed, clear-headed and logical in their premises and in their conclusions, is not so certain to some of us who are also socialists in the widest and best sense of the word.

Let us see about this. Let us for a little while be *skeptics* in the true and etymologic sense of that much-abused word—that is, let us look about us; let us investigate; let us lay aside prejudice; let us take nothing on trust or hearsay. In the first place, what do we mean by the terms "social conscience" and "economic equality?"

The word social and socialist are derived from *socialis*, "a companion;" hence every one who wants a companion, every one who does not want to live alone, is a *socialist*. The word conscience is derived from *con*, "with," or "together with," and *scire*, "to know;" hence, etymologically, conscience means to know with or together with another, or with others; and therefore, if there were but one person in the world there would be no conscience. Conscience, then, is of itself *socialistic*, and there is really no conscience but the more or less *social* conscience. The definitions in the books are largely misleading; they are true neither to etymology nor to the facts of daily experience. We are taught to believe that conscience means *self-knowledge*.

That it is an *innate* faculty—that we each possess the power of determining what is right and what is wrong if we will only listen to the "inward monitor." On the contrary, I maintain—from the etymology of the word, and from the facts of every day observation, that conscience, as a guide of conduct, is made up not so much of what we ourselves know, or think we know to be right, as of what we think other people think to be right! In certain old histories we read of a court officer called the "keeper of the king's conscience." How many of us can claim to be the keepers of our own consciences? and how many of us habitually "let out the job" to the Grundys,—male or female—or to the priest, the parson, the political boss, the "hero of the hour," whoever that hero may be? In that part of the social conscience called religious conscience, the standard of authority is still farther away. In this case we are governed not by what we ourselves think to be right, not by what our parson thinks to be true and right, but by what our parson thinks that God thinks about the matter!

Coming back now to the words of our socialist author: "The slavery of women lies deeper than in the social conscience," etc. To my thinking there can be no deeper cause of social or ethical wrong than an abnormal social conscience itself. The beginning of reform in any department of life must be in the conscience, in the sense of right and wrong. Until the social conscience was roused to see the wrong done to the black slaves of the south, nothing could be done to remove that wrong. In time, by the pressure of an enlightened conscience, and by force of military necessity, political and social equality—not political and social freedom—was, in a measure, granted to the blacks, or rather was thrust upon them; but because economic freedom was withheld their modicum of political and social freedom has proved to them a curse rather than a blessing. Now, there is slowly forming in the popular mind a social conscience that demands economic freedom for both the black and the white slave of our economic slave system—by which I mean the slaveries inherent in our land system, our money system, and our corporate capital system.

It will be observed that I use the phrase economic freedom, instead of economic equality. I think the latter phrase misleading and unscientific. In the nature of things there can be no equality in associative human life, except of opportunity, and this equality can only be approximated, never fully practiced. Economic equality suggests to the average mind, financial equality, or the forcible "dividing up" of the accumulations of the wealthy, and giving them to the poor.

It is probable, however, that by the phrase "social conscience," our author means that part of the social conscience which may more approximately be called the *sexual* conscience; that is, the conscience which regulates the ethics of marriage, or of the sexual, the reproductive relations of women and men. If this be his meaning, then the issue is clearly joined; the lines of divergence are plainly defined. I have long taken the ground that we must have sex freedom before we can possibly have economic freedom, or, in fact, before we can have real freedom or justice in any line of associative human life. There is in nature such a thing as order of development—precedence in time, or in periods of growth. If we would have an oak tree we must first have the acorn; next the root; then the stem or body, including branches, leaves and bark; last of all come flowers and fruit. Sexual conscience, sexual freedom and justice bear the same relation to the economic conscience to economic freedom and justice as do the seed and root of the oak tree to the stem and branches.

Marriage means monopoly—exclusive ownership of person and the conscience that demands this precedes and includes all other reforms. "Sex includes all," says the poet philosopher, Whitman; hence we might as well expect to see the stem of an oak tree grow and mature without an acorn or root as to expect economic freedom so long as sex is not free—so long as the mothers of the race are slaves—slaves to man-made laws and to their own abnormal consciences.



"Life is conscience," says Hugo. This ethical aphorism has doubtless been turned up by many plowmen in the field of radical thought. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" is another aphorism equally venerable and equally true to nature and to life. Putting these two aphorisms together and we see why it is that we must have sex freedom before we can have economic or any other freedom. Conscience makes or regulates the standard of right and wrong in all associative life, and woman rules the world by making or controlling conscience. Conscience belongs to the realm of the emotions far more than to the realm of abstract reasoning, and woman's nature is far more emotional than man's, hence woman is more conscientious than is man, and therefore harder to be convinced by the stern logic of fact.

Woman's instincts are more *aristocratic* than are man's; woman is far more opposed to social and political equality, and consequently more opposed to economic freedom and equality of opportunity than is man, for with economic freedom it would be almost impossible to maintain political and social inequality. The women of the South were the main support of the "peculiar institution," and refused to be "constructed" or to be reconciled to the results of the war long after their husbands and sons had laid down their arms. A permanently ignorant and permanently serving class, was the Southern woman's social ideal.

And the same is true of the Northern woman of today, with rare exceptions. Men are bad enough in this regard, but they do not usually consider themselves disgraced by associating on equal footing in the social club, in the ball room, in the home circle, with their employees, as does the society woman when required to associate with her hired girl, her seamstress, her laundress, or with "shop girls" generally. To be obliged to work for one's living is the eternal badge of inferiority in the eyes of the women who have most to do with the making of the social conscience everywhere, and hence the necessity of reforming that conscience before economic freedom can be practicalized. Economic freedom would give to all the opportunity to be *self-supporting*. This would mean that none would be compelled to serve the society woman for pay, and then that aristocratic personage would be compelled to serve herself, and this would be death to her ladyship's claim over the shop girl or working woman.

But to be above the necessity of working for her living is not woman's chief patent of nobility, or claim to respectability. This patent, this claim, rests chiefly upon her conformity to a sexual conscience or code of morals, imposed upon her, perhaps in the first place, by man himself, but now adopted by her as her dearest earthly possession, as well as one of her most important qualifications for respectability and happiness in the "life beyond;" and that sexual conscience or code of morals is simply this: "Thou shalt not become a mother, nor in any way use the reproductive function until granted permission to do so by church or state authority."

The practical working of this sexual conscience, this artificial or man-made code, is this:

The ruling powers—rulers of church and state—know that the sexual instinct, the reproductive desire or appetite, is one of the most powerful, most imperative, of all the human instincts, desires or appetites, and they know that if they can control the sexual, the mating instinct by artificial restraints they can control or influence the character of the product of this mating instinct. That is to say, these rulers—these power-loving men—know, if they know anything, that through the control of sex they can control the people over whom they wish to rule. Hence the restraints thrown around women in all the past, and in all departments of life compelling her to look to marriage for support and for position in society, and yet denying to her the right to choose her companion, or to get rid of him when he becomes disagreeable to her. She must wait, patiently wait till some man asks her to be his wife, giving her only the beggarly option of acceptance, or of rejection at her peril, since she can never know that another offer will ever be made; and if she accepts she binds herself for life to a man who may prove

utterly unfit to make her happy, or to be the father of her children.

These ruling powers bind woman to a life of *obedience*, making the husband (meaning *house-band*, or ruler of the house), owner of the "bed and board," to use a legal phrase, although these may both be the product of the labor of the wife—the weaver, as the term originally means; that is, one who clothes the inmates of the house, and who does the menial labor of the house.

The worst feature of all this sad picture, as I have often tried to show in these columns, is that woman's conscience—the chief factor in the general social conscience—accepts, submissively accepts, this position of inferiority in the social equation, and by her attitude of submission, by her surrender of self-ownership in the sex relation, she puts it out of her power to become the mother of self-reliant, self-owning, self-governing children. And with this, another iteration of what I believe to be the most important of demands in the line of ethical reform, I will bring this long letter to a close, viz:

GIVE US FREE MOTHERS; give us Motherhood in Freedom; give us sex reform, and all other reforms will follow.

As Lillian says in last issue, we all "know many women who are not dependent on others for their subsistence who are yet slaves to their own unenlightened conscience, or to the consciences of their neighbors."

To help woman to free herself from thralldom to her own abnormal conscience would seem the first thing of all to be done, in order to inaugurate Motherhood in Freedom and all other reforms dependent on free motherhood. Who will lend a hand in this matter?

Just one word in conclusion in reply to my old friend Cynthia M. Tregear. How you could so misunderstand my little pamphlet as to charge me with representing the emancipated woman as a "dependent weakling" is beyond my comprehension. The exact opposite of weakling was and is my ideal of the emancipated woman. It may be true that my ideal, as therein portrayed is a "foolish dream," as you so flatteringly designate it, and it may be that when I live to see as many years more as I have seen since I left the Methodist Church (near fifty years), as you suggest, I may then be enabled to see things with as clear vision as you now evidently claim for yourself. The pamphlet referred to costs but five cents. We still have a few left, if I mistake not. Those who wish to see for themselves what my ideas are on this question can do so by sending this amount to Lucifer's office.

With best wishes to all, and with the hope soon, with improved health and strength to see the workers in Lucifer's office, and to resume work therein, I remain—for more light, yours,  
M. HARMAN.

Thayer, Miss., May 20, '99.

### The Ever-Recurring Question.

One cold day last week when I opened the door in response to a ring at the bell, I saw a small, white-faced, bare-footed boy standing there. He gave me a note which read as follows:

"KIND FRIENDS: Could you please spare a few pennies or some old clothing for my little ones? My husband died in the County Hospital and I have five small children to support. I would be very thankful to you for your kindness."

The name and address were signed. The thought of the child's pinched, white face and hungry eyes would not leave me; so, though I could ill spare the time that day, I was soon on my way to see the woman. I had some difficulty in finding the place, but eventually I found it—an old, wooden tenement building in a back alley. Up three shaky flights of wooden stairs I went, and at a small landing found a little barefooted, ragged girl holding a half-dressed baby.

"Does Mrs. Peterson live here?" I asked.

And in response to her call, "Mother, here's a lady to see you!" a woman came to door.

She, too, was ragged, but she at least made an effort to be

clean. She had a pleasant face, and she invited me in. I explained my errand—that I thought perhaps some of my little girl's outgrown clothing might do for her children.

She was at work preparing clothes for ironing. She explained that she did as much washing and ironing as she could, but the baby was "so cross" she could not work all the time.

Her husband, she said, had died four months ago, but for seven years before his death he was too sick to work, and she supported the family by going out washing and cleaning house. The baby is four months old, a little boy is four years old, and the little nurse-girl six years of age, though in size she looks at least two years younger than my little daughter of the same age. The faces of all the children were pinched and white, and each had an old, careworn expression.

Think of all three of these children being born after the father had become a hopeless invalid! What will become of these helpless little children? What opportunity have they in this poverty-stricken, and disease-cursed life? And yet there are thousands—yes, millions—of innocent little ones suffering for even the bare necessities of existence, as they are suffering. Is not something wrong with the system which produces them?

I was telling a young girl friend of mine about the sad state in which I found Mrs. Peterson and her children. My little daughter was near us, and it seems that the point which impressed her was the fact that the husband was dead.

"But then," Virna exclaimed, "the woman could marry again!"

That, however, is exactly what a poverty-stricken, careworn mother of a large family of little children cannot do. Theoretically, it is always possible for a widow to marry, but practically it is not. So what can she do with her children? L. H.

#### An Announcement.

**LUCIFER READERS:** By invitation of the Working Men's Self-Educational Club of St. Louis, I have accepted a proposition to deliver a series of lectures on topics dealing with the work problem or subjects allied thereto, before various organizations in that city during the month of July, dates 2 to 16 inclusive.

It has therefore been proposed that the plan be extended to other cities and towns desiring to make arrangements for such a series. The time at my disposal for such a propaganda trip extends from June 18 to the middle of September. My first engagement is at Pittsburg on the 18th, and during the week following; the week of June 25 to July 2 is not yet arranged for, and I should be glad to hear from parties at intermediate points with reference to filling that week—from Cincinnati particularly. From points west of St. Louis I should be glad to hear with reference to dates during the months of July (latter half) and August. I have a letter from the Society of the Kansas Freeholders' Association, saying I shall be wanted at the Convention August 29, 30 and 31. I would therefore like to hear from my old friends in Topeka if they are still there, with reference to the outlook in that place, and from any one in Denver who may be interested in arranging a few lectures there. I would prefer to speak in Chicago and northern points on my return east in accordance with the divine logic of railroad expenses.

It will no doubt be objected that I have chosen an inappropriate season for work of this sort. Were I pinning my faith to indoor meetings I should share that opinion; but the greatest lesson I learned during my English trip two years ago, was that it is the summer propaganda, the open-air propaganda, of which we stand most in need. It is the source whence so much new and young blood flows into the Scotch and English movements. It is true that in England they have the right of free assemblage which we do not; but meetings on the picnic order, such as the Farmers' Alliance used to hold some years ago, meetings in private parks, tent meetings, etc., these can be arranged where there is a disposition to do so. Some cities have the right of public meeting by permit on some public square; in regard to such I would say that while it is unlikely a permit would be

given to an anarchistic topic I think it would be worth while trying whether they would refuse a permit to speak on the social teachings of Jesus, even of a Sunday. And if it is given, why, I promise to "Roar 'em gently as any nightingale."

As to the subject of lectures they will include discussions of the development of Impersonal Rule, in Economic relations, Marital, Social, Political and Moral; a consideration of the two constructive schools of Communism and Individualism, and some criticism thereon; the possibilities of the Trade Union; Strikes and the General Strike. But as to special titles, they can best be decided by correspondence.

Hoping that those who intend to write will do so at once,  
I am always Yours for liberty, **VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.**  
620 N. 8 St., Philadelphia, Pa.

#### Thoughts from Marcus Aurelius.

Remember to put yourself in mind every morning that before night it will be your luck to meet with some busybody, with some ungrateful, abusive fellow, with some knavish, envious or unsociable churl or other. Now all this perverseness in them proceeds from their ignorance of good and evil; and since it has fallen to my share to understand the natural beauty of a good action and the deformity of an ill one . . . I am likewise convinced that no one can force me to misbehave myself, nor can I find it in my heart to hate or be angry with one of my own nature and family. . . .

If you will be governed by reason, and manage what lies before you with industry, vigor and temper; if you will not run after new distractions, but keep your divinity pure, even though you must at once render it up again, your mind stands and well disciplined, as if this trial of behavior were your last; and if you will cleave to this and be true to the best of yourself, fearing and desiring nothing, but living up to your nature, standing boldly by the truth of your word, and satisfied therewith, then you will be a happy man. But the whole world cannot hinder you from doing so. . . . If a man affronts you do not accept his opinion or think just as he would have you do. No, look upon things as reality presents them.

Be always provided with principles for these two purposes: First, to engage in nothing but what reason dictates, what the sovereign and legislative part of you shall suggest, for the interest of mankind. Secondly, to be disposed to quit your opinion and alter your measures when a friend shall give you good grounds for so doing. . . .

#### The Final Test.

From "Free Love," by Austin Kent.

We and our opponents [Adin Ballou, H. C. Wright and Andrew Jackson Davis] alike contend for the absolute freedom of woman. This is well. Then it is right that she should be "allowed to choose the father of her children." We here tell our opponents if she, in freedom, shall continue to do this, in strict harmony with their dual doctrines, we shall never reproach or condemn her for it. Are they ready to meet us here, if in such freedom, she shall, to any extent, act in harmony with our views? We have a right, and do demand as much as this of them. We ask Mr. Wright in the name of every principle of justice and consistency, after having so nobly defended the rights of woman, to take off and keep off his hands from all women, and from man also. I honor the man or woman who, from an honest faith or belief, lives to his or her dual pledge. I have no heart in me to reproach or slander such. We ask, and demand of our opponents, who talk freedom, to feel and act freedom—allow freedom.

If we fail to make them understand our mental philosophy, we will then meet and appeal to them to let woman be free; and we covenant with them to keep hands off—judgments and reproaches off—and we will abide by her practical decision. We can join issue here, if they and we really mean the freedom of woman. This is a good and fair test. We shall write our book



as they have theirs, and then wait with entire trust to the developments of the future. Woman will have her freedom. Truth will grow and prosper, and that shall be our final arbiter.

### From Their Point of View.

Let any man once show the world that he feels  
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;  
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;  
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

—Owen Meredith.

Science tunnels mountains, while faith is figuring on moving them.—*Chicago "News."*

Sometimes the wages of sin look suspiciously like fat dividends on watered stock.—*Chicago "News."*

When some people talk we are reminded of a dictionary with the definitions left out.—*Chicago "News."*

Once upon a time an American taunted an Englishman. "How can you endure to be taxed to support your idle nobility?" exclaimed the American warmly. Then the American paid \$10 a ton for his coal in order that the directors of the trust might procure dukes and things for sons-in-law. This fable teaches that there are almost as many ways of paying taxes as of dodging the same.—*Detroit "Journal."*

Legislation against trusts should be general and grows dangerous as soon as it becomes special. The best of all legislation on this line will be found in the end in acts repealing laws now in existence, out of which the trusts have grown and without which they cannot thrive or live. To cure the trust, remove the cause. It is more freedom, and not more restraint, which the people need in order to enable them to defend and sustain themselves.—*Dallas "News."*

### Filippina: or "America" Up-To-Date.

Thy country 'tis for me!  
We'll take the liberty  
To thee to cling.  
Land where the panthers glide,  
Land where the apes reside  
On every mountain side,  
To thee I sing.  
We'll guard thy rocks and rills;  
Thy "rocks" shall foot the bills;  
To thee we cling.  
Land of the coconut,  
We shout for freedom, but  
In every Tagal hut,  
Let's freedom bring!

James J. Dooling, in "Liberty."

### VARIOUS VOICES.

H. L., Dallas, Tex.—I am getting more and more interested in Lucifer's doctrines and don't wish to miss a copy. I enjoyed reading your father's last letter to Lucifer from Southern Mississippi. I was born just over the line from where he wrote—in Southern Alabama, in 1857. I am much pleased with the use you made of the Dallas "News" extract that I sent you. Brains and logic are on your side. Yours for the truth if it "takes the hide off."

Georgina R. Sheldon, Newspaper Dept. Historical Society, Madison, Wis.—We have received through the courtesy of Dr. Taylor of the Chicago "Commons," a somewhat incomplete file of Lucifer, commencing March, 1898. We have a large and very important collection of labor and socialistic papers commenced by Dr. Ely, to which we are making constant additions. We should esteem it a great favor if you could fill in the missing numbers in the file of Lucifer, that we might have it bound. I enclose a list of our wants. Should you see fit to place this

library on your free mailing list it would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Marion Carter, Lockport, N. Y.—I enclose two dollars. Please send me "Cuba's Fight for Freedom and the War with Spain," \$1.50; also Lucifer one year. This is a very liberal offer and I wish to avail myself of it. Also send "Orthodoxy False since Spiritualism is True," "What is Right" and "Man's True Saviors." I enclose a notice of Mr. Carter's funeral. He died March 13 of heart failure. He had taken Lucifer for a number of years; had a photo of your little daughter, and many of Lucifer's books. He admired your father very much, and thought he was doing a good work with his daughter's help. You certainly have done well during your father's absence. May he be spared many years to you and to this world.

S. O. Bishop, Hammond, La.—I am sorry that all the readers of Lucifer, yes, the whole world too, have not been able to see and receive the light from our much-martyred Moses Harman. We think we had the rarest treat of our lives, and if we had been in better shape to have entertained him here at the Hewitt Brothers' nursery, it would have been more to our liking, but as it was, we were the benefited instead of the invalid. He gave a parlor talk on Sunday afternoon to a very small, but a very appreciative audience. There were two reasons for its being small—first the invitations were given personally, and therefore necessarily limited—second it threatened rain, and did rain in the evening.

His talk was on the line of "Motherhood in Freedom." Though I, from deafness, could not hear all, yet enough was understood to make it much more impressive than to read it in a book. This is an age of reason, we hear, and if that be true, why continue the fast declining race by impulse instead of by reason? Hang law and Mother Grandy "on a sour apple tree," and give mothers freedom and they will be more inclined to teach their children the most important lesson of their being, than to trust them to learn it from the slum of the street. My dwarfish brain and body, perhaps, is not all due to the lesson I was compelled to learn in the street, but to the lessons that my ancestors away back ever since the age of priesthood have been compelled to learn in the same degraded manner.

### Songs of the Unblind Cupid.

Under the title "Songs of the Unblind Cupid," an edition de luxe in red and black, of a few hitherto unpublished poems by the liberal poet, J. Wm. Lloyd, is just issued.

The verses are printed from Kelmscott type upon deckle edged, hand-made paper of carulean tint. Covers brown, with choice of silver or gold lettering. Initial letters, ornaments and borders are in red, and an initial letter and sketch upon the opening page are hand painted in water colors.

Mr. Lloyd, as author of "Wild Harp Songs" and the "Red Heart in a White World" needs no introduction to the liberal public. These few new poems of love, liberty and nature are here preserved in the highest style of the printer's art, and should find a place in the collection of every friend of freedom, every lover of poetry and every admirer of choice and dainty publications.

Edition limited to 500 copies. There will be no second edition. Price per copy, 50 cents, sent postpaid upon receipt of price by M. Harman, 509 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

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**LIBERTY,** Political, Religious, Social and Sexual. An essay towards the formation of an anti-persecution society. By A. F. Tinsley. Price 5 cents.

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This powerful poem of more than 400 lines, is the work of OSCAR WILDE, C. S. S. having been the poet's prison number during his confinement in Reading Jail. It is dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in the jail at that time, and it depicts the terrible sensations of the author and his fellow prisoners before and after the execution. Just issued; price, in cloth, blue, vellum back, beautifully printed from large type on hand-made antique paper, deckle edges; reading matter on one side of the paper; a sumptuous book of 56 pages, 7 inches by 5, \$1. In paper, 44 pages, 10 cents. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price, by M. Harman, 507 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

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Will find in HILDA'S HOME a story exposing the horrors of their condition as faithfully and as fearlessly as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" exposed the horrors of Negro slavery in the South. The story is more entertaining than many modern works of fiction and the plain truths it tells will find responsive echoes in the aching, bursting hearts of many women who know the galling effects of marriage thralldom.

The book contains 125 pages. Price handsomely bound in cloth, \$1. In paper cover 50 cents. Send in your order NOW—especially if you want extra copies for distribution among your friends.

## THE WORKS OF A PIONEER SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED.

The following by WILLIAM DENTON, pioneer Free-thought and Spiritualist lecturer, and naturalist, who died while on a journey of scientific research in the wilds of Australia some fifteen years ago, are of as vital importance now as when they were written:

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything."  
Orthodoxy False, Since Spiritualism is True.  
The God Proposed for Our National Constitution.  
What is Right?  
Man's True Saviors.  
Christianity No Finality or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity.  
Who are Christians?  
Sent to any address for 10 cents each, by M. Harman, 507 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 21.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 3, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 764.

### God Save the Queen!

(On her eightieth birthday, May 24, 1899.)

God save the Queen!  
 Poor Queen, for so many dismal years pinioned at the very focus of the great  
 Lie!  
 They speak of the light which beats against the throne, but if the light be  
 darkness, how great is that darkness!  
 The darkness of murderous wars, blacker than smoking cannon and bomb-  
 shell;  
 The darkness of dim-windowed prison cells;  
 The darkness of slum and cellar, of coal mine and sooty foundry;  
 The darkness of clouded minds, of sombre lives, of dullness, despair and sin  
 and death;  
 The subtle, more hideous darkness of false wealth and power and grandeur,  
 lurid with greed and self-will and contemptuous pride;  
 The darkness of social superstition and make-believe, of ignorance and in-  
 justice;  
 Poor Queen! these are the shades that have long lain at their thickest upon  
 you—upon you who may soon have to pass on into the light of truth.  
 May your eyes be strong for the shock of trial after all these accursed years.  
 God save the Queen! (For who so much needs saving?)  
 God save the Queen!

—Ernest H. Crosby in "Commonwealth."

### The Race Question.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

The newspapers report that recently a mob went to the jail in Lebanon, Tenn., to lynch Ewing Hodge, a negro, who was charged with "attempted murder." They did not find him; but not to be cheated of a victim, they took Bill Dibble, another negro, who was charged with "attempted theft." Was the action of this mob a defense of the "honor of southern womanhood?"

To be a negro and to be charged with a crime is proof that the accused is guilty, it seems; and no conceivable punishment is too severe for the "superior race" to inflict on the ignorant and helpless offender. Every case of fiendish torturing is excused and justified—yes, even glorified—because it is held to be in defense of womanhood. In many cases, however, men have been hanged and even burned by mobs when there was not even that excuse for the action.

For instance, in Knoxville, Ark., June 10, '98, James Perry was shut up in his cabin and burned to death because he had small-pox. How would the white sufferers from small-pox like to have that remedy applied to their cases? Would it be easy to convince them that such treatment was necessary to the preservation of the "honor" of northern womanhood? Then there is the case of the infant child of Postmaster Baker, of Lake City, S. C., who, with its father was burned to death.

Is there any womanhood on the face of the earth which requires the burning flesh of living babes as sacrifice to its "honor"? Yet it is claimed that those who protest against the cruelty of the punishment thereby defend or condone the crime which the mob avenges.

"Bill Arp" is writing letters in attempted justification

of the mobs, and he says the brutes who outrage little children "find friends among our enemies." Nothing could be more absurd than such a statement. If a mad dog mangles and kills a little child we can not blame the father or any other man who would kill the dog at once with any weapon which lay at hand. And I believe that any man who will kill a child is as dangerous as a mad dog. But if, instead of killing the dog which had torn the child the men should take the dog and tie it to a stake and slowly roast it, while with knives they dismembered it, living, preserving portions of its body as ghastly souvenirs, what would be thought of the perpetrators of that deed? And if, in addition to all this, they actually advertised the burning in advance and ran excursion trains to the scene of the burning—as they did in Paris, Texas—what then? Would not the parties to this action thereby prove themselves on a level with the lowest savages who take delight in burning and otherwise torturing their enemies?

In writing of the Sam Hose burning "Bill Arp" says, "I rejoiced when the brute was caught and burned. How much he suffered is of no consequence to me.....and I am not chicken-hearted about such suspects as Lige Strickland,"—a man who was merely suspected of complicity in the crime, implicated by Hose when under torture. Strickland was burned and mutilated on no evidence but this. And Arp warns the other negroes of their fate should they protest—"Nor would I take very much sympathetic talk from other negro leaders who raise their bristles."

And again: "Sooner or later we will have to take away his vote and establish the whipping post, and then, and not till then, will we have peace between the races."

But will the result be peace? The fathers of those mob-maniacs sowed the wind, and their descendants are reaping the whirlwind. Now these descendants are again sowing the whirlwind and what will their descendants reap? Is it strange that the children of outrage should themselves be guilty of outrage?

"Arp" says that his servant, "Uncle Sam," says that he was born a slave, and he has found that "if a colored man done his duty the white man done his." "Uncle Sam has a large family and through these Republican influences they have been corrupted and demoralized, and he has lot of grandchildren who don't know their own father and the old man is grieved."

Ah! But does the "old man" know his own father, I wonder? And does he know his grandfather? If he is a full-blooded negro he is indeed a rare specimen among the negroes of this country; and if he has the blood of the white race flowing in his veins, where did he get it? In "honorable" marriage between black and white ancestors?

I do not believe there can be found a single case of an outrage perpetrated by a full-blooded negro, in all those which have been so bitterly avenged. And the question arises, Did these men inherit nothing from their white ancestors? Undoubtedly many of the black women who were the mothers of yellow

babies were willing to accept their white masters in the relation which produced those babies; but it is also true that in innumerable instances the white man did his wooing with the lash, and there have been instances where black women have been outraged as cruelly as was the victim of Sam Hose. Is it strange that the product of such horrible unions should inherit a desire for outrage from the white father, and the thirst for revenge of its black or yellow mother? Is the white blood not to be taken into account at all, but only the blood, the instincts, which the poor victim of the slave system has inherited from his African ancestors be held responsible for all his acts?

Is it possible that the thousands of white men who compose these mobs can look on the faces of their victims and not ask themselves, "Is it not possible that this is my brother, or my cousin? If not mine he is the brother of some white man, and why is he what he is and where he is?"

If every white man who had ever outraged a black woman had met the fate of Sam Hose, many of the men who burn negroes would not be alive today—many of them would never have been born.

It is hard to forgive those whom we have injured, is an old axiom. Is it not time that the white race should forgive its yellow half-brother for having injured him? Is it not time to stop breeding hate and revenge? If we are the superior race, should we not prove it in our actions?

Defend the "honor of southern womanhood"—yes, and of northern womanhood, too, and above all, defend the rights of the black or yellow woman as vigilantly as you defend the rights of her white sister. And if a man, be he black or yellow or white, invades the person of any woman, be her color what it may, then take such measures as may be necessary to restrain him from such invasion; but let such restraint be "more in sorrow than in anger."

We are the victims of the passions of our ancestors. Let us not intensify their evil in transmitting them to our children.

### The Question of Woman's Dress.

MY DEAR HELEN: I have very little hope that dress reform will make much progress in this day and generation. A few women, here and there, have lightened the burden of their clothes appreciably, and a few girls, here and there, will refuse to take up the burden of dragging skirts; but you and I are not going to live to see women wearing any form of dress which permits them to move, which sets them free to move. There never was a steady advance, all along the line, in any onward step. Probably there can't be, in the nature of things. And in this there surely will not be—or I am no prophetess. You know I am never very sanguine, and this calls for more hopefulness than ever falls to my lot to feel on the brightest day.

I know plenty of girls who put on their gymnasium suits and have a splendid time for an hour, and are perfectly, distinctly conscious that they are having a splendid time. They go to the dressing room and say:

"If we didn't have to put on skirts to go home—it spoils it all!"

But, comparing notes while the skirts are being put on, their new bicycle suits are all two inches longer than they were last year.

"I got mine ready-made, and the girl told me that was what they were all wearing this year."

Now it is not enough that there is some inward chafing against the perennial edict: "That's what they're wearing this year." Discontent is not revolution—nor very much of evolution. Some strength it takes to grumble, and just about so much of it gets done before anything else gets done. But "the good time coming" is a long way off. I hardly know a dozen women who, outside the gymnasium, have the real courage of their own pleasure in free movement. And I think that is the very first essential. There is, as yet, the faintest consciousness among women of what life can offer, apart from being personally admired.

So far as any progress has been made toward a better dress, the wheel has been the motor. Somehow, some women discovered that there was exhilaration in it, a touch of life that was not a creeping and hitching and dragging a weary load. When this grew into an open secret, the rest followed. It is a continual marvel that so many poor people can have a wheel, and a pretty constant illustration of the ability in people to afford what they want sufficiently. A wheel seems capable of extracting money from the poorest pocket. And, in like manner, a wheel can extract one concession from the women who live most in their clothes; a woman's bicycle costume weighs less than her street costume. But there, as yet, it ends.

To deliver one's self up to burning indignation sometimes is a salutary process. Don't deny me the relief of storming away about it all. I know the other side and see it with perfect clearness. But I am justified in being righteously cross when I see, as I often do, girls and women wearing heavy skirts when they could help it, when, at that time, no possible harm or trouble could come to them in consequence, when no human eye—except mine—is upon them to know if their dress be long or short.

The sex element in dress is very little understood. Mrs. Stetson touches upon it, and my impression is that she testifies her recognition of the dominant part it plays. But, in general, there is very little apprehension of its significance. That everything about a woman's dress is designed to appeal directly and sharply to the sex desire in man, is a fact that is perpetually lost sight of. What women feel is that men admire a fashionably dressed woman. Fashions may change within certain limits, but the sexual limitations of dress are always preserved. And men may write volumes on the urgent need of dress reform for women, and one word of quick admiration for an ultra-fashionably dressed woman will more than balance—just as man may write volumes against the church and deny it all with one bend of the knee before the altar.

Admiration follows the line of the least resistance. And love sometimes follows admiration. A woman needs love, and the sequence is ended. A man's ability to make his own terms depends very much on his lesser need of love. The whole sex feels this—that man's expression about women when he is "off duty," his chance word called out by chance, holds his real feeling. If he says that the girls in St. Louis are "better groomed" than the girls in Chicago, or that a man likes a woman who has some style about her, the general tenor of his reflections upon the sex is fairly well settled. Every woman, when considering even the slightest deviation from the fashionable in dress must face the question: how much more important or pleasant to me is the ready admiration of men than freedom of motion in a healthful, unhampered body?

Have I ever told you the story of Mary Graves? She is lame, so lame that she uses her cane at every step. I suggested that a short dress would be much better for her. She discussed it with her lover. He had often thought of the danger for her in going over the stairs in a skirt of the usual length; and he really approved of a better and safer style of dress for all women. So he advised her to have a short suit and to wear it constantly. I called on her one day. The dress was quite ideal.

"How does Mr. Howe like it?" I asked.

"He says he likes it," Mary answered.

And then an honest flash came into her brown eyes and she said:

"Men may say what they like about dress reform for women. I think they all like it better when some other fellow's girl wears it."

It does not sound very encouraging, do you think?

But, as the old country doctor was always saying, "It'll all come right in time, all come right in time." The simple, strong desire to have a good time, to breathe, to live, though neither men nor women, nor gods, are following us with admiring eyes, will sometime take possession of women and then the battle is won. And everything will follow—even, some day, admiration.



You have seen these lines? They come often to my mind:

"What woman should be? Sir, consult the taste  
Of marriageable men. This planet's store  
In iron, cotton, wool or chemicals—  
All matter rendered to our plastic skill,  
Is wrought in shapes responsive to demand:  
The market's pulse makes index high and low,  
By role sublime. Our daughters must be wives,  
And to be wives must be what men will choose:  
Men's taste is woman's test. You mark the phrase?  
'Tis good, I think?—the sense well winged and poised  
With t's and s's."

Giorro.

### The Passing of Tradition.

New York "World."

The most interesting dramatic topic of the day in New York is the instant and brilliant success of a young actress who has defied tradition and given to the stage a new Juliet.

The man whose name is uppermost in church discussions at the moment is a preacher who has expressed his disbelief in certain portions of a religious creed which has descended through the generations.

The most-talked-of business man of the day is an American millionaire who, departing from the traditional custom of his kind, retires from commercial pursuits while still in his capable years to spend his own money for the public good.

From these conspicuous personal cases, and from a great number of modern acts and occurrences is to be read the lesson of the increasing weakness of tradition as a force to hold the universe.

In politics, religion, business, society—everywhere the disposition to hold to the old because it is old is growing less and less. Veneration remains, but it no longer means imitation and stagnation.

Just as surely as the earth whirls around the sun, the world's population moves to the great light of progress. Tradition may furnish useful precedents, but no more do we walk tightly bound in its leading strings of thought and custom.

Conservative Willie Winters may moan at a new reading of Shakespeare; book-bound medics have spasms over an advanced treatment for diphtheria; musicians of century-old attainments scoff at the idea of modern developments in composition and performance.

But over and beyond the firmly rooted conservatives in all professions and pursuits marches the army of those who, proving all things, find much that can be bettered.

It is not the thing for a son to be a Democrat or Republican because his father was one before. He thinks for himself and he develops his business for himself and he goes generally on the principle that because he is living today, he must do as today demands. That's the way he gets on. It's the way any of us get on.

Pneumonia patients were once carefully kept from all suggestions of frigidity. Today they are treated with ice-water applications. So ancient prejudices and mind-disabling fixtures of practice and belief are remedied by applying the frozen facts of modern discovery.

Naturally enough, tradition is at its strongest in the church. It has not been all-powerful even there. Men do break away from creeds and from strict interpretations of Bible passages, and they have followers into new realms of theological thought. But for the mass of men and women there is a sacredness to affairs of worship and a mystery concerning life here and beyond which keep the congregations well within the bounds of belief if not of dogma.

The goal of all progress is somewhere, and those who come long after on earth will perhaps reach it. We shall not find ourselves even within sight of it.

But it is a certain thing, that unless human energy and human thought shall be paralyzed at a blow things will go right on changing and tradition will continue to lose its grip as the years go by.

Conservative critics can't stop the motion. Not for the church, the stage, the battle-field, the ballot-place, the market or the home shall ever come a tomorrow which is precisely as today.

### From Their Point of View.

Liberty and love go together. The more you give of each, the more you possess.—"Light of Truth."

The clergyman published the banns of marriage, and then the clerk gave out the hymn, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven."—Sel.

It seems a mere bagatelle for Uncle Sam to put down the Philippine insurrection. If he wants to fight something nearer his size, why doesn't he tackle the Standard Oil Company?—St. Louis "Republican."

A college professor in Buffalo has published a book in which he says: "Any nation that works its women is damned, and belongs in heart to the Huron-Iroquois confederacy." That learned pundit seems to be unaware of the fact that women in the household work pretty hard.—Springfield "Republican."

A Rhode Island woman has built a "spite fence" twenty feet high. A close inspection of the structure would no doubt reveal the fact that she had one board inserted which contained a knot hole through which she could peer when the distasteful neighbor's washing was hung out.—Denver "News."

In one of Lincoln's early speeches against slavery he said, answering Stephen A. Douglas: "My distinguished friend says it is an insult to the emigrants to Kansas and Nebraska to suppose they are not able to govern themselves. We must not slur over an argument of this kind because it happens to tickle the ear. It must be met and answered. I admit that the emigrant to Kansas is competent to govern himself but (the speaker rising to his full height) I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent." And there are people in this country who dare compare McKinley to Lincoln.—Jerry Simpson's "Bayonet."

The Right Rev. William Crowell Doane, bishop of Albany, has found time to form an opinion of the marriage of the divorced Mrs. Sloane to Mr. Perry Belmont, and does not hesitate to express it. He avers that "affair" was "in utter violation of the laws of God and man—horrid, simply horrid—horrid." [Some] Christians seem to be unable to eliminate from their system that phallic element which causes excitement and sets their scandal-loving tongues a-running whenever any aspect of the marriage relation is presented that affords opportunity for comment. The remarriage of Mrs. Sloane on the day her divorce was granted, though she had long been separated from Mr. Sloane, has proved a greater shock to the pulpit than the exposed adulteries of several hundred preachers—probably for the reason that the latter offense has become too frequent to attract attention.—"Truth Seeker."

### A Straw.

"A Chicago preacher, Rev. W. H. Wise, who recently visited London, has this to say in regard to the workings of the City Council of West Ham: 'It puts new faith and hope into one, and forever silences the cry that "Socialism is utopian," to sit in a council having jurisdiction over 300,000 people that is overwhelmingly Socialistic, and to hear measures discussed and passed by a large majority that in our country would seem impractical and even revolutionary.' He also declares that the old forms of religion have lost their power."

The above is from a clipping sent to me—paper not named. By the way, it was this Council of West Ham, I believe, that recently ruled the "Freethinker" and other freethought literature out of the Library. Thus do we see the "old forms of religion" losing power.

L. H.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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## Notes by the Way.

ROODHOUSE, ILL., May 28, '99.

Leaving Thayer, Miss., May 23, I came by way of the Illinois Central railroad to Crystal Springs, thirty miles north of Thayer, and remained twenty-four hours at this much celebrated shipping point for fruits and vegetables to northern markets. It is claimed that more "truck" is shipped from this place than from any other single producing point in the United States or in the world. Later on I hope to give our readers a carefully prepared statement of what I saw and learned of the advantages offered by this section of the United States to the landless homeseeker.

From Crystal Springs I came direct to St. Louis, where I spent two days and nights visiting old friends and making the acquaintance of some new ones. Friday night a parlor meeting was held at the home of the LeLivers, mother and son, on Chestnut street, which proved a very enjoyable, and it is hoped a not unprofitable affair, the chief cause of regret being the fact that the shortness of my stay prevented adequate and timely notice being given to friends in distant parts of the city. In compliance with the unanimous request of those present I gave some account of my trip and the result of my observations and experiences in the "Sunny South," for the past four months or thereabouts. The economic and social questions, including the race problem, came in for a share of discussion, and so deeply interested were all present in these old, yet ever new themes that it was near midnight before the meeting broke up.

During my brief stay in the "Mound City," as it is sometimes called, I was the guest of Drs. Hatton & Slater, of the Osteopathic Institute, Odd Fellows Building, and of our old and yet young friends, the Fritons, of the firm of "Friton Brothers," jewellers and engravers, whose business rooms are on Pine street, near Sixth. Their home is on Shenandoah Ave. and Nebraska street, one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the city. My morning walks in the beautifully adorned "Heights" near by, were keenly enjoyed, the weather being absolutely perfect, and the recent showers and May sunshine having clothed the trees, shrubs and lawns in their richest verdure.

From St. Louis I came by way of the Chicago and Alton railroad to Roodhouse, passing through the historic city of Alton, "throned on its hills," a city made famous, or rather infamous for all time by the killing of Elijah Lovejoy and the repeated destruction of his press by a proslavery mob.

The country along this line of road seems very fertile and productive—the farms very highly improved, showing industry, thrift and taste on the part of their owners. The contrast between the appearance of Southern Illinois and that of Southern Mississippi is indeed very great, the one being almost one continuous cultivated farm, while the other is, in many parts, nearly unbroken wilderness. Another cause of contrast, favorable to Illinois, is the fact that while the latter has been blessed with abundant rains, Southern Mississippi has had no rain to speak of for some two months unless it has fallen within a few days last past.

These lines have been written while waiting in the "Hotel Roodhouse" for a team to carry me to the home of our friends, the Campbells, living some three miles from town,

and as said team may come any moment I will bring this letter to a close and forward it to the office at once, lest it be too late to appear in No. 764.

Before closing, I wish to call attention to a few typographic mistakes or omissions in my article entitled "The Social Conscience," etc.—published in last issue. The most important of these errors is found near the bottom of the second column of said article, in the paragraph beginning, "Marriage means monopoly." A whole line seems to have been left out of the first sentence of that paragraph, rendering the sense very incomplete, not to say very obscure. The meaning intended to be conveyed is that "marriage monopoly," the canon law marriage trust, as now controlled by priest and judge, must be broken, must be abolished through the agency of an educated or reformed "social conscience," before we can rationally expect economic reform or any other real reform in associative human life. In the paragraph preceding the one just referred to, the word "approximately" should be "appropriately." The word occurs in the third line. In the seventh line of the second paragraph, page 157, first column, the word "constructed" should be "reconstructed." A number of minor mistakes, such as "woman" for "women," and vice versa, errors of punctuation, etc., occur, but it is hoped that all of these will not prevent the main drift of the article being understood. The fact that Lillian has had a sick child to care for, in addition to her other onerous duties, excuses her for the failures in proof-reading, in this and recent issues of the Light Bearer.

M. HARMAN.

## Proudhon's Masterpiece.

What is Property? Or an inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government. By P. J. Proudhon. Prefaced by a sketch of Proudhon's life and works. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. A systematic, thorough and radical discussion of the institution of property—its basis, its history, its present status and its destiny—together with a detailed and startling expose of the crimes which it commits and the evils which it engenders. 500 pages. Original price, \$3.50. Our special price, \$1.25.

## Special Notice.

By an oversight, the price of Austin Kent's pamphlet on "Free Love," is given as 15 cents in the last two issues of Lucifer. The pamphlet was published originally to sell at 80 cents. That was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and it is now out of print with the exception of 200 copies which have been donated to Lucifer by Delos Danton, a cousin of the author. Although it is a classic in the literature of liberty it may not be republished for many years—perhaps not for a century, when some person may discover its value and send it broadcast throughout the world—and the present opportunity to secure it should not be neglected by those who desire a clear and strong statement of the case in favor of freedom in consensual love.

The pamphlet contains 140 pages in paper cover. The full inscription on the title page is "Free Love, or a Philosophical Demonstration of the Non-Exclusive Nature of Connubial Love; also a Review of the Exclusive Feature of the Fowlers, Adams Ballou, H. C. Wright and Andrew Jackson Davis on Marriage." By Austin Kent. Second edition. Stockholm, N. Y. Published by the author. 1875.

Owing to the scarcity of this book, its intrinsic value and the probability that it will not be republished, we feel that it is not asking too much to place the price at 50 cents, which is less than the original price of the book. However, not to take undue advantage of Lucifer's readers who have read the previous advertisements in which the price was given at 15 cents by an oversight, the book will be sent for that price (15 cents) until June 10. This will give readers about one week to take advantage of the special reduced price. After June 10 the pamphlet will not be sold for less than 50 cents.

Besides the pamphlet on "Free Love," we have the follow-



ing tracts or leaflets by Austin Kent, which we will send post-paid at the prices quoted:

"Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Her 'Social Freedom,'" including an appendix on Woodhull and Beecher, letters of Parker Pillsbury endorsing Mrs. Woodhull, an essay "What is Spiritualism?" by Mrs. Woodhull, and "An English View of Mrs. Woodhull and Her Work," by Robert J. Kendall. Only twelve copies remain—15 cents.

"My Creed or What I Believe and What I Know"—2 cents.

"To My Atheistical Brothers, or How I Became Assured of the Existence of the Unseen Intelligence."—2 cents.

"An Open Letter to Andrew Jackson Davis, or What I Call Conjugal Love."—5 cents.

"Conjugal Love—The True and the False."—5 cents.

These leaflets are small, but their value should be judged by the quality of the matter and not by the number of words they contain.

### Varied Opinions.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON, *Dear Madam:* . . . You jump at conclusions. Now a conclusion is something a woman arrives at without thought or reason. We all meet with surprises; some are pleasant, others are not; I haven't met with any but the pleasant as far as our correspondence is concerned. As to the word "sacred," I never use it in connection with Gods, Pagan or Christian.

I know there is such a word, and I think I know how to apply it. To you the right to life, peace, comfort and happiness is "sacred," and I am sure that the one who endeavors to deprive you of these rights would get just such a curse as the fig tree got—one that would wither it to the very roots, or else you are composed of a different metal than I imagine.

Man in his relation to the natural world is subject to two conditions—the natural and the unnatural. The natural is nature's own handiwork; the unnatural is man's. When we conform to nature's requirements all is well, when we fail to do this penalties follow that makes us aware of the fact that there is more than one god in Israel.

"Love;" I detest the word. I wish it could be obliterated from our vocabulary. It is always found at one extreme, while hate and wrath is pulling at the other. We should avoid extremes. God so loved the world that he gave his only illegitimate son to be cruelly massacred in order to remedy the defects of his own plans. The Lord chastiseth them that he loves. The stuff called love is founded on amateness. It gets hot quick, and cools off quicker. You see this in the lower animals, and you see it among God's images. The great and grand quality of reason is absent in both tribes. What I want is that deep, heart-felt affection shown to all in a manner that will prevent any one from injuring another in any form or manner. To call such a condition love is nonsense. It is hard to break the customs that have been centuries in forming. It is hard to break loose from the usages of a high civilization. Nothing but death can or should disrupt family relations. The family is a "sacred" institution, and cursed be he who dares to invade its "sacred" precincts. Marriage is simply a civil contract and is as necessary as life itself. I care nothing for the silly mummery of priestcraft about what "God hath joined together," for if God does really do the work he does a lot that he must surely be ashamed of. That man does really put asunder is strongly in evidence.

You say that your phase of free thought is the "right to think." Why, my dear woman, there is no power but death that can deprive you of that right. It is only when you clothe your thoughts with words and acts that results appear. If your thoughts with words and acts that results appear—these results are beneficial to our race you will receive commendation, if injurious you will "hear something drop." The world is filled with evil, and the one who tries to atone for it all by the committing suicide is hopelessly insane. We cannot break the whole bundle of fagots across our knee, but we can take one at a time and do the work easily.

If I had the power to destroy imaginary demons, the first

that would fall before my withering glance would be that little nasty, naked imp called Cupid. I would trample down "love's flowery bowers," and prove to the world that the seat of its bruised posies was beyond the power of a polecat to equal. The lower animals, like the ancient Hebrews, are guided by instinct, and that instinct runs mainly in the direction of reproduction. This instinct is a natural quality, and is necessary in order to replenish the earth. Among the lower animals (including the Hebrews) this power of reproduction is not guided by reason or common sense, it runs wild and dire results follow. I can't imagine what would be the results if the so-called free love party held the balance of power, or the whole of it. If a man under the influence of free love should come monkeying around my wife I would surely become a murderer.

I may not be able to comprehend the subject in its highest light, and I trust that you will not look upon my apparent levity as any disrespect on my part, far from it. I propose to show proper respect to all. You have a sacred right to your opinions and I respect those rights. I like your letters; they are highly entertaining and instructive. Your last letter arrived while I was on a bed suffering extreme pain, but I read it with pleasure.

Lucifer came to hand, but through some mishap it was lost before I had read it all. The couple that had the "love baby" struck my notice, but will make no comments. I would be pleased to hear from you again. Yours for progress,

WALTER BARTON.

WALTER BARTON, *My Dear Sir:* . . . You say that I "jump at conclusions;" but you do not point out the conclusions jumped at. In your previous letter you say, "Women comprise the best half of the intelligence of the race," then express surprise at receiving a sensible letter from a woman. In this letter you say, "Now a conclusion is something that a woman arrives at without thought or reason."

These remarks show that you have two standards—one for men, and another for women. Part of the time a deference for women is expressed, and part of the time condescension. Whether you are sincere in calling women the most intellectual half, or in the statement that they lack reason, I do not know. It can make no difference in my writing to you, for I do not acknowledge any difference in brain power because of sex. I have corresponded with many men and women, and no woman could jump at conclusions more hysterically than do some men, and no man could reason more logically than do some women, and the statement would be as true if reversed. I desire to have what I write considered as a *thought*, not as a woman's thought, nor a man's thought. If the fact that I am a woman makes my thought either more or less valuable I will give your letters to some man to answer, that the sex of the writer may elevate or lower the thoughts to your level. There are both men and women who are superior, and other men and women who are inferior to me in intellect. So if you will, when writing to me, say "You jump at conclusions," or "You" do this and that, it will simplify matters wonderfully. Certainly I shall not hold all mankind responsible for any deficiency I may think I find in you, nor give the entire male half of the species credit for the good you may manifest. . . .

"Sacred" implies sacrifice, and refers to religion. . . . Life is dear to me; I appreciate it; I value it; but it is not "sacred" in the true sense of that word. I will defend myself from invasion, but not with curses. The idea that a man could say a few words to a tree and kill it because it did not bear fruit out of season, is a good illustration of cursing. . . . I neither curse nor reverence anything. If I wanted a tree out of my way I would cut it down and destroy it. If weeds choked my flowers I would uproot them; but no one seeing me pulling weeds would go away and seriously say.

"I saw Mrs. Johnson out in her garden cursing weeds, this morning."

If he should say so, the hearer would not understand that I

had been quietly pulling weeds, but would suppose I was angry and had manifested temper inconsistent with true womanly dignity. You will find more respect paid to rational condemnation than to "cursing."

You seem to believe in propagating the race; but not in love. . . . But it seems to me that to discuss love with you would be like discussing beautiful paintings with one who is color blind. Such a person might think that all pictures should be destroyed, as they are a waste of time. Or such discussion would be like discussing music with a man who cannot distinguish different tones, and who thinks a musical chord only a combination of noises which should be stopped to free us from the confusion.

There are doubtless persons in this train who see nothing beautiful in the scenery through which we are passing, while to me it is so beautiful that only occasionally is it monotonous enough for a few minutes to allow me to write. I know one man who cannot appreciate a beautiful landscape. He had been at Harper's Ferry.

"You can't see much there because of the hills covered with trees," he said. "The river was so full of rocks that it was comparatively useless, and it would be very hard to make a living on such land!"

Beauty, to that man, was only found in rich, level land that would "raise a crop."

Another man would not allow a piano played while he was in the house. His wife loved music, but that mattered not to him. When he entered the parlor, if there was music his first remark was, "Stop that damned noise!" He said the professed love for music was not genuine; his ears were as good as anybody's—"this noise is enough to drive one to distraction, and people only pretend to like it to assume some superiority."

This man was a physician, and quite intelligent in nearly every way; but had been judged on all matters by his knowledge of time, tune and rhythm, he would have been considered an idiot.

Persons who are deficient in such a way are deprived of much enjoyment; but the one who through false education and lack of elevating experience has become deaf and blind, or unconscious of the joy and benefit of love, is more to be pitied than the color blind or the tone deaf. Especially is this an unfortunate condition if the person so disgusted by unhappy experience thinks it a duty to perpetuate the race and endow children with his unfortunate condition of mind and emotion. That is as unwise as for consumptives and epileptics to marry.

I wonder if your personal experience has caused you to assert that "The stuff called love is founded on amativeness. It gets hot quick and cools off quicker." My experience and observation have been quite different, and so the resulting opinion is also different. . . . It has been so long since I have corresponded with a conservative—a moralist—that your expression, "The stuff called love," etc., and "it gets hot quick," etc., seem quite repulsive, and sound vulgar. The students of this question, the social radicals, do not speak in that way; but being free men and free women and expressing only what to them is beautiful and good, would lead away from that mode of life and its vocabulary.

Now here are a few quotations from your letter which you may harmonize at your leisure. I confess my inability to do so:

"Nothing but death can or should disrupt the family relations. The family is a sacred institution, and cursed be he who dares to invade its sacred precincts."

"Marriage is simply a civil contract . . . is as necessary as life itself."

"If God does the work he does a lot that he must surely be ashamed of."

The common family relation is established by marriage. You say "marriage is simply a civil contract as necessary as life itself." Is civil contract sacred and necessary? If two persons run a grocery together would it be "sacred" if they had made a legal partnership, and should nothing but death separate

them? Would they be unworthy of all respect if they dissolve the partnership?

If marriage is sometimes such that you as a man think God as a matchmaker ought to be ashamed of his work, what is the virtue in its being perpetuated until death? Under what order of thinking do you arrive at the conclusion that it is wise for an unhappy family to continue together—with all that such continuation implies? The assertions that the family is such that you are ashamed of it, and that it should never be broken up by anything but death, can only be reconciled by the "sacredness" of superstition. Why, many who still cling to old dogmas and creeds believe in divorce. . . . That you cannot imagine what would be the result of free love is not surprising. A person who does not know the meaning of either freedom or love, would be under great difficulty in trying to imagine such a condition. You express contempt for the "stuff" you call love, and you as clearly express your belief in the rightfulness of slavery in marriage when you say you would murder your wife or any one who could give her more happiness than you could. The person who owns a woman to the extent that he believes he has a right to kill her, or to kill another who would deprive him of his property, cannot imagine any happiness in a community where companionship must come from attraction. The slave owners of the south had a similar view regarding the condition should negroes be freed. Men have been called out of their houses and shot before the eyes of wife and children for daring to invade the "sacred rights" of the slave owner. I come from an ancestry of abolitionists and I know of some of their sufferings.

"If a free lover should come monkeying around," you say. This "monkeying around" is, I suppose, a part of the vocabulary of the man who believes in "sacred" things, who "curses" those whom he does not like, and murders those who are more attractive to his "property" than himself. It is a term I do not hear among students of the social question, and seems to me out of place in a serious consideration of this question; and it is only as a serious question, one affecting the happiness of the human race, that I care to write on it.

Of course a "love baby" would not be attractive to you, as you do not believe in love; but I think all babies should be love babies, and when husbands and wives cease to love there should be no more babies.

The freedom to think means nothing without the freedom to live the thought. To say that Bruno had a right to think there was more than one world implies his right to express that thought. To me freethought means the right to think on any question, and to express the thought in language and live it. Every one should have the right to do that which does not invade the equal right of every other person.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

### "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism."

[The following quotations are made from a circular letter sent out by Leroy Berrier. The book may be ordered from this office].

In the production of my books, "Creative Force and Sexual Natures," a book now under the ban of the censors, much time was spent in the investigation and consideration of the creative force of the universe as it is manifested in human nature. This force, as it is manifested in human life, is generally known as "vital force," "life force" and "personal magnetism." We know that it is the elixir of life, and that they who possess a large amount of it are, figuratively speaking, the capitalists in life; they are the kings and queens in mental and physical power and vigor; happiness is their priceless jewel. The fountain from which flows this summum bonum of life is a great volume of life force or personal magnetism.

I have learned that the common idea that possession of a large or small amount of personal magnetism is entirely due to inheritance is wrong, and that any person of sufficient intelligence to apply certain regulations can cultivate personal mag.



netism. Since I learned these facts I have set to work and formulated a system of brain and nerve culture that will create and maintain personal magnetism. My investigations revealed that there is direct access to the life force through the sexual nature; that most people create life force enough to make them capitalists in it, but they are not for the reason that they unconsciously waste it or, stating it differently, they have not complete control of it. A part of my purpose in the production of the book, "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," is to teach the conservation of life force and still increase our natural enjoyment through all the faculties.

"Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." Price, \$1; postage four cents. Address Leroy Berrier, 322 Thirteenth Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

### Epsom-On-the-Hill.

On and after July 1, the Old House will be open to guests.

Epsom, N. H., is seventy-nine miles distant from Boston, on the Southern division of the Boston and Maine railroad. Trains leave Boston at 8:30 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Railroad station is three miles distant from the hill, village and postoffice two miles. The house is surrounded by farm lands, with woods and brook near by. Delicious air and pure water. Quiet and restful. Large sunny rooms. Board by the day or week.

Parents wishing to board children in the country where, for a few hours daily they can receive practical instruction in gardening and farming, and where attention, quite homespun in kind, will be given to their well being, can obtain further information on application. Address all communications to Josephine S. Tilton, P. O. Box 55, Epsom, N. H.

### "Cuba's Fight for Freedom and the War With Spain."

However much the readers of *Lucifer* may differ in regard to the rightness or the unrightness of the part taken by the American government in the war of "Intervention" in Cuba's behalf, we are all interested in the past history and the future prospects of this "Queen of the Antilles," as this famous island has often been called. A friend has donated for *Lucifer's* benefit a few copies of a large and handsomely bound volume with the above title. The book claims to be: "A Comprehensive, Accurate and Thrilling History of the Spanish Kingdom and its Latest and Fairest Colony; the long struggle of Cuba for Freedom and Independence; the Intervention of the United States and the Fierce War with Spain that Followed; A Record of Oppression and Patriotism, of Cruelty and Valor, and above all of the Triumph of the Stars and Stripes. Profusely illustrated. Written and edited by Henry Houghton Beck, author of 'Famous Battles,' the 'Greco-Turkish War,' etc., etc. Published by the Globe Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The book contains 569 pages, heavy paper, excellent print; price in half Morocco, with marbled edges, \$2; same in cloth, \$1.50. On receipt of price and 17 cents for postage, we will send by post or express one copy of this handsomely bound and profusely illustrated volume—including a twenty-inch map of Cuba and Porto Rico, and *Lucifer* one year. As our supply of this book is quite limited, those who wish to avail themselves of this liberal offer will do well to send in their orders soon.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Elsie Cole Wilcox, Lawrence, Wash.—I see my subscription will expire in about ten weeks, and as poverty is a chronic complaint, I will send you fifty cents now to extend it half a year for fear I may not have even "two bits" when the ten weeks have gone by. I don't want to miss a copy of *Lucifer*. It is like being disappointed when expecting a visit from an old friend. *Lucifer* and I—or rather some of its contributors and I—have had some friendly little "scraps," but they have left no scars on me, and I hope it is the same with "the other fellow." Your father's letter in No. 760 is very interesting, but I am sorry he

does not regain his health. I think perhaps it would be better for him if he did not travel around so much. It seems to me he needs rest more than change of scene. But there are so many who want to see him, and he is so obliging and so energetic, I suppose it is hard for him to keep still. No. 760 is an excellent number all through. C. L. James' article on Mary Shelley is interesting, and there is a "big square meal" of thought food in "Why the Difference?" And Nellie hits the nail squarely in the head in her solution to her conundrum. I have been looking over my stock of *Lucifers* today, and made up some bundles to send away where I hope they will be read with interest and profit. With my renewal I send ten cents for Dr. Greer's "Sanctity of Marriage." Hope you are all well and that "our Moses" will soon be better.

"Rocky Mountains."—In order that your correspondent from far-away London, "A Son of Toil," may not think that his plaint falls on deaf ears, I desire to tell him that in my opinion his situation is this: He has to choose between continually living with a drunken drab who tells him she hates him, or leave her. If he leaves her he gratifies her expressed wish. If he stays with her he runs the risk of losing his own soul without doing her's any good. In view of the facts as stated in your issue of May 20, I have this to say. If the case was my own I think I would leave her decidedly. The only question in my mind is relative to the providing for the children, if there are any. He must not leave the children under the control, guidance and teaching of any such woman. They must be saved if possible. If there is any possible chance to save her he should try it; this is his duty. The principle for him to act on is the soundest principle of ethics and social economy: "Do unto others as you would wish others to do to you." And because this was inculcated by Jesus Christ does not lessen its worth or utility in the least. Or if he desires another one—take that of John Stuart Mill: "The greatest good of the greatest number, with the least possible injury to any; that is moral; the reverse immoral." Principles are compasses—and if you have the right compass too steer by you will reach the right—there or thereabouts.

W. W. M., New Haven, Conn.—In May 13 number of *Lucifer* I read your article, referring to the letter you had received from a young Western mother who had had the courage and independence to "get" (as she expressed it) for herself a baby in her own free way. Now I believe in freedom of action, and yet I dare not practice my own belief, but I have great admiration for those who dare, and thereon is based my principal reason for admiring yourself, and now I admire this young woman, and I don't know of any better way to express that admiration and also my approval of her act, than to send twenty-five cents for the baby's picture and mother's autograph, as is suggested by your article. I believe that all persons claiming to be liberals and freethinkers should encourage all such acts, and in accordance with that belief I send the twenty-five cents. I enjoy very much reading about your father's experience on his vacation trip, but I think at the same time, "Why in the world doesn't he just rest!" It he has gone off for a vacation and for rest and for the benefit of his health, why doesn't he rest and not bother himself about writing articles for *Lucifer*? His articles are very interesting, but still he might safely leave the conducting of *Lucifer* to you, as you have so thoroughly proven yourself capable of managing it successfully. His experience related in the May 20 number of looking for a dollar-a-day house, amused me not a little, because it brought to my memory experiences of my own. At the same time I realized a feeling of indignation to think that the poor, dear man should be compelled to economize and look for cheap accommodations, when I feel that he is worthy of enjoying the best that the world affords. I think if I undertake to say anything in praise of the way that *Lucifer* has been conducted in his absence, that I will make my letter too long, so I will only say that to me it has been thoroughly satisfactory, and I cannot see how it could have been improved.





# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 22.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 10, E. M. 299, [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 765

### My Friend.

BY JAY CAMERON.

My friend is a dissolute drunkard,  
A vagabond, so you might say,  
Shiftless and void of ambition,  
Throwing his chances away;  
For my friend is a fellow of talent,  
His intellect none can surpass.  
I could tell why his life is a failure  
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

There's a charm in his mere conversation  
That draws me, because I can feel  
That it speaks of a soul's desolation  
Which he tries in his pride to conceal.  
"Every life is a tragedy growsome,"  
I have heard him say often. Alas!  
I might help him to bear his life burden  
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

In a popu'ous world he is lonely,  
His soul seeks companions in vain.  
Who knows but an error prenatal  
He expiates now in his pain?  
Pythagoras taught transmigration  
Of the souls of the dead. Do they pass  
Into earth-life again? I might answer  
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

I might find in its sapphire cloister  
Driven back from the Stygian shore  
The genius whose burden "The Haven"  
Revealed in the word "Nevermore."  
Or the swan who sang sweet of "Endymion,"  
Or of Chatterton; for of their class  
Is his soul, and the whole world would know it  
If his bosom were only of glass.

### Theodora.

BY C. L. JAMES.

In the sixth century of our era a discerning person might easily have discerned, as it is said a few philosophers did, that a great darkness was about to fall upon mankind. The Roman Empire, that singular fabric of statecraft, which, by combining the reconcilable elements of Asiatic despotism and superstition with Grecian culture and Latin skill in the arts of diplomacy and war has perpetuated what was worst in all three civilizations—this Struldbrug of humanity was evidently passing into dotage. Everywhere the forces were being transferred to his adopted children, the barbarians of the north, who still revere his valetudinarian immortality, but who were as yet far too rough for the arts which had adorned his youth. That they would come to appreciate and to improve on this part of their inheritance, and that under their auspices, novelties destined to create a higher state were already beginning to appear was true, but less likely to be understood.

The most striking phenomenon of the time was that the paralytic occasionally mustered up energy enough to chastise his quarreling step-sons. The whole philosophy of this stage of the family history of civilization is illustrated by the two greatest regal names of the period—the names of Justinian and Theodora.

The emperor Justinian, the builder of St. Sophia, the codifier of those laws bequeathed him by twelve centuries of the most legislative among nations; the extinguisher of decayed Athenian philosophy and equally decrepit Roman bureaucracy; the restorer of imperial authority in Africa and Italy; the conqueror of the Vandals and Goths, was born at an unknown date of barbarian peasant parents, near Sardica, in what is now Bulgaria.

His sonorous Latin name is but a translation of the Gothic Upranda, by which he was baptized. His uncle, Justin, of origin equally obscure, had followed the usual path to greatness—gone up to Constantinople, served the crown as life guardsman, general, senator and at last usurped it for himself. Old, and unable to read or write, he called to his assistance his nephew, who nine years later promoted his retirement from the world.

Justinian's ambition appears to have been stimulated, his disagreement with his dying benefactor was undoubtedly caused by his passion for Theodora. The lives of these two famous sovereigns are given us almost exclusively in the "Wars," the "Edifices" and the "Anecdotes" of Procopius. The first two volumes extol Justinian as the greatest among conquerors, legislators and patrons of art. The latter, written after the author's friend Belisarius had been disgraced, is a virulent tirade against this adulated prince, adorned with still more savage abuse of his consort.

Theodora, we are informed, was so insatiable in vice as to be unsatisfied with ten lovers at a time, and though no continence could be expected to resist her seductive exhibitions in the theater, her evil fate still opposed an insuperable barrier to her gratification—it was easier to exhaust the strength of the body than to appease desire. Lest this should not be enough, the libeler goes on to offer an explanation—the devil having designed her for himself drove away her lovers, as in the story of "Tobit," but secretly whispered in her ear the comforting assurance that she should espouse the greatest of kings; all of which was fulfilled when she met Justinian, for he was in fact the Devil, as numerous holy men and others whose eyes were opened to behold him in his true form attest.

Stories so outrageous might be left as self-disproved, even if Procopius wrote the "Anecdotes," which is not quite certain. But when we have rejected everything which rests on no better authority, it seems clear that Theodora began life as a pantomime actress in the Byzantine theatre, a profession legally classed with that of a prostitute.\* She did not sing, play nor dance; her beauty and talent for licentious burlesque were her recommendations to public applause. She was small, graceful, with regular features, eyes expressive of every change in the senti-

\* "Mulieres scelerum, libertinæ, tabernarum" are all classed together (with other profligate characters) in a statute of 336 and 434 A. D. Cod. Just. I. v. tit. v. leg. 7, tit. xxvii leg. 1. This clause was repealed by novels 89 and 117, about 521 A. D. under the name of Justin, but really by Justinian. The old statute forbade a senator to marry any of these degraded persons and except for the clause above cited it remained intact.

The courage of Theodora was signally displayed upon a memorable, though ridiculous occasion. Mankind must have something to quarrel about. Politics had long been tabooed, and religion, under the stern despotism of the Lower Empire, was almost as much forced upon acceptance as law. The instinct of faction found gratification in the contests of the arena. The most important of those colors worn by charioteers and other competitors for prizes are called by modern writers green and blue. As everybody bet heavily, the judges were seldom impartial. Their corrupt decisions provoked terrific riots in the crowded theaters, where thousands of deeply interested spectators had assembled. Omens drawn from the success of one color or another engaged on opposite sides the most important callings, such as the agriculturist and the sailor; so that a tumult might easily be the beginning of a sectional rebellion.

Religious bigotry grasped at a new means of inflaming passion. The Blues boasted of their orthodoxy; the Greens could not deny that they had been favored by heretical sovereigns. The former, now believed to have the imperial ear, brought in a new and deadly element of strife—the racial. They assumed the dress of Huns, and their bullies emulated in peaceful Constantinople the outrages perpetrated by these barbarians in the Danubian wars. Theodora had no wish to conceal her theatrical preferences, but Justinian affected impartiality, and in the fifth year of his reign seven criminals of both factions stood marked for death at the very time the games were going on. The ensuing riot, which began as a fight between the parties, was soon changed to an insurrection for the common purpose of rescuing the prisoners. The prefect's house was burnt; the emperor's (barbarian) troops, sent out to disperse the mob, succeeded in rousing the whole city by disregarding the sanctity of the churches. They were repulsed by the furious multitude. One of those immense conflagrations to which Constantinople has always been liable, destroyed the Cathedral of St. Sophia; a large hospital, in which the patients perished, part of the palace and a great portion of the city. The insurgents, Blue and Green, agreed in demanding a redress of grievances. But though Justinian yielded so far as to dismiss his ministers, one of whom was the celebrated Tribonian, they still disturbed him, and the Greens procured the coronation of a rival emperor, descended from an obsolete dynasty.

At a palace conference, where Belisarius was present, it was proposed to fly from the revolted city. But Theodora declared that she would never leave Constantinople alive, and she found a means of victory when the first general of the age despaired. By affecting to be neither a Blue nor a Green, Justinian had united the factions against himself. But there could be no question about the blueness of Theodora, a star actress whose record had become the best known in the world.† Her emissaries represented to the Blues the absurdity of joining hands with their inveterate enemies upon any consideration. Her name operated as a magic talisman; the Greens deserted by their unnatural allies were put down, and the theatre was judiciously closed for several years.

The factions continued, however, to disturb the public peace for a long time, and the next sovereign opened his reign with a proclamation addressed in these significant terms to both:

"Blues! remember that Justinian is dead. Greens! you may consider that he is still alive."

### In the Philippines.

BY CLINTON LOVERIDGE.

With white man's burden on either hand  
The Church has entered the heathen's land;  
God and the State is the doom of all—  
Bible and rum and powder and ball.

†According to the Anecdotes and the notes of Alemanna, her father, Acaemus, was a Green, and keeper of the bears exhibited in the arena. His widow and children, neglected by the Greens, attached themselves to the Blues. Not only Procopius, but Evagrius and Malala intimate that however it might be with Justinian, all justice was denied to Greens by the more efficient partiality of Theodora.

ment she acted; her complexion, though slightly pale, owed nothing to art, and her form, which was amply displayed, defied the sculptor's imitative powers. It is stated, however, that she had reformed before receiving any pecuniary assistance from Justinian. He married her before he was invested with the crown, even as colleague of his uncle; and as soon as he could be bestowed on her an unprecedented honor. All subordinate governors were required to swear allegiance to Justinian and Theodora.

We may place such an example beside those of Antony, Pericles, Alcibiades, Nelson, Mahomet, Belisarius and a great many more, to prove that men, whatever their own character, may respect women who observe the conventions, but love only those who have dared to break them.

Justinian was the most unlikely of mankind to be caught by sensual allurements. His ruling passion was ambition, which he served by the severest exercise of emancipation from carnal things. He was not a warrior who must needs nourish the body, though he ordered and planned great wars. His abstinence from wine and other table luxuries was monkish. He appreciated the power of knowledge, and at a mature age acquired a learned education. He understood the importance of pleasing the clergy, and never offended them except for the sake of Theodora. To all her other sins she added the unpardonable one of heresy. She aimed to bring Rome into spiritual subjection under Constantinople, and accordingly favored the Eutychian theology, which was condemned by the Vatican, but popular in the East. Justinian professed to be orthodox in theory, but in administration he was advised by Theodora. He acquired the power of making the Roman pontiffs, which his successors retained for nearly two hundred and seventy years.

In no small degree the glorious administration of Justinian was that of Theodora. He distinctly attributes to her the great enterprise of codifying the Roman law.‡ She was the discoverer of his general, Belisarius, to whom most of his victories were due. Her enemies inform us that her spies made her mistress of the whole executive machinery.§

Meanwhile she avoided pomp and lived mostly in a sequestered retreat upon the Sea of Marmora. The personal chastity of her life after marriage is attested by her maligners' silence. Thinking and working hard, she took pains to relax sufficiently, slept long and used every art to preserve her beauty. She did not choose it should be said she was ungrateful for her escape from a life of shame.

She bought girls from the brothels, collected five hundred in a magnificent asylum, and when some of them, dissatisfied with the *enau* of their life, committed suicide, she released, with a present, such as chose to try the world again.¶

She died of cancer in the twenty-fourth year of her marriage, 548 A. D., "and the irreparable loss was deplored," says Gibbon, "by her husband, who, in the room of a theatrical prostitute might have selected the purest and most noble virgin of the East."

Justinian had reason to mourn, for with Theodora departed the glory of the Roman Empire. Treachery, defeat and shame succeeded the withdrawal of that cool head and vigilant eye. It was only in the last years of his reign that fortune was in some measure and for a short time restored by a creature of the departed Empress—the eunuch Narses.\*

\*Bandura, Imp. Orient. t. 1. p. 48. The writer cited by our modern authority is anonymous.

†Novel viii. 1.

‡Anastasin, De Vitis, Post. Roman. ap. Virgil p. 40.

§Procop. El. L. i. c. 9. Anecd. c. 17; Malala l. ii. p. 174-5.

¶The more we scrutinize the accounts of Malala, Theophanes and Procopius, the more evidence we shall find that Theodora managed the dangerous machinery of a military despotism as Justinian could not. He was unable to do without Belisarius, but was afraid to trust him. Theodora governed him through her friend Antonina, his wife. Mention has been made of those new arts which adorn the dreary record of the Dark Ages. No person is more likely than Theodora to have stimulated that enterprise which resulted during her period in the introduction of silk worms into Europe.



# Nature's Aristocracy.

From "Illegitimacy," by Albert L. Ingwell, M. D.

The world could ill spare all upon the accident of whose birth it puts a social stigma. Some of the greatest soldiers and adventurers of ancient and modern times, from William the Conqueror of England to Pizarro the Conqueror of Peru; from Marshal de Saxe to General Burgoyne—not to speak of a greater than them all, in our own time—might have borne the bar sinister upon their escutcheon.

The most brilliant name in French journalism for forty years Emile de Girardin, gained his position in literature by his genius, despite an openly acknowledged illegitimate origin.

There died in France a few years ago an ecclesiastic to whom few more eloquent or far-sighted has the nation ever known; upon whom the Church conferred its highest honor, whom the French Academy raised to a seat among its immortals; yet the Bishop of Orleans was the son of a maid-servant at a Swiss inn and knew no father.

Who that visits Washington, the American capital, suspects that the only National Museum of the great Republic, the "Smithsonian Institution," founded "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," was the generous gift, more than half a century ago, to a nation then insignificant in numbers, from the natural son of an English duke?

When a century ago, the American colonies had emerged from their conflict with the mother-country, it was chiefly the genius of one man who laid the foundation of that federal system, which, by a written constitution, moulded these discordant and petty States into the potentiality of a mighty nation; but Alexander Hamilton was of illegitimate birth, the son of a Scotch planter in the West Indies.

Philosophy, profiting by the studies of D'Alembert, one of the keenest mathematicians and most brilliant writers of the last century, does not identify the philosopher, honored by the courts of Catherine II. and Frederick the Great, and by the Vatican itself, with a poor foundling picked up in the gutters of Paris.

Literature forgets the stain of ignoble origin in Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose; in Erasmus of Rotterdam, the greatest name in the history of the Renaissance; in George Sand, the great grandchild of Maurice de Saxe, himself the natural son to Augustus, King of Saxony, or in Alexander Dumas of today, illegitimate son of a still more renowned father, who was grandson of a French marquis and a slave-woman of San Domingo.

Who that stands in the refectory of the Dominican Convent at Milan before the fading outlines of that matchless masterpiece—The Last Supper—remembers the story of Leonardo di Vinci's birth? Who that reads the story of Pharez connects him with the history of David?

## Abraham Lincoln's Ancestry.

In writing of the recent outrages in the South "Bill Arp" comments regretfully on the fact that "through Republican influences" the negroes have "become so corrupted and demoralized that now the children do not know who are their fathers."

"I was ruminating about all this," he says, "and how these negroes have all been fooled about Grant and Lincoln being their friends and were fighting to free them, when there was not one word of truth in it. Neither of them cared a continental dime for the negro and both of them were more concerned about their own successes than anything else. . . I have recently received a little volume entitled 'The Genesis of Abraham Lincoln.' It is carefully and affectionately written by James H. Cathey, of Western North Carolina, and its unprejudiced personal will convince any man that Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe, and that Nancy Hanks was a good orphan girl who served in Enloe's family. The affidavits and other evidences establish this beyond dispute. Old Father Abraham Enloe was a second Abraham, and poor Nancy Hanks a second Hagar and for the same reason she was sent away from the pater-

nal homestead to keep peace in the family. The father of her child had great regard for her and placed her with his relatives in Kentucky, where she afterwards married Thomas Lincoln. Some of the witnesses of these facts are now ninety years old and have passed all desire to deceive anybody. The descendants of this Enloe family are numerous and their testimony has been taken from North Carolina, Missouri and Texas, and all confirm the story. All the very old people in North Carolina were familiar with the girl Nancy Hanks and the Enloe family and old man Enloe's acknowledgement of the child's paternity and why he sent this modern Hagar and her Ishmael away.

"But this is no new thing. During the war it was talked of in the army and Lincoln was denounced by the entire Todd family, into which he married. Fifteen years ago, while I sojourned in Western North Carolina, I found a story current that Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe and was named for him by his mother, Nancy Hanks. Now, Mr. Cathey writes a pretty little book about it, and his excuse is that the truth cannot hurt the living or the dead; that Abraham Lincoln was the most remarkable man and there should be no attempt to cloud the life of a real hero. Cicero says the first law of history is that it should neither care to say anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true.

It is, therefore, the sole purpose of this little book to prove that this wonderful man was not without ancestors. His mother was Nancy Hanks. If he was the son of a worthy sire, the world is entitled to know who that sire was, whence he came and what his characteristics. The custodians of this history of Abraham Lincoln are numbered by scores and hundreds of people—men and women of western North Carolina, for the Enloes were a large and influential family and their descendants have remarried with many distinguished people. But I do not propose to review the book. It is an interesting and remarkable revelation and is written by an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Lincoln, and establishes beyond question his paternity. Abraham Enloe was himself an extraordinary man—the father of thirteen children, and his photographic likeness to this particular son is very striking, both in form and feature. Both were the same height and had the same long unshapely limbs."

This is very interesting information; though one is inclined to wonder what Lincoln's parentage has to do with the alleged fact that the negro is unfit for freedom.

## Legal Standing of a "Wife"

"A married woman, being a mere housewife for her husband, and he being bound for her support, her earnings belong to him, and any loss of time occasioned by his wife's injury is solely his loss; therefore, her husband only can recover damages and the wife's claim is not valid, as the time lost is not her time."

Such is the decision of the Iowa Supreme Court. How grateful we should be for the protection afforded us in legal marriage

## Forgiveness.

Forgive me? Oh, of course, dear—  
A dozen times a week!  
We women were created  
Forgiveness but to speak.  
You'd die before you'd hurt me  
Intentionally? True.  
But it is not, O dearest,  
The thing you mean to do!  
It's what you do, unthinking,  
That makes the quick tear start.  
The tear may be forgotten,  
But the pain stays in the heart.  
And though I may forgive you  
A dozen times a day,  
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,  
A little love away!

—Selected.

"Marriage," said the sweet young thing, "is a dream."  
"So also is a nightmare," suggested the tough old bachelor.  
—Sel.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-SHARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

THE FRIENDS of the editor of Lucifer who would like to greet him on his return from his journey, are invited to meet at 507 Carroll Avenue, Sunday evening, June 11.

SOME VANDAL entered the Public Library recently and cut one hundred pages from Sir Richard Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights." Carry the glorious news to Comstock.

## Home Again.

Yielding to the advice of friends and helpers near and far away, on the morning of January 3, of this current year, I took train for the "Sunny South," hoping to find renewal of strength and health in the "land of the pine, the palm and the palmetto." After an absence of five months I find myself once more in the sanctorium of the Light Bearer, with strength and health very materially improved—though not yet fully restored—and with a fairly good appetite or desire to again take up the routine work necessary to the weekly publication of the "Morning Star," including also the publication and distribution of books, pamphlets and leaflets that we think will be helpful to the general educational work to which the said weekly is devoted.

Among the changes that have taken place in this world of mutations during my somewhat prolonged absence from the post of duty, is a change of location of Lucifer's office. This change had been long in contemplation, the chief obstacle thereto being the time, labor and cost of removal. Now that the dread ordeal is over, or mainly so, we all feel pleased and gratified with the result—thanks to Lillian and to all the good friends who kindly assisted her in this arduous work, and to all who have in any way helped to strengthen her hands in the work of getting out the weekly issues of the paper, and in keeping the educational ball rolling.

Once more thanking all who have contributed in any way to make my vacation a pleasant one, and to make my search for health successful I close, for lack of time, hoping in next issue to continue my report or notes of travel during an outing long to be remembered by one whose vacations have not always been of his own choosing.

M. HARMAN.

## From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

The "Co-Operator," organ of the Co-operative brotherhood, Olalla, Wash., in speaking of the causes of inharmony in other colonies says: "While we are tolerant of opinions we must condemn acts, especially such as these opinions lead to in the concrete. Notice will be served on those who believe in the promiscuity idea (falsely termed free love) that we do not desire their presence in the colony."

I have no quarrel with the colonists for wishing to choose their associates. If it pleases them to have in their colony only those whose desire for free thought and a free life is willingly limited by the thought of their neighbors, it is best that they should so state their desires. There is no imminent danger of the "Brotherhood" owning the entire earth, and so for a few years there probably will be room for all of us. But I am rather curious to know what the social radicals who are already in the colony will do—whether they will suppress expression of

their thought or relieve the colony of their presence. I frequently notice the names of radicals among the highly praised members of the Brotherhood. I wonder how they enjoy belonging to a society which practically accuses them of preaching "promiscuity" and advocating "free lust."

By the way, we have been told again and again by our Socialistic friends that discussion of the social question is a waste of time; that "under Socialism the question will settle itself." If we are to judge by the small Socialistic experiments which we now have with us, this is true. The question will be settled—settled as the fabled wolf settled with the lamb the question of the muddy stream. Under the bitterly condemned "competitive system" we can smile and let them go their way; but "under Socialism"—?

In writing of the Moore case, the editor of the "Quarterly Christian" says: "Neither do we object to his right to say and print what he pleases. Not the right to speak, but the thing spoken is what we oppose. In a free country each man has the right to say what he pleases, but for all his saying and doing he is responsible both to God and man."

Probably our Christian editor, and our Socialistic editor as well, may be able to sympathize with Sir Boyle Roach when he exclaimed: "Confound those ancient, they have stolen our best thoughts!" Good, conscientious inquisitors from the day of the first man who sought to regulate the lives of his neighbors in those neighbors' interests, have justified their action on the ground that people had a right to think as they chose, but when it came to expressing that thought in word or deed, they were responsible to "meinsel und Gott!"

"The Quarterly Christian" is an organ of a Protestant sect—the Campbellite. Its editor upholds the freedom to revolt from the teachings and many of the practices of "Mother Church," and also to ignore the teachings of the multitude of other sects. He would, of course, hold that in expressing his free thought he was not injuring either "God or man." Our Socialistic editor believes in the rightfulness of his revolt from the established commercial system and believes he has a right to freely express his thought regarding trusts and other features of the system of which he does not approve.

In spite of their reactionary tendencies, both these advocates of widely differing schools of thought are helping along the cause of progress more than they know. They help to arouse thought, and the thought which they arouse will not in every instance, by any means, be confined within their proscribed limits. So "more power" to our conservative friends, even though they do desire to use power to restrict the free expression of the thought of others.

"Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
Here's freedom to him that wad write."

For only by means of willingly granted freedom of expression to even reactionary sentiments can we hope to attain universal freedom of expression.

This thought has often occurred to me: How many advocates of freedom along some special line would not have drawn back in horror could they have foreseen the wider liberty into which their special teaching would have become merged, and for which that teaching would even become authority!

In writing of the Reformation, Ridpath says it "built better than it knew or willed. It set the example of a successful insurrection against Rome, and gave to others the precedent for a successful insurrection against itself. And the world has been by so much the gainer."

Two souls with but a single thought?  
Who marvels much thereof?  
We've often seen more souls than two  
With fewer thoughts than that.

—Detroit Tribune.



## Was Sam Hose Burned for a Crime He Did Not Commit?

The negroes of Chicago sent a private detective to Georgia to investigate the burning of Sam Hose, and the crime for which he was burned. The detective made his report at a meeting held in Bethel church last Sunday.

"Hose had been employed by Cranford," he said, "and in a quarrel over wages Cranford ran into his house and came out again with a revolver. As he was about to shoot Hose seized an ax and threw it at him. The ax struck Cranford in the head and killed him instantly. Hose fled to avoid arrest. Mrs. Cranford, who witnessed the tragedy, said herself that Hose did not say a word to her, or in any way touch her."

If this report is true, it should be given as great publicity as were the reports of Hose's alleged crime. But will it be given such publicity? Certainly not.

If the detective has lied in the interest of his employers it should be easy to prove the falsity of his statement.

"But," it will be claimed, "even though Hose was guiltless of the crime of rape, he was guilty of the crime of manslaughter." True. And it is also true that many other men are guilty of that crime. For instance, we often have murders here in Chicago. Yet will any one claim that it would be an edifying or elevating sight, or in any way beneficial to the community if we should have a living bonfire down on the Lake Front every time a murder is committed? L. H.

## Monopolies and Combines.

BY R. B. KERR.

In No. 759 the editor of *Lucifer* says:

"Trusts are the legitimate and necessary outgrowth of the competitive system, supplemented as that system is by protective privileges granted by law to certain lines of industry and supplemented also by a land and money system which practically says, 'To him that hath it shall be given and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.'"

If the writer had simply said, "Trusts are the legitimate and necessary outgrowth of the competitive system," he would have stated the Alpha and the Omega of the whole matter. The competitive system needs no supplements to promote the growth of monopolies and trusts. Monopoly is the natural-born child of competition, and all that is needed to bring it into life is absolute freedom from legal restraint.

Monopolies and trusts spring from two causes:

1. In all occupations the great majority of competitors are finding that it pays them better to combine than to compete.
2. That majority can, by the simple power of combination, enforce its will on the minority and the public.

Take the case of labor unions, which are perfect examples of combines. A combine is simply a body of men who say to the world, "Either you shall deal with us, or you shall not deal at all; and if you deal with any of our number, you shall do so on conditions laid down by us collectively." That is the principle of all combines, including the combines called labor unions.

Now it is well known, that except in New Zealand, labor unions have no legal monopoly of any kind. They are the weakest of combines, because they have only their labor to dispose of. The capitalist can often wait for years; the laborer must soon starve if he does not work.

Nevertheless, consider what these combines have accomplished, in spite of their natural weakness. In most parts of Australia they are absolute masters of the situation. In Melbourne practically every kind of labor, skilled or unskilled, is organized in unions, and no employer would venture to employ a non-union man, or any man on other than union terms.

In England the whole coal mining industry is dominated by trades unions, and wages are fixed, not by contracts between

individuals, but by a sliding scale fixed by agreement between representatives of capital and the officials of the trades unions.

In America the large alien population has kept labor unions weak; but yet in many places their power is absolute. In Butte, the largest American mining camp, the union has an absolute monopoly of underground work, and in the Coeur d'Alene camp in Idaho, although the Banker Hill and Sullivan mine has been fighting the union, yet all the other mines have for years employed only union men on union terms.

If labor, with everything against it, can make exclusive combines, how much easier must it be for those who have access to land and capital to do the same. Take railroad corporations, for example.

In the first place, every railroad is, and must always be, a natural monopoly in most parts of its territory. After leaving Minnesota, the main line of the Great Northern Railway runs through more than one thousand miles of territory before it touches a town of five thousand people. Most of the places which it touches have only a station, with perhaps a saloon and a store. Manifestly, even when the population is as dense as that of Belgium there will at most of them be only room for one railway. Manifestly at all such places the railway has the people entirely under its thumb. Every pound of groceries they buy they owe to the railway; nor can they get their produce to the markets of the country without the railway. If the railway wishes to kill a town it has only to run its trains through without stopping. If it wishes to build up a rival town it has only to stop its trains a mile or two farther along the line.

What exactly would the people along such a railway gain by abolition of laws? What would they gain by free trade, or by free land, or by the abolition of the money monopoly? Nothing whatsoever. If these things increased prosperity, the railway would simply raise freight rates, and put the whole of the increased prosperity in its own pocket. Make the railway free from all legal restraints and you have simply delivered the people into the irresistible power of an almighty highwayman.

So much for the places where a railway has a natural monopoly. Now for those in which there is a little competition. Two railways run into a town. Must the people then be prosperous? Not unless the railway companies are very stupid. For what is to hinder them getting together and agreeing on a uniform rate? That is just what they do in every case. Instead of foolishly cutting each other's throats for the benefit of the people they agree upon a rate, and they make that rate with a view to dividends, not with a view to philanthropy.

How perfect these combines are, we learnt last year. About the beginning of 1898 transcontinental rates fell very low. One day in September they were suddenly doubled on every railway across the continent. How was it done? Simply by agreement.

The railway trusts now being formed are merely improved combines. Sometimes the members of the combines quarrel and cut rates, much to the satisfaction of the people. The trusts are being formed to prevent these little mishaps in the future.

Suppose there were no legal monopoly of trade, land, or money, would that make the slightest difference to railway combines? Not the slightest. There would probably be more railways, but those railways would be combined against the public as firmly as ever. There are about five hundred railway companies in the United States, but those railways were one in the combine of last September. Free land, free trade, and free money might make those five hundred railways one thousand, but they would not change the economic laws and human nature. If it pays five hundred railways better to combine than to compete, it will not pay one thousand to compete instead of combining. The fact that a high rate fixed by agreement is better than a low rate caused by suicidal competition does not depend on numbers.

The abolition of legal restraints would in no respect weaken the combines, but it would strengthen them immensely. At pres-

ent there is one great check on railway companies. As common carriers, they are bound by law to carry all comers and their goods at the current rates. Abolish that law, and you give the railroads the power of the boycott, which is overwhelming in the hands of a transportation company. Let a new railway line be started to compete against a railway trust, and the trust would kill it at once by refusing to make connections. The trust would not carry forward its goods to points which it did not reach, and would refuse to touch goods which were to be forwarded over the recalcitrant railroad. The little railway must join the trust or be ground into powder.

Suppose that a railway could boycott whom it pleased, and suppose a farmer arose in South Dakota and denounced the extortion of railway companies. What would be his fate? The railway would deny him supplies and would leave his wheat to rot in the fields.

These are not imaginary pictures. All the west of America is dotted with dead towns which the railroads have killed out of pure spite. The people held a meeting to protest against some railway abuse, and the railway ran its trains through the town without stopping and swept it from the map. Had rail ways the power to boycott individuals they would either starve every independent man to death or drive him from the country.

Where competition has died it can never live again. It was possible for a while in an age of transition, but it was too stupid to last. That men should cut one another's prices by competition when they can fix high prices by combination is a form of insanity which the world will never see again.

Meanwhile, we learn from the San Francisco "Argonaut" of May 1, that since the beginning of this year trusts have been formed in the United States with a capital equal to the wealth of the country as it was in 1890. Today there remain some glimmerings of competition; tomorrow it will belong entirely to the past.

Two courses lie before the people of the United States, and no third. They may either own the trusts or they may be owned by the trusts. But competition is dead, and the individual is dead. They have died a purely natural death, and no power on earth can ever galvanize them into life again.

#### REMARKS.

Having just now seen the article of friend Kerr, and as the time of going to press is near, I will take but little space in replying to the above. Evidently our British Columbian correspondent has made "Monopolies and Combines" a subject of careful study. A lawyer by profession, his advantages over a non professional are very great, when treating of monopolies and trusts in their relation to statute law.

In answer to the questions, "What would the people along the line of such a railway [or along the line of any railway] gain by the abolition of laws? What would they gain by free trade, or by free land, or by the abolition of the money monopoly?" I would briefly answer:

First. By the abolition of our present land laws the railway barons would be deprived of the power to run their trains through a town—township or other autonomous municipality, without leave of the inhabitants thereof. Abolition of our land laws would mean the abolition of the so-called right of "eminent domain." This would mean that the railroad companies would be put upon their good behavior. They must please the people through whose lands they lay their iron rails, else pull up their rails and go elsewhere. Land monopoly, that is, the power to own in fee simple all the land their money can buy, or all the land their political influence can get the free gift of from the paternal despotism called "government," is the tap-root of the tree of evil known as the Railway Trust.

Second. "Abolition of money monopoly," that is, abolition of the "legal tender" privilege now granted to gold—or to gold, silver and a very limited number of greenbacks, would put all commodities on equal footing before the law, including currency or money, and would deprive the railway combines of their

power—their opportunity—to unite with the kings of finance to reduce the producing classes to a condition of helpless serfdom by limiting the supply of the natural vehicle of commerce, or of exchange of commodities—money! Thieves and robbers usually work in pairs or gangs for mutual protection, and the railway robber barons and legal tender or protected money barons are no exceptions to the rule.

The subject is much too large to be adequately treated in the small space and time at my command, and must be deferred to a more convenient season.

M. HARMAN.

#### The Kansas Freethought Convention.

The officers of this organization are making a special effort to secure the attendance of Freethought editors at their annual meeting in Forest Park, Ottawa, Kas., June 27 to July 2.

W. H. Kerr writes a letter to the "Freethought Ideal" in which he agrees to contribute ten dollars toward the railroad expenses of the first ten editors who accept the invitation. "Can you not," he asks, "send a personal invitation to a number of leading Freethought editors to attend and address the meeting, and to ask their subscribers to bear the expense of their trip?"

The management promises board and lodging free to the editors who accept.

J. E. Remsburg, Mattie P. Krekel, Voltairine de Cleyre and Franklin Steiner are among the speakers expected.

Forest Park is a beautiful, restful place. It is on the banks of a small river, and under the shade trees is an ideal place for a vacation. There is a large auditorium, dormitories and cooking and dining halls, and the charge for board and lodging is very low. I spent a week there four years ago, and I "know whereof I speak."

We have received a circular letter containing a detailed statement of the prospects of this meeting, but it did not arrive early enough to find a place in this issue. Accompanying this was an urgent call for the editor of Lucifer, but I am not in possession of information as to whether he would wish to go away so soon after his return home.

Send to "Freethought Ideal," Ottawa, Kansas, for further particulars of the Convention. We hope that Lucifer's readers will be largely represented there, even though Lucifer's editor may be absent.

L. H.

#### A Free Colony.

A newspaper dispatch, dated Amsterdam, May 10, reads as follows:

##### "AN AMERICAN CONVERT."

"The latest recruit received by the new Socialistic colony recently founded by Dr. Frederick Van Eeden in the province of North Holland, near the Zuider Zee, is a young girl from New York.

"This community consists of forty colonists. Each has a small plot of land and lives in a hut constructed by himself. All the earnings go into a common fund.

"Dr. Van Eeden has given up his magnificent home in the city and lives in a hut in the colony. He, however, continues his extensive medical practice, giving all his fees to the colony.

"Speaking to the 'Journal' correspondent today he said: 'The object of my enterprise is to make life morally happy, pure and free, and as beautiful as possible. The colonists are under no restraint whatever. There is no code of laws; there are no distinctions of class or creed; no legal marriages, no social conventions.

"We're all equal, working for ourselves and each other. I have named the colony Walden, after Thoreau's book, in which he describes perfectly my ideal of happy mundane existence."

If Dr. Van Eeden is permitted to practicalize his ideal undisturbed by legal procedure, it will be proof that there is more freedom in Holland than in the United States.

Success to these earnest workers for freedom!



### Expect No Miracles!

Writing on the necessity of individual and organized effort in behalf of rationalism, P. J. Gould says in the "Literary Guide" of London:

"I am an enemy of superstition, in the church or out of it. I affirm that there is no evidence of the existence of a self-contained and independent entity, whose destiny is to spread the principles of rationalism. If men and women slumber, freedom of thought languishes in the sty of poltroonery. If men and women are brave, freedom of thought lifts up its head and sees redemption drawing nigh. And the expected miracle will never be wrought. Freedom of thought will never prosper apart from your efforts and mine. The iron will get hot only as we forge it! The sword will be shaped only as we beat it out with our hammers. The foe will fly only when we advance in the phalanx. The heavens will give us no sign. On the contrary, when we ourselves—you and I and the other man—wrestle and labor, offer our bodies and souls, the constellation of victory will glitter in the arching sky, and the music of conquest sound in our gladdened ears."

### From Their Point of View.

"Wot say, guv'nor? Wot do I mean by walking over your ground? Well, I must walk over somebody's—I ain't got none o' my own."—*Ally Sloper.*

Watts—"What we want is some one who will make the Filipinos understand that American promises are not like Spanish promises."

Potts—"Good idea. Why not send a few American Indians to make the necessary explanation?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

There was recently a notable dog show. I was there. Over the exhibition room a sign was placed in large letters:

"No smoking allowed here. It will hurt the dogs."

A morning daily reported the inscription.

"Good," exclaimed Hon. Percy Blount as he read it and laid down the newspaper and his cigar stump. "I am glad the dogs were so well protected. Hard enough to be kennelled all day without having their air spoiled in the bargain. Now a kiss for papa, darling, for he must be off," and, taking in his arms the idol of his heart, his two-year-old daughter, as fresh as a rose, he gave her a loving embrace and kiss. The child, shielding her lips with one tiny hand to prevent another, said:

"No papa," your mouf bites."—*The New Voice.*

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Samuel Joy, Rockingham, N. H.:—I enclose one dollar for the best of all papers. Pleased to learn your long trip has been so pleasant, and has conduced so much to your health. I think your explanation of conscience in the last number of *Lucifer* is the best I have ever seen or heard given. Thus people locate something down in the chest that tells them right from wrong, and that they call conscience. But at different times of life it directs them differently, showing that "education forms the common mind; as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." My judgment tells me the office of conscience is to impel one to conform to what one's education and judgment tells him is right, and to refrain from doing what one understands to be wrong. Thus we see that much depends upon latitude and longitude as to what one's conscience is likely to dictate.

John Jones, Braddock, Pa.:—I enclose \$1.50—\$1 on subscription to *Lucifer*, and 50 cents for "Health Hints" and "Woman in the Past, Present and Future." I am glad to know that our editor is enjoying his trip. I do not think he is getting so much rest as change of work and of scenes—that of course is rest—perhaps of the best kind. I sincerely hope that it may be of lasting benefit to him and be the means of keeping him for

you and us for many years to come. Although I gladly see the paper is not suffering during his absence I should be grieved if you were overtaxing your strength. I think *Lucifer* the best paper I ever read; the one I should most miss. I think there can be no general and permanent betterment of the race until its teachings are generally accepted and lived up to. We must learn enough to be able to select the future dwellers on this planet; then there will be no unwelcome births, nor consequently miserable lives. I think that it is as unreasonable as it is unaccountable how any one can expect to read such a paper and not pay for its support; perhaps I would say unpardonable if I were not to a certain extent guilty. In extension all I have to offer is a plea of almost chronic poverty, which, with a certain amount of negligence will account for my shortcomings. I plead guilty and promise to try to do better in future.

Ed. W. Chamberlain, 111 W. 42 St., New York City:—I want you to post yourself and become interested in the case of Walter Hurt, editor of "The Gatling Gun," 593 American Trust Building, Cleveland, Ohio, who is now being prosecuted under the pretense that he mailed an obscene paper. This is the same old fake with which you are so familiar. The real purpose is to silence Hurt and stop his paper because he has pitched into the administration vigorously and vehemently and in a way to damage the calculations of "the second term syndicate." There is no more obscenity about his paper than there is about *Lucifer*, but the blackmail law is very convenient for purposes of retaliation upon an editorial antagonist, hence the present situation. I don't agree with all Mr. Hurt's views, but when an editor is assailed in this rascally manner and his right of free expression is attacked by this style of assassination it does not seem to be just the time to discuss our agreements or disagreements. It is the time to help him with all the sympathy and material aid we can command. You who have fought such a splendid fight against this sort of blackmail and who have enjoyed so large a measure of sympathy from the best citizens of this country, will, I am sure, appreciate this. So I ask you to keep your readers informed of the progress of the Hurt case and to keep them reminded of it by frequent reference to it.

H. L. Minn.:—Find enclosed five cents for "Love and the Law," and ten cents for "What the Young Need to Know." I have been for a number of years what you no doubt would call a free thinker, but have never dared to mention the fact to any one until just lately; and the reason why I can now do so is, I have been reading *Lucifer* and found I was not alone in the world. I think our present marriage system an abomination, a crime forced upon the human race, and it is a slavery of the first kind. And what surprises me is that women are such willing subjects who simply give themselves body and souls to men. Yes, and I am one among the many, and bore this all in silence until I read *Lucifer*. I cannot find words to express how happy I am that the chains are broken. I married a man at the age of eighteen because home relations were so unpleasant, and a previous engagement had been broken up by my mother, which caused me to be discouraged. The first year of my married life I was quite happy; but I soon found that I did not love the man whom I called husband. The result of married life is that I am today a physical wreck, for I thought as the man I had married was my husband I must submit. Oh! woman, when will you wake up to the fact that no man is owner of your body?

This husband of mine has very poorly supported his family. In the past ten years I have contrived in every way to keep up a respectable appearance so that the public would think we were so happy. For the past two years have been speaking in the Gospel Temperance and Social Purity movements. My husband has always tried to lay down the law in the family, above all things I must never converse with the opposite sex. Yet to me love is the legal tender of the soul. As soon as I can afford it I shall subscribe for *Lucifer*, and endeavor to get others interested in reading a sound, sensible paper.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

## Songs of the Unblind Cupid.

Under the title "Songs of the Unblind Cupid" an edition de luxe, in red and black, of a few hitherto unpublished poems by the liberal poet, J. Wm. Lloyd, is just issued.

The verses are printed from Kelmscott type upon deckle-edged, hand-made paper of cerulean tint. Covers brown, with choice of silver or gold lettering. Initial letters, ornaments and borders are in red, and an initial letter and sketch upon the opening page are hand painted in water colors.

Mr. Lloyd, as author of "Wind Harp Songs" and the "Red Heart in a White World," needs no introduction to the liberal public. These few new poems of love, liberty and nature are here preserved in the highest style of the printer's art, and should find a place in the collection of every friend of freedom, every lover of poetry and every admirer of choice and dainty publications.

Edition limited to 500 copies. There will be no second edition.  
Price per copy, 50 cents, postpaid upon receipt of price by M. Harman, 507 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

## THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL. BY C. S. S.

This powerful poem of more than 400 lines, is the work of OSCAR WILDE C. S. S. having been the poetic prison number during his confinement in Reading Jail. It is dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in the jail at that time, and it depicts the terrible sensations of the author and his fellow prisoners before and after the execution.

Just issued; price, in cloth, blue, vellum back, beautifully printed from large type on hand-made antique paper, deckle edges; resting matter on one side of the paper; a sumptuous book of 36 pages, 7 inches by 5.5. In paper, 44 pages, 10 cents. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price, by M. Harman, 507 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

## THE WORKS OF A PIONEER SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED.

The following by WILLIAM DENTON, pioneer Freethought and Spiritualist lecturer, and naturalist, who died while on a journey of scientific research in the wilds of Australia some fifteen years ago, are of as vital importance now as when they were written:

Sermons from Shakespeare's Text:  
"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything."  
Orthodoxy False, and Spiritualism is True.  
The God Proposed for Our National Constitution,  
What is Right?  
Man's True Saviors.  
Christianity, Finality or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity.  
Who are Christians?  
Sent to any address for 10 cents each, by M. Harman, 507 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

## A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.

A New Family Medical Work, by Dr. J. H. Greer.

This book is up-to-date in every particular.  
It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills.  
It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies.  
It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs.  
It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods.  
It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure.

It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell.  
It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases.  
It has 16 colored plates, showing different parts of the human body.  
The chapter on Female Midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women.  
The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read.  
It teaches the value of Air, Sunshine, and Water as medicines.  
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This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it. It has eight hundred pages, is neatly bound in cloth with gold letters, and will be sent by mail or express prepaid to any address for \$2.50. Address M. Harman, 507 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"A WOMAN, in order to live the poorest life, must be FREE; love of any man, or of none, if she so desires. She must be free and independent, socially, economically." Page 265. This is only one specimen of the many radical and vitally important truths contained in "A WOMAN AND COUNTRY," by Henry Otis. Bound in red silk, with gold lettering on side and back; nearly 400 pages. Read it and you will see the defects of paternalism as set forth by Bellamy and others. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

**Free Love:** A philosophical demonstration of the non-exclusive nature of the Powers, Adin Ballou, H. C. Wright and Andrew Jackson Davis on marriage. By Austin Kent. Published in 1871, and "O. P." for years. Only a few copies now in existence. 140 pages, four by six inches. Neatly printed. Price 50 cents. Address M. Harman, 507 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

**WOMAN IN THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.** Woman was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave on the oppressor. This has been the condition of woman in the past and is so still. She is now a slave of the slave. This work is August Bebel's masterpiece. 370, 172 pages. Price 25 cents.

**KAREZZA Ethics of Marriage.** A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. "Union Signal": Thousands of women have blessed Dr. Stockham for Tokology, thousands of men and women will bless her for Karezza. "Arena": Karezza is worth its weight in gold. Sample copies free. Prepaid \$1.00. Address this office.

## Books Worth Reading FREE!

Send us twenty-five cents for a thirteen weeks' trial subscription to Lucifer and we will present to you your choice of the following books, to the value of 25 cents. Read the list carefully. Every book is interesting and thought-provoking.

John's Way; a domestic radical story, by Elmina D. Senker, 25  
Human Rights; J. Madison Hook, 25  
Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetism, by A. Chavannes, 25  
Practical Co-operation; by E. C. Walker, 25  
The Revival of Puritanism; " " 25  
Love and the Law; " " 25  
Digging for Bedrock, by Moses Harman, 25  
In Hell and the Way Out; H. E. Allen, 25

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By Karl Heinzen. A new edition together with the startling letters of Louise Mayen on Men and Women, and a report of the Convention of German women at Frankfurt. A book of 320 pages, handsomely printed on good paper. It is more than twice the size of the original edition of "Rights of Women" alone and yet is sold at a lower price. Heinzen's great book is destined to become a classic and is sure to open the eyes of those who think women have their rights already. Its price is so low that every reader of this advertisement can afford to buy it, and no better book can be found to interest those who heretofore have given little or no thought to the necessity for the emancipation of women from ownership by men. Price paper bound, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

**WHAT THE YOUNG NEED TO KNOW.** A primer of Sexual Rationalism, by E. C. Walker. A valuable compendium on Sex Ethics. Startling and Scientific. Price, 10 cents.

**LOVE AND THE LAW.** By E. C. Walker. A clear, concise statement of social liberty in contradistinction to the much lauded legal bondage now almost universally upheld. An excellent missionary document. Two copies, 5 cents; 20 for 50 cents.

**The Outcome of Legitimation.** By Oswald Dawson. This address was to have appeared in the January "Adult," but the printers of that number played Bowdler to a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which they did print was "bad enough, but we are printing that and decline to print more." The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

**The Sanctity of Marriage.** As viewed from a moral and sanitary standpoint. A solemn protest against the present demoralizing management of that institution. Its effects upon offspring and its influence upon education. By Dr. Robert A. Greer. A valuable "opening wedge" in missionary work. Price reduced from 25 cents to 10 cents, for sale at this office.

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**Religion and Rationalism.** The relation of each to human liberty. The religiousist, fancying that he has the whole truth, is logically opposed to investigation, and he appeals to physical force to arrest the discovery of new truths. What Rationalism is, and how many believe themselves Freethinkers who are only unbelieving or disguised religionists. The necessity for separate organizations and a division of labor among reformers. The Secular Union. Important facts and arguments in a compact form. Price 5 cents. For sale at this office.

**Love Ventures** of Tom, Dick, and Harry. A Novel with an Affair! And they were naked and not ashamed (Gen. 9, 2). 16 full-page French-Art illustrations. Illuminated covers (12mo 220 pp. paper, 24c; boards, 50c).

**Elective Affinities.** A novel by Goethe. Illustrated. 260 pages; well printed on heavy paper. Price, postpaid, 15 c.

**Personal.** Readers of Lucifer who would like a quiet, home-like room in a private family when visiting Chicago, should communicate with X. Y. Z., care of Lucifer, 507 Carroll Ave.

**Personal:** A radical gentleman desires to make the acquaintance of a radical lady with a view to meeting and comradeship. I want one who would like to visit and work in New England. I would send the right one to come here. Please send recent photo and personal description in first letter; also full particulars. Address G., care of Lucifer.

**Wanted.** Subscribers to "Little Freethinker." The only liberal paper published for the young. 25 cents a year. Also names of liberal women who want correspondents. Address Elmina Drake Senker, Knoxville, Tenn., U. S. A.


**Liberal Home.** Those who wish to join in such a home that is new, cozy, electric, Marion Co., Pa.

**Socialists:** Ten cents pays for "Weekly Commoner" trial month. See radical socialist magazine; able writers; eight pages. Specify and up-to-date. Box 999, Portland, Oregon.

**Wanted:** The acquaintance of any Lucifer readers living in or near S. Simmons, Box 27, Wellington, Kan. Address Chas.



# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 23.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 17, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 766.

### Thinking and Obeying.

"Captain, what do you think," I asked,

"Of the part your soldiers play?"

The captain answered: "I do not think—  
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down  
And help a tyrant slay?"

The captain answered: "I do not think—  
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think that your conscience was meant to die  
And your brains to rot away?"

The captain answered: "I do not think—  
I do not think—I obey."

"Then if this is your soldier's code," I cried,

"You're a mean, unmanly crew,

And with all your feathers and gilt and braid  
I am more of a man than you."

"For whatever my lot on earth may be,  
And whether I swim or sink,

I can say with pride, 'I do not obey—  
I do not obey—I think!'"

Ernest H. Crosby, in *Conservator*.

### "Elective Affinities."

"Have you ever read Goethe's 'Elective Affinities'?" I was asked a short time ago. On replying that I had not, I was asked I should do so, and was presented with a copy of the work. I was so much interested in it that I immediately felt impelled to pass the recommendation on to the readers of *Lucifer*.

Goethe wrote "Elective Affinities" in 1809. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" says it is "a story which is always cited to prove the immorality of his works. A married couple, Edward and Charlotte, are thrown into constant companionship with two unmarried persons, the Captain and Ottilie. A cross attraction takes place similar to that which is often seen in chemical experiments. Edward unites himself with Ottilie, Charlotte with the Captain. The psychological changes by which this result is reached is portrayed with a masterly hand. . . . The work is replete with earnest purpose and terrible warning."

The "warning" can be called so only in the sense that the life of any one who does not conform to the rulings of the mob may be called a warning. In that sense Lovejoy's life and death was a "warning" to others to refrain from criticisms of the "sacred institution" of slavery; "The Woman Who Did" was a "warning" to those who ignore the "sacred institution" of marriage. Actually, however, the story of "Elective Affinities" should be a "warning" to those who seek to regulate the lives of others. All four of the persons immediately concerned were good, lovable characters. They were friends of long standing, and remained good friends, regardless of the counter attractions. Had it not been for the wrongly developed

"social conscience," they might have lived happy, helpful lives. The following is taken from the book: L. H.

Charlotte laid her work aside, promising the fullest attention.

The captain began:

"In all natural objects with which we are acquainted, we observe immediately that they have a certain relation to themselves. It may sound ridiculous to be asserting what is obvious to every one; but it is only by coming to a clear understanding together about what we know, that we can advance to what we do not know."

"I think," interrupted Edward, "we can make the thing more clear to her and to ourselves with examples. Conceive water or oil or quicksilver: among these you will see a certain oneness, a certain connection of their parts; and this oneness is never lost, except through force or some other determining cause. Let the cause cease to operate, and at once the parts unite again."

"Unquestionably," said Charlotte, "that is plain: rain-drops readily unite and form streams; and, when we were children, it was our delight to play with quicksilver, and wonder at the little globules splitting and parting, and running into one another."

"And here," said the captain, "let me just cursorily mention one remarkable thing: I mean, that the full, complete correlation of parts, which the fluid state makes possible, shows itself distinctly and universally in the globular form. The falling water-drop is round; you yourself spoke of the globules of quicksilver; and a drop of melted lead let fall, if it has time to harden before it reaches the ground, is found at the bottom in the shape of a ball."

"Let me try and see," said Charlotte, "whether I can understand where you are bringing me. As everything has a reference to itself, so it must have some relation to others."

"And that," interrupted Edward, "will be different according to the natural differences of the things themselves. Sometimes they will meet like friends and old acquaintances; they will come rapidly together, and unite without either having to alter itself at all—as wine mixes itself with water. Others, again, will remain as strangers, side by side; and no amount of mechanical mixing or forcing will succeed in combining them. Oil and water may be shaken up together; and the next moment they are separate again, each by itself."

"One can almost fancy," said Charlotte, "that in these simple forms one sees people that one is acquainted with; one has met with just such things in the societies amongst which one has lived; and the strangest likenesses of all with these soulless creatures, are in the masses in which men stand divided one against the other, in their classes and professions—the nobility and the third estate, for instance, or soldiers and civilians."

"Then again," replied Edward, "as these are united together under common laws and customs, so there are immediate mem-

bers in our chemical world, which will combine elements that are mutually repulsive."

"Oil, for instance, said the captain, "we make combine with water with the help of alkalis"—

"Do not go too fast with your lesson," said Charlotte. "Let me see that I keep step with you. Are we not here arrived among the affinities?"

"Exactly," replied the captain: "we are on the point of apprehending them in all their power and distinctness; such natures as, when they come in contact, at once lay hold of each other, and mutually affect one another, we speak of as having an affinity one for the other. With the alkalis and acids, for instance, the affinities are strikingly marked. They are of opposite natures: very likely their being of opposite natures is the secret of their effect on one another—they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connection an entirely new substance. There is lime, you remember, which shows the strongest inclination for all sorts of acids—a distinct desire of combining with them."

"It appears to me," said Charlotte, "that, if you choose to call these strange creatures of yours related, the relationship is not so much a relationship of blood, as of soul or of spirit. It is the way in which we see all genuinely deep friendships arise among men: opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible. But I will wait to see what you can really show me of these mysterious proceedings; and for the present," she added, turning to Edward, "I will promise not to disturb you any more in your reading. You have taught me enough of what it is about to enable me to attend to it."

"No, no," replied Edward, "now that you have once stirred the thing, you shall not get off so easily. It is just the most complicated cases which are the most interesting. In these you come first to see the degrees of the affinities, to watch them as their power of attraction is weaker or stronger, nearer or more remote. Affinities only begin really to interest when they bring about separations."

"What!" cried Charlotte, "is that miserable word which unhappily we hear so often nowadays in the world,—is that to be found in nature's lessons too?"

"Most certainly," answered Edward: "the title with which chemists were supposed to be most honorably distinguished was, artists of separation."

"It is not so any more," replied Charlotte; and it is well that it is not. Uniting is a higher art, and it is a higher merit. An artist of union is what we should welcome in every province of the universe. However, as we are on the subject again, give me an instance or two of what you mean."

"We had better keep," said the captain, "to the same instances of which we have already been speaking. Thus, what we call limestone is a more or less pure calcareous earth in combination with a delicate acid, which is familiar to us in the form of a gas. Now, if we place a piece of this stone in diluted sulphuric acid, this will take possession of the lime, and appear with it in the form of gypsum, the gaseous acid at the same time going off in vapor. Here is a case of separation; a combination arises, and we believe ourselves now justified in applying to it to it the words 'elective affinity'; it really looks as if one relation had been deliberately chosen in preference to another."

"Forgive me," said Charlotte, "as I forgive the natural philosopher. I cannot see any choice in this: I see a natural necessity rather, and scarcely that. After all, it is, perhaps, merely a case of opportunity. Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves; and, as long as the talk is only of natural substances, the choice appears to me to be altogether in the hands of the chemist who brings the creatures together. Once, however, let them be brought together, and then God have mercy on them. In the present case, I cannot help being sorry for the poor acid gas, which is driven out up and down infinity again."

"The acid's business," answered the captain, "is now to get

connected with water, and so serve as a mineral fountain for the refreshing of both the healthy and sick."

"That is very well for the gypsum to say," said Charlotte. "The gypsum is all right, is a body, is provided for. The other poor, desolate creature may have trouble enough to go through before it can find a second home for itself."

"I am much mistaken," said Edward, smiling, if there be not some little *arrière pensee* behind this. Confess your wickedness! You mean me by your lime: the lime is laid hold of by the captain, in the form of sulphuric acid, torn away from your agreeable society, and metamorphosed into a refractory gypsum."

"If your conscience prompts you to make such a reflection," replied Charlotte, "I certainly need not distress myself. These comparisons are pleasant and entertaining; and who is there that does not like playing with analogies? But man is raised very many steps above these elements; and, if he has been somewhat liberal with such fine words as 'election' and 'elective affinities,' he will do well to turn back again into himself, and take the opportunity of considering carefully the value and meaning of such expressions. Unhappily, we know cases enough where an apparently indissoluble connection between two persons has, by the accidental introduction of a third, been utterly destroyed, and one or the other of the once happily united pair been driven out into the wilderness."

"Then, you see how much more gallant the chemists are," said Edward, "they at once add a fourth, that neither may go away empty."

"Quite so," replied the captain. "And these are the cases which are really most important and remarkable,—cases where this attraction, this affinity, this separating and combining, as we exhibited, the two pairs severally crossing each other; when four creatures, connected previously, as two and two, are brought into contact, and at once forsake their first combination to form into a second. In this forsaking and embracing, this seeking and flying, we believe that we are indeed observing the effects of some higher determination: we attribute a sort of will and choice to such creatures, and feel really justified in using technical words, and speaking of 'elective affinities'."

### The World Moves.

In reading the history of Henry IV. of France, the leader of the Huguenots, by John S. C. Abbott, I found the following that I think worthy a prominent place in your most admirable paper and quite apropos of these times of severe struggle for freedom in all things, of which you and your daughter are valiant, worthy, and intelligent leaders:

"Let us inscribe upon the arch which spans our glorious Union, making us one celestial embrace, 'Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and free men.'"

"The human mind is now roused that it will have this liberty, and if there are any institutions of religion or of civil law which cannot stand this scrutiny, they are doomed to die."

JAY CHAFFIN.

### England's Premier on Rational Dress.

Lord Salisbury denounced dress reform in strong terms at the recent Royal Academy banquet. He regards cycling skirts for women as most ungraceful, and relegated them to a place both low and warm. Lady Habberton wittily retorts:

"But let the members of the Rational Dress League take heart, for when we consider the popular pictures of the noble Lord himself smothered in greatcoats, and in outline otherwise unlike the Apollo Belvedere, we may be sure that wherever we are, there also will he be. The place to which he would consign us may be warm, but at least it will not be dull, for our witty Premier will be there to cheer us with some of his delightful comments on passing events."

**LIBERTY:** Political, Religious, Social and Sexual. An essay towards the formation of an anti-persecution society. By A. F. T. Price 5 cents.



# "Isn't It Shocking!"

BY LEONA R. MATHERS.

Alfreda voices my sentiments exactly in "Various Voices," *Lucifer* No. 762, when she says, "I earnestly wish that all sex radicals who write for *Lucifer* would make their articles more suitable for propaganda work."

But I cannot agree with her in her reasons for thinking many copies unsuitable for such work. I, too, would be very much pleased to see special editions occasionally prepared for new readers.

My greatest difficulty in using the average copy of *Lucifer* among new readers is the fact that it is too deep for them. The average man and woman is not far enough advanced in philosophy, literature, or anything else, to understand or become interested in a large majority of the articles published in *Lucifer*.

Alfreda says: "Is the talismanic phrase free love so dear to the hearts of sex radicals that they will not substitute some name less terrible to the average reader?—some term that will appeal to the reason of all sensible persons and yet not shock their prejudices?"

What more harmless or less shocking term could be used? What is there so terrible or so shocking about the word *free*, or the word *love* to any sensible person? And if some other term could or should be used that expressed the same meaning or conveyed the same idea, would it not be equally terrible and shocking?

People who are terrified or shocked at seeing or hearing the words *free* and *love* united, would go still further and demand that the name of our *Lucifer* be changed to something less terrible. They would call a leg a "foot-handle," and blush at seeing a horse without "pants."

Alfreda says: "I know many good women who would gladly learn something concerning the sex problem if it could be presented in a way to make them see that it was really a reform. As it is, we dare not hand out the paper to our neighbor, who is starving for the information it contains, lest she be offended or repelled by the thorough-going manner in which the vitally important subjects are handled."

Well, I must confess I am not so easily shocked as some people. I have been reading *Lucifer* about ten years, and I have never yet found an article in its columns that could, by the greatest stretch of imagination be taken as the opposite of a reformative character, except by Comstock or persons of his ilk. Comstock and the postal laws will not permit us to be so terribly shocking as we might otherwise become. And I object to throwing away the small fraction of liberty that they do allow us, to please other unofficial prudes. Just such people as those "good women" who are "starving for information on the sex problem," are responsible for the laws made to prevent themselves and others from obtaining that information.

If they were shocked until they were not so easily shocked we would soon be able to obtain most of that much-desired information from our common school physiologies. More shocking is just what they need to bring them to their senses, and get them to use the little brains that their modesty has permitted them to possess or retain.

No, Alfreda, taking free love out of *Lucifer* would be equivalent to taking God out of the Bible. I would like to see it contain just as much of that subject, and just as plain talks on sexual and social science as Comstock and the postal laws will permit. You cannot teach philosophy by remaining silent as well as by talking about it. Most people will understand plain language more readily than they will unravel parables or solve riddles.

If we should coin a new phrase, term or word to take the place of free love it would be meaningless to them until they had learned its meaning, and then it would be fully as shocking to them as the original.

"The Ladies' Home Journal," or some good Sunday-school

paper would be about the most acceptable thing to hand to those "good women" to read; but some of us would rather not see *Lucifer* converted into a Sunday-school paper, as they are now more plentiful than such papers as *Lucifer*.

## A Fossil School Board.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong or outrage, with which earth is filled,  
There is no love in man's abhorrent heart;  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the fax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

I was reminded this beautiful morning, while the mocking-birds with graceful forms and movements are singing their unrivalled songs, of the above words of the great poet Cowper, in reading in "The Educational Forum," Chicago, that the school board of Kane, Pennsylvania, (my native State), have promulgated a manifesto that all women teachers in their schools must sign a pledge that they will not receive men's attentions during the terms of their teaching.

Shades of William Penn! What bigots and tyrants, dressed in a little brief authority, still find a place in Pennsylvania school boards! It sometimes seems as though our chronological tables are all wrong; that we are living in the fourteenth century instead of the nineteenth—near the twentieth. Certainly an order like the above bears about the same relation to the teachings of Spencer, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Horace Mann, and Hugo as a monastery of medieval monks bears to the late addresses of my friend Benjamin Fay Mills in Hollis Street Theater, Boston.

Is this an age of science or stupid tyranny? Do those would-be saints composing that school-board suppose in their fourteenth century ignorance that the virtue and purity of women intelligent and wise enough to instruct their children, can be enhanced by their edict endeavoring to prevent those teachers associating with whom they please? If so they are in a more pitiable condition than most of the sinners.

Palmetto, Fla.

## Who Wants a Boy?

The following pathetic appeal appears in "Free Society." Perhaps a home for the child may be found among the readers of *Lucifer*:

"Being afflicted with an incurable disease I am compelled to separate from my child, a bright, healthy boy, seven years of age, who has no mother and whose father has 'no home.' Now, as an Anarchist, I would like to see my child raised in a liberty-loving family where he may become a useful member of the coming generation, and if there is any comrade who has the means and desire to raise a child, he or she will please communicate for further information with

H. H. MILLER.

"1408 Pasture St., Pittsburg, Pa."

## The Difference.

Myneer Wilhelm Sappy married Frankie Lizzie Sappy, a maiden very scrappy, full of fight.  
And since then it is related that this pair so badly mated, have a fine old row created every night.

All day long they are busy, are Wilhelm and his Lizzie, but at night they'd make you dizzy with their tongues.

There'll be cuss and exclamation in a Dutch accentuation till you're lost in admiration of their lungs.

But last night as they were sitting by the fire the thought went flitting through her mind they'd best be quitting of their strife.

And after much reflection on all matters in connection with the move, in deep dejection said the wife:

"Now Wilhelm, vas I admire is dat dog and cat Mariar vas can sit down by der fire vidout a spat.

Day sit down nice and kviet, and day neffer raise a riot. Now, vy can't we two try it yoozt like dat?"

"Yaw," said he in rising ire, "dat same dog and cat Mariar may sit kviet by der fire—dat's all right;

But mine fran, I dink you bodder yoozt to tie dem two tergedder like ve are and den see vedder day von't fight!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

PUBLISHED AT 507 CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.  
European Representative, William Duff, 9 Carlin St., Glasgow  
Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BEARING or LIGHT-BEARER and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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## Somewhat Personal.

Responding to the invitation in last issue some thirty or more of Lucifer's Chicago friends called during the day and evening of Sunday last, to shake the hand of the editor returning from his five months absence in search of health. Friends who have not yet seen him will be glad to learn that his health has improved decidedly, though he is yet not at all strong. Merely to look at and talk with him he seems in nearly as good health as his average for the past ten years. The principal apparent difference is that he cannot endure as much exertion, mental or physical, as was his wont up to last autumn.

We think this location much better for him than was the house on Congress Street. We have here large sunny bow-windowed rooms facing the south, in which he spends his time while indoors. A considerable portion of each day is spent by him in Union Park, which is only two blocks distant. If he can resist the temptation to over-exert himself, there is no good reason why we may not have him at the head of Lucifer for the next twenty years.

In this connection I must add a few words about my friend M. Florence Johnson, who has aided very materially in the work on Lucifer during the editor's absence. At the time of his departure he expected to be absent not longer than till April, and Mrs. Johnson thought she could spare us a considerable portion of her time until his return. She remained with me until about three weeks ago, when the calls from the East became so imperative that it seemed necessary for her to go. No one who has not enjoyed the companionship of an entirely congenial friend can understand how helpful even the mere presence of such a friend can be.

Besides being a well-balanced, capable, "all-around" woman in private life, Mrs. Johnson is, I think, the best teacher I ever knew. She makes her explanations so clear, and she has the happy faculty of being able to say "the right thing in the right place." As a public reader and speaker she ranks first class, and those contemplating engaging a speaker on radical or freethought subjects, or an entertainer who can give either a radical or popular entertainment, should communicate with her. At present her address is 17 W. 99 St., New York. Letters addressed to her in care of Lucifer office will always reach her.

Few there are, if any, who, having once heard her, do not wish to hear her again. While in Chicago she taught classes in voice culture and physical culture, delivered several lectures and gave a number of entertainments. The last time her Chicago friends had an opportunity to hear her was at a very pleasant farewell meeting at our home a few evenings before her departure.

She may return to the west next winter. We want her, but her eastern friends do not like to let her go. Nevertheless, it would be well for those who desire her services to communicate with her early. I earnestly hope that the call to the West will be strong enough to bring her.

L. H.

THIS OFFICE is in receipt of No. 1 of "Free Society Library," entitled, "The Chicago Martyrs,—the Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court, and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab." Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

## Recognition and Reward for Motherhood.

"Quote fair, if you quote at all," is an excellent motto. While agreeing with most that is said in this issue by Friend Brinkerhoff I think it would have been much better if he had quoted the paragraph entire, of which he gave to his readers only a fragment. To show that my meaning was very inadequately presented in the fragment quoted I herewith insert the whole paragraph as given in the Hammond letter:

"And while self-ownership is woman's first and supreme demand it is not her only demand. In order that self-ownership may be everywhere practicable woman demands a thorough reconstruction of our industrial and economic systems. She demands that the wage-slave system be abolished, and that in its stead a system of equitable co-operation and of equal right to the advantages conferred by labor-saving invention, be everywhere inaugurated. She demands that the claims of motherhood, that is, that woman's labor and time while devoted to the work of race-building and care of infant children should receive due recognition, due reward, as the most important of all human industries."

I think our readers must see that in the lines omitted by Mr. Brinkerhoff is contained the answer to his question, "What change does he contemplate?"

The change contemplated is the abolition of the wage-slave system and the substitution thereof of a system of equitable co-operation. Equitable co-operation is impossible so long as we are ruled by the "money trust," that is, so long as governmental money commands or usurps the right of way over all other forms of material wealth. It is this trust, this monopoly, in conjunction with, in conspiracy with, the marriage trust that now makes motherhood and womanhood articles of commerce—things to be bought and sold in the market as though they were stocks and bonds, or bushels of wheat and corn in the "grain pit" of the Board of Trade.

"Recognition." Equitable co-operation would mean that woman, by right of her office as race-builder, as conservator of the life of the race, should be queen of the home, not queen of man's home but queen of her own home. It would mean a reversal of the old Jewish law that permitted a man to send his wife out of his house if she failed to "find favor in his eyes." It would mean that before woman takes upon herself the dual responsibility of bringing another human being into this monopoly-cursed world she must be the absolute ruler and owner of a home,—or be an equal partner with other women in a co-operative home—a home of which she cannot be dispossessed by the sheriff for debt or for non-payment of taxes. A home in which man, or men, would remain during good behavior, or until they failed to find favor in the eyes of the woman or the women who own and rule the home.

"Reward." Not in the narrow sense, not in the commercial nor mercenary sense, were the words "recognition and reward" used in the Hammond letter to which our friend refers. There is an old proverb which says, "Virtue is its own reward." Under normal conditions, that is, under equitable co-operation, maternity—child-building—would be its own reward. When womanhood comes into its rightful inheritance woman will seek motherhood because she herself wants a child, not because she wants to bear a child for some man, nor because she wants to increase the census for the use of the state, the nation, or even to keep the race itself from dying out. She need not, and probably would not consciously think of her altruistic duties at all, and yet it is doubtless true that the instinct of race-preservation lies at the very bottom of all maternal desires and yearnings.

Supply and demand. No demand for heirs. "Most men would rather do without heirs than pay for them." Very true; and yet the heirs come along; they come in shoals and squadrons, whether wanted or not. As often stated in these columns one of the very worst results of the working of our present marriage laws, coupled with national prohibition against



saving knowledge in regard to regulation of size of families, is the enormous overproduction of children who are not wanted, not called for, either by their fathers or mothers. No one wants a redundant population except the employer of wage slaves, who naturally wants a never failing supply of cheap labor; or the political boss who wants cheap votes; or the clergy who want large congregations of cheaply or poorly endowed (and therefore easily controlled) parishioners; or the ambitious ruler of men who wants cheap soldiers to expand his empire over the earth, or to keep in check the discontented slaves at home.

"Even freedom and a general diffusion of moderate wealth would not raise the price of heirs." Correct again, and rightly too. No libertarian wants motherhood and its product to be commercial commodities, but if it must be so, then let women form a "trust" to limit the output, so as to compel the aforesaid ruling classes to pay higher prices for the commodity.

One chief trouble about this is that, as in the case of labor organizations against combined capital, there are only a few women who feel able to go into the combine and live up to its requirements, and the few who are able would not agree to support the indigent ones till the strike could be successful, hence we cannot blame them when they sell themselves, for life or for a shorter period, to the highest bidder in ready cash, or for a promise of support. Last Sunday's papers of this city mention with apparent approval the marriage of a distinguished Chicago teacher to a notorious gambler who is said to be worth a quarter of a million. The report adds that the "hope of all the lady teachers is that some rich man will, in time, offer them marriage and take them away from the teaching business forever," or words to that effect. The greatest trouble however, is in the abnormal conscience of woman herself, and in the public conscience that raises no effective protest.

"The only true settlement of this difficulty will be found in some system of free exchange." Undoubtedly. Free exchange means equitable co-operation, if it means anything. How this free exchange is to be effected, and what should be man's part in the equitable co-operation, it is to be hoped will receive attention and elaboration in subsequent issues of the Light-Bearer.

M. H.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

It is often said that some one is "looking for trouble." Yet that is an assertion which is not usually meant—people do not believe they are intentionally looking for trouble in the sense of seeking it. It would really seem, however, if we are to judge by the actions of some people, that trouble is one of the most priceless jewels to be found in life—though it is usually trouble for "the other fellow" that they are particularly anxious to find. These people search patiently and earnestly; their eyes are continually looking downward, for they fear that their friend may possibly walk over a precious gem of trouble, without observing it, and with the absence of that trouble some "sweetness and light" may be missed from the life of that friend. Trouble should always be treasured as long as possible, for really good people are known by the troubles they keep, and only very, very bad people have no troubles at all. In fact, trouble may be called the "hall-mark" of virtue.

I was started on this train of thought by a story I have just heard of an ungrateful woman who not only refuses to look for trouble, but will not recognize it when it is pointed out to her. Her lover, whom she loves and respects, has a very high regard for another woman, and spends a great deal of his time with her. Yet this fact does not disturb the woman who "has a prior claim" to him. She has a friend, a married woman, who is extremely jealous of her husband and makes his life, as well as her own, wretched by her jealousy. The jealous wife continually points out the things which in her opinion should trouble the free woman, and the latter only laughs at them. The jealous wife would gladly share the pangs of jealousy with

her friend, and yet her friend will not be troubled with jealousy.

Sad, isn't it? to think how we neglect our opportunities, and are happy when we might just as easily enjoy unlimited misery!

\* \* \*

This reminds me of another story. I was visiting relatives in the "backwoods" of Missouri when I made the acquaintance of a little woman who was divorced from her husband. She was living with her two small children partly supporting them by sewing, her ex husband also contributing to their support. Her married life had not been happy. She and her husband did not agree in the management of the children and the household; he drank, and the wife and children actually suffered for the necessities of life. After the divorce he quit drinking, and really gave his family more money than when they were living together. Removed from the clashing and irritations of daily association they became excellent friends. But the "social conscience" of the small community in which she lived was shocked because she accepted money from a man who was not her husband. No decent woman, the people said, would let a man give her money unless she lived with him in honorable marriage. Her friends reported to her all that the gossips said, and made her life so uncomfortable that she felt herself obliged to marry him again. If her friends had not been so assiduous in their search for trouble for her, she might have continued to live in peace; but no—her friends would have been derelict in their duty, they would have said, if they failed to point out to her all the troubles which she might enjoy.

\* \* \*

The "old" man thought it beneath his dignity to do "woman's work". The little lad who helped his sister and mother was called "Sissy-boy," and regarded with contempt by his small masculine associates. The "new" man is different. If his sister or sweetheart is working in the kitchen and he wants to talk to her, he would be ashamed to sit idly by, watching her work—he is both willing and able to help her.

There is a man down in Texas who is "new" in this readiness to do house work, whether he is "new" in any other sense or not; and he has got himself into trouble thereby. His name is Henry Bunch, and he lived at Angleton, Brazoria County. He had an invalid wife. In the morning he cooked her food, then went to his daily work on the railroad section, and at night washed the dishes and cleaned the house. On Sunday he washed the clothes and hung them out to dry; then went to work in his garden.

The good people of Angleton were quite shocked by the sight of clean clothes hanging on the line as they passed by to church, so they had Bunch arrested. He was tried, found guilty of working on Sunday, and fined \$10 and costs of \$28.35. He refused to take the pauper's oath, and being unable to pay was sent to jail. The wife and baby were left helpless, and the small sum due from the railroad was used to send them to her parents in Bastrop. The latter place is the home of Governor Sayres, and he is to be asked to "pardon" Bunch, who, the newspaper reports say is a "hard-working, sober, inoffensive man." We are not told who is to be asked to pardon the people who had a man sent to prison for trying to furnish food and clean clothing for a sick woman and helpless baby.

### Loving B. Silver.

A Cleveland friend sends us a clipping from a daily paper of the passing away of "Loving B. Silver, one of Cleveland's oldest and best citizens," on the fourteenth day of last month. From this statement we learn that the immediate cause of death to this distinguished Freethinker was an injury received from a fall, in April last.

The reporter says, "The deceased was conscious up to within a few minutes of the end and told those about him that he died as he had lived, an unbeliever in the Christian faith. His death was not attended with any great suffering."

It was the privilege of the writer of these lines to know Mr. Silver personally, having visited him several times, by invita-

tion, at his home on Summit street, and having been while there the recipient of many favors, among which were several delightful drives through the principal streets of the "Forest City." He was for some years a reader and generous patron of the Light-Bearer.

Long will the memory of Lovering B. Silver be kept green by those who knew him best, and who loved him for his many virtues and for his noble and honorable life. M. H.

### Woman Church and State.

It is only by contrasting present conditions with past ones that we realize the vast improvement the race is undergoing, and especially the female portion of it. I wish every reader of *Lucifer* could possess Mrs. Joslyn Gage's great work, "Woman, Church and State." I've never seen a book to equal it in its picturing of the wrongs and abuses, and horrors woman has been compelled to undergo, and very many of these are still extant.

I will give a few extracts from the book, as these facts cannot be too well known. A wrong, once known to be wrong, is on the way of being redressed.

"Under Canon Law a woman could not be witness in ecclesiastical or criminal suits, nor attest a will. To cast doubts on a person's word is indicative of the most supreme contempt, imparting discredit to the whole character. That a woman could not attest a will, nor become a witness in ecclesiastical suits, implied great degradation, and is a very strong proof of the low esteem in which woman was held by both state and church.

"In order to keep the ranks of the church full, the bearing of children was enforced upon women as a religious duty. No condition of health or distaste for motherhood was admitted as exemption.

"Alike from the altar, the confessional, and at the marital ceremony, was the duty taught, nor has such instruction, even under the light of philosophy and new regard for personal rights, yet ceased. The clergy formerly, and to this very day, declare those women evil who desire to limit self-indulgence and procreation.

"While under the old Common Law a husband was compelled to leave to his wife one-third of his property, and could leave her as much more as he pleased, by Canon Law he was prohibited from leaving her more than one-third and could leave her as much less as he pleased. Thus ecclesiasticism presumed to control a husband's affections, and placing its slimy fingers upon common law, allowed the husband to leave his wife in absolute poverty, notwithstanding that her property upon marriage, and her services under marriage belonged exclusively to him.

"It is less than fifty years since the dockets of a court in New York City, the great metropolis of the United States, were sullied by the suit of husband against parties who had harbored and sheltered his wife after she left him, the husband recovering \$1,000 damages.

"Women were taught both by church and state, that the feudal lord had a right to them, not only as against themselves but as against any claim of husband or father. The custom known by a variety of names as 'Marchetta' or 'Marquette,' compelled newly married women to a most dishonorable servitude. They were regarded as the rightful prey of the feudal lord from one to three days after their marriage, and from this custom the oldest son of the lord was held as the son of the lord, as perchance it was he who begot him. During the feudal period bearing children was the duty pre-eminently taught to women.

"Serf children increased the power and possessions of the lord, and they also added to the power of the church.

"Woman was taught that sensual submission to man, and the bearing of children, were the two reasons for her having been created, and that the woman who failed in either had no excuse for longer encumbering the earth."

Think not, friends, that these old-time wrongs are righted even yet. But work on, strive on, and persevere, for step by

step we are going onwards and upwards towards right and justice.

Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,  
Out of the bad majority,  
The various countless frauds of men and states,  
Elevate, antiseptic, yet cleaving, suffusing all—  
Only the good is universal.

—Waltman.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

### The Mother's Reward.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

In his letter dated Hammond, La., April 17, the editor broaches a most important subject when he says:

"And while self-ownership is woman's first and supreme demand it is not her only demand. She demands that the claims of motherhood, that is, that woman's labor and time while devoted to the work of race building and care of infant children should receive due recognition, due reward, as the most important of all human industries."

This question of reward is one of the most pressing of all present sexual problems. Society is forcing individuals to live under a system of reward that is inconsistent with justice and progress. To go into the child-bearing business the young woman must allow the state to tie her for life to a man who is required to reward her with "support." The editor does not seem to be satisfied with this arrangement, and yet it cannot be that a libertarian like himself would desire to have society furnish the reward. Then what change does he contemplate?

If, as the editor says, those engaged in the industry of human reproduction and race-building ought to be rewarded for their labor and time, the question arises, Are services to be paid for when there is no demand for them? The editor's individualism requires him to answer, No. Now, fairly, is there any general demand for heirs or for the service of furnishing them and caring for them? Certainly not. Heirs are more frequently unwelcome than desired. Most men would rather do without heirs than pay for them. They are regarded as a necessary evil. Even freedom and a general diffusion of moderate wealth would not raise the price of heirs.

If child raising is to stand on its own legs as other industries do, it must furnish an article that men are willing to buy. So long as women persist in refusing to put on the market a product or service for which there is demand they will have themselves to blame if they fail of support or reward. Progress along the lines of freedom requires that women be supported voluntarily, not out of state funds nor out of the private funds of men under a state-enforced marriage system. Even voluntary support furnished by charitable associations would not be an ideal system, as the child-raising industry to be healthy must be self-supporting.

The only true settlement of this difficulty will be found in some system of free exchange.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

W. A. Wotherspoon, Denver, Colo.—Enclosed find \$1.15. Credit me one dollar on subscription, and send me Austin Kent's pamphlet on "Free Love" for fifteen cents. *Lucifer* is one of our necessities. Lillian has ably maintained the high standard of excellence of our paper during your absence. This is gratifying to us, as it must be to you, for we all know now that when in the course of time you are sentenced by Judge Nature to retire from the active management of our "Morning Star" its light will not grow dim, but will increase in brilliancy as the years go by.

Fannie M. Taylor, Ft. Smith, Ark.—I consider that you are my friend and a friend to the whole human family, for you are doing what you can for the betterment of the human race. I have been receiving *Lucifer* for a long time sent to my father-in-law's address. He is dead, and you may change it to my address. He thought as I think, that *Lucifer* is a grand paper



and is doing a vast amount of good work. After I have read each number I pass it on for someone else to read. I don't want to miss a copy of it. I have just finished reading No. 764. Hope your father's health will be better after his trip. I like to see women interested in dress reform. There are a great many women who would be glad to dress differently, but who haven't the courage to "go it alone." Enclosed find thirty cents for which please send the inclosed list of pamphlets.

A. C., Iowa:—My subscription to *Lucifer* expired with the last issue. I was intending to renew several weeks ago and had a paper bill reserved for that purpose, but neglected sending it from week to week, and now I am bankrupt, and as I expect to remain nearly bankrupt for some time to come, I'm going to ask you to discontinue my paper. I'm thinking of earning my own living now, and as I don't expect to earn much at first I shall have to curtail my expenses. *Lucifer* has been to me a very helpful friend; it came into my life with a mission, and though it seems necessary for us to part for the present, I'm in hopes that sometime in the future we may renew our acquaintance.

I have been having some terrible experiences recently. I've not only been robbed—divested of a number of greenbacks I had laid away (hid but he found "em") and outraged, and that by the man who calls me wife, and who has always claimed to love me (a common type of love), a man who has been a church official nearly all his lifetime and a very model Christian. He didn't know, I'm sure, how big his personal devil within himself had grown until I tested him by refusing absolutely to submit. He certainly has evidence now that religion hasn't crowded his devil into a back seat, but that he sat on the front row all the time waiting a chance to demonstrate his presence. Yes, I refused to submit, and the consequences were awful. No wife dreams of the tyrannical power she is under until she begins to assert her selfhood—to follow her own desires instead of weakly submitting to the desires of a husband. To be a wife in the old sense of the term is simply to be a thing, a poor, animated thing, divested of every element of true womanhood. The wife—the slave and the tool—must take leave else the woman will never arrive, and how I long for her coming. I'm loving her at this moment, and glorying in the very thought of her. O, woman! as I behold you with mental vision my heart within me leaps for joy. The individualized woman! When she in all her intellectual strength, her infinite loving capacity, purity and tenderness shall arrive, heaven itself will have come to men. All else awaits her coming. So adieu to the wife and welcome to woman. . . I've read on advanced lines of thought for several years, though I had never seen a sex reform paper until *Lucifer* came to me. When it came the soil was prepared and ready for its planting. As I have said, it came with a mission, and I'm more of a woman because of its mission fulfilled. In its columns I find much, very much expressed concerning love that doesn't at all meet my ideal, but that is to be expected where such a variety of opinions is expressed. Men and women are reaching toward the ideal, but few there are at present who have reached very high. But each must express himself and live on his own plane of unfoldment, and so I've no fault to find with any. I've signed my name as usual, but I'm going to drop the name "—" and take my maiden name.

I. Jameson, Brinnon, Wash.—I wish I could report good progress on our Free Home Colony, but if we can't induce free men and women to come to the rugged shores of Hood's Canal to build a home we'll try to trade our homestead for land in Lake Bay vicinity. For if the colony won't come to us we'll have to go to it. Home City comes nearest to my ideal of a free colony of any I am acquainted with. I must thank our dear sister Lillian for continuing *Lucifer's* weekly visits to our Home, as well as for so ably editing it in the absence of her noble father. I, too, have been much interested in his letters during his southern tour. I had hoped that he might visit Sea Breeze, Fla., and

meet Dr. E. E. Dayton, a noble-hearted, whole-souled old friend of ours. . .

I see in *Lucifer*, No. 762, notice that Austin Kent's book, "Free Love," was published in 1875, which I think is an error. I think he died prior to that date. I think he published the book either before or during the war of the rebellion. I received a few copies of it in 1867 from my friend Otis C. Hall in Pekin, N. Y., who was the author's warm friend. He requested me to sell them at fifty cents each and send the proceeds to Kent, as he was a cripple and in close circumstances, and I did so when I could find a buyer. But in those days people interested in that subject were very much fewer than now. The air is fragrant with freedom now and it bids my old heart and head rejoice to sniff the breeze. Where is my old comrade, Delos Duntun? We were intimate friends in '65-'66 in Pekin, N. Y., and we sojourned a couple of months at his communal home in Carpentersville, Ill., in the fall of '67. Write me, Bro. Delos, and tell us how your Home prospers. I have never for a moment abandoned the hope of succeeding in establishing a permanent communal or co-operative home. Now dear friends, one and all, let us see to it that *Lucifer* keeps on shining brighter and brighter until she outshines the sun. Don't let her light grow dim for lack of the "In God we trust" \$.

[The book which we advertise "published in '75," is a second edition. We do not know when the first edition was published. Delos Duntun lives in Carpentersville, Ill. He has not lost faith in progress and is a very helpful friend of *Lucifer* as well as of other workers in the field of reform. "We are reformers in spring and summer," says Emerson. "In autumn and winter we stand by the old. Reformers in the morning; conservatives at night." This is true in too many instances; but fortunately it is not true of Delos Duntun in the autumn of his life. And when winter comes to him, I doubt if it will find him changed. L. H.]

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 24.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 24, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 767.

### My Philosophy.

I saw good men at strife because a creed  
That half held sacred, half had learned to shun;  
And while their bodies rotted in the sun  
I thought,—I thought of all the strength we need  
To war with nature,—how men's interests, freed  
From misconception, still must ever run  
Ahead; and ere my pondering was done  
I heard from lips of wounds that seemed to plead,—  
"Teach fact and judge not. Let the world have light,  
Show all to all, that all men's eyes may see  
The best and worst; that, stamped on all men's sight,  
Some sharp, some dull, the self-same star may be.  
The guide for all. Facts and not creeds unite."  
Which forms the whole of my philosophy.

—Louis Belrose, Jr.

### Irene, of Constantinople.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Towards the end of the eighth Christian century a great re-adjustment of European affairs was evidently impending. The Western Roman Empire had for four hundred years been a mere name; all actual power being divided among petty princes of Frankish or Gothic origin; who still, however, attributed their regal position to a recognition of this accomplished fact bestowed on their ancestors by the distant court of Constantinople. But this fiction had come to be past keeping up. The Eastern Empire, two hundred and fifty years earlier, was still by far the greatest power in the world. Under Justinian and Theodora it had subdued the Goths of Italy and the Vandals in Africa, contemptuously recognized the independence of the French and Spanish princelings, and exerted itself chiefly to maintain, in conformity with precedent, its Asiatic frontier against the still mighty Sassanides of Persia. Now all was changed. Persia, Africa, and Spain, had been conquered by the Mussulmans. Their fleets, which overspread the Mediterranean, had been repelled from both Rome and Constantinople; but this only proved that the decayed kingdom of Justinian's successors retained, in a few fortresses, enough power to preserve its existence.

Except Rome and some other fortified cities on the coast, all Italy had fallen under the barbarian Lombards, and these conquerors themselves began to regard with awe the increasing power of the Franks, who had recently proved able to cope with the Mahometan armies. The Frankish crown had been bestowed on Pepin by the Pope, whom all western Christians regarded with superstitious devotion; but who, himself a vassal of the Byzantine emperor, chafed at the independence of his brother bishop in Constantinople. The pious feuds of these Christian pastors made Rome desirous to break loose from Constantinople entirely, and Constantinople ready to seize any opportunity for curbing the ambition of Rome.

In 718 A. D., one of these revolutions so common in a purely military state had exalted to the Byzantine throne an obscure soldier, born in the wild robber region of Isauria, who

called himself Leo III. For some reason by no means easily extracted from the meager and partial chronicles, he entertained a vehement prejudice against the use of images in religious worship, and attempted to put it down. The result was an open breach between Constantinople and Rome, which accepted the protection of the Lombards, but some years later invoked against their disagreeable patronage the easier yoke of the more distant Franks. Leo's son and successor, Constantine V. who, in consequence of a most unpleasant and foolish story, is called Copronymus, reigned from 741 to 775 A. D. He was successful in war against the Moslems on the Euphrates and the ever troublesome Slavonic barbarians on the Danube; his reign was a period of commercial prosperity, and witnessed some considerable improvements. But he surpassed his father in zeal against the worship of images. Accordingly the Catholic writers accuse him of inordinate cruelty, and excess in those Grecian vices which confound the nature of sex and species. After making every deduction possible from these libels, it remains true that orthodox monks, generals, and magistrates, suffered from his bigotry the punishment of mutilation, which it must be added, was just as common at Constantinople as in Italy, and for the same reason—both were governed by soldiers of barbarian origin. His eldest son, Leo the Fourth, a person of feeble character, contracted what seems to have been a love match with Irene, a native of Athens, a beautiful but portionless maiden, seventeen years of age. She was driven from the palace upon the discovery that she was secretly addicted to image worship.

We may very naturally attribute the revelation and the punishment to the ambition of Copronymus' sons by a second marriage. But Irene's dominion over her husband remained almost intact; at least from the time he was emperor, it became their first care to secure the succession against Copronymus' other family. Irene and her son, Constantine VI., then but five years old, were crowned during the life of Leo; the most solemn oaths of allegiance to both were exacted from all persons sufficiently important; the first to swear and the first to violate their faith were the five younger sons of Copronymus. They had been defrauded by Leo of a considerable legacy; but his behavior to them in other respects indicates that neither he nor Irene, as yet meditated anything worse than to keep from them the means of doing mischief. They were loaded with honors. Their first conspiracy against Leo, Irene and Constantine, was detected and pardoned. For a second (at Leo's death) they were required to take the vows of priests, which would, it was thought, exclude them from the throne. But a third attempt provoked the rigor of the Byzantine law. The eldest of Leo's half-brothers was blinded, the others were deprived of their tongues; and all were imprisoned.

At the death of Leo, Irene, now mistress of Constantinople had set herself amidst the acclamations of the people, to restore the ancient worship. Finding the Eastern church almost unani-

Price 2 cents

ious in approving, she wrote to the Pope to propose a general council which would give her holy purpose the full weight of Catholic authority. In this memorable letter she addressed him as one of the ecumenical (universal) bishops, and demanded him that his complicity were zealous in the good cause. His Holiness gently reproved her language though her offer was far too valuable to be slighted. He wanted her to understand that there was no universal bishop in Christendom but himself. Irene could not depart so far from the traditional policy of Constantinople as to acknowledge this. But since she agreed with the Pope about what was actually to be done, the council materialized 787 A. D. and brought forth the decision that images of holy persons were by all means to be honored. The Emperor and the Pope had, however, overrated the actual popularity of image worship. The Greek verb *doxazomai* or *proskuneo*, by which the honor due to sacred emblems had been defined, was rendered into Latin by *adoro*. A tremendous storm consequently broke out in France, the very country on which Rome now principally relied. The French bishops headed by Agabard, protested against the idolatrous expression, and a schism was only prevented by profuse explanations from Rome. In the Eastern Church, the party opposed to images were still strong enough to force a compromise. Pictures, but not statues, it was decided, should be employed to assist devotion. During the dispute the sons of Copronymus were brought forth by the party opposed to Irene and her system. In the cathedral of St. Sophia, the blind one addressed the multitude on behalf of his dumb brothers.

"Countrymen and Christians," he said "behold the sons of your emperor, if you can still recognize their features in this miserable state. A life, an imperfect life, is all the malice of our enemies has spared. It is now threatened" (this appeal however pathetic, was a lie) "and we now throw ourselves on your protection."

A murmur seemed to forbode an outbreak, but a minister, devoted to Irene, averted it by pretending great zeal for her enemies. He tempted them to a place where they were seized and from thence they were shipped to her own city of Athens. A Slavonian officer proposed to release them and lead them again with his troops to Constantinople, but at Athens the people were so proud of Irene and so zealous in her cause that a conspiracy could have no chance of success. All the sons of Copronymus now underwent the politically fatal operation of blinding, while Irene, who must have connived at this severity, threw the blame of it on her over zealous partisans.

Darker scenes were behind. The iconoclasts fixed their hopes on young Constantine, and a conspiracy was formed to set aside his mother, but for whose regency he certainly never could have reigned. He consented that she should be banished to Sicily. But Irene was far too sagacious and vigilant not to foresee and anticipate such designs. The lascivious advisers of her son were themselves banished (some of them mutilated) and on him she inflicted a punishment which has usually been considered very proper for a mother to administer, but which must have been sufficiently humiliating for an emperor to suffer. They might probably have been reconciled but for the fatal obstacle of religion. In the mind of Irene, as of many other sovereigns, ambition and orthodoxy had become inseparable objects of devotion and perceiving that she could never trust her son with her own plans, she took the bold step of declaring herself sole ruler, (790 A. D.) There was no precedent for a woman's holding the scepter of the Caesars in her own name; the army continued

\* This celebrated portrait presents in a dark age the interesting spectacle of a wild too far advanced to be idolatrous. In one look it attacked the absurdity of image worship, in a second judicial destiny, in another the witchcraft, superstition, and the idea that destructive phenomena, like lightning and hail, were generally attributed to Satan, as prices of the power of the air, were anything but effects of natural causes. The title of saint was accorded by orthodox to a vigorous opponent of Judaism and heresy; the paradox of a learned and legitimate bishop attacked the smiling adoration of those few who read them, until the persecution superstitious against which they were directed had worked out their own destruction in another way.

and Irene, though not deprived of her title, was for a time kept retired. But she regained the ascendancy over her son's weak mind, assisted in this, as in all her diplomacy by two very influential bodies of courtiers, the clergy and the monks, both of which were thoroughly devoted to her cause.

(Concluded next week.)

## Freedom of Thought in England

BY R. B. KERR.

In Lecture No. 764, under the heading, "A Straw," there were some remarks which were decidedly misleading.

A quotation was given from the Rev. W. H. Wise, as to the successes of municipal socialism in West Ham, England. The remark was then added that it was this same West Ham which lately excluded the "Freethinker" and other Freethought papers from its municipal reading room.

If the bringing together of these two facts had any object at all, that object pretty clearly was to convey an impression that places advanced in municipal socialism were backward in freedom of thought. But unfortunately no cases were mentioned of cities backward in municipal socialism which do admit the "Freethinker" to their reading rooms. I have been in many municipal reading rooms in England, but the "Freethinker" was not to be found in any of them. The fact that the question came up at all in West Ham showed that the place was unusually radical.

The article was also very misleading, because it took the treatment of the "Freethinker" as a test of the public attitude towards freedom of thought. To show that this was no test at all, I shall simply cite a few hard facts.

In my own city of Edinburgh there are three daily papers, and all three are written from the secularist standpoint. For many years they have all flourished exceedingly. Over and over again attempts have been made to run a paper expressing the sentiments of the churchy people, but all such attempts have ended in financial disaster.

No members of the present House of Commons stand higher in public estimation than John Morley and W. E. H. Lecky, two eminent free-thinkers. Morley first gained notoriety by spelling the name of God with a small "g," and, although he has dropped that habit now, he has never pretended to change his opinions in any way. He entered Parliament in 1883, and in 1886 he became a Cabinet minister. I think there has been no other case in the nineteenth century of a man becoming a Cabinet minister within three years of entering Parliament. Some years ago Morley was energetically boomed to succeed Gladstone as leader of the Liberal party, and his chief supporters were the religious people, who have long loved him in spite of his Agnosticism. But he was downed by the horse-racing section, who thought him too much of a saint to be of any use.

The effectual destruction of traditional theology was the work of one man, Charles Darwin. But when he died in 1882, the whole people demanded that he should have a national funeral in Westminster Abbey; and Grant Allen has told us how, "with noble inconsistency," the great preachers and church dignitaries of the country gathered round the grave of the man whose doctrines many of them had denounced as ruinous to the human soul.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury is a disciple of Darwin, and some of the great religious leaders, like Henry Drummond, have been enthusiastic Darwinians.

Let any candid person look through all the leading magazines and weeklies of England, and say whether there is one of them in which the theologian gets a fairer field than the secularist.

In 1895 Frederick Engels wrote that "agnosticism, though not yet considered 'the thing' quite as much as the Church of England, is yet very nearly on a par, as far as respectability goes, with Baptism, and decidedly ranks above the Salvation Army."



Army." Good judges agree with me that Engels was quite wrong in placing the Baptists as high in respectability as the Agnostics. There is no doubt that Agnosticism comes next to the Church of England, Roman Catholicism, and Theosophy, in point of respectability.

Yet, in the face of all the above facts, it is certain that the English people are down on such papers as the "Freethinker." But their hostility has no connection with freedom of thought. They are down on such papers, not because they are considered irreligious, but because they are considered "vulgar." While the English are the most perfect freethinkers on earth, they are fanatics on the subject of "good taste." Julian Ralph, an American writing in "Harper's," says that "the typical Englishman pretends nothing, boasts of nothing, thrusts nothing on anyone." Thrusting nothing on anyone, he extremely dislikes those who try to thrust anything on him. He likes to read an advanced article when he is in the mood for it, but he does not like people who are always harping on one string. Such publications as the "Christian Herald," the "War Cry," and the "Freethinker," are his pet abominations. Moreover, while he does not care much what you say, he cares very much how you say it. To ridicule or caricature the sincere beliefs of anybody is to him a very grave offense against good taste.

Above all, the Englishman draws a broad distinction between theology and the Church. He does not care a straw whether the clergyman preaches theism, theosophy, spiritualism, or agnosticism; for he finds that he can sleep through all those subjects equally well. Most educated Englishmen would make little opposition to the proposal of W. T. Stead that all tests should be abolished, and the pulpits of the Church made as open to the Theosophist, the Spiritualist, and the Agnostic by law, as they already are in reality. But as for abolishing the Church, they would no more think of that than they would think of abolishing the Derby horse race. Their most precious possessions are their old cathedrals, gray with the dust of a thousand years, and their stained glass windows each connected with some historic association. The finest pictures in their National Gallery have religious themes, and the churches provide the best music free of charge. The Presbyterians are for ever branded as an inferior race, because they destroyed a number of Church windows in Scotland three hundred years ago. But Darwin was a gentleman, for he only shattered beliefs, and respected windows.

Many eminent Agnostics, like Matthew Arnold and Froude the historian, have been as loyal to the Church as the most earnest believer. The secularization of the English Church is almost an accomplished fact, but I believe that a thousand years from today it will still be the Church of England.

The quarrel between the "Freethinker" and the English people is a quarrel about taste, not about truth.

### Progress in Women's Dress.

BY AMY LANSBET.

I suppose every woman is interested in the question of dress, even when she wishes it required less of her thoughts, so it is needless to say that I devoured Giotto's letter in No. 764. Incidentally, I may mention that Giotto's letters are read before almost anything else.

Giotto is perhaps a trifle pessimistic in the matter of woman's dress. I admit that a few years back some few women wore bloomers when wheeling, but the number was small and most of the costumes were undoubtedly ugly.

Then the bloomer passed, but not before a divided skirt had been invented which the most unprejudiced would admit is far more graceful on the wheel while permitting the same freedom of movement. I grant a knickerbocker suit for women would be more utilitarian, but I for one don't want to return to the bloomer.

Perhaps the proportion of women cyclists who wear this divided skirt to those who wear the ordinary circular one is not

so great as in the days when bloomers were worn, but the actual number is for greater in this city. We have to remember that the first woman who took to the bicycle was looked upon as a very brazen woman indeed, while now it is quite the correct thing for even the most fashionable. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that one sees numbers of skirts far too long for the comfort of their wearers. I admit the reaction in length last year, and the tendency to give up the divided skirt. This year there is no reaction, and a firm is advertising divided skirts, "the proper thing for diamond frame," while any observer can count on even a short ride at least a half dozen women who look extremely well on diamond frame wheels in well-shaped divided skirts.

As to length, that has been a matter of experiment. I myself have lengthened one or two skirts, because I have found that to be satisfactory a skirt must come well below the bend of the knee in riding. Naturally as I believe in rational dress I want the skirt as short as possible, but I have found by experiment a length which suits me, and that I mean to keep.

In this city the number of women century riders is considerable. Now we may believe the century ride to be pernicious, but we must admit that the woman who survives will not be the one who rides a drop frame wheel in an ankle length skirt as our English sisters do. The spirit of emulation if nothing else leads the woman who wishes to ride any distance to adopt a skirt which, while it might be improved, is still itself an improvement. The chances for reaction are still present but they seem to be steadily growing less.

I am frequently reminded—I ride a diamond frame wheel myself—of the old woman so fond of her Bible. One word struck her forcibly—"Mesopotamia." "Ah that," a blessed word. So is the word skirt here, for some of the skirts are really apologies, but still they are skirts and a landlady here might be capable of refusing our custom if we wore bloomers while the small boy and the idiot might make our life unbearable. I hear comments sometimes which are anything but pleasing. Of these I try to appear unconscious and only reply if I feel I shall not appear undignified thereby. On the other hand, sometimes the comments are meant for praise though one might prefer not to hear them.

As to the improvement in ordinary dress, I may say that just winter here skirts were sold as "rainy day" skirts, and many clearing the ground from four to six inches were worn during snowy and wet weather. Nor do I think there was any thing but praise given to their introduction, and I hope next winter to see a considerable increase in the number of women who will wear a short skirt in bad weather.

In conclusion of this subject, what room have men to find fault when they are so hidebound by fashion. What man will wear a straw hat—whatever the weather—before "the others" do. Even friends of mine who are theoretically believers in rational dress would object to going out with a woman so dressed, while the sex element comes in in their preference for petticoats, especially white ones, where their reason tells them they are unnecessary and unhealthy. Well, as Giotto says, everything will follow, even, some day, admiration.

The tendency, in many, is to look backward, which is wrong, for we want to advance, and to do so, we must look forward. Let the dead past bury its dead. Fling off the remembrance of everything in the past that has annoyed you, everything bringing regret, everything you have mourned over. Nothing in nature goes backward, the world is better, and brighter today than ever before. We may sometimes be carried back to past experiences with profit, by contrasting them with the present, or to show us the cause of certain conditions in which we find ourselves, for our present condition is but the result or effect of our past, therefore we are the makers of our own destiny. —*Mrs. M. E. Harris, in Religious Philosophical Journal.*

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
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Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

ON TUESDAY EVENING June 27, Ida Craddock, late of Philadelphia will deliver an address at 507 Carroll Ave, on the physiology and psychology of sex. Honest seekers after saving truth on this class of subjects are cordially invited. Admission free.

## Love and Law.

In the New York "Journal" of June 16 appears a double column, double headed article entitled "Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the Recent Divorce Epidemic—Don't Railroad Cupid to the Tomb but if He is Really Dead Then Bury Him Speedily."

"A woman, who evidently feels intensely on this subject, writes the 'Journal' a long, bright letter, in which she says:

"Is there not mixed up with the present so-called 'Holy Matrimony' an inheritance of superstition, bigotry, and prejudice? Is there not too much that is one-sided and not enough that is practical and fair? Is there any business more important to human happiness than that transacted with the golden coinage of the heart? Yet what other partnership is there that cannot be broken by mutual consent, or by a demand for an accounting by either, to say nothing of a case involving self-respect, and even personal purity itself?"

"The lady is quite right. There is no subject before the public today, not even the broad, deep subject of the relations of labor and capital, of such momentous interest to the world as that of the relation of the sexes. The writer of the letter is correct, too, when she says:

"Uncongenial marriages should be annulled when it is found that the differences are irreconcilable."

"But she is absolutely wrong in her premises when she goes on to say:

"For I think that after one bitter experience there would be more deliberation about making another choice."

"Observation of humanity does not correspond with the supposition. Once let a woman get the divorce habit and she is hard to cure.

"To make a poor marriage seems to be an ever recurring malady with some women like hay fever. They jump from one bad bargain to another as easily as the proverbial unmentioned quantity—leaps from the frying pan into the fire. But I do not know that this should be considered an argument against divorce. The woman of little sense and judgment, no matter how numerous she may be, must not influence one's judgment of a matter which affects all the sex.

"The 'Journal' correspondent proceeds to say: 'Denying unhappy couples freedom by divorce will not remedy the condition of things; it will not make uncongenial marriages congenial, reconcile difference nor make natures unadapted suitable to each other. I have no patience with those eminent divines who say that divorce is never excusable. I, for one, care nothing for Cardinal Gibbons' opinion; he is only a man, after all, and his opinion is of no more worth than that of any other man of like intelligence or experience. If he or any of his kind who take the one-sided view of this subject had to live a lifetime with a partner whom they could not love, and lived a life of heart hunger, as many have to do, they would think differently and wish it were less difficult to obtain release from so unholy and, under

certain circumstances, repugnant a relation; for there is nothing holy about a marriage contract which holds two people together where there isn't mutual love."

"Certainly there is nothing holy about such a marriage. It is far more unholy than a great love binding two free people together without marriage. Yet were people left to be guided by the law of love without legal restrictions society would go to pieces as surely as a ship which is left to the winds without a pilot goes eventually."

"The one important thing for a woman to do before she decides on a separation from her husband is to give herself a thorough self-analysis. Let her put herself upon spiritual dress parade and inspect her conduct from the hour she took the marital vows to the present time. Let her ask herself if she has been all she promised to be on that hopeful day, or if she has not in a score of small matters led up to the large difficulty which she now faces. Let her recall the early days of love and confidence, and see if they cannot be renewed."

"Before a drowned person is pronounced dead every possible effort is made to restore life. The same effort should be made to resuscitate dying Cupid before his requiem is pronounced."

"In these days of 'quick divorces while you wait' he is off times railroaded into his tomb while he yet lives."

"But once positive that he is absolutely dead—then let him go to his last rest, and do not keep the decaying corpse in public view to become an offence to all who see it."

The prominence given to a letter upon such a subject by a paper so widely read as the New York "Journal," would seem to argue that the general public is waking up to a sense of the importance of a better understanding of the rights and the wrongs involved in the "relation of the sexes." That our readers may see and judge for themselves the letter is here reproduced entire.

From her comments on the "long bright letter" of "a woman who evidently feels intensely on this subject," Ella Wheeler Wilcox shows herself an admirable diplomatist. She believes that there is "nothing holy about 'holy matrimony'" when love is lacking, and yet she is not willing to trust everything to the "law of love." The law of love is freedom—freedom unrestrained or unrestricted by anything except the natural consequences of one's own acts. Ella Wheeler believes in freedom but freedom "with a string tied to it," to use a colloquial phrase. Her Cupid is a sort of jumping jack. He can freely go his own way till he reaches an invisible line drawn by conventional moralists, then he finds himself suddenly jerked back to conventional propriety by an invisible cord pulled by an invisible magician.

But Ella Wheeler is eminently in the right when she says, "Yet were people left to be guided by the law of love without legal restrictions society would go to pieces." "True O, Queen"—queen of the American poetic lyre! Society, as we have it now, could not long survive the inauguration of the law of love, as the only guide in the relation of the sexes. When no children are born except "love children," where, O, where would be the men and women who live a vampire life upon the earnings of others? Where would be the social distinctions that make the warp and the woof of modern society—the distinctions between the rich and the poor, the cultured and the uncultured, the fashionable and the unfashionable, the black and the white, the titled and the untitled? Where would be our warriors, our Deweys, our Hobsons,—where our politicians, our McKinleys, our Hannas, our Shermans,—where our Rockefeller, our Comstocks—where our Railway Kings, our "trusts" and combines generally, by which labor is kept in perpetual vassalage and destitution in the midst of abundance of all the good things that make life desirable?

If the law of love could once supplant the law of hate—of indifference or disgust—that is the logical and necessary product of the legal restrictions in regard to marriage and divorce—if children could be conceived only in love, gestated, born and reared in an atmosphere of love, of respect and of concord, of



mutual affection and good will, where then would be the need of our expensive, our dilatory, our autocratic and often venal courts of justice—falsely so called? Where would be the need of our enormously expensive penitentiaries, jails, work-houses, poor-houses, asylums, our charitable institutions—falsely so-called? Where the need of our enormously expensive hierarchies with their millions and billions of church property, church salaries and perquisites, all wrung from the ill-paid toil of the disinherited masses?—disinherited of their natural right to be born well. In fine, where then would be "society" as we have it in the closing years of the nineteenth century of the so-called Christian Era?

Ella Wheeler is doubtless building wiser than she knows. There is so much of the new, the true and the good in her writings that we can well afford to overlook an occasional lapse to the old, the false and the reactionary. M. H.

### Our Brethren of Darker Hue.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

One of the most distressing and disheartening problems with which our present-day "civilization" has to deal, is the race prejudice and antagonism which is so cruelly manifested in the south. And it must be admitted that only in a lesser degree is the feeling cherished by many in the north. A man or woman in whose veins flows even an infinitesimal proportion of negro blood is "only a nigger;" and as such is cursed for being "low" and "ignorant," or, if in spite of disadvantages, he or she has acquired, education and refinement this fact is resented. The negro is thought to be fit only to be the slave, the servant, of the white man. He is an upstart, an interloper, he "doesn't know his place," if he aspires to equality of opportunity with his white brother. "Knock him down, and kick him for falling," is a slang expression sometimes heard. And this seems to be the settled policy of the white man (as a race) in dealing with his dark-hued half brethren.

But the white race owes to itself, as well as to its brothers, encouragement of their development in every way in its power. The negro race has been held down for generations; humility has been considered a negro's highest virtue, and self-respect his greatest crime. On the contrary, we should help him to help himself; he should be encouraged to feel a healthy self-respect, and to develop a selfhood worthy of respect. If, as we are so loud in boasting, we are the "superior race," we should show our superiority by uplifting our weaker brothers. To crush them down is not an evidence of our superiority.

Now that the attempt is being made to force the negro back into a condition worse than slavery, it seems to me all who believe in human brotherhood, in equality of opportunity for all, should add their influence, be it little or great, to the movement for justice.

Actuated by these feelings I attended, on Monday evening, June 19, a meeting of colored people held at Quinn Chapel, this city, and listened to speeches by Ida Wells-Barnett and others, and the reading of the second report of Le Vin, the detective, who has made another trip to the south, and has secured additional evidence relating to the outrages on negroes. This report is very interesting, and will soon be published. The report of his first trip, which was made two weeks ago, is now published. In the same pamphlet are given newspaper reports of the outrages. From the preface to the pamphlet I quote as follows:

"During six weeks of the months of March and April just past, twelve colored men were lynched in Georgia, the reign of outlawry culminating in the torture and hanging of the colored preacher, Elijah Strickland, and the burning alive of Samuel Wilkes, alias Hose, Sunday, April 23, 1899. . . .

"Of the twelve men lynched during that reign of unspeakable barbarism, only one was even charged with an assault upon a

woman. Yet Southern apologists justify their savagery on the ground that negroes are lynched only because of their crimes against women.

"The Southern press champions burning men alive, and says, 'Consider the facts.' The colored people join issue and also say 'Consider the facts.' The colored people of Chicago employed a detective to go to Georgia, and his report in this pamphlet gives the facts. We give here the details of the lynching as they were reported in the Southern papers, then follows the report of the true facts as to the cause of the lynchings, as learned by the investigation. We submit all to the sober judgment of the nation, confident that in this cause as well as all others, 'Truth is mighty and will prevail.'"

Believing that all sides should be given a fair hearing, I ask the readers of these lines to send to Ida Wells-Barnett, 2939 Princeton Ave., Chicago, for as many copies of "Lynch Law in Georgia" as can be judiciously used. No charge is made for the pamphlets, but if it is convenient to send money with the order, the money will be used to pay for printing more pamphlets, and in giving them a wider circulation. Copies of the pamphlet are in Lucifer office, also, and will be forwarded on request.

Ida Wells-Barnett is an unusually intelligent young woman and by nature and training fitted to be a credit to any cause which she may champion. She is a calm, deliberate, forceful speaker, speaking extemporaneously, yet her every word is well chosen, showing that she "knows what she wants to say, and says it." She continually speaks of "my race," meaning the negro; yet she is really more closely allied by blood to the Caucasian than to the negro, though perhaps she feels, with Fred Douglass, that there is no cause for pride in the fact. She is doing a great work for the "colored" people. We expect to give our friends an opportunity to hear her in behalf of her people, at our home, in the near future.

I believe that we should give all sides a fair, respectful hearing, regardless of the race, color, sex, or religion of the speaker. For I agree with a dear, Methodist aunt who used to say to me in explanation of the fact that her affection for me was unchanged by our difference of opinion religiously and socially, "There's room in the world for all of us, if we don't stick our elbows out!"

### Reaction in Kansas.

The state, or geographical division, called Kansas, in the middle western part of the United States of America, has been for some years a battle ground for the contending forces in the field of politics, of economics, in educational methods, and in what are called moral reform movements. It was there that "populism" as a political reform achieved its greatest triumphs, and now we read that ex-Senator Puffer, once a leader of that political faith, has written a series of articles for a leading Chicago daily, to show that populism is now dead and buried. It is in Kansas that the battle between the champions of paternalistic prohibition of the liquor traffic, on the one hand, and the advocates of the right to manage one's own affairs, has been fought out with a persistence and determination never perhaps witnessed elsewhere. In educational matters, likewise, the conflict for mastery between the forces of evolutionary progress and of reactionary or medieval methods and principles, has been persistent and determined. One of the leaders on the side of reason and of progress has sent us a letter containing the following paragraph concerning this ages-old and world-wide conflict as it is now witnessed in the Sunflower State:

"The reaction in Kansas goes merrily on. The splendid work, comprehensively radical, being done at the Kansas State Agricultural College is being undone in a ruthless and illegal manner by the party now in power.

"Leedy, the Populist governor, appointed a board of regents of that institution containing some really progressive men, among them C. B. Hoffman known to many of our readers.

This board infused vitality into the preacher-ridden school. It extended the course of Agriculture and Mechanics and also had the temerity to devote more time to the study of history, sociology, and political economy.

Progressive men, Parsons of Boston, Bemis of Chicago, Ward of New York, Will of Wisconsin, and others like them were employed. Students were encouraged to think for themselves. Books of even radical tendencies were examined and discussed; the search for truth, no matter where it might lead, was made the prime object. Professors who under the intolerant spirit which generally prevails at our institutions would have kept still as mice on religious, economic and sociological subjects, gradually came out of their shells and gave expression to ideas which were shocking to the plutocrats and to their most efficient allies, the orthodox preachers.

Thus when the Republicans carried the state last fall and put into the governor's chair a cutting, sniveling, goody-goody Sunday School teacher, the reaction set in. In order to get control of the board of regents it was necessary to remove two of the regents. To do this it was necessary to commit perjury, override law and violate every decency. But such small matters would not lie in the way of the patriots. So Hoffman and Limbocker were removed and subsequently the "redeemed" board dismissed President Will and Professors Parsons, Bemis and Ward. These men have legal contracts of employment for a period extending to July 1, 1901. The bosses however do not care for contracts, they being in control of the state government and the courts, and can hence soon wear out private individuals who undertake to defend their rights in the courts.

Other dismissals will no doubt follow, as many of the professors are heretics in religion and politics. The preachers of Manhattan waited in a body upon the board and demanded the removal of Ward, Parsons, Emch, Will and others, on the ground that these men did not believe in the divinity of Jesus.

It is also proposed to change the course of study by cutting out much if not all study of sociology and political economy. According to the bosses the farmers and mechanics sons and daughters have no business to know anything about the laws that govern society and economics. They should be taught how to produce cheaply and effectively, so that we can compete in the world's markets with rat-fed Chinese labor on the one hand and make millionaires on the other. Thus in the closing days of the Nineteenth century do the forces of darkness and reaction raise their reptile heads and show their poisonous fangs.

Let the Liberals of Kansas and of the nation stand together as a man to destroy the theocratic party led by such hypocrites and weaklings as McKinley and such bosses as Hanna and Quay.

The Kansas State Agricultural college is one of the largest, and has long been considered one of the most successful schools of its kind in the United States, or in the world. Having been an occasional visitor at that institution, while a citizen of Kansas, I much regret to learn that the good work of the friends of the newer and the truer educational methods is now being nullified by the political leaders elected to office last November. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that the admonitions of our correspondent will not pass unheeded, and that the "Liberals of Kansas and of the nation will stand together as one man," and will continue the fight until victory perches upon the banner of reason and right.

M. H.

We shall be very glad if any who are interested in the cause for the advancement of which *Lucifer* is published will send us something to help pay for the sample copies we must send out in order to obtain subscribers. To a radical paper, depending almost entirely upon its subscription list for support, the outlay for sample copies is a heavy drain. We are always glad to receive addresses to which to send sample copies, whether accompanied by money or not.

## A Misconception.

Seeing in *Lucifer* No. 763 that C. L. James advises young journalists to take me "for a standard of all they would not resemble," I am slightly curious to learn what is the system of journalism recommended or taught by Mr. James. To judge by a former criticism of Mr. James', an attentive reading of the matter which he sees fit to criticize is not his invariable practice.

In No. 592 of *Lucifer* he quoted my assertion that "all voluntary acts, including a certain class of acts popularly but erroneously called non-voluntary, are caused by motives acting on the feeling and reason of the Ego."

Mr. James announces his disbelief in the dogmatical assertion and proceeds: "The study of evolution teaches me that the actions of the least evolved animal are automatic (non-voluntary)." It teaches me that most human actions are automatic. I am sure Tak Kak does not breathe in consequence of motives acting upon his feeling and reason. He breathes because he cannot help it.

I leave it to the readers of *Lucifer* whether Mr. James does not display a lack of common sense. I perfectly agree with his affirmative above quoted and more which he writes in the same strain. In the article I wrote for "Egoism," after discussing voluntary acts, I discussed involuntary acts and used expressions somewhat similar to those since employed by Mr. James, and of the same purport regarding automatic acts.

Even if Mr. James had read only a fragment of my writing—only the words which he quotes—I think he is the only person who can so utterly mistake their meaning. Let us analyze.

The expression "all involuntary acts" implies to me and to every reader, that there is another class of acts.

The circumspection shown in the clause immediately following would of itself warn the intelligent reader that really involuntary acts were not meant. The words are: "a certain class of acts popularly but erroneously called non-voluntary."

It is doubtless true that I could have been more explicit just there by saying "including acts done under duress." But, while leading the readers of "Egoism" to think on the subject, I wished on that page to hold their attention to representative voluntary acts.

The word non-voluntary was selected for reasons which may now appear to any reflecting person fairly conversant with the language. The man who signs a paper in a reverie will say he did it involuntarily meaning unconsciously. The one who signs under threats will say he did it against his will. This latter is the popularly alleged non-voluntary act. Philosophically it is a voluntary act, though legally it is not.

TAK KAK.

## Cuba's Fight for Freedom and the War With Spain.

However much the readers of *Lucifer* may differ in regard to the rightness or the unrightness of the part taken by the American government in the war of "intervention" in Cuba's behalf, we are all interested in the past history and the future prospects of this "Queen of the Antilles," as this famous island has often been called. A friend has donated for *Lucifer's* benefit a few copies of a large and handsomely bound volume with the above title. The book claims to be: "A Comprehensive, Accurate and Thrilling History of the Spanish Kingdom and its Latest and Fairest Colony; the long struggle of Cuba for Freedom and Independence; the intervention of the United States and the fierce war with Spain that followed; A Record of Oppression and Patriotism, of Cruelty and Valor, and above all of the Triumph of the Stars and Stripes. Profusely illustrated. Written and edited by Henry Houghton Beck, author of 'Famous Battles,' 'The Greco-Turkish War,' etc., etc. Published by the Globe Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The book contains 569 pages, heavy paper, excellent print; price in half Morocco, with marbled edges, \$2; same in cloth, \$1.50. On receipt of price and 17 cents for postage, we will send by post or express one copy of this handsomely bound and pro-





## 765.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 25.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 1, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 768.

### Why Truth Goes Naked.

List to a tale well worth the ear  
Of all who wit and sense admire:  
Invented, it is very clear —  
Some ages prior to Matthew Prior,  
Falseness and Truth, "upon a time,"  
One day in June's delicious weather,  
(Twas in a distant age and clime)  
Like sisters took a walk together.  
(In, on their merry way they took,  
Through fragrant wood and verdant meadow,  
To where a beach beside a brook  
Invited rest beneath its shadow;  
There, sitting in the pleasant shade,  
Upon the margin's grassy matting  
(A velvet cushion ready made)  
The young companions fell to chatting.  
Now while in voluble discourse,  
On this and that their tongues were running,  
As habit bids each speak — perforce,  
The one is frank, the other cunning:  
Falseness, at length impatient grown,  
With acrid words of her own creation,  
Said: — "Since we two are quite alone,  
And nicely screened from observation,  
Suppose in this delightful rill,  
While all around is so propitious,  
We take a bath?" — Said Truth, — "I will —  
A bath, I'm sure, will be delicious!"  
At this her robe she cast aside,  
And in the stream that ran before her  
She plunged — like Ocean's happy bride —  
As naked as her mother bore her:  
Falseness at leisure now undressed,  
Put off her robes her limbs that hamper,  
And having donned Truth's snowy vest,  
Ran off as fast as she could scamp.  
Since then the subtle maid, in sooth,  
Experts in lies and shrewd evasions,  
Has borne the honored name of Truth,  
And wears her clothes on all occasions,  
While Truth disdainful to appear  
In Falseness's petticoat and bodice,  
Still braves all eyes from year to year,  
As naked as a marble goddess!

— John G. Saxe.

### Irene of Constantinople.

BY C. L. JAMES.

(Concluded from last week.)

Irene, from the moment of her restoration, 762 A. D. pursued her usual double policy. The multitude were dazzled by her position as empress in her own right; those who had a grievance were taught to lay it upon Constantine, who did whatever his mother told him. The Armenian guards, who had headed the revolt against her, were put under stern discipline, — but Constantine was a tyrant — Irene had always been forgiving. Constantine, no doubt by Irene's advice, put away his wife and took another, against the laws of the church — but what could he expect of an Iconoclast? No one doubted either the virtue or the orthodoxy of Irene. Constantine was thus so convenient a screen for Irene that I can hardly believe she

really meant to thrust him away; though with characteristic prudence she had him closely watched. But he was made to think she proposed his deposition, or perhaps induced again to meditate hers. On a sudden he fled from Constantinople to Scutari, where he announced his intention of calling the provincial generals to arms against his mother. The promptness of Irene averted an unnatural war. She wrote to the double dealing spies who accompanied him, that unless they secured her power she would publish enough to destroy them. They judiciously deemed her cause the safer to embrace; and Constantine was brought back a captive to the apartments where he first saw light. Here some of Irene's partisans inflicted that mutilation which according to custom effectually excluded a prince from restoration. As usual she profited by a crime which she disclaimed; but its horrible character raised a storm of indiscriminating indignation from which her memory, beyond all question, has suffered more than she deserves.\* Any impartial reader must see that she really was forbearing; and a person so weak as Constantine, even if he had not been her child, was little likely to provoke her into ordering extreme measures. It may be added that at the time, when all the facts were best known, there is no sign of her having been accused; it is later writers who tell us that the sun deserted the heavens at this Thyestean tragedy. To her piety and ambition, between them, Irene had, however, sacrificed all those charities which unite to the species and insure the assistance of others. Neither husband nor adopted son could be expected to love and cherish one who had given such tremendous proof what good care she could take of herself. Orthodoxy indeed proclaimed her a saint; but it could not be difficult to find another sovereign as orthodox as she. The applause of the majority among an enslaved people was poor security against the fickleness of a treacherous army. On the giddy height which she had scaled, she could have no safeguard but her own watchful eye and ready hand. For a moment it seemed as if she might seek one in leaning upon a higher power.

Constantine was blinded in 797 A. D. On Christmas day, 800 A. D., Charlemagne, whose victory over the Avars had brought his territory into contact with Irene's, was crowned at Rome as Emperor of the West. His marriage to the Eastern Empress would have restored that kingdom which lay shattered on the tomb of Theodosius. But even if Irene were willing to give herself a master, she could not give Constantinople a

\*An ambiguous expression of Theophanes persuaded Baronius that Constantine perished by order of his mother and the authority of a cardinal, inclined to favor Irene on account of her zeal for images, has prevailed with most Protestant historians against decisive evidence that the unfortunate prince was living at a much later date. See Schlozer B. S. Kaiser; and Milman's notes to Gibbon. It must be acknowledged, however, that a different account of the whole affair has been given. Constantine, returning from war with the Saracens, was, it is said, attacked by assassins. He fled to Phrygia; Irene loved him back to his fate. I do not know the original authorities for this story. (V. Mignet's Histoire de l'Impératrice Irene.) The other seems to me more probable for reasons already given.

## Combines.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

foreign one. The favorites through whom she administered the different departments were probably her paramours; it is still clearer that they were alike flattered with hopes of sharing her throne; their numbers and rivalry afforded an apparently good security against the ambition of any one; and with characteristic preference for the power of love over that of terror, she chose some of them from among former conspirators against her. For a last security, she watched them all through the eunuchs, who constantly surrounded her person and had always been devoted to her interest.

Oriental policy considers these unfortunates the most reliable of servants; and their habitual association with women peculiarly fits them to be the confidants and agents of a female sovereign. Thus Irene's position, while it must have been a solitude to the heart, appeared outwardly secure and glorious. "The Roman world bowed," says Gibbon, "to the government of a female; and as she moved through the streets of Constantinople, the reins of four milk white steeds were held by as many patricians, who marched on foot before the chariot of their queen." But the foundations of the pageant were like those of the earth in the Asiatic speculation—the tortoise which supported the elephant was itself supported by something unaccounted for. Self-interest was the only means which Irene's aspirations had left her of controlling any one; the chief instrument of self-interest was confided to the care of her treasurer Nicephorus; and her own money corrupted the eunuchs and the church. Nicephorus was secretly invested with the purple and crowned at St. Sophia by the venal patriarch; and Irene awoke to find her power at an end. With touching dignity she reminded the ungrateful usurper that he owed his life to the unsuspicious clemency of one who had been so great and formidable. She deplored the selfish passion to which her own children and those of Copronymus had fallen victims; avoided mentioning the excuse of a pious purpose which others were ready to make for her; and requested that, as she had at last been defeated in the game of political intrigue, she might be allowed to retire with a remnant of her former state. This reasonable petition was denied by the avarice of Nicephorus. She was banished without any provision, to the island of Lesbos; where she is said to have supported herself by spinning during the remainder of her life, which was not long. Had her courage been equal to sustaining this blow, more unlikely things than her restoration might have happened; for though she is spoken of as advanced in years, a comparison of dates will show that she can scarcely have been fifty; and the contemptible Nicephorus soon fell in battle with the Bulgarians.

They made, after their fashion, a drinking cup of his skull, and if they were as doughty revellers as is said, I should think they might have emptied it repeatedly without danger of intoxication.

The last recorded words of Irene comprise the tragedy of her life; her bad angel was an ambition which would obey no gentler sentiment; her good angel was the essentially feminine temper which no inferior temptation had ever been able to overcome. Though her end was so unfortunate, she succeeded to a very considerable extent. The idolatrous instinct, in which her whole sex at that time sympathized with her, owes her its most signal triumph. Her sanctity is still recognized by the Greek church; and because she was the patroness of image-worship, the Roman inclines to extenuate her crimes; the precedent of her reign was remembered; and after her there were found several women who without a spark of her talent were able to administer on their own account the authority of that military despotism among whose maxims hitherto had always been the entire subordination of females.

The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change;  
Then let it come: I have no dread of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;  
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart  
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

—James Russell Lowell.

In *Lucifer* of June 10 R. B. Kerr claims that monopolies and combines can prosper as well in a country of free money, free trade and free land as in a community where monopoly law exists.

Not to discuss general principles at this moment, let us see how some of Mr. Kerr's illustrations come out. He says, "That men should cut one another's prices when they can fix high prices by combination is a form of insanity which the world will never see again." But why do not combines fix still higher prices? This is a very innocent looking question but an attempt to answer it will remind Mr. Kerr that there is something that has a tendency to fix prices besides the will of the would be monopolists.

Again, he says, "Had railways the power to boycott individuals they would either starve every independent man to death or drive him from the country." But the railway's income is derived from live men in the country, not dead men out of the country. Railways would not do this starving and driving without an object. Under freedom the same object would not exist. The object of the railway is now to kill (figuratively) the South Dakota farmer who "denounces the extortion of railway companies" not for his denunciation but because he is threatening to move a legislature to interfere; and in this fight I am on the side of the railway and against the man who invokes legal restraint upon trade. In a free country the railway could afford to let the denunciator talk, while, on the other hand, it would be unable to afford to lose his traffic between talks. Such railway would be earning no interest, no rent, no profits, only wages, and could not afford to dissipate its wages in killing towns or fighting anybody.

The case is the same with the little railway which Mr. Kerr says "must join the trust or be ground into powder." The great railway could not afford to fight the little one but would welcome it as extending its own traffic. Or, perhaps Mr. Kerr means that the little railway would be a parallel line built to compete with the giant. But are men such fools as to build a parallel road that does not run to a market center? If not what becomes of Mr. Kerr's contention that the giant road would refuse to make connections? Besides the railway trust would be careful not to collect extortionate rates for fear of rousing some one to put through a parallel road which would be so easy to build in a country abounding in wealth and money. It will not answer to say that the new road would pool issues with the trusts and the public would still pay the extortionate rates for this is a situation that would not arise because the trust is not anxious to divide income with a parallel road and will keep its rates down to prevent the building of one. In fact the trust road would not only have to face the prospect of dividing receipts with a new parallel road, but it would perceive that it must forego receipts almost entirely as the public would certainly boycott the trust road. Notice also, that the prospect of the pooling of issues is thus prevented, for the new opposition road would not pool with the old road while receiving ten times the traffic of the latter.

Mr. Kerr will not venture to attack any of the general principles I have here assumed as the existence of each law is too well established to admit of successful controversy.

If the railways really bother Mr. Kerr, let him dismiss this little difficulty at once because air ships will take the place of railways whenever necessary, long before free land and free money are conceded.

The success of trade union combines does not illustrate the effectiveness of mere free combines as there is always a threat of violence back of a strike.

"What a wretchedly dark hole this is, now!"

"Do you think so? Before we were married, you always said it was the most delightful in Brighton—so few lamps."—*Ally Sloper.*



### The Over-Sexed Human Female.\*

To make clear by an instance the difference between normal and abnormal sex-distinction, look at the relative condition of a wild cow and a "milch cow," such as we have made. The wild cow is a female. She has healthy calves, and milk enough for them; and that is all the femininity she needs. Otherwise than that she is bovine rather than feminine. She is a light, strong, swift, sinewy creature, able to run, jump, and fight if necessary. We, for economic uses, have artificially developed the cow's capacity for giving milk. She has become a walking milk machine, bred and tended to that express end, her value measured in quarts. The secretion of milk is a maternal function,—a sex-function. The cow is over-sexed. Turn her loose in natural conditions, and, if she survive the change, she would revert in a very few generations to the plain cow, with her energies used in the general activities of her race, and not all running to milk.

Physically, woman belongs to a tall, vigorous, beautiful animal species, capable of great and varied exertion. In every race and time when she has opportunity for racial activity she develops accordingly, and is no less a woman for being a healthy human creature. In every race and time where she is denied this opportunity,—and few indeed have been years of freedom,—she has developed in the lines of action to which she was confined; and those were always lines of sex-activity. In consequence the body of woman, speaking in the largest generalization, manifests sex-distinction predominantly.

Woman's femininity—and "the eternal feminine" means the eternal sexual—is more apparent in proportion to her humanity than the femininity of other animals in proportion to their caninity or felinity or equinity. "A feminine hand" or "a feminine foot" are distinguishable anywhere. We do not hear of "a feminine paw" or "a feminine hoof." A hand is an organ of prehension, a foot an organ of locomotion: they are not secondary sexual characteristics. The comparative smallness and feebleness of woman is a sex distinction. We have carried it to such an excess that women are commonly known as "the weaker sex." There is no such glaring difference between male and female in other advanced species. In the long migrations of birds, in the ceaseless motion of the grazing herds that used to swing up and down over the continent each year, in the wild, steep journeys of the breeding salmon, nothing is heard of the weaker sex. And among the higher carnivora, where longer maintenance of the young brings their condition nearer ours, the hunter dreads the attack of the female more than that of the male. The disproportionate weakness is an excessive sex-distinction. Its injurious effect may be broadly shown in the Oriental nations, where the female in curtained harems is confined most exclusively to sex-functions and denied most fully the exercise of race-functions. In such peoples the weakness, the tendency to small bones and adipose tissue of the over-sexed female, is transmitted to the male, with a retarding effect on the development of the race. Conversely, in early Germanic tribes the comparatively free and humanly developed women—tall, strong, and brave—transmitted to their sons a greater proportion of human power and much less of morbid sex-tendency.

The degree of feebleness and clumsiness common to women: the comparative inability to stand, walk, run, jump, climb, and perform other race-functions common to both sexes, is an excessive sex-distinction; and the ensuing transmission of this relative feebleness to their children, boys and girls alike, retards human development. Strong, free, active women, the sturdy field-working peasant, the burden-bearing savage, are no less good mothers for their human strength. But our civilized "feminine delicacy," which appears somewhat less delicate when recognized as an expression of sexuality in excess,—makes us no better mothers, but worse. The relative weakness of

women is a sex-distinction. It is apparent in her to a degree that injures motherhood, that injures wisdom, that injures the individual. The sex-usefulness and the human usefulness of women, their general duty to their kind, are greatly injured by this degree of distinction. In every way the over-sexed condition of the human female reacts unfavorably upon herself, her husband, her children, and the race.

### Unwelcome Children.

Col. Robert Ingersoll, at the annual meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston, on June 2, spoke in part as follows:

For thousands of years men and women have been trying to reform the world. Why have they failed? I will tell you why. Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world. The gutter is a nursery. People unable to support themselves fill the tenements, the huts and hovels with children. They depend on the Lord, on luck, and charity. They are not intelligent enough to think about consequences, or to feel responsibility. At the same time they don't want children, because a child is a curse—a curse to them and to itself. The babe is not welcome because it is a burden.

These unwelcome children fill the jails and prisons, the asylums and hospitals, and they crowd the scaffolds. A few are rescued by chance or charity, but the great majority are failures. They become vicious, ferocious. They live by fraud and violence, and bequeath their vices to their children. Against this inundation of vice the forces of reform are helpless; and charity itself becomes an unconscious prompter of crime.

Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind. The question is, can we prevent the ignorant and the poor and the vicious from filling the world with their children? Can we prevent this Missouri of ignorance and vice from emptying into the Mississippi of civilization? Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to that degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Passion is and always has been deaf. These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps and beggars and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poorhouses, and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as helpless as the battle of the fire-flies against the darkness of the night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or law; by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral.

To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress, of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

I look forward to the time when men and women, by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain—will refuse to fill the world with failures. When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth.

A girl told me today that a rude man annoyed her by staring at her in a public conveyance. It never occurred to her that it takes four eyes to make a stare annoying.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

\*From "Women and Economics," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. 340 pages. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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ALBERT CHAVANNES, of Knoxville, Tenn., author of "In Brighter Climes," "Vital Force," and other sociologic works, will meet the Chicago Social Science Club, next Sunday, July 2, at 3 P. M., in Humboldt Park, near the north-east entrance. Subject of discussion "Economic Progress."

A GOODLY-SEEED audience listened with close attention to the address of Mrs. Ida Craddock on Tuesday night of this week, at Lucifer's rooms, 507 Carroll avenue. The subject, "Physiology and Psychology of Sex," was treated in a candid, earnest and philosophic manner, and yet with such delicacy and refinement of expression that no offence could be taken by any one except by the grossly ignorant or by those whose minds had been depraved by bad associations.

On Tuesday eve July 11, Mrs. Anna Ballard will deliver an address at the same place; subject "Domestic Life in Burmah." Mrs. Ballard has spent some years in Burmah and has had good opportunities for observing the social customs of a people called "barbarians," and "heathens," by our Anglo-Saxon Christians.

## Women and War.

"Emperor William thinks it is useless to talk of peace when the love of militarism is so universal among women. The kaiser makes a good point, and one which has been overlooked by the women who have sent such strong appeals to 'The Hague.' It is one of the inconsistencies of the fair sex to hate war and yet to encourage it by loving the warrior."—*Chicago Daily News*.

In her book entitled "The Minister's Wooing" Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote, "We women are born worships—hero worships." The distinguishing qualities of the hero are strength and courage—valor, bravery, prowess, daring, recklessness of personal safety for the general good, or in defense of innocence and helplessness. Women admire and worship men of strength and courage because they themselves, as a sex, are consciously deficient in these qualities. That many women have exhibited and do exhibit these traits in rare perfection is readily conceded, but so also do many men exhibit the opposite, the feminine traits—timidity, lack of self-poise, desire for a strong arm to lean upon. Shakespeare wrote, "They have more fears than wars and women have," thereby indicating that timorousness or lack of courage is a distinctively feminine trait.

The philosophic explanation of all this is the fact that in racial evolution nature has disqualified woman for deeds of daring, unfitted woman for the role of life requiring physical prowess, by putting upon her the burden of child-bearing and of caring for infant helplessness. The human mother while carrying a child, whether before or after its birth, is in no condition for war, offensive or defensive, or for fighting and conquering the asperities of nature, in the struggle for existence. Hence "loving the warrior," worship of the military hero, is a part of woman's nature, a part, a large part of her inheritance from her savage ancestry, when physical strength and courage were absolutely necessary to the preservation of life.

It is this same inheritance from their savage ancestry that

causes so many women to take interest in prize fights. Speaking of the late exhibition of brute strength and courage in the prize ring, a western contemporary has this to say:

"The next morning everybody was reading the paper, the ladies quite as eagerly as the men. But surely the former were reading of art, music, the drama, of culture and kindergartens? Yea, verily nay, but were devouring the details of the fight with all the avidity of old time sports. You wonder that the dear creatures who at sight of a mouse would climb the side of a house and scream like the d—l while doing it, should be interested in a prize fight. If you knew, as many do know, how high bred dames, well cultured and well curried, chase after brutal prize fighters of the John L. Sullivan type, you would know that seeming gentleness too often lightly masks the lurking female savage, lineal descendant of those 'gentle maids and matrons' of old Roman days, who at gladiatorial combats, mercilessly turned down their thumbs, not willing the game should end short of death to the vanquished."

Yes, the young "war lord" as Emperor William of Germany is sometimes called, makes a good point when he says, "It is useless to talk of peace when the love of militarism is so universal among women." "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." So long as women bestow their sweetest smiles, their warmest admiration, their kisses and their plaudits, upon the returning warrior, just so long will men be eager to go to war, no matter whether it be war for defense or for aggression or conquest.

Intimately connected with this view of the subject—woman's influence upon the war spirit—is that of pre-natal impression. Some years ago, at a public bargeing in Missouri an old physician remarked to an on-looker, "This is the saddest sight I ever saw."

"Why so? Don't you think the man is guilty of murder and deserves death?"

"That is not what I was thinking of. The man may be guilty or innocent. This is a minor consideration with me. But do you observe that this vast crowd of people is largely composed of women? Many of these women are expectant mothers. I am thinking of the effect upon the on-coming generation, and wondering how many murders and hangings will spring from impressions made upon the unborn by this days spectacle."

Even so in regard to national wars. The women, the prospective mothers—even those who are mere spectators of the warlike pageants, and of the honors bestowed on the returning warriors, or who read of their heroic deeds on distant battle fields, are all the while unconsciously sowing the seeds of future wars.

What then is the remedy? What the first and most important step towards ushering in the era of universal peace—the time when "nations shall learn war no more," and "peace congresses" be no longer needed? It would seem the little paragraph clipped from the Chicago "Evening News" suggests the true and only remedy. Let the women who now make such strong appeals against war, and in favor of peace, prove their faith by their works. Let them cease to give the lie to their professions by their acts. Instead of loving and honoring the warrior let women ignore and shun the man or the men whose hands are red with brothers' blood, unless the shedding of human blood be clearly and absolutely in self-defence, or in defence of helpless innocence.

In short, let woman awake to a sense of her responsibility. If she wants to put a stop to the horrors of war, let her cease breeding sons whose highest ambition is to be warriors. Let her do what she can to build up a public conscience that will render forever impossible such wanton butcheries, such wholesale slaughter of human beings as are now being perpetrated by the American soldiers in the Philippines.

M. H.

If there is to be no marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven, that may account for its being heaven.—*Sol.*



## Social Regeneration.

In last week's *Light-Bearer*, in commenting upon an utterance by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, clipped from the New York "Journal" the ground was taken that "society, as we now have it, could not long survive the inauguration of the law of love as the only guide in the relations of the sexes." The idea intended to be conveyed by this comment was that the fundamental cause, the underlying cause, of all the hate, the strife the oppressions, the robberies, the slaveries, that now afflict human society is to be found in the lack of love and the prevalence of hate, of indifference and disgust, of discord and oppression in the marital relations of women and men.

This statement has been criticized by two of our helpers. I have been told that to eliminate or cure our social ills something else is needed besides free motherhood or the absence of unwelcome children. That children born of love in freedom might and probably would become the oppressors of their weaker brethren and sisters much in the same way that children of conventional wedlock now become the oppressors of their kind.

Instead of replying directly and at length to these friendly critics I have made a selection from the address of Robert G. Ingersoll, lately delivered before the annual meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston. By reading the selection "Unwelcome Children", in this issue, it will be seen that the conclusions reached by the great Agnostic are substantially, if not in exact words, the same as those we have been iterating and reiterating in *Lucifer's* columns for many years.

As when he says, "There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. . . . To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole question. . . . I look forward to the time when men and women. . . will refuse to fill the world with failures. When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeon will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth."

Has *Lucifer's* editor or its correspondents at any time made more sweeping statements or more extravagant claims for the power of love in freedom than are herein made by Col. Ingersoll—the man, the orator, the philosopher—who is often quoted as a valiant champion of orthodox marriage?

Verily, verily, the world "do move."

M. H.

## "Home, Sweet Home."

In a home out in the country, not far from town, we are informed, there may be seen quite a pile of sewing lying on the floor, nearly in the middle of the room, that has been lying there undisturbed for more than six months. At that time the head of the house wanted a chair, and seeing but one handy he dumped to the floor the sewing which lay upon it. His wife asked him to pick it up. He said he wouldn't do it. She told him as he threw it there it could remain until he got ready to pick it up. She would never touch it. And there it remains a memorial to an incompatibility of disposition.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

[We are told that the teachings of *Lucifer* will "break up the home." I wish they could break up every such home as that described above. The home in which dwell love and harmony do not need to be broken up—and they cannot be broken up by the teachings of liberty.]

## From "Dust and Ashes."

"There be but two things which the soul may find  
On this sad earth, and, finding, should hold fast—  
The soul of beauty which dwells in the mind  
And hence in all things, for all things are cast  
In our soul's proper measure; and the last  
And best is love; love truly can repay  
The heart's full sacrifice, for love, being past,  
Leaves something with us that no fate can stay;  
And if love linger till the end be here,  
What cause have we for sorrow then, what cause for fear?"  
—Robert Burns Wilson.

## Another Judge Commends a Wife-Beater.

Under the heading "Unique Decision," the "Chronicle," (Augusta, Ky.) gives the following. It is in error, however, in calling the decision "unique." Other "Justices" have rendered similar decisions. It shows the power of legal marriage to protect the rights of men. For if the man and woman had not been married, no judge would have said the man had a right to beat a woman for not returning to her home before midnight. If men were deprived of the marriage law which protects them, what could the poor creatures do?

L. H.

"Unwritten law decisions were discounted by a ruling of Judge Riley in the Lexington Police Court, Saturday. The Judge decides that a man is legally justified in whipping his wife if she leaves her home at night to roam the streets until late hours. The decision was caused by the trial of a colored man, accused of wifebeating. The testimony went to show that the wife had left home early in the evening and did not return until after midnight, and then he gave her a good beating. Judge Riley said he acted perfectly proper in the matter, except that in the future he should take a cowhide and lay it on good and strong."

## The World Moves, Even Among Calvinists.

I take the following from "The Congregationalist" for July 1896. Perhaps the writer had been reading *Lucifer*; he or she had caught much of its cardinal teachings at least. Take courage, friends, when Calvin's saints say so much for true modesty.

JAY CHAAPEL.

## "A FALSE MODESTY."

"I believe that married women in general and mothers in particular are unanimous in maintaining that a girl shall be led blindfold through life. She is guarded, shielded, restricted, and taught to suppress as unmaidenly the innocent and natural questions which must arise in her mind. Even the text book upon physiology which is studied is incomplete, misleading and utterly unscientific. If her curiosity is excited by this system of avoidance she may perhaps gain information indirectly, but it is a half-knowledge which is worse than ignorance, and she must still feign innocence before her mother. If tempted, her resistance is due merely to timidity and the strong instinct of maidenhood. If she falls, no one ventures to blame those who have kept her ignorant and helpless. On the other hand, if she marries, she enters upon her new life with no conception of the duties and responsibilities before her and but scant preparation for them.

"Is there not too much false modesty among us? However tenderly girls may be reared, is it not a cruel kindness to keep them in ignorance of facts which are regarded as unnatural and improper only because they are treated as mysteries? Certainly a more natural system of education would tend to develop womanliness in girls, and would save them from much unrest and many mistakes.

A frank, scientific treatment of the subject is equally essential in the training of boys. Parents should be ashamed to leave their children of either sex to receive from others knowledge which it is their duty and privilege to impart. Rightly given, such knowledge must tend to purity of thought and action and a deep sense of personal responsibility.

## A Children's Paper.

A copy of Volume 6, number 1 of Elmina's "Little Free-thinker" has been waiting a notice for some weeks. Among the good things it contains, is the following "Lesson for the Young", entitled "Self Dependence," a lesson that all would do well to heed whether young or old:

"Lean on yourself. Try and be self-dependent. If you want anything, try and earn it or make it for yourself. Don't pray to any god to send it or try to coax it out of others but get it for yourself, and you will feel the full value of it. Think you

own thoughts. Do not believe a thing simply because others do, but think and reason about it; consider it from all sides. There is nothing more valuable than truth and therefore we should be cautious as to what we accept as truth. Keep trying, testing, and experimenting. Experience is the surest road to fact and truth. One fact is worth a bushel of fictions, fables and fallacies. Churches and creeds are weak and fallible. Seek truth in Nature; love the good, the true and the beautiful, and life will be full of hope, love and joy."

"Little Freethinker," as the name indicates, is a freethought journal issued expressly for the use of the young. For many years Elmina D. Slenker has labored hard and sacrificed her little patrimony and her earnings to keep alive this unique venture in the field of freethought journalism. That there is need of such a paper, or magazine, few freethinkers will deny. Most heartily does Lucifer wish success to the editor and publisher of "Little Freethinker." Subscription only twenty-five cents a year. Address the publisher P. W. E. Cullingford, Camden N. J.; or the editor, Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville Va.

### Specimen Misrepresentation.

To advocate unpopular ideas is always to expose one's self to the misrepresentations of the defenders of conventionality. A striking illustration of this is the following sent to us by one thoroughly familiar with the history of the Oneida Community:

#### FICTIONS OF "THE INDEPENDENT."

"He" (i. e. Mr. George Cragin) "had conveniently escaped with his life when his wife was drowned by capsizing of the small boat in which the two were rowing or sailing on the Hudson; and he had shortly after joined a community whose practice . . . was for many years a disgrace to the State." — *Independent*, September 2, 1897.

#### FACTS.

Mr. George Cragin's wife was drowned in 1851 by the sinking of the sloop "Rebecca Ford" in the Hudson River near Hyde Park. Mr. Cragin was not with her on the sloop, and therefore did not "escape with his life." Mr. Cragin did not join the Oneida Community "shortly after," but was on the contrary one of the original members of that Community at the time of its inception in 1848—three years before the fatal accident referred to. The practice of the Oneida Community was not a disgrace, but on the contrary an honor to the State of New York, to the United States, and to the world.

### For Young Unmarried People.

BY SARAH C. CAMPBELL.

By request of the editor I write my best thoughts in regard to our young unmarried people.

To begin with, let them remain unmarried. But you say people will, in spite of every thing, be together in the most intimate relations of life, and it is right they should be, and in freedom no bad results will follow. But for the present, with an unenlightened public conscience against every movement towards freedom, let young people be fully and thoroughly instructed concerning the right use and the abuse of the sex nature.

Let them know that sex is the cause of attraction; that marriage means nothing more nor less than license to abuse the sex nature; that abuse is wrong; that there are two right uses for the sex relation.

First, and chiefly, the love relation, which when performed as taught in "Sex Ethics," "Talks on Nature," "Karezza," etc. results beneficially to the participants and does not create a new being. And the public conscience should, and in time will recognize this relation as right for all who have arrived at the age to so desire.

Second, the procreative relation, which in the past was the only sex relation known, except to a few. This relation should be used only for procreation. The two distinct relations are both right when not abused. But to use the procreative rela-

tion for pleasure is abuse, is exhausting and liable to result in undesired children and should never be used except for procreation may, with beneficial results be used when mutually desired, and does not produce offspring.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. 86.

BY H. M. PARKHURST.

**MODE OF DISTRIBUTION.** A low rating tends to reduce the time spent at that rate. Consequently the average rating should be reduced a little below 1.0. Experience will determine very nearly how much below. When the several ratings have thus been proportionally reduced, it is only necessary to multiply the number of hours by the three ratings, that of the series, of the group and of the member, to determine what is due to each one in franks; the frank being the money equivalent for an average hour's labor in this association.

For the reason above stated, the frank will not precisely represent the average payment per hour for labor. At the end of the year, the entire payment in franks and the total number of hours worked, may be ascertained; which will give the precise difference, and serve as a guide in future adjustments, and in computations based upon the productiveness of labor.

The value of the frank may thus be accurately adjusted to the time spent in labor. An equally important element is its accurate measure in the products of labor: for if prices are not accurately adjusted, those who purchase articles estimated too low will have an unjust advantage.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

C. M. M. Spokane, Wash.—Have just read the letter of A.C. Iowa, in No. 765 and will say I admire the grit she has displayed in breaking the chains of sexual slavery. I would have sent a dollar now to pay for her Lucifer but there was not a dollar bill in the house tonight. However, she must not miss a single copy of the best reform paper we have, and I will send the first dollar bill that gets into the establishment. I enclose a few stamps to extend my own subscription.

J. Allen Evans, Ruddick La.—No. 765 of Lucifer to hand and is good as it always is. I am much interested in Leona R. Mathers whose friendly criticism of Mrs. —'s article pleases me; I have to laugh every time I think of Mrs. — signing herself "Alfreda" to hide her identity from "Peeping Toms"; it always reminds me of the ostrich with his head stuck in the sand. There is not a man, woman, or child in or about R.—that would not recognize Mrs.—as Alfreda if they got hold of a Lucifer, and she has nothing to fear from the general readers of the Light Bearer.

Frank Harman, Shannon, Tex.—The reform you are working for is the most important of all reforms. When women are emancipated from sex slavery the first and most important step will have been taken to free all the people from all other slaveries. When will the stupid masses see how infinitely superior the free woman's position is to that of the married woman? When will they see that the main point of difference between the new woman and the old is that the old are prostitutes and the new are not. When will they see that to sell oneself for a life-time is no less prostitution than to sell oneself for a night?

E. Bordwell, Hartington, Nebraska.—I see by the numbers that my subscription to Lucifer has expired, and for fear of missing a copy will forward herewith the almighty \$ which will insure its weekly visits for another year. I also want No. 1 of Free Society Library. (The Chicago Martyr) for which I enclose 25cts. In No. 762 "Alfreda" suggests that Lucifer would be able to do better work if the articles were toned down so as not to shock the modest. Influences must reach backward to affect the masses. You can't get behind



them and push them forward but the few in advance must gradually draw them forward, and that without either party realizing it; but the advance are the ones who need the solid food. Enough crumbs will fall from them to satisfy the masses. Lucifer should not be content to be a crumb but should continue to be solid food for deep thinkers and its influence will reach farther than we think. Let its good work grow better and stronger instead of weaker, that it may become even more of a power to arouse the radicals. If it is principle we wish to establish, policy plays a poor part, if it is favors we are after—either political financial or social—policy plays a very important part.

E. W. Chamberlain, New York:—This morning's papers report the death of that depraved judge who played his lewd pranks upon you. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." With every opportunity and inducement to be just Judge Foster of deliberate choice elected to be wickedly oppressive and tyrannically unjust towards you. In the history of the yet unended struggle for liberty his name will ever henceforth stand as a rotting blight.

[The language of Friend Chamberlain seems to me somewhat severe, not to say uncharitable. Cassius Gains Foster was a physical wreck, and to a great extent, as I think, a mental wreck, for the last eight or ten years of his life. I pitied far more than I blamed him for the part he took in sending me to prison. I recognized and still recognize that he was, like all the rest of us, the product of heredity and environment. Hence I think it unphilosophical to cherish hard or revengeful feelings toward him, whether living or dead. While it is true that bad laws would be powerless for evil if no man could be found unmanly enough to enforce them I think it more rational to work for the abolition of such laws than to fight the men who are weak enough or vicious enough to become the executors of such laws. M. H.]

John H. Liening, Colusa, Cal.:—In the last issue of Lucifer I read with interest the investigation of a private detective into the burning of Sam Hose, and the crime for which he was burned. I would like to have further particulars of this investigation. What can you say for the truth of this detective's statement. Another interesting article in this same number was the article concerning the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. Please inform me where I can get the volume entitled "The Genesis of Abraham Lincoln," by James H. Cathey of North Carolina. Do you know anything of the veracity of this writer? I would like to know where he procured such information.

[I have sent Mr. Liening a copy of "Lynch Law in Georgia," which contains the detective's statement. As to the veracity of the detective, I know nothing. Le Vin is the manager of a detective agency in this city. When asked if he could send a reliable man down to Georgia to investigate, he said he would himself go, and would make no charge except for his expenses. The fact that he sympathized with the negroes may be taken as evidence for or against the honesty of his investigation.

In regard to the story of Abraham Lincoln's parentage, "Bill Arp" gave the names and addresses of author and publisher of the book, but I neglected to make a note of them. It is probable that a letter addressed to "Bill Arp," in care of the "Atlanta Constitution" would reach him and procure the desired information. L. H.]

W. G. Markland, Sherwood, Tenn.:—Am glad to know that your vacation gave improvement to health. It could hardly do otherwise for it is a stern fact of life that change is essential to the preservation as well as to the restoration of health. In this age of X rays and liquefied air we may expect some wonderful discoveries in the therapeutics of magnetism.

In regard to the suggestion of a colony I think the recognition of a few inexorable facts essential to practice. Your logic is in regard to the superior importance of sexual reform is sound, but the facts are against you. Whether we posit evolution as an intelligent or non-intelligent, non-designing force, the fact re-

mains that it is pushing economic reform to the front and no power can stay it until it has worked out its potencies, there being no other power. Sexual reform is now but a satellite influencing and reflecting light but may be merged in the economic planet, in time.

To preserve life, food and its congeners are and ever must be, of first importance. Preservation of life precedes reproduction of life.

The battle now joined is for the preservation of life on a humane basis, and until that battle is won the reproduction of life must be a reserve issue.

I think the colony plan for libertarianism is unwise for this reason. The ubiquitous priest will spy it out and use the bestial consensus to persecute and destroy. Groups of say ten or less adults are safer and a group of groups say ten miles apart would be better than to be in one body.

The tendency toward disunion would be weaker and the opportunity for a change of exchanges of the magnetism would be better. For manufacturing purposes concentration is essential but in soil culture groups would be better, safer, and I think happier.

I had some varied experiences in my puny attempts at colonization. Had a large correspondence and the chief obstacles were poverty on the part of those who would, and indifference on the part of those who could. My satisfaction in the effort is that it added a modicum to the ferment.

We will watch for such moves with anxiety, hail with gladness and join if possible.

[Brother Markland's idea of many small groups of libertarian reformers is a good and practicable one, as I think. As to what the "facts" teach in regard to the comparative importance of sexual or economic reforms, there will probably always be differences of opinion. Col. Ingersoll, for instance, as quoted elsewhere in this issue seems to agree substantially with Lucifer's teaching that the "solution of the whole question" lies chiefly in making "woman the owner, the mistress of herself," and thereby putting a stop to production of "unwelcome children," a stop to the production of "failures." Until this is done neither the economic problem nor any other society reform can be settled right. M. H.]

## Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs.

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768.

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**The Outcome of Legitimation.** By Oswald Dawson. This is the January "Adult," but the printer of that number played bowdler on a small scale, and refused to print it, alleging that the matter which it did print was "bad enough, but we are printing that and decline to print more." The lecture deals with some problems arising from the practicalization of the theories of free love. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

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**Personal:** A radical gentleman desires to make the acquaintance of a radical lady with a view to meeting and comradeship. I want one who would like to visit and work in New England. I would assist the right one to come here. Please send recent photo and personal description in first letter; also full particulars. Address G., care of Lucifer.


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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 26.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 8, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 769.

### The "Rebels."

Shoot down the rebels—men who dare  
To claim their native land!  
Why should the white invader spare  
A dusky heathen hand?

You bought them from a Spanish king.  
You bought the men he stole;  
You bought perhaps a ghastlier thing—  
The Duke of Alva's soul!

"Freedom," you cry, and train your gun  
On men who would be freed.  
And, in the name of Washington,  
Achieve a Weyler's deed!

Boast of the benefits you spread—  
The faith of Christ you hold;  
Then seize the very soil you tread.  
And fill your arms with gold.

Go, prostitute your mother tongue,  
And give the "rebel" name  
To those who to their country cling.  
Preferring death to shame.

And call him "loyal"—him who brags  
Of countrymen betrayed—  
The patriot of the money-bags,  
The loyalist of trade!

Oh, for the good old Roman days  
Of robbers good and true,  
Who scorned to oil with pious phrase,  
The deeds they dared to do!

The days before degenerate thieves  
Devised the coward lie  
Of blessings the enslaved received,  
Whose rights their arms deny!

I hate the oppressor's iron rod,  
I hate his murderous ships;  
But most of all I hate, O God!  
The lie upon his lips!

Nay, if they still demand recruits  
To curse Manila bay,  
Be men; refuse to act like brutes,  
And massacre and slay!

Or, if you will, persist to fight,  
With all a soldier's pride  
Why, then, be rebels for the right  
By Aguinaldo's side!

—Ernest Howard Crosby.

### Common-Law Rights of Women.

BY C. L. JAMES.

I never read Mrs. Gage's "Woman, Church, and State" but I suppose Mrs. Slenker's citations from it are correct; and I am sure some of them will not bear examination. Mrs. Gage, according to Mrs. Slenker says: "While under the old Common Law, a husband was compelled to leave to his wife one third of his property, and could leave her as much more as he pleased, by Canon Law he was prohibited from leaving her more than one third and could leave her as much less as he pleased." I think I can see how these statements originated; but they are very loose and inaccurate. The general spirit of canon jurisprudence was unfavorable to the property rights of women

(Maize, Ancient Law p. 158. Lecky, History of Morals Vol. II. p. 359) but I find no evidence of any such definite charge. What Mrs. Gage probably means is this. By Roman law a husband married in the manner called *usus*, (the only one practiced under the Empire) was not obliged to leave his wife anything. It was, accordingly, the universal practice for parents to give their daughters a dowry, which the law guarded so strictly that Justinian does not allow the wife herself to alienate it, "lest" he remarks, "the weakness of her sex should be her ruin."

But among the Germans a different practice prevailed. "The wife" says Tacitus "does not bring a dowry to her husband, but the husband to the wife." This dowry (more strictly called jointure) was, no doubt, the old fashioned price for a bride, (Greek, *hectus*; barbarous Latin, *mundium*) which, by a change natural in nascent civilization, came to be paid, not to her parents but herself. In England it was early decided that she had a right to a third. But though this antedates the Court of Chancery, it is plainly what lawyers call a judgment in equity.

I think also that Mrs. Gage is mistaken in supposing it earlier than the limitation. The jointure used to be paid the bride the day after marriage (when her purchaser had learned what she was worth,) and hence was called *Morgengab*. But the Germans made their appearance in the Roman Empire as mercenary soldiers, under a bankrupt government which had nothing to pay them in except land. Thus originated the holding of land by military service so important during the Middle Ages. In order to shirk the service, feudatories were wont to alienate their land, largely by transfer to their wives. The laws of feudal states are full of provisions against these evasions. Luitbrand limited the amount of the *Morgengab* among the Lombards to a fourth. The English limit was a third. It is also provided that the jointure must be given *ad ostium ecclesie* which amounts to "before marriage" and that no such gift should be valid if made in the (bridal) chamber, or the bed of death, or any where, when the parties are alone together.

These statutes, I imagine, are what Mrs. Gage means by the Canon Law. They are much older than the decision that the wife is entitled to a third "by courtesy." This seems to have sprung from cases in which a stupid husband had meant to endow his wife, but had forgotten to specify what lands she was to have. It presupposes the custom of giving her a third. Here also is probably the origin of that matrimonial formula which we think so mendacious and absurd, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." The meaning was that, to silence any cavil he endowed her with all he could alienate, which, at feudal law, was a third.

Mrs. Gage is also credited with saying that both by church and state, brides were held subject to the right of the feudal lord. The whole question about the "privilege of the first night" is involved in extreme obscurity. The two principal writers on the Middle Ages confess, one by silence, the other by

ambiguity, that they can make nothing of it. Hallam does not mention it at all. Gibbon's expressions are unintelligible. It would doubtless be presumptuous to attempt explaining what they could not; but that certain guiding stars have been discovered since their time. We knew, though they doubtless did not, that among savages at the earliest, women are the common property of men. When a chief introduced a captive into a tribe he had to redeem her by a fine from common use (our treat at marriage) and this as a rule, could only be done after she had been ravished, which was still the custom of the Sioux as long as they could maintain their independence. A relic of it, surviving in civilization, is the practice of kissing the bride. Kings as personification of the whole people, claimed this prior right, which had belonged to all. With other usages, this was imported into the Roman Empire by the German mercenaries; and is first heard of under half-barbarian emperors like Maximian. In the unsettled state of feudal customs, the tax on marriage, the immoral commutation, and the exaction of both, continued no doubt, to maintain an ambiguous existence which may well puzzle historians who have no data save contemporary allusions. But the privilege of the first night is not provided for by any extant code; and certainly was never sanctioned by the church, which has real sins enough to answer for without any such as are not real.

#### Evolution in Medical Science.

The following paragraphs are from the address of Prof. Edwin Burdick, of the Harvey Medical College, this city, delivered at the Commencement exercises of that now popular institution on Saturday evening, June 24. As indicated in this address the object of the Harvey Medical College is to furnish to all, women as well as men, the poor as well as the rich, the opportunity of acquiring a broad, liberal, scientific and up-to-date medical education:

Before the dawn of written history, man's ideas were shaped by the legends of heroes. As a simple thought would develop in his childish brain his wonder would attribute the source to some spectral vagary; when he told of it his fellows reverently listened and erected an altar to the crude imagery. Thus was established the priestcraft which for long ages presided over human thought. They claimed for themselves the best products, the richest treasures and the easiest existence. They posed as the fountains of wisdom. Their wrath was feared more than even death itself. In seed time or harvest, in the field or at the fireside, the home or the cradle, they claimed to be the nearest to the unseen powers which could help or harm. In sickness the oracle was consulted and its prescription was the only remedy; and when some one died the priest piloted the passing soul to an elysian beyond the tomb, or consigned it to the caverns of darkness.

Thus, placed in a position of luxury, they opposed every discovery which threatened to expose their craft or explain the mysterious actions of Nature. Wealth was lavished and intelligence paled to glorify them and their countless temples. Imagination peopled the clouds with hideous monsters whose whims were human destiny, and the race bowed at this shrine of dream and fable.

It is unfortunate that the healing art was thus immured in a wall of superstition so dense that it stifled investigation for ages. About the middle of the fourth century before Christ, Pythagoras established a communistic school which withstood the vengeance of the priesthood for nearly a hundred years, and a little later Hippocrates parted the curtains of myth, and separated fact from fallacy, experiment from speculation. There was no real advancement, however, until the founding of the school at Alexandria; where, under patronage of the Ptolemies, dissection of human bodies was first legalized, and by degrees inspiration and oracle fell into disuse.

When Constantine was converted to Christianity the frenzy which had enthralled mankind under Pagan worship again

burst forth in all its horrors. The followers of the meek and lowly Jesus submerged medical learning in a vagary far worse than in the days of mythology. Schools were abolished, learning disinherited, resort was had to charms of saints,—prayers, and the numerous other follies of religious superstition. The crusaders destroyed every vestige of learning upon which they could lay their hands, and had it not been for the liberality of the Caliphs the burning of the Alexandrian libraries would have been the funeral pyre of all ancient knowledge. Nestor, a bishop of Constantinople, was banished as a heretic, and his followers founded a clinical medical school, the first in history, at Edessa, Mesopotamia, where was preserved the wisdom of the ancients from the onslaught of the crusaders, whose venom covered Europe with ignorance and blood.

The church dignitaries were the tyrants of the time. Their word was law, and to doubt their tenets was the awful crime of blasphemy. All the cunning instruments of torture were invented for its punishment. Every scholar in Christendom was either slain or banished. Ignorance and sanctity held the rod of empire. To be ragged and filthy was to be held sacred, and for a thousand years no one took a bath. Plagues and epidemics nearly depopulated the land. Many times there was no one to bury the putrid bodies of the dead. Often the church or cathedral halls were strewn with the corpses of the penitents. In this misery and distress the people turned to the barbarians; the works of the Arabians were translated and science began to mingle with superstition. The sorcery of the alchemist was displaced by the discoveries of chemistry. Philosophy was again awakened from its stupor; medicine was separated from theology, and mankind began to get well.

Every new thought has been scarred by the traitor's lash. Every new discovery has run the gauntlet of cowards or knaves. Truth though non-aggressive has been a martyr at each turn in life's path. Those who sleep in the lap of luxury and who fear for the security of their couch hate progress. Their persecution has filled the world with pain and sorrow and the soil with the bones of the martyred dead. They are the virtues of every age.

At the archway of every science hall can still be seen the shadow of the fiend whose shrine is fed with human sacrifice. Paradoxical as it may seem competition fears a competitor. It is from this prolific womb that have come all the hybrid distortions of truth. Evolution has ever been pounding at the door of prejudice, battering down the walls of ignorance in each epoch of the past. It has destroyed the hatred of the church and forced guessing from the sick chamber.

Every theory which has challenged the attention of the world shows a struggle of class against sect. When the Moors were expelled from Spain by the Christians, it was a struggle between religious sects; when Michael Servetus, the discoverer of pulmonary circulation, was burned at the stake by that merciful protestant, John Calvin, it was theory and faith against science. And when the jealousy of the Galenites was opposed by others, it was science against experiment, but the great wars for liberty awakened the slumbering masses, and directed the opposition against her classes. It then became a question of caste. Labor has carried the chains which clanked a dismal dirge of bondage during the long centuries—the toilers were not considered capable of learning; their ambition was sleeping, their intellect was dumb. They were the serfs and did not deserve to be free, but now and then a genius would come forth, glorifying the slumbering monster and his past career, and another martyr would grace the gibbet or a felon's cell.

Like John Harvey, who doubted the theories of his time, and who demonstrated to the world the circulation of the blood, the founders of this college doubt; that wisdom is the property or heritage of wealth, and listening to the well learned lessons of sorrow have established this college for those who toil,—for those young men and women who by their daily labor support themselves and perhaps their aged parents; for those who will sacrifice their time and pleasure for knowledge, for



the doubting, discontented disciples of progress, these are our students. These have no parents who can claim financial success by commercial schemes, by federal decisions, by army contracts, or by cornering some necessity of life. No! They have made their own way by toil and sacrifice, and their diplomas will not be colored by Armour beef, or armor plate, nor will they have the odor of Standard Oil, but the sweet perfume of industry and labor.

In giving to such as these their degree we feel that we are answering evolution's latest call. We feel that we are giving to the future a wealth which cannot be measured, a power which will help to lift the race, and make the world purer, and clearer and sweeter; a brighter, cleaner, freer, better place in which to live.

### The Maternal Duties of the Human Female.\*

Because of her maternal duties, the human female is said to be unable to get her own living. As the maternal duties of other females do not unfit them for getting their own living and also the livings of their young, it would seem that the human maternal duties require the segregation of the entire energies of the mother to the service of the child during her entire adult life or so large a proportion of them that not enough remains to devote to the individual interests of the mother.

Such a condition, did it exist, would of course excuse and justify the pitiful dependence of the human female, and her support by the male. As the queen bee, modified entirely to maternity, is supported, not by the male, to be sure, but by her co-workers, the "old maids," the barren working bees, who labor so patiently and lovingly in their branch of the maternal duties of the hive, so would the human female, modified entirely to maternity, become unfit for any other exertion, and a helpless dependent.

Is this the condition of human motherhood? Does the human mother, by her motherhood, thereby lose control of brain and body, lose power and skill for other work? Do we see before us the human race, with all its females segregated entirely to the uses of motherhood, consecrated, set apart, specially developed, spending every power of their nature on the service of their children?

We do not. We see the human mother worked far harder than a mare, laboring her life long in the service, not of her children only, but of men, husbands, brothers, fathers, whatever male relatives she has; for mother and sister also; for the church a little, if she is allowed, for society if she is able; for charity, education and reform,—working in many ways that are not the ways of motherhood.

It is not motherhood that keeps the housewife on her feet from dawn till dark; it is house service not child service. Women work longer and harder than most men, and not solely in maternal duties. The savage mother carries the burdens and does all the menial service for the tribe. The peasant mother toils in the fields, and the workingman's wife in the home. Many mothers, even now, are wage earners for the family, as well as the bearers and rearers of it. And the women who are not so occupied, the women who belong to rich men—here perhaps is the exhaustive devotion to maternity which is supposed to justify an admitted economic dependence. But we do not find it even among these. Women of ease and wealth provide for their children better care than the poor woman can, but they do not spend more time upon it themselves, nor more care and effort. They have other occupation.

In spite of their supposed segregation to maternal duties, the human female, the world over, works at extra-maternal duties for hours enough to provide her with an independent living, and then is denied independence on the ground that motherhood prevents her working!

If this ground is tenable, we should find a world full of women who never lifted a finger save in the service of their children.

\*From "Women and Economics," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. 200 pages. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

dren, and of men who did all the work besides, and waited on the women whom motherhood prevented from waiting on themselves. The ground is not tenable. A human female, healthy, sound, has twenty five years of life before she is a mother, and should have twenty five years after the period of such maternal service as is expected of her has been given. The duties of grandmotherhood are surely not alleged as preventing economic independence.

### The Peace Congress.

Our readers do not need to be told that there is now sitting at The Hague, in Europe, a convention or congress composed of Delegates from many nations and peoples, whose professed object is the disarmament of, or the reducing to comparatively small dimensions, the vast military establishments of the world, and the adoption of peaceful arbitration for national grievances in lieu of the usual resort to the arbitrament of the sword, the bayonet or the machine gun.

If we could believe that the promoters of this international "peace congress" were sincere in this statement of purposes there would be good cause for rejoicing on the part of all who prefer peace and brotherly kindness to war and the horrors that war inevitably brings in its train. But taking the lessons of experience for our guide it is hard to believe that the "kings of the earth" really mean anything more than the amusement of the robbed and enslaved masses when they speak of national disarmament and arbitration of governmental disputes. Self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature, and these national rulers are not so stupid as to be ignorant of what disarmament would really mean. The following utterance credited to the "New York Voice," the leading champion of National Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic in this country, shows very clearly that the peace policy means the abolition of force, and the abolition of force in the settlement of disputes means the abolition of government.

Says the Voice:

"The truth of the matter is that not a government represented at The Hague, not even our own, dares to give any recognition to the fundamental idea underlying the Czar's appeal for peace. The argument against war, unless it be merely an argument based on expediency, is in its last analysis an argument against force, and every government rests upon force. We talk glowingly—at least our anti-imperialists do just now—about all governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; but what man ever gave his consent to be imprisoned for life, hanged, or electrocuted? If, then, a government's very existence depends upon the use of force constantly and inevitably toward its own citizens, what hope is there of inducing it to forego the use of force against another people when it sees a good chance of using it successfully? For instance, are we to pledge ourselves to arbitrate critical questions that arise with our Canadian neighbors, but when it comes to a Chicago strike to refuse all suggestion of arbitration and to shoot down all opposition to the government? If war is wrong—not merely inexpedient, but wrong—between us and another nation, is it any less wrong between us as a nation and a portion of our own people? In other words, this peace idea has in it dynamite enough to blow to pieces all the governments on earth. No wonder they touch it very gingerly there at The Hague".

### "Bible Stories, No. 1."

From the compiler, James H. Young, we have received "Bible Stories No. 1. The sacred Vedas as written by Manon, and the Genesis of Moses, or the Story of the Creation and the Fall; Three hundred stanzas, with an introduction and appendix." Mr. Young has generously donated copies of this work to be sold for the benefit of Lucifer. 180 pages. Price 25 cents. For sale here.

There is no law to prohibit fighting in the State of Matrimony.—Sel.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason  
against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and  
Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—  
for Justice against Privilege.

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ON SUNDAY afternoon, at 3 o'clock, near N. E. corner of  
Humboldt Park, this city, M. Harman will speak on Social  
Progress.

On Tuesday eve July 11, Mrs. Anna Ballard will deliver an  
address at 507 Carroll ave; subject "Domestic Life in Burmah."  
Mrs. Ballard has spent some years in Burmah and has had  
good opportunities for observing the social customs of a people  
called "barbarians," and "heathens," by our Anglo-Saxon  
Christians.

## Fourth of July.

As I write these lines my ears are stunned and my nerves  
painfully battered by the continuous explosions of Chinese fire-  
crackers, Roman candles, bombs and all the horrible inventions  
of a people who seem to be reverting to a state of primitive bar-  
barism.

It is well known to ethnologists that one of the leading  
characteristics of barbarous, or semi-barbarous tribes of people  
is their love of harsh and discordant noises, in their recreations  
and especially when they go to war. It is now near seven  
o'clock in the evening, and this intensely discordant rattle and  
roar has been kept up, presumably all over the city of Chicago,  
in every street and alley, without one moment's cessation since  
a very early hour this morning, and will doubtless be kept up  
till a late hour tonight. Many tons of powder and many thou-  
sands of dollars are going up in smoke as offering to the God of  
war.

We dignify these Fourth of July demonstrations by the  
name of "patriotism" and "loyalty to the flag" but the sounds  
produced are the sounds of battle; the explosions of firecrackers  
are almost identical in sound with the report of small arms and  
the explosions of the larger bombs sound exactly like the dis-  
charges of cannon. And when the list of casualties come in it  
will doubtless be found that, taking the country over, the num-  
ber of killed and wounded will run up into the hundreds, if not  
thousands, to say nothing of property destroyed by fires ignited  
by the fireworks of various kinds.

But it is not by sounds alone that we are painfully reminded  
of the crude and primitive stage of civilization in which we are  
now living. The utterances of the daily press, that reflector of  
the average mental status, are equally significant. Take for  
instance, the following clipped from the editorial columns of the  
Chicago "Tribune," one of the chief organs of the "new imperi-  
alism," in this city:

"Americans have more solid reasons for celebrating the ad-  
vent of Independence day in 1899 than in any of the previous  
123 years of our national history. This Fourth of July brings  
more cause for rejoicing than the last, though the battle of  
Santiago and the destruction of Cervera's fleet had then just  
passed into history. Within the intervening year the full promise  
of those two victories and of Dewey's crushing blow at  
Manila has been realized. Spanish sovereignty has ceased in  
the western hemisphere, and the American flag floats over the  
lands in the Orient and the Occident which Spain forfeited  
through its intolerable misgovernment. The United States is  
larger, stronger, greater, and more universally respected than

ever before in its history. The eagle has every reason to  
scream."

The closing line of this typical utterance is specially signifi-  
cant. The eagle is the emblem of rapacity and cruelty. Its  
claws and its beak are fitted by nature for tearing and devour-  
ing the quivering flesh of hares and lambs and fawns, and this  
is just what the American eagle is now doing in the Philippines.  
The natives of those islands are as innocent of wrong towards  
the people of this country as ever was fawn or lamb innocent of  
wrong-doing towards the robber of the skies, the sea and the  
earth, the so-called "King of birds."

Later: I have just glanced over the morning "Tribune"  
July 5, and among the conspicuous headings is the following:

"Havoc of the 'Fourth.' Three Known killed; 1,074 in-  
jured; Fire Loss, \$149,105. Statistics Showing Casualties Re-  
ported in Chicago and other Principal Cities—Toy cannons  
Fatal to One and Maim 113—Fire-crackers Wound 627—Explo-  
sions of Powder Burn 60—Sky Rockets Claim Victims, Stray  
Bullets catch 15, etc."

If such be the first and meagre report of the day's doings  
from Chicago and other principal cities, what would it be if full  
reports could be had from all the cities, towns and hamlets of  
the United States? The report adds "The number of those  
fatally injured is large. The cannon firecracker and the toy  
cannon claimed the most victims."

In ancient and semi-barbarous Rome the war spirit was kept  
alive by national amusements in which men were compelled to  
fight each other to the death, and sometimes by throwing pri-  
soners to the wild beasts, but in America this same spirit is cul-  
tivated chiefly by the annual carnival called "Independence  
Day." M. H.

## The Mother's Reward.

The following paragraphs in reply to what was said in No.  
766 under the head, "Recognition and Reward for Mother-  
hood," have been sent us by Friend Brinkerhoff:

"Having found myself fully in accord with his position so far  
as he had expressed himself I did not intend, in my remarks on  
'The Mother's Reward' in Lucifer of June 17, to antagonize  
any part of the editor's Hammond letter; but in his reply in the  
same number there is one point which calls for protest. Mr.  
Harman says: 'No libertarian wants motherhood and its  
products to be commercial commodities.' I emphatically dis-  
sent. There is at least one libertarian who thinks that there  
must be commercialism or else the burdens of maternity must  
be unfairly distributed."

"The editor disclaims using the word reward in a commercial  
sense in the Hammond letter. Then I confess a mistake on my  
part in assuming that he meant support for the mother. I was  
hoping that the editor had in mind some change to propose to  
insure support for the mother without state aid. Even the fully  
quoted paragraph does not answer the question how the mo-  
ther is to be equitably supported during years of gestation and  
lactation. But we confidently expect an elucidation of this  
subject from the editor's pen, for he concludes his remarks as  
follows: 'How the free exchange is to be effected, and what  
should be the man's part in the equitable co-operation, it is to  
be hoped will receive attention and elaboration in subsequent  
issues of the Light-Bearer.'"

Our friendly critic is in the right when he says, "Even the  
fully quoted paragraph does not answer the question how the  
mother is to be equitably supported during the years of ges-  
tation and lactation." That is to say, the general statement that  
equitable co-operation must take the place of the wage-slave  
system, and the supplementary statement that "motherhood  
and its products should not be commercial commodities" do not  
explain in detail what is meant by recognition and reward for  
motherhood. But while the details are lacking I think the  
general outline sufficiently clear. To avoid repetition I ask those  
who take interest in this socio-economic question, this supreme



and always "previous" question of "Rights of Women in the Sex Relation," to read again what was said of it in the issue of June 17.

Our friendly critic "thinks there must be commercialism else the burdens of maternity will be unfairly distributed." A little attention to definition just here would perhaps be helpful. The original meaning of commerce and commercialism is an exchange of commodities. But the word has a modern or evolved sense.

In its modern sense commercialism stands for nearly the exact opposite of free exchange, or of equitable co-operation. Commercialism as we now have it means wholesale robbery of both producer and consumer by means of those legalized fiends, those law-created despots known as corporations, and these legalized fiends depend for their power upon the anti-natural trinity known as interest, rent, and profit.

Commencing business the commercial speculator, the merchant or middleman between producer and consumer, takes into his calculation so much for "interest" on his investment, whether he works on borrowed capital or with his own money; so much for "rent"—not for the use of houses merely, but for ground-rent; so much for clear "profit"—after deducting all expenses, such as interest, rent, clerk-hire, insurance, taxes, etc., etc. If the prospect is that no margin of profit will be left after deducting all these he simply declines to go into the speculation.

Modern commercialism, like the corporations without which it could not exist, "has no soul"! Commercialism is greed or avarice personified. Commercialism crushes out all the nobler, all the finer sentiments of the human heart, all feelings of brotherhood, of kinship among the different families or races of men. It is commercialism that has carried on the slave trade since before the dawn of history to the present time. It is commercialism that sent the British armies and navies to conquer the Hindoos—to defend the interests of the "East India Company," it was said. It was commercialism that forced the opium trade—at the cannon's mouth—upon the protesting Chinese. It was commercialism that has committed the unspeakable atrocities upon the South Africans and the South Sea Islanders, for the last four hundred years, and it is commercialism that is now butchering the patriots of the Philippines, in the name of humanity or of philanthropy. Some of the promoters and defenders of the Philippine war now openly acknowledge that its purpose is "markets" for our merchandise.

Such being the history and character of commercialism I for one want none of it in any relation or function of life, least of all in that most important of all human relations and functions—motherhood. It is largely because there is so much of the commercial in modern matrimony that I demand free motherhood. I have no fear that motherhood will not be properly supported when the commercial element is left out. I certainly advocate no scheme of "state aid" for motherhood or childhood. *Voluntarism*—individualistic and socialistic but not communistic, under equitable conditions—free land, free money, free exchange, free labor, free womanhood and manhood, will fill the bill. Commercialism and public charity—state aid—are alike the product of artificial conditions, of governmental denial of equal rights for all and special privileges for none.

As a general statement it seems to me this is sufficiently explicit. If more definite details are asked for I will try to give my views thereon, speaking for none but myself, and only for the present time. But this will require more space than can be spared in this issue.

M. H.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts,—not to hurt others.—George Eliot.

## Woman and Economics.

Among the epoch making books of the now closing century, is one with the above title, written by that exceptionally bright and brave woman, Charlotte Perkins Stetson. I have not yet read the book, but from a partial examination am convinced that the fame it has already achieved is by no means unmerited. A few characteristic utterances are all that can be given in this notice. On pages 144-5 Mrs. Stetson says:

"A society whose economic unit is a sex-union can no more develop beyond a certain point industrially, than a society like the patriarchal, whose political unit is a sex-union, could develop beyond a certain point politically. . . . While the sexuo-economic relation makes the family the center of industrial activity, no higher collectivity than we have today is possible. But as women become free, economic, social factors, so becomes possible the full social combination of individuals in collective industry. With such freedom, such independence, such wider union, becomes possible also a union between man and woman such as the world has long dreamed of in vain."

Thus it is seen that our author thinks we must have a radical change in our marital or family ethics, in order that human evolution may make farther advance.

Concerning motherhood and childhood a characteristic utterance is found on page 181:

"Human motherhood is more pathological than any other, more morbid, defective, irregular, diseased. Human childhood is similarly pathological. We, as animals, are very inferior animals in this particular. When we take credit to ourselves for the sublime devotion with which we face 'the perils of maternity,' and boast of 'going down to the gates of death' for our children, we should rather take shame to ourselves for bringing these perils upon both mother and child. The gates of death? They are the gates of life to the unborn; and there is no death there save what we, the mothers, by our unnatural lives, have brought upon our own children. Gates of death, indeed, to the thousands of babies late-born, prematurely born, misborn, and still-born for lack of right motherhood. In the primal physical functions of maternity the human female cannot show that her supposed specialization to these uses has improved her fulfillment of them, rather the opposite. The more freely the human mother mingles in the natural industries of a human creature, as in the case of the savage woman, the peasant woman, the working-woman everywhere who is not overworked, the more rightly she fulfills these functions."

By all investigators in the field of human ethics, and especially in the line of woman's normal place in nature, the work of Mrs. Stetson will be hailed with pleasure and read with interest and profit.

M. H.

## Commerce is King.

In a little book called "Anti-Imperialism," by Morrison I. Swift, one of the chapters is headed, "Our Crime in the Philippine Islands—The New Policy of Corruption." In this chapter Mr. Swift shows that the American administration is now following closely the footsteps of "Mother Country," England, in its policy of foreign conquest in the interest of its "merchant princes." Among others Mr. Swift puts upon the witness stand Mr. "Charles Denby, our one time minister to China, and now a member of McKinley's Commission to study the Philippines." In answer to the question, "Shall We Keep the Philippines?" Mr. Denby, in the "Forum" of last November, puts himself on record in these words:

"I am in favor of holding the Philippines because I cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so, except the seizure of territory in China; and I prefer to hold them rather than to oppress further the helpless Government of China. I want China to preserve her autonomy, to become great and prosperous; and I want these results not for the interests of China, but for our interests. I am not the agent or attorney of China; and as an American, I do not look to the promotion of China's in-

terests, or Spain's or any other country's—but simply of our own. . . .

"Dewey's victory is an epoch in the history of the Far East. We hold our heads higher. We are coming to our own. We are stretching out our hands for what nature meant should be ours. We are taking our proper rank among the nations of the world. We are after markets, the greatest markets now existing in the world. Along with these markets will go our beneficent institutions; and humanity will bless us."

Here we have what seems to be the honest utterance of an honest imperialist. As a member of "McKinley's commission," it is reasonable to infer that he voices the object, the animus, of the "powers that be," in continuing the Philippine war. "We are after markets, the greatest markets in the world!" Elsewhere Mr. Denby says, "Commerce, not politics, is king. The manufacturer and the merchant dictate to diplomacy, and control elections."

Again this typical diplomatist: "I learned what I know of diplomacy in a severe school. I found among my colleagues not the least hesitation in proposing to their respective Governments to do anything which was supposed to be conducive to their interests. There can be no other rule for the government of all persons who are charged with the conduct of affairs than the promotion of the welfare of their respective countries."

And this is what diplomacy means; this is what government means. Truly it is a "severe school," an utterly heartless school. Diplomacy means commercialism, and commercialism means, "Get the better of your neighbor—do your neighbor or he will do you."

M. H.

#### Life in the Tropics.

Several months ago we published extracts from a letter by Arthur Wastall, written at his present home on one of the Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean. The publication of these extracts has called forth many letters of inquiry. Mr. Wastall sends us a copy of one of his replies from which we quote the following:

The unconnected fragments of my letter to a friend of the Harman published in *Lucifer* would give one a rather misleading impression of my real opinion of this part of the world. I was simply descanting upon the advantages of life in the tropics generally over that of the so-called temperate regions, and had previously written to the friend in question pointing out the unfavorable elements of life in the Seychelles in particular. In reading what follows, I trust you will therefore not allow any notion you may have formed of my disposition as being too optimistic to bias your consideration of this matter in a business light. I have travelled too much to be easily satisfied with any place I may locate in, and have too keen a sense of the responsibility of advice as to emigration not to place the cons before the pros in the presentation of my ideas about any country. Experience has taught me that indulgence in the very natural desire to see one's friends locate in the country of one's selection to be somewhat hazardous and unprofitable. The cause of course is not hard to seek, as in the vast majority of cases I suspect the adviser is injudiciously egoistic.

Now although the perfect climate exists nowhere to my cognizance, that of the Seychelles is very nearly all that one could desire, and this is chiefly what brought us here; after fifteen months residence I am even more satisfied with it than I expected to be. Here we know absolutely nothing of extremes, the mercury in our thermometer knows no greater range than ten, or at the most fifteen degrees from year's end to year's end; storms are exceedingly rare and cyclones never visit us, yet for a good eight months in the year the monsoon breezes are sufficiently strong to well fill one's boatsails. Nevertheless the term "Paradise" which L. Harman applies to our quarter of the globe is decidedly too eulogistic, it is perhaps only in a negative sense that it might justifiably be used. Barring the very positive good of an excellent climate our happiness chiefly consists in a series of negatives—the population not being as yet "pro-

perly civilized", and Mrs. Grundy and conventionalism consequently being held in light esteem.

To be entirely candid, as a place of residence I don't think Americans would ever feel properly at home here, and being a Cosmopolitan and fond of associating with go-ahead people of ideas and originality. I do not look favorably upon this archipelago as a suitable site for a colonization project. Indeed as to colonization schemes in general, I am only mildly in favor of them, and when formed on a thoroughly egoistic basis. I believe a scientific revolution such as Tripler would seem to be on the point of inaugurating will be the chief means in "saving the world"—by making all commodities and travel very cheap and human labor dear. All the same, a true science of economy undoubtedly exists, and this being so I cannot see why a practical illustration of its soundness cannot here and now be given to the world; given of course the men and women of the right caliber—a large order I admit. Instead of proselytizing or in any way trying to force our views upon others, I think those holding large views of life and believing in unqualified liberty along all the lines of its relations, should combine and endeavor to put their ideas into practical effect; then, should success favor them, there will be no lack of adherents and followers. . . .

My wife is so enamored with his country that she has purchased this little island and intends to develop it to the utmost, indeed she says she will never permanently leave this part of the world. I am writing this in a little one roomed house with large verandahs which we have recently built down by the seashore. The interior, with its hurricane lamps at night is for all the world like a ship's cabin and the wash of the ocean almost at our doors makes one really feel aboardship—which I like, especially as it is without any of its attendant discomforts. Sunrise Bay is truly an ideal little spot, we jump out of our beds in the morning into the sea as it were, and revel in freedom and much relished privacy and solitude. We wear as little clothing as is compatible with convenience and comfort and so never know what it is to feel unduly hot, nor are we in the least troubled with mosquitoes or other insects so associated with tropical countries. I would like to enlarge upon my opinions concerning the habitableness of the tropics etc., but time and space forbid. I have numerous inquiries from others besides yourself on this topic. From the interest elicited I am confident a strong gathering of the right sort of people could readily be got together on the lines already foreshadowed. . . .

ARTHUR WASTALL.

Sunrise Bay, Ile Moyenne, Seychelle Islands, (via Bombay.)

#### Sociologic Lesson. No. 87.

BY H. M. PARKHURST.

VALUE OF PRODUCTS.—The first element in fixing the price which shall be charged for any article, is its estimated cost. This includes, cost of materials, award to labor, use of tools, machinery and buildings, storage, cost of superintendence, cost of transfer. These may all be computed or estimated in franks. Articles consumed by members, such as food and clothing, will usually be charged upon this basis.

Sometimes this is modified by the law of demand and supply. To save storage, articles may be sold for less than cost, diminishing the future supply by reducing awards for its production. In the mean time the loss falls on the whole association. On the other hand the demand may exceed the supply as in the choice of dwellings, or the distribution of rare articles. The successful competitor pays irrespective of the cost, increasing the general profit.

In dealings outside, the basis will be the ordinary commercial standard; and from these dealings the value of the frank can be measured in that standard; enabling any member to exchange his credit in franks for a currency available abroad.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—Lowell.



## VARIOUS VOICES.

D. M., Dryburgh, Va.—It is with much regret that I write to inform you that my subscription will expire the last of this month, and as times are so hard with me, I am obliged to discontinue your paper. I have taken it so long I don't know how I shall do without it. I have always found it to be such a pleasant visitor, and has been such a help in leading to that grand, higher life. I hope you and your dear daughter may be spared to do much good; this is the prayer of your true friend.

E. D., Arkansas.—Mr. Walker of New York has sent me a copy of *Lucifer*. I like it very much, and according to your invitation on last page of copy I received, offering a trial subscription for thirteen weeks, and "some books worth reading." I send you the 25cts for thirteen weeks. Please send it and "John's Way" by Elmina D. Slenker, and if allowed by mail, I will do some missionary work with them. There are many liberals here but they are cowardly; afraid of criticism and the \$, and I have suffered at the instigation of the orthodox hypocrites and hypocritical liberals, so am almost "going it alone."

Paul L. Sautter, Phila.—I have been reading your sex-reform paper and am interested in the new phase of the subject. The legalized marriage institution, which is in vogue all over the world, and which is a relic of barbarism and superstition, never appeared to me so horrible until I read your paper. I know, from the bitter experience of some of my friends, that a promise made by two youthful lovers to love and live for each other, for "better or worse, till death do part," often becomes a damnable lie in a few years. Love, and often friendship, is succeeded by the bitterest hatred, if people are joined together—like Siamese Twins—by Church and State. I realized all this, but did not know the remedy. I am glad to say that I know it now. Free unions, based on mutual attraction, and the right to sever those unions when no longer productive of happiness, will only be possible when women are economically independent. For enclosed dollar send me one copy of "Hilda's Home."

W. E. Bond, Cleveland, O.—Through the death of the late L. B. Silver of this city the cause of Prethought loses a noble champion. Three days before his death I was called to his bedside and in a voice so weak he could hardly be understood he said: "I am going to die; if any man says that I have renounced infidelity, tell him it is a lie."

His end was peaceful. He simply fell asleep, not in Jesus, but in a sleep that knows no waking. What a contrast is this case with those described lately by that flowery liar, Talmage, who said that "the dying groans of infidels could be heard two blocks away."

If we believed with the Christian that in death we await the call to a life of endless joy, then we could ask:

"Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or quake at death's alarm?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus speaks  
To call us to his arms."—

But no. We are convinced that death is an eternal sleep, that death means the blotting out of personality—the final separation from our friends. Therefore we truly mourn. An infidel is one who does not believe in a future existence, an after state of rewards or punishments, therefore he has no fear. The statements that Christians make in regard to the death-bed scenes of infidels are either bare-faced lies or gross misrepresentations. If the Christian is capable of telling the truth in the matter the so-called infidels were only cowardly believers, who after living scandalous and untruthful lives, showed at the last moment their true characters,—that of poltroons governed by fear. They were not infidels.

Subscriber, Wall St. Colorado.—I have an idea, after read-

ing Mississippi Notes, by M. Harman, and that idea is: What is the matter with a band of us going down in the country spoken of and forming a little country town. I don't mean exactly a colony, unless that followed later, but a little town where we could all make a living, sort of co-operatively, get out *Lucifer*, enlarge it, and generally live under less of the spur of life than we are most of us now doing. Where we could build up a town, where there should be no compulsion, but where that which seemed most advantageous to each and all should be allowed. Where the town's motto should be John Stuart Mill's definition of morality: "The greatest good of the greatest number, with the least possible injury to any". In the region your father writes concerning, it seems to me that a number of people might dwell who, without having any rules or compulsion, or anything that would conflict with the laws, could still live a much more happy and enjoyable life than we are able to do now. When I write about this I am not thinking about sex matters; I would leave that to take care of itself, according to reason and sense, but such a town would give us a chance to hear more lectures, and to study sexology better than we now can for a multitude of reasons. For myself I decidedly do not believe in promiscuity or variety, so that in making the proposition I am not prompted by sensuality, but I do think that on the correct solution of the sex question much for the weal or woe of humanity depends, and I think that sexology plays enough of a part in our life to make it worthy of being taken up as a special study. I think it is worthy of it, and the community I am thinking of would be more in the nature of a college for the study of sexology, without any features such as made Oneida obnoxious, than a "free love colony." I think such a community might do considerable good, be very helpful, and yet not be more "licentious" or "sensual" than is any other community in the country. What do you think of the idea?

[Our Wall Street Colo. "Subscriber" has so nearly voiced my own views in regard to plans and general objects of a co-operative group, or of co-operative groups, in Mississippi or elsewhere, that no special comment seems needful from me, at this time and place. I would only add here that so much depends on *starting right*; so much of success or failure depends on right location and on right selection of co-operators, that I would strongly recommend taking plenty of time in exploration and in correspondence with those who propose to join the group.

A "bureau of information," a "correspondence bureau" with headquarters at some central point, would seem to be in order. Letters like that of "Subscriber," with real names and post-office addresses, might be passed around from place to place and from hand to hand, so as to avoid taking too much space in our "Morning Star."  
M. H.]

## Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs.

Contains matter pertaining to the Legitimation League and the Persons Rights Association of England. Also, four fine full page portraits of Ezra H. Heywood, Moses Harman, Lillian Harman and Lois Waisbrooker, together with sketches of their personalities and work. By Oswald Dawson. Neatly bound boards. Price, 20 cents. Address: Moses Harman, 107 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 27.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 15, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 770.

### The Two Battles Contrasted.

Ay, that is a story that takes one's breath,  
How the men rode out in the face of death.  
Rode as calmly as fishermen may  
Who haul their nets at the break of day.

But never was fish net hauled in the weather  
That rifle and cannon and shell together  
Killed on those sailors, who drew from its bed  
The wise sea serpent and crushed its head.

Heroes of war are they? Song and story  
Shall add their names to the list of glory;  
But where is the story and where is the song  
For heroes of peace and martyrs of wrong?

They fight their battles in shop and mine;  
They die at their posts and make no sign.  
And the living envy the fortunate dead  
As they fight for a pittance of butterless bread.

They herd like beasts in a slaughter pen;  
They live like cattle and suffer like men.  
Why, set by the horrors of such a life,  
Like a merry-go-round seems the battle's strife.

And the open sea, and the open boat,  
And the deadly cannon with bellowing throat,  
Oh, what are they all, with death thrown in,  
To the life that has nothing to lose or win—  
The life that has nothing to hope or gain,  
But ill-paid labor and beds of pain?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Do They Really Desire Equal Rights?

In the "Woman's Journal" "H. B. B." says:

"Every week the papers give sickening details of assaults upon wives by husbands, often with intent to kill. The latest case is that of one Kelley, who, having compelled his wife to separate herself from him by a long series of brutalities, was in the habit of taking from her by force her scanty earnings as a waiter in an eating house. This poor woman, respectable and industrious, was thus kept in a condition of semi-slavery. Last week for some reason she did not receive her wages as usual and when the brutal wretch waylaid her and demanded money she had none to give him. Infuriated by the disappointment, he stabbed her to death. Now why did this man select this particular woman as the object of attack? Because public sentiment has not yet wholly outgrown the barbarous notion that the husband owns his wife; that he has a vested interest, so to speak, in her person, property, and earnings; that he is the 'head of the family.' The law, it is true, no longer recognizes a husband's right to his wife's earnings as formerly, yet even now it does not protect the wife from her husband's tyranny as it would protect her against that of any other man. This idea of masculine supremacy dies hard. It is entrenched in constitutions and laws which are made, maintained, and administered solely by men."

True; but would the conditions be improved if the positions of men and women were merely reversed? It would almost seem so; for "H. B. B." expresses his faith in feminine legislation in these words:

"In sober truth, the men who oppose or deny women the suffrage are responsible for wife-beating and wife-murder. For nothing would so avail to put an end to these brutalities as the recognized legal and political equality of women."

But if legislation is all that is needed, why do not the laws against wife-beating and wife-murder, now on the statute-books, protect women? If we desire to get at the roots of the evil we must strike far deeper than the superficial political status of women—we must strike at the morally-enforced ownership of each other by men and women in the marital relation. So we must ask, Do the women who battle for the ballot really seek only equality of opportunity with men? Do they not demand that woman shall have not only the opportunity to earn wages and retain them for her own use, but also the right to demand a share of her husband's earnings? Is it not true that the average woman believes she has "a vested interest, so to speak, in the person, property, and earnings" of her husband? And if she has this interest in him, why should he not have equal interest in her?

Neither man nor woman should submit to invasion by wife or husband any more readily than to invasion by any other woman or man. And when men and women have their sense of justice developed sufficiently to respect the rights of others, and courage enough to defend their own rights, there will be no need of legislation by either men or women. L. H.

### Criticisms and Comments

BY C. F. HUNT.

The single tax people are continually telling about the will of God as regards the land. It is doubtful that they believe what they say, but they think the rest believe it. God wants every man to have land, but they never tell why he allows his will to be disregarded by the landlord. One lecturer at the Single Tax Club recently said God waited 500 years for the French revolution. Well then if we want to be god-like, and view with complacency vice, cruelty, misery and injustice, let us hold our jaws and wait.

Zarathustra looked upwards, and lo! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, a serpent hanging from it not like a prey but like a friend; coiling round its neck. "They are mine animals," said Zarathustra and rejoiced heartily. "The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoiter. Let mine animals lead me.—*The Eagle and the Serpent.*"

Unless the snake was the eagle's prey the eagle was violating the egoism advocated by the editor of "The Eagle and the Serpent." This eagle would represent the fool people who carry on their backs the wisecracks who hoodwink them. This principle would rank the mountaineer with the tourist on his back—both as true egoists.

On the streets of Chicago there may be seen "salvation"

soldiers holding banners inscribed with a plea for some special class of indigents, with an iron box attached to the banner in which the public may drop lucre. What do these pious beggars do with the money collected? To whom is the accounting made? What good do they perform besides the annual thanksgiving dinner? There is a suspicion that these beggars are an aggregation of skates who cannot get their living any other way, and if the truth were known the "army" will number more people than those helped to a meal once a year.

Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll is the Voltaire of America. He has destroyed superstition but he is not much in economics. Where is the Rousseau to supplement his work with economic reform? I believe his name to be Henry George. Mr. Ingersoll has taken another step, and says women must be free, so that poor people will stop filling the earth with knaves, fools and cripples. This is a very good reason, but there are those who say woman should be free because she is entitled to it. A joke at the twenty-third theaters runs to the effect that a woman attended a circus, and was approached by a friendly bear which put his paws on her shoulder. She afterwards gave birth to a boy with "bare" feet. Certainly; also bare hands, bare body and bare mind. Whether rich or poor, this babe was blank on which environment is to write. Place the rich babes in the conditions in which the poor are raised, and they will become vicious just as the poor do now. Make women free tomorrow and the slum children will not be one whit better than before. The remedy is free women, free men, free land. The last is not the least.

SCENE: Chicago, A. D. 1899. Enter Street Car Supt.: I hereby give notice that on Saturday next I will lay tracks across Washington Bd. at Kedzie Ave., and will use force if necessary.

Park Commissioner: In reply I would say that the police will be on hand at that point and you will be prevented from doing so, by force if necessary.

There are Anarchists who "turn the other cheek also," and others who oppose law by force, or who gain their ends by force in the absence of law. The historian would better stir himself to get definitions for future use.

### Superlative Prudery.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

To what heights religious ignorance and prudery will go is astonishing in these days of material progress. What a pity that religious, or rather anti-religious and humanitarian progress do not keep pace with their sister.

Three or four, perhaps more, years ago, some Principals of the Brooklyn, N. Y., schools, with one James Cusack of School No. 17 as leader, made the profound moral discovery that there was great immorality and wickedness in Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship." It was so terribly immoral and erotic to those prurient keepers of public morals that they called upon William H. Maxwell Sup't of Public Instruction and asked him to expunge it from the list of studies. Those devout Solons claimed to have found portions of that, to me, admirable poem, entirely unfit for children to read.

The Superintendent, with practical good sense, and no doubt purity of mind, (as those teachers evidently were not) only laughed at the silly charge against one of the world's grandest poets, of writing vicious poems. "Why," said he "if it comes to that, every edition of Shakespeare should be burnt, and Byron's works buried a mile deep."

The whole poem, these prurient prudes, said was bad, but the following special passages describing the launching of the ship were very objectionable and demoralizing.

"And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden in the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly on the young man's breast.

"She starts—she moves—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

"And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms!

"How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

I think I am warranted in calling those pedagogues "vulgar" though I do not know them personally. I would do no person any injustice, but it is time to speak plainly and strongly when bigots saturated with ages of false modesty and tyrannous cruelty attempt to suppress free speech and imprison men and women more intelligent, cultured and moral than they. We need a dozen Lucifers to storm the castles of ignorance and superstition with mental shot and shell each week. In the meantime it is the duty of every subscriber to Lucifer to try to get another among their friends, thereby helping the cause of justice and making the burdens of the editors more easy.

### Instruct The Children

Helen Graham, in "Freedom."

A lazy habit of thought is a most deplorable one. How many vital, creative brains produce just a successive panorama of scattered, aimless thoughts. Such brains do not think systematically, or logically, and can not do so without the most careful training.

When children begin to reason their little brains should be guided into a logical method of thinking. It is so easy to steer the baby efforts, but so hard to break a habit.

Little Wilbur climbs on my lap, and pulling out my watch, listens to the lively ticking. Lifting his calm, gray eyes to mine he says, "Aunt Nell, what makes your watch tick?" Already, the active mind is looking for the cause of this effect, and I will encourage the effort. I open the watch case and show him the spring and the wheels and make him wonder still more. He will not understand, as I explain what I know of it; but he will have seen something new, and the active brain will have more food for thought. This is better than telling him "there's a cricket therein."

There is much to be admired in the little boy, who, after studying the anatomy of his little sister's ear wondered if "the holes go clear through," and wanted to stick a pencil in to find out.

We who understand something of the power of thought and of what importance it is to think rightly—logically—should not allow our children to form wrong mental habits. We can surround our children with strong, health-giving and living thoughts, but we can do more by also helping to form correct habits.

"Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day and it soon becomes so strong that we cannot break it."

Those of us who have had to train ourselves to think logically in after years will know what a task it is. I have started to think out some problem of life, or tried to explain some of the science of mind, to some one, and have had to give up in despair, or have even doubted the truth, sometimes, owing to my inability to get at the foundation of it and follow it up to the height.

One thing that is detrimental to right thinking and independent opinion, is the reading of much fiction. A succession of thrilling scenes is thus brought before the mind; to stir the sentiment and imagination, and after this the brain cells crave this



stimulation and are loath to think cool, reasonable thoughts, without such sensations accompanying them.

When I was a girl, I used to curl up in a big chair, with a good book, and go, with my body and soul, through all the adventures of the hero, or heroine. My imagination was exerted to the utmost, and then, when my mother asked me to attend to some household duty, or I had to stop and go to school I was as the drunkard, from whom the tempting cup has been snatched, and went about my duty with a sallow face and depressed spirit. I never could tell the stories that I read, for I could not remember them. I merely read for the momentary pleasure of it.

I would rather see a child, or a man, with a good logical, practical thinking apparatus, and unable to read, than to see him with a knowledge of seventeen languages, but unable to form a clear opinion of his own.

As a rule, man is a more logical thinker than woman, because in past ages, it has been considered unnecessary for women to think; and it has been the pride and boast of men to think systematically. And since the beginning of time, that which ministered to the pride and admiration of man or woman, in self, has prospered. We all love ourselves and wish to be all that we can, so let the women be logical.

Women often arrive at conclusions which are based on the broadest wisdom, but are unable to see this base, and tell "why." I knew of a minister who, after preparing his weekly sermon, always read it to his wife for criticism. This lady often single out some particular passage and remark that she would omit that, but when asked why she could not tell. But the minister, like a worthy gentleman, would leave it out, and he said that afterward he would almost invariably see a reason, and a good one, for doing so. Women may have the sixth sense—that of intuition—but they may as well have the reasoning ability that should go with it. Let us think with a purpose.

### "The Truthseeker"

The July number of this interesting journal (published in Bradford, England,) contains:

Portrait and life sketch of Malfew Seklew; "The Disadvantages of Wealth," an Open Letter to Lord Roseberry; "Egoism," a Criticism of Nietzsche, by William Francis Barnard; "Demi-Gods Demi-Damned, or Haloes Hoodood," an estimate of the work of Henry George, who in the opinion of the writer, Malfew Seklew, "was a great man unfinished—nipped in the bud—he never blossomed." "His reputation, like the future of the Single Tax," Mr. Seklew furthermore remarks, "lies in the past."

"Monogamy and the Survival of the Fittest," is a plea for monogamy, by M. D. O'Brien, who believes that a fair picture of a society in which monogamy does not prevail is drawn by himself when he asks us to look at "John Jones, who has indulged himself so freely in sexual variety that he has become the father of fifty children by just as many different mothers. Each of these mothers has on the average four or five other children by just as many different fathers." Whew! what queer people they do have in England! Wonder where all those babies were hidden when I was over there?

"Secularism vs. Anarchism" is the title of a controversy between Walter C. Hart and W. MacQueen, and there is a symposium in which six writers tell "Why I am a Socialist."

There are other contributed articles, by J. Blair Smith and Ragnar Redbeard.

The editorial trend of thought is illustrated in the following extracts from "Notes and Comments:"

Free discussion has triumphed in France. Dreyfus is on his way home, Picquart has been exonerated and released, Paty du Clam is detained, the unspeakable Esterhazy has confessed himself the author of the Bordereau, and now nothing remains to be done further than the complete exoneration of Dreyfus when he arrives, and the punishment of the real culprits. Zola, Jaures, and the newspaper, "L'Aurore," in conjunction with other lesser powers, took the matter up about two years ago,

and by dint of persistent agitation, in the face of the gravest dangers, forced the issue in which we are so delighted today. A free press and free speech have won this notable victory in France. Where these are we may accomplish all things; where they are not it is surely darkness and death."

L. H.

### What Can We Do?

BY INA CHAMPNEY.

This is a time in the world's growth when every one living with his eyes open must question.

At the present time the writer is living in a flat in a crowded tenement house in a southern city. Not a very desirable situation, but an excellent one in which to view the various forms of human life and character. And what do we see? Above all else, miserable, suffering, struggling souls; working men reduced to mere shadows of what they might be or even have been, men cramped, pinched, down-trodden slaves to the wealthy, driven nearly to desperation by poverty.

Yet, are not these laboring men the producers of the country, the men the whole race is dependent upon? Every day's work of the laborer represents \$7.00 or \$8.00 of wealth to the country and he gets \$1.50 or \$2.00 of this wealth. Where does the rest go?

Here we see large families only half supported. How can they be well provided for with the father earning such paltry pay? We see perhaps an older daughter working at hard, confining labor for \$3.00 a week or even less, vainly trying to keep together the bodies and souls of the younger brothers and sisters. Here are dozens of half fed, half clothed, neglected little mortals, each a pitiable sight for a so-called civilized, a wealthy country.

Look here and see the young girls just entering the delicate years of womanhood, being made household drudges, who will work themselves into their graves before they are twenty. Or perhaps worse, live and sometime marry for support, in expectation of easier, happier times only to be a repetition of the slave and child bearing machines that their mothers were before them!

Again, too, we see an ignorant young woman—a hero worshipper—who blindly, passionately, falls at the feet of a U. S. soldier—man slaughterer—only to rise again finding herself in hopeless misery as she believes, an outcast, shamed and disgraced for life. Here she is homeless, penniless, driven from pillar to post, no rest for her aching heart, no sympathy, no respect. What is she to do? Think of the anguish of this woman's heart. Think of—the child, what will it be?

O, that I could make a home for such girls, where they could be nursed through their trials by free, radical people, who could gently and wisely lead them to see they are not disgraced; but that they can again face the world and gain its respect by their true, noble lives. They would, through this experience, see and master their ignorance; thereby becoming the true and able women to aid others suffering with the like disease—ignorance.

What is to be done, I ask, to better these deplorable conditions? Are not these little children, these young men and women the ones to enlighten and educate? Is it not this rising generation that must be reached, and taught the mysteries of life? But how? Education is so slow and the children multiply so fast. If reproduction could cease for a time, or could we have only desired children, there might be a more hopeful prospect of educating the countless thousands of ignorant sufferers. As this cannot be the case we must deal with the world as it stands today.

There are no new questions asked, no new thoughts expressed in these lines, nothing but what our thinkers are constantly thinking of and pondering over, and still the all important question remains unanswered.

Some writers have so confounded society with government as to leave little or no distinction between them; where they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants; government by our wickedness.—Thomas Paine.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Costly Patriotism.

If our Morning Star can do a little toward building up a public sentiment that will forever abolish our present insane and barbarous method of celebrating the holiday known as the "Fourth of July," I for one will regard the time and labor well spent. In last issue some statistics were given in relation to our late carnival of noise, of burnings of buildings, and of maiming and killing in "honor of the flag." Referring to its own statistics in regard thereto the Chicago "Tribune" of July 10 has this to say:

"Since that publication the exchanges from all parts of the country have been carefully scrutinized to make the list as accurate as possible. The number of killed, 33, corresponds with the first report. The number of severely injured is increased to 1,962. The details are as follows: Cannon crackers, 646; toy cannon, 379; fire crackers, 309; powder explosions, 243; revolvers, 189; toy pistols, 110; gunshot wounds, 31; fireworks of various kinds, 55. Some of these victims will go through life without eyes, some without arms, some without legs, and a large number with mangled hands. The list includes only those who were sent to hospitals, or treated at home by doctors. It is probable that a complete list would record between 4,000 and 5,000 victims of the present senseless style of celebrating the Fourth of July. Another year should witness a reform, though how it is to be brought about is not clear, since the ordinances already on the books are deliberately violated and no effort is made by municipal authorities to enforce them. It is probable the idiotic business will continue until the list of mangled and slaughtered reaches the dimensions of a battle; then something may be done."

An occasional holiday, or day of rest and of rational recreation, is certainly desirable and commendable, but a holiday spent in a way to produce results such as these is one of the most convincing arguments to show that we, as a people, are living on a plane of development not far removed from the savage state. The statement of the "Tribune" that no effort is made to enforce the "ordinances now on the books," in regard to the use of dangerous explosives in celebrating "Independence day" is proof that only through an improved or enlightened public sentiment can the evils named herein be mitigated or abolished.

How many of Lucifer's readers will join in the effort to make an end of this wickedly wasteful and murderously destructive nuisance?

## Impotence of Law.

John J. Ingalls, for many years United States Senator from Kansas and for a time president of the American House of Lords, is credited with the following utterance in regard to "trusts":

"The trust is a public enemy. It deliberately raises the price of the staples of every community for the selfish purpose of increasing its unlawful gains. It destroys competition. It restricts trade. It menaces the life and health of its employees. It should be outlawed, so that its members and its property could be dealt with as we deal with the rattlesnake, the tiger and the

mad dog. The laws are ample for the destruction of such monsters, but their penalties are not invoked. We all know why Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, a convicted felon, who disgraced the army and dishonored the flag, is still at large, drawing pay and rendering no service. By and by the lamp post and the torch!"

This opinion well illustrates what has been known to all thoughtful observers, namely that laws are powerless as against the owners of combined capital. Plutocracy rules, with law or against law.

But a man of Mr. Ingalls' age and experience ought to know better than to invoke the power of the unreasoning mob as a cure for plutocratic greed and lawlessness. He ought to know that nothing can avail to cure or remove the evils of aggregated wealth in the hands of the privileged few, but a public opinion that will demand the repeal of all laws that make such aggregations possible. Law is powerless for good so long as public sentiment is with the law-breakers, as now. Ex-Senator Ingalls himself, not many years ago, before a large audience in Topeka, Kansas, while declaiming against millionaires, frankly admitted that what troubled him most was that there was not just one more millionaire—himself!—and the applause that followed showed that his audience echoed and endorsed the rascally sentiment.

Great is demagoguery, and J. J. Ingalls appears to be one of its prophets. M. H.

## The New Feudalism.

When Alexander Hamilton and his reactionaries succeeded in heading off and lassoing the movement towards equal rights for all and special privileges for none—that is to say, when the friends of imperialism, the enemies of human liberty and equality in the so-called constitutional convention of 1787-9, succeeded in practically nullifying what had been gained by the seven years war with Great Britain, they probably did not foresee or fully understand what they were doing. They probably little suspected that the seedling they then planted would in future years grow to a tree that would overshadow all the land and thereby impoverish if not destroy all the trees of liberty that had been planted in this country by Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, the Adamses, et al., and that had been nourished by the blood of freedom-lovers through all the years of conflict with King George and Lord North.

Do I need to name the tree that now overspreads the land, and like the deadly Bohun Upas, blights and withers all upon which its baleful shadow falls? By some it has been fitly named the "New Feudalism;" in plainer language *corporate capitalism*!

Chief Justice Marshall thus defines a corporation: "An artificial being, invisible, intangible and existing only in contemplation of law. Among its most important properties are immortality, and, if the expression may be allowed, individuality, properties by which a perpetual succession of any persons is considered as the same and may act as a single individual."

The leading article in the June number of the "Legal Adviser," written by Benjamin A. Richmond, of the Maryland Bar, has this to say of these law-created personalities known as corporations:

"If, unlike the feudatories of the past, they do not make and unmake kings, yet like them, they do make and unmake all that stands to us in the place of kings. There is not a council board of government, whether of the executive, the judicial or the legislative departments, to which they have not forced their way and in which their power is not successfully exerted. There is not a financial, commercial or political undertaking of any magnitude or importance of which they are not either already in control, or must be reckoned with as controlling forces. Availing themselves of the liberality of our sovereignties, they have grown and swollen, until they have set themselves up as imperia in imperi, and have become the final repositories of all our powers and the arbiters of all our fortunes. By the granted charter they have been given more than lease with primogeniture in descent; they have been given life with immortality. By



their franchises they have been given more than landed wealth upon which to gather retainers; they have been given the right and a convenient means of integrating all properties in mighty nuclei to which gravitate and around which cling and cluster more organized potencies than were ever boasted by England's greatest baronies.

Elsewhere Mr. Richmond says: "Sociologists are fond of speaking of the feudal state as being followed by the capitalistic age. But I am convinced that this is but a change of names for very similar things. Feudalism was based upon capital, but nearly all the capital then was land. Charterism is based upon capital embracing all other wealth as well as land, and of which the land now forms only a conspicuous part. Feudalism was adapted to warlike times and a warlike people. Charterism to peaceful times and commercial people, but both alike to the ultimate control, through capital, of the people. Discarding outward form and looking to inward final purpose and result, in substance, I see no other difference. We have banished the knightly captains of the feudal tenantry and in their places we have set up the skilled lawyers to lead and guide the organized hosts of our trusts and corporations."

While the evils of the "New Feudalism" are shown up in vivid colors by the writer in the "Legal Adviser" he does not propose any remedy. This, as a lawyer, could scarcely be expected of him. The interest of the legal profession is not the abolition of law-created personalities, or powers, but rather their increase. Among other things, showing the trend of his thought, he quotes Goldsmith's lines:

"That those who think must govern those who toll;  
And all that freedom's highest aim can reach  
Is but to lay proportionate loads on all."

But whether we agree with his conclusions or not the article or essay is a valuable contribution, from the standpoint of legality and history, to the study of that gigantic and apparently almost omnipotent power in American politics, in economics and even in social life, variously known as the corporation, the trust, the capitalistic combine, etc. I therefore recommend our readers to send ten cents to the Mills publishing Co. of Denver Colo., for a copy of Vol. II. No. 10 of the "Legal Adviser,"—a monthly magazine devoted, as the name indicates, to matters of interest to lawyers and to those whose business requires them to keep posted in regard to laws and their administration.

M. HARMAN.

### A Free Paper.

BY H. M. PARKHURST.

Referring to my series of Sociologic Lessons, the publication of which has been suspended during your absence, you say in a private letter to me:

"The natural legitimate inference conveyed by a weekly iterated lesson is that these represent the views of the paper; that they are the boiled down opinions of the editor on economic and sociologic questions, or that he adopts them substantially, else he would not give them the prominence of a long-continued series."

What I mean by a free paper is one which not only attempts to teach the ideas which the editor has himself adopted, but which is ready to allow its correspondents to teach the ideas which they have adopted, provided it is done in a way not to occupy too much space, not infringing on the rights of others by personalities, and expressing the ideas in a reasonably intelligent way. If you should have a correspondent who had studied out a new system relating to matters of common interest, it ought not to be necessary for him to explain it all in advance to the editor, and convince him that the theory is undoubtedly correct before he can begin the publication; and it ought not to be necessary for the editor, every time an article is sent to him for publication, to ask himself whether he can endorse everything stated in that article, and if not to refuse it publication or else to print it with a disclaimer. Garrison used to publish in the "Liberator" a column headed "Refuge of Oppression," to

which he consigned chiefly extracts from other papers stating things which he objected to. A free paper ought to have at least a portion of its space devoted to a "Refuge for Free Speech," where writers who have what they consider new light to bring can present it without the inference you suggest, in the hope that among the readers of the paper there will be some minds ready to receive it. I do not claim in the Sociologic Lessons to give the boiled down opinions of anybody but myself and however useful they may be to the few who will take pains to study them, I do not ask or expect any one to accept them as a whole. If the little space they occupy may bring a spark of light to here and there a reader, that is a sufficient justification for their publication in a free paper, even if the editor differs from my views as much as I differ from his.

### REPLY.

Yes, I fully agree that "a free paper ought to have at least a portion of its space devoted to a 'Refuge for Free Speech'" and that "it ought not to be necessary for the editor, every time an article is sent to him for publication, to ask himself whether he can endorse everything stated in that article and if not to refuse it publication or else to print it with a disclaimer." In proof that such has been the principle of action adopted and adhered to by myself in the publication of *Lucifer* it will perhaps not be considered amiss that I remind Friend Parkhurst that one of the articles for which I was indicted in the Kansas federal court was written by himself; an article that I neither approved nor disapproved, but inserted solely because I thought it might "bring a spark of light to here and there a reader." In good sooth I verily believe that few publishers in the United States have risked more or suffered more in defense of free speech than I have done, or than I am still willing to do. I have never, so far as I know, refused to print, and to print fully, any article—detached from and unconnected with a series,—that my critic has sent for publication, but a series of articles under the same heading and stretching out apparently "to infinity and beyond," is certainly a very different matter.

This, then, is my offence: "the very head and front of my offending hath this offence, no more," namely that I respectfully decline to print in each successive issue, for months and years, a brief, condensed, "Sociologic Lesson" without knowing before undertaking the apparently unending task, what the lessons are to contain, and when and where they are to end.

These "Lessons" have already been running, not continuously, in *Lucifer* for four or five years. They have not had "the right of way" over all other matter, but if printed in every issue they certainly would convey that impression to the reader, and it is because I wish to avoid such impression, rather than because I object to the opinions inculcated, that I have respectfully declined to continue the publication in the consecutive and piece-meal manner desired by their author. Not the matter but the manner—the interminable series—is the point of difference between *Lucifer's* venerable and efficient friend and helper, Henry M. Parkhurst, on the one hand, and on the other its very fallible editor,

MOSES HARMAN.

### How Do the Marys Feel?

Once there was a widower, left with three children, who concluded, instead of re-wiving, to take a bachelor brother to superintend his house, and be, so far as he could, a house-parent to the little ones.

"If you come to me," says Widower John, "I will do as well by you as I did by Mary. You shall reign supreme in my home, and I will lay my fortune at your feet."

"Fortune, where is it?" says innocent brother Bachelor William. "Will you make it over in writing?"

"I mean," says John, explaining, "that I will provide the table liberally, dress you handsomely, get you meerschaums, and canes, and generally do my best to make you happy."

"But that wouldn't do," says Bachelor William. "I have never been considered extravagant in my habits, but I can im-

agine desires to arise which neither meercchaums, canes, nor unlimited credit at my tailor's would wholly cover."

"Oh, don't be afraid," says the widower kindly; "If you learn how to coax as well as Mary did, you will get no end of odd change to spend in your little vanities. You are my youngest brother, and I have always been fond of you. Just lay your sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

"It wouldn't do," says William; "it would kill myself respect. I would rather have \$50.00 a month at my own disposal than \$500 dribbled out to me for the asking."

"I am disappointed in you, brother," said the kind widower. "I had thought there was such a beautiful fraternal relation between us that you would be above caring which of us held the money. Mary didn't mind."

"Are you so sure of that?" said the bachelor brother, thoughtfully.—Mrs. Eliza Sprout Turner, in *Working Woman's Journal*.

### Mutual Helpfulness.

This world is the nurse of all we know;  
This world is the mother of all we feel.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother.

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion.

—Shelley.

### "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets."

Here are a few holy and divine facts compiled from Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets." These legends are just as historically true as is the Bible version, and have had just as faithful believers:

After his fall Satan took four wives and each became the mother of a host of devils.

The body of Adam was so great it would reach the Seventh heaven. The tree of life was so broad at base it would take a good walker five years to march around it.

At the marriage feast of Adam and Eve God made a table of precious stones, and each gem was one hundred ells long and sixty wide, and this table was covered with costly dishes.

Eve is said to be the first woman author and she wrote a book of prophecies dictated by the angel Raphael.

When Adam was created he was like a beast, coarse, rude and inanimate. From Eve he received his upright position and his spirituality.

After the flood Sakechak wanted some earth from the bottom of the abyss, and said, "send a female because women are quicker and more searching than men," and this reminds me that those who employ monkeys to gather cotton in the south, take the females because they pick more and cleaner cotton than the males do.

Adam had thirty sons and thirty daughters by his wife Eve, and when God inquired how many children he had he was ashamed of having so many girls, and said, "thirty sons and twenty-seven daughters." But God could not be deceived and took three of his fairest daughters and made elves of them and they were good and holy and did not perish in the deluge but were saved in the ark.

The serpent was formerly queen of all creatures. She had a head like rubies, and eyes like emeralds. Her height was that of the camel and the most beautiful colors adorned her skin; and her hair and face were those of a beautiful maiden. She was fragrant as musk and amber and her food was saffron. She was created 1000 years before man and was Eve's favorite companion.

Eve tasted the forbidden fruit and found it so delicious she gave some to Adam. He was afraid to eat it and Eve offered it

\*Bound in cloth; gilt tops, price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

to him three times a day for eighty years, then seeing it had not injured Eve, finally Adam ate it. His heaven-sent raiment slipped from him and his crown fell from his head; rings from his fingers, and he and Eve became naked, and their fallen garments reproached them:

"Great is your misfortune! Long will be your sorrows; we were created to adorn those who serve God; farewell till the resurrection."

The throne recoiled, saying, "Depart from me, ye disobedient ones," and all the inhabitants of Paradise turned their backs on the pair, and prayed God to remove them.

There are nearly 500 pages of these interesting legends and they are well worth reading and preserving.

### A Story With a Moral.

The conversation at a dinner-table turned on Spiritualism. Said one of the guests. "I heard the other day of a seance at which a woman appeared to her husband."

"Is that you, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, it's me," ungrammatically replied the deceased.

"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, very 'appy."

"'Appier than you were with me, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, much 'appier."

"Where are you, 'Arriet?"

"In 'ell!"—*Freethinker*.

There are more clever women in the world than men think for; our habit is to despise them. We believe they do not think because they do not contradict us, and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day of my life.—*Thackeray*.

If a woman under the influence of importunity and a desire for a home, marries one whom she does not fully love, that woman has committed adultery and a crime, yet more against posterity. Or if at first she did love her husband and subsequently, for sufficient, deep-seated and uncapricious reasons, loves him no longer, but loves another instead, and does not take that other to be her husband, she is then guilty of being both a prostitute and an adulteress.—*A. J. Davis*.

The address of the Publisher of "Little Freethinker" is Lock Box 67, Cramer Hill, N. J.—not Camden, N. J. as recently stated in *Lucifer*.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

H. J., Abilene, Texas:—Please send me Ida Wells Barnett's "Lynch Law in Georgia." Find stamp enclosed. I see in *Lucifer* it is for free distribution. I am reading every word Lillian writes on that subject, for I know that every word she writes is an expression of honest conviction, but it is a most delicate subject, and a problem of all social problems the most difficult of solution.

G. B., London, England:—Your beautiful present, J. Wm Lloyd's poems, came to hand today. It is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" as a book—certainly the prettiest specimen of a booklet I ever saw. I like Lloyd. I had a long correspondence once with Mr. — anent the merits of J. W. L. — is (or was) unfortunately too rapt in the contemplation of England's greatest writer to consider any of America's workers and thinkers. . . . I was glad to learn from the Light-Bearer that your father is back again at his old post. . . . News is plentiful enough in England; there is a big "vineyard" still, and I think the laborers are not all dead but many are sleeping.

W. S. Jones, M. D., Oakland, Ky.:—I have just received a sample copy of *Lucifer* with which I am very much pleased. I



want to read it more, and I enclose money order to pay for six months' subscription. I am fully in accord with you in the remarks you make on "Fourth of July" celebrations. There can be no doubt that such demonstrations clearly indicate a rude and barbarous element in the people of our own Christian America which is continually being encouraged by utterances from the daily press, and also from the religious press, and even from the pulpit. I am truly glad that you have come out so plainly and emphatically in opposition to this rude and warlike custom, and also in opposition to the treatment the American people are giving the Filipinos.

R. T., San Andreas, Cal.—With others I am glad to welcome you back again to the editorship of *Lucifer*, though I would say that your daughter has managed admirably in your absence. I trust that her little girl has fully recovered. We look upon *Lucifer* as one of the best papers we take, and could I have been brave enough to have lived the life of God's freedom during part of my life might be a happy and contented woman now. How the inner woman warred with the outer. How the inner said go ahead, how the outer, the mother Grundyism said: "No, it was not right." I send you \$2.25; \$1 for another year's subscription; \$1 for "A Cityless and Countryless World" to be sent to my father, and twenty-five cents for postage.

J. B., Edinburgh, Scotland.—I greatly enjoyed the leading article of 761 by Mary Brundage on "Jealousy as a cause of Crime." It gives expression to my thoughts in a superior literary style. It is true, jealousy must be conquered if freedom is to rule or come into practice; but it requires a severe struggle to uproot the teaching and feeling of a lifetime. . . . The Land Question in the shape of taxation of ground values for City and County purposes, has been to the front during the election of two new members of Parliament, Dewar and M'Crae to replace the two who died in the same week,—a very unusual thing. You know that the two reforms I am interested in most are Land Value Taxation and abolition of all other taxes,—and the other is the Sexual Freedom idea with abolition of diseases by removing the cause of so many. I think there is little hope of cure for these diseases while marriage and Freemasonry exist; the foulness they cover breeds anew the same troubles from generation to generation. As all truth is co-related so is the stealing of land values (created by the public) by individuals the cause of the other part of our woes. I am a Henry George man and only an Anarchist to a partial extent.

J. C. Patterson, San Francisco, Cal.—Mr. Dallan Doyle in his able and very interesting pamphlet on the "Emancipation of Society from Government," says: "No mercy, say more, no justice for the poor. And the present cruelties from which there is no appeal, the present hardships from which there is no remedy as a matter of fact, direct descendants of the past, etc."

Is not this taking a rather pessimistic view of present conditions? That things are bad and gloomy there is no denying, but the belief "There is no remedy," arises, I think, from overlooking the cause that has produced these results. It is on account of the people's ignorance that government exists; they are governed because they have not been taught the prime essential that would confer on them perfect individual and industrial freedom. The real and only cause which we see in all civilized countries, of the few rich and many poor, is high interest on scarce money. We meet people who believe we can do without money but that is a mistaken idea. We must have some recognized medium in order to make our exchanges, and whatever that medium may be, whether of buttons, leather, pieces of colored glass or anything else, it would be money. Therefore money is an artificial creation of civilized law, made for the purpose of facilitating the manifold exchanges of an industrious people, and the less commercial or commodity value it has, the better off are the people. For, remember it is the interest that

scarce money commands that concentrates the wealth created by the producer into the possession of the non-producer. "Our laws make the dollar the real value and producers and all kinds of property are controlled by its power."

We must teach the people that money is not value; that the things produced are the values. That paper money must be redeemed in gold is founded on a lie, the object being to keep money scarce so that the exploiting class may live in idleness on its interest.

"If producers ever gain their rights it will be by legally controlling the power of money, and not by any combination of labor. No ingenuity in the invention of machinery, no physical force or combination of labor has power to change this wrong." The remedy, which is an abundance of money, only limited by the amount of business, and fixing the amount of interest that can be legally asked for money loaned at not over one per cent, can only be accomplished by the people. By making money plentiful interest on loans is lowered, and as interest falls the wages of labor and the price of all kinds of property would go up. A proper understanding of money and its functions, and the independence which a permanent rise in wages would bring about, would be the death blow to standing armies. For men having steady work at high salaries would scorn the idea of living in a tent at \$15.00 per month.

But having the money we could all have our rifles at our bedside to defend home, fireside and society against would-be rulers. For the thrones of the old world, and the governments of the new, rest upon, and are upheld by bayonets in the hands of the moneyless men.

Remove by education the superstitious belief that gold and silver make the only real money and thrones and governments would topple and fall.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 28.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 22, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 771.

### Poor Human Nature!

I saw a meager melancholy cow,  
Blessed with a starveling calf who sucked in vain;  
Eftsoons he died. I asked the mother how—  
Quoth she "Of every four there dieth twain!"  
Poor bovine nature!

I saw a sickly horse of shambling gait  
Ugly and wicked, weak in leg and back,  
Useless in all ways, in a wretched state,  
"We're all poor creatures!" said the sorry hack.  
Poor equine nature!

I saw a slow cat crawling on the ground,  
Weak, clumsy, inefficient, full of fears,  
The mice escaping from her aimless bound—  
Moaned she "This truly is a vale of tears!"  
Poor feline nature!

Then did I glory in my noble race,  
Healthful and beautiful, alert and strong;  
Rejoicing that we held a higher place  
And need not add to theirs our mournful song—  
Poor human nature!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### "The Punishment of the Vestals."

Under the above title F. J. Gould, writing in the "Free-thinker," compares the fate of the Vestal Virgins with the crucifixion of Christ.

The Vestal Virgins were instituted by Numa Pompilius. They took the vow of chastity and servitude for thirty years. "To them was committed the keeping of the holy fire on the altar; and in their inviolable charge were placed wills and other important documents."

Our writer goes on to describe the punishment of the Vestal who had violated her vow:

"If a Vestal neglected any of the smaller duties which the State assigned to her, she was whipped. But the scourge might only be wielded by the high priest, and he must hang a curtain between himself and the virgin whom he chastised. But if a Vestal indulged in forbidden love, and broke the awful vow of chastity, she must needs die. And this was the manner of her death. There was a gate in the wall of Rome named Collina, and near the gate rose a mound of earth, just inside the city. Under the mound was excavated a small cell, to which a flight of stairs gave access. In the cell were placed a bed, a lighted lamp, and a small quantity of provisions, such as bread, water, a pan of milk, and some oil. And thus she who lay a prisoner in the death-cell had enough of food to make her feel tenfold the terror of starvation. When all things were made ready, the Vestal who had sinned against the dignity of Rome was laid in a litter as if she were a corpse, and tied with cords, and her mouth so muffled that she could make no cry. In this guise she was carried through the streets; and, though the streets might be filled with a vast concourse of people, none uttered a curse or a sneer. Though the sun might shine, the sky appeared dark; for the city mourned, and every palace and temple seemed overshadowed with sorrow and shame.

After the bearers of the litter had made a pause in the Forum, they proceeded slowly to the dreadful mound near the Gate Collina. Halting before the little door, they released the Vestal from the bier, and undid the cords. Then the High Priest raised his arms towards heaven, and prayed; but he prayed in a whisper, as if not even the birds of the air should know the disgrace that had befallen Rome. When he had uttered his supplication, he led the veiled woman to the entrance of the house of death, and placed her on the steps. He and his fellow-priests turned their backs upon her as she went down to the cell. When she had descended, they drew up the steps, and heaped soil over the doorway. No man ever saw the Vestal alive again and she saw no man. The earth had devoured her in dread silence. And the fire leaped upon the altar, and was fed by other hands."

And here is his opinion of the tragedy:

"In all the history ever written I can recall no scene more impressive than this of the fallen Vestal. It is far more solemn and affecting than the tragedy of the Crucifixion.

"Why is this? Because in the one case there is a stern logic—terrifying, but magnificent; in the other there is a false sentimentality. . . . Never was it, never will it be, never can it be just that one man should suffer for the ill-doing of another. It may be generous; it may be expedient; it may be heroic; but not just. Either a condemned man deserves to die, or he does not. If he does not deserve to die, neither he himself should suffer nor a neighbor in his place. If he does truly deserve to die, then he himself should bear the penalty, and not a substitute. How can a sinner be made righteous by connivance in an act of injustice? If the Tiber is fool, will it avail to cleanse the Thames? And if the earth has become vile, can the holiness of the stars purge its wickedness? The innocent soul may shrink under the lash for all eternity, but its blood will never wash away the sin of the guilty. 'The sin that sinneth, it shall die.' So spake the Old Testament, austere and sanely. So also spake old Rome; and when the Vestal went down to her last meal, even she might feel that the doom was just. No babe was made to weep instead of her; no guiltless life was banned for her sake. She fell, and she died; and the thunders of judgment rolled away into the everlasting stillness; and nature could smile as if the principle of justice had been vindicated."

And this is justice, in the opinion of a Nineteenth Century "Rationalist"! He criticises the story of the crucifixion of Jesus because it was a "vicarious atonement," yet what was it but a vicarious sacrifice when the Vestal went down to her dreadful death? She was the victim of the ignorance and superstition of her generation. She was an ignorant young girl when allured from her young companions by the promises of honors and glory in store for her, what could she know of the realities of the life upon which she was about to enter?

Then when she had taken the fatal vow, and the days and months and years passed changelessly by, and she grew faint

and weary of the eternal sameness of her colorless existence, if she fell asleep beside the "sacred" fire, "Justice" demanded that she be whipped; if her lonely, starved soul called out for a little of the love and companionship craved by all living beings outraged "Justice" was to be appeased only by her starvation, her suffocation in the cold and clammy cell devised by priestly ingenuity!

In Mr. Gould's opinion the fact that Jesus voluntarily suffered for the sins of others is a violation of justice; but he sees only a vindication of justice in the involuntary martyrdom of the Vestal Virgins. For he says, "The pagan conception appals us; but we acknowledge its justice. The Christian conception first excites our pity and then our abhorrence."

In reading these sad tales of the childhood of our race we find much which appals us, much which excites our pity and abhorrence. But far more saddening is it to find "Rationalists" of the present day whose minds are still so befogged by the superstitions of those dark days that they insult the name of Justice by invoking it in defense of such frightful tragedies as "the punishment of the vestal."

LILLIAN HARMAN.

### Combines, Trusts and Amalgamations.

BY R. H. KERR.

"Competition is fast disappearing before the growth of a more powerful principle." "Review of Reviews" for July.

In No. 768 Edgar D. Brinkerhoff criticises my recent article on monopolies and combines. His article is interesting for what it says, but far more for what it does not say. He simply tries to prove that if trusts charge extortionate prices competition may revive; but he does not dispute my main point that combination is the natural outcome of free competition, because it pays men better to combine than to compete.

Within the past six months the United States have witnessed a revolution, compared with which the Revolution of 1776 was a very small affair. On the first of January the industrial system of the United States might fairly have been described as the competitive system; today that system has almost entirely vanished into the past. This change will interest the economic historian for thousands of years, and it is well for us to go over the ground again and see what caused the change.

Some people attribute combination to the gold standard; others to a high tariff; others to land monopoly; others to law. I say that combination springs from the will to combine. Men have found that it paid better to combine than to compete; and men have combined.

There is nothing new about combination; the only thing that is new is the scale on which it is practiced. For ages two barbers in a village have known it was better to fix prices and stick to them than to try to get trade by alternately cutting each other's rates. There never was a village so small that it had not its little Rockefeller and Havemeyers. But now the big Rockefellers and Havemeyers have come upon the scene, and organized the industries of a nation on the principles of the two village barbers.

If the only advantage of combination had been that higher prices can be got by combination than by competition, that alone would have made combination inevitable. But combination, while raising prices, also cuts expenses. The president of the Commercial Travellers' National League lately testified before the Industrial Commission that the trusts had thrown 35,000 drummers out of employment, whose joint salaries amounted to \$60,000,000. That means that the trusts have saved their members sixty million dollars a year in drummer's salaries alone. In the old days when there were a lot of rival producers, each establishment had to send drummers all over the continent. Now those rival producers are merged in one vast company and no drummers are needed; for merchants must either send to the trust for goods, or go without. A trust means one office where there used to be a hundred, and one clerk where fifty were formerly required. It means one big factory

instead of a dozen small ones; one big steam engine, or electrical plant, or water power, where a number of little ones once did duty. The industrial revolution of last century extinguished domestic manufactories, and established big factories. The industrial revolution of 1899 has simply finished the work. I do not wonder that competition is dead, but I do wonder that it ever lived.

And now, will any man tell me, what on earth has this subject to do with currency, or tariff, or the land, or the law? If men want to sell dearly and produce cheaply when paid in gold, will they not want to do these things when paid in anything else? Does the love of gain depend on the conditions of land-holding? If combinations can be made in the teeth of the laws, can they not be made when there are no laws? As for free trade, that would certainly keep down the profits of the trusts for a few years, until national trusts are superseded by international trusts. But the "Review of Reviews" very pertinently points out that that would not kill the trusts, because the trusts save expense, and under foreign competition the need to save expense would be more pressing than ever. If individual enterprise has no chance against the trust alone, what chance would it have when ground between the upper millstone of domestic trusts and the nether millstone of foreign competition? No; foreign competition will never kill the trusts, but the trusts will soon go to Europe and Asia and kill foreign competition.

We can now form some conception of the future of the industrial world. In the first place, we shall see each branch of industry in the hands of one giant national company, which will be run on the strictest business principles. It will have a president, a board of directors, and a body of shareholders, who will decide by majority vote all questions not left to the executive. All the rest of the people in the industry will be wage-earners.

But national companies will soon give way to international companies. Each branch of industry throughout the world will then be in the hands of one universal company, and it is not likely that the chief executive of many of these companies will live in America. Probably most of the presidents will live in China or India, as these are the most populous countries; and from there they will govern the industrial world.

But even that will not be the end. There will still be about a hundred companies, each headed by a Rockefeller, to divide the world among them; and the world will not hold a hundred Rockefellers. It will soon be found that the amalgamation of different industries will lead to economy, as the amalgamation of one industry formerly did. One power will be used to work the machinery of many industries simultaneously, and one universal office will be found cheaper than a number. The final amalgamation will take place, and the industries of the world will be left in the hands of one universal trust.

But while industrial consolidation has been proceeding openly, another process will have been going on silently, viz. the gradual accumulation of the shares in a few hands. Shares in a great trust are a splendid thing to have, but many people are foolish and spendthrift, and will dissipate their shares, which will be purchased by their wiser brethren. As there will be no opening for any independent enterprise, and no chance for speculation, the spendthrifts will simply fall into the laboring class, and the shares will be owned by an ever-decreasing circle. In time they will all be in the hands of a few men, perhaps a Rockefeller, a Vanderbilt, a Carnegie and a Havemeyer. Then there will be a great game of freeze-out. But the strong man will win, as he always does; some day the shares will all stand in one man's name; and the industrial system will have worked out its inevitable destiny. One man will own the world, and all the others will be his wage earners.

To attain this result, however, one condition is indispensable. There must be absolute freedom. Only under absolute freedom can we have absolute centralization and the annihilation of all individuals but one. Everybody must be free to compete against the universal trust; but of course nobody



will be able to do so, for the trust will be able to sell cheaper than anyone else could possibly produce. Finally, every child will have to be taught the sacredness of freedom of contract, and the glories of free competition. The greatest of crimes will be to write or speak a word against liberty. Golden statues of Benjamin Tucker and Edgar Brinkerhoff will stand at every street corner, and a thousand Bedloe's Islands will be crowned with monuments to liberty, to keep the world in subjection to its Chinese master.

Such is the only conceivable outcome of free competition.

### What Social Freedom Implies.\*

Social freedom declares every person has a right to live in his social relations according to the dictates of his own conscience and reason, the same as he has religiously; and government should protect him in that right from all interference from others, the same as it now does religiously. People must differ in their ideas of social life, the same as they do on religious matters, and for the same reason, their different degrees of growth; and the man who would try to force another to his views and practices in this respect, is as truly a tyrant as the one who would try to force another to his religious views.

There are a great variety of opinions extant as to what is the highest life between the sexes. We find as we go among the least advanced in civilization, women treated as slaves, beasts of burden, or articles of merchandise; parents selling their daughters for wives without regard to their wish or choice. We have progressed from one step to another in recognizing her humanity, until we have some among us who believe woman should reign queen in the realm of the affections. Social freedom recognizes the right of the Shaker to believe in celibacy and practice the same, but does not seem to be very fearful that all men will of course become celibates if they are accorded that right. If they did, it would be worse for the world than promiscuity, of which some are so fearful. It recognizes the right of the Catholics to marry according to the rituals of their church, but knows all will not choose that method. It recognizes the right of persons to live in polygamy if they choose, or in complex marriage as the Oneida Community does, or the right of the varietist to live in a dual relation.

A person may be a believer in social freedom, and be either of these, or neither; and yet if he recognizes the right of others to choose for themselves as best they may, as he would wish to do for himself, he is a believer in social freedom. To assume that a person is a Shaker, a polygamist or a free lover because he advocates social freedom is as unjust as it would be to assume a man to be a Materialist or a Jew, because he believed in religious freedom. We have not social freedom guaranteed to us by the constitution, as we have religious freedom, hence we find people more frequently interfering with our rights by passing laws trying to force all kinds of people to one mode of life in this respect, just as some people would force others to religious views if they had the power.

We hear the same outcry against the terrible over-turning of society if social freedom should obtain, that we once heard of religious freedom, and have so recently heard against freedom for the blacks.

We are told wives would desert their husbands, husbands their wives, our daughters would be debauched, and general promiscuousness and prostitution would result. This, my friends, is a picture of what actually does exist now, under our most stringent laws. It is the same old cry that was set up against the liberation of the blacks—the wail of the ignorant tyrant. Do our laws prevent these evils? We can hardly take up a newspaper without seeing a list of elopements, desertions, and debaucheries, child-murders and atrocities against decency and order; enough to make the very stones cry out in judgment against us; and yet our opponents say these things will come of social freedom. They have come, good friends, without it.

We have all these conditions now, and have never had social freedom. We have laws now which make woman man's slave, owned by him, soul and body, "and wives submit yourselves unto your husbands in all things" has been dinned into the ears of woman until she has failed to learn the diviner lesson "obey the principles of your own soul." Laws have been enacted by men with no voice of woman's, making him the owner of her property and her person; and he can recover damages from any other man, if she, of her own accord, have sexual relations with him, she being his property.

If we had no guarantee of religious freedom it would not hinder people differing in religious views, but with penalties annexed to all differences it would hinder honesty of expression; so in social life our laws prohibiting all sexual relations, except in legal marriage, have not prevented people from having different views on the subject, and giving expression to them in acts on the sly; but I will tell you what it has done, it has converted what might have been an honest promiscuous man into a promiscuous hypocrite, thus doubling the crime, if it be one, instead of preventing it; it has licensed men to debauch women in the marriage bed until the most fearful consequences have resulted, and diseases the most appalling, often resulting in life long misery, or premature death. I could relate cases coming under my professional observation, that would equal in sickening details and horrors the debaucheries of southern slaves, and yet people object to hearing this subject discussed.

### "Too Much Liberty."

New York World.

In yesterday's "World" a correspondent signing himself "Schoolmaster" took up the cause of those Mount Vernon women and that Mount Vernon Magistrate who propose to send to jail all boys under sixteen years of age who go to theatres or other shows unattended by their parents. "Too much liberty," he wrote, "is not a good thing for children."

But who is to decide what is "too much liberty" except the parents of the child concerned? The plea that "too much liberty is not good" is as old as despotism, as familiar as oppression. It was the slaveholder's profound conviction that too much liberty was not good for the negro. It is the plea on which the Russian third section suppresses newspapers, closes universities and sends men, women and little children to Siberia. All the hideous cruelties of mediaeval religious persecution had their origin in this thought that "too much liberty is not good" for the person or class of people to be oppressed. It is the tyrant's plea the conqueror's, the slave driver's, and in every case it is the oppressor who assumes to decide what is "too much liberty." Invariably he decides the matter in favor of his own convenience or interest or passion.

The right of a boy under sixteen to go to the show if his parents permit is as absolute and as sacred as the right of a Mount Vernon woman to wear flowers in her hat or a Mount Vernon Judge to take rolls and coffee for breakfast. And as to the morality of it, to which "Schoolmaster" makes reference, a boy is surely less apt to be corrupted by attendance upon any show which the law ought to permit than by spending the evening loitering about the streets, perhaps in vicious company. And certainly a show of any orderly sort is a better school of morality than the prisons to which the Mount Vernon Dogberry threatened to send boys who go to the show.

Apart from the restraints of parental discipline the American boy has always enjoyed a very large measure of liberty, and if we are the virtuous people we pretend to be it certainly has not hurt him.

Some well disposed, amiable people have confidence that a good cause will take care of itself, and while they attend to their own business and sleep the enemies of the good cause attend to the killing of it day and night. The eye of the predatory class never shuts.—Myron W. Reed.

\*From "A Discussion of the Social Question" by Dr. Juliet M. Severance and David Jones. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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OUR READERS and patrons, everywhere, are hereby again requested not to forget to send us names of their friends and acquaintances who might become interested in Lucifer and its work, if they could see a few sample copies. Upon this plan, more than any other, we now depend for increase of subscription list, and for advertising the books and pamphlets that supplement and extend the work of the paper itself.

## Freedom of Speech and of Press.

"What of the night, Watchman!" So far as freedom of speech and of press is concerned the night grows darker. Our readers have probably heard of the imprisonment of Editor Stewart, of the Mullen (Idaho) "Mirror," on the charge of treason and sedition. Here is part of the utterances for which Stewart was sent to prison:

"The 'authorities' are declaring that they are handling the affair at Wardner as expeditiously as possible. That may be true. They say that the men are being examined as fast as they can be reached. That may be true. But what compensation will be made to the hundreds of men who have been falsely imprisoned in box cars and a vile, filthy barn for from five days to four weeks, herded like sheep in a pen; taken from their work in the mines and mills with no chance to change their wet, heavy mine and mill garments for dry ones? How will the state compensate these men arrested at the bayonet point, while in the peaceful pursuit of their daily toil, given no chance to show whether or not there was any reason why they should be arrested at all? What excuse or compensation will the state make to those men who are released after being subjected for weeks to indignities, insults and abuses such as are said to be accorded political prisoners in Siberia?"

It appears that these criticisms upon the doings of the military authorities in their treatment of the miners excited the ire of Gen. Merriam, and that official, following the example of military despots of old time, answered his accuser by shutting him up behind prison bars and stopping the publication of his paper. Like Gen. Otis, in the Philippines, Gen. Merriam is not willing that the facts of his campaign against Western miners should be made known to the general public. The fact that "four men died from the treatment they received as prisoners in box cars and cattle pens" might, if known, compel the administration at Washington to order a public investigation of the case, and because this publicity might have a disastrous effect upon the prospects of promotion for the General himself, if not react disastrously upon the political prospects of the administration whose servant he is, suggested, it would appear, to this military hero the expedient of preventing further publicity by suppressing the paper that dared to criticize his acts, and sending the audacious editor to prison.

The suppression of free speech and press by Gen. Otis, in consequence of which it has been impossible to get at the facts concerning the war in the Philippines, continues to attract considerable attention though not a tithe of the attention that this high-handed outrage merits. Late dispatches from Manila via Hong Kong, so we are now told, give accounts of the protest of the correspondents of English and American newspapers against the censorship of free dispatches exercised by Gen. Otis. This "round robin" of the correspondents is a historical document calling attention to the infamy of the warfare against the Filipinos. This is the first instance in which the facts regarding the situation in the Philippines have been given to the American public with any adequate guarantee of their authenticity. Whether the Federal government will be influenced by this document remains to be seen. Let the truth be known, and the slaughter of the unoffending Filipinos will cease.

From the "Blue Grass Blade," Lexington, Ky., of July 16, we learn that its editor, Charles C. Moore, returned to his Kentucky home, on the 8th inst., after a confinement of five months in the Ohio State Prison. The Lexington "Herald" is quoted as saying that "his return was marked by a demonstration which would have done honor to a conquering army returning from some field of battle with its flag unfurled and proudly flying to the breeze."

Mr. Moore was sentenced by a federal court to two years imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary for publishing so-called obscene literature. A personal friend of the prisoner, a U. S. Senator, interviewed President McKinley and secured a commutation of sentence from two years to six months. At the end of five months—one month off for good behavior,—the editor of the "Blue Grass Blade" was released.

Among those who made addresses at the very flattering reception accorded the returning prisoner were Moses Kaufman and Josephine K. Henry. As reported in the "Blade" Mrs. Henry said, in part:

"Free thought, free speech, and free press have been defended and preserved by the ablest of earth. Through ignorance and mental darkness, through bloody wars, through torture, terror and tyranny, free thought has upheld the Promethean Torch of Reason with steady hand, and undeviating step until now it is leading the world with victorious colors. Those who have advanced and labored for better things for humanity have ever been the victims of religious prejudice and tyranny. . . . But for the battle fought for free speech and free press by that splendid trinity of Free thinkers, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine, the human mind today would be in chains and the printing press the exclusive property of those in ecclesiastical and civil power.

"The superstitions, fables and fears of the past are steadily retreating before the 'march of mind,' and the banner of Rationalism is now thrown to the breeze by the scholars, poets, orators, editors, and other brain-workers of our time, and it is even being grasped by clerical hands in cathedrals, churches, and chapels, and being waved in synods, conferences, and ecclesiastical battle grounds. Rationalism has advanced thus far in the United States. The newspaper is far more powerful than the pulpit. The monopoly of the pulpit has been destroyed by the press, which is the greatest lever of civilization."

While we are all glad to know that Mr. Moore is again a free man, provided of course that he prefers to be out of prison,—of which fact, however, his letters from prison leave us in considerable doubt—it is difficult for some of us to see wherein his release is a vindication of freedom of speech and of press. The cutting down of the sentence from two years to six months is not saying that Moore is not guilty, as charged in the indictment, but simply that the punishment was excessive.

Then the ovation tendered to him on his return may have been prompted largely by the impression that he is now repentant, and because he has since repudiated the sentiments and opinions for the publication of which he was imprisoned. That is



to say, while at the time of publication of the indicted matter Mr. Moore was a champion of free speech and press—at least so far as the discussion of the marriage question is concerned, but when put upon his trial for such publication the editor of the "Blue Grass Blade" backed squarely down, and spent his time in defending his paper against the charge that it was a "free love" publication, instead of boldly defending his right to publish anything not libelous or slanderous.

If I have been wrongly informed in regard to this matter I shall be glad to be set right.

M. HARMAN.

### Social Problems.

Among the gratifying signs of social progress is the fact that some women—would that their tribe could increase more rapidly than it does—now refuse to take the names of the men they select, or rather whom they accept, as their *sexuo-economic* partners. Whether they marry in the old way or not a few refuse to put on a new brass collar, figuratively speaking, every time they enter upon a new conjugal partnership—a new collar engraved with the name of the man they now acknowledge as lord and master.

This is one way of saying that the new woman is discontented; that she does not like the ways of the old woman. Paul exhorted the primitive Christians "to put off the old man with his deeds." The up-to-date woman is putting off the old woman with her deeds.

The old marriage law merged the individuality, the personality, of the wife in that of her husband, and to show that her personality was so merged she was required to take his name, just as the black slaves of the south were required to take the names of their owners, in token of their allegiance thereto. To prove that the surrender of her name is part of the law of marriage we have only to note that when a woman seeking a divorce, wishes to resume her maiden name or the name she bore previous to her latest marriage, she makes this a part of her petition to the court—thus showing the absolute falsity of the claim often made that marriage is an equal partnership.

Before marriage the old woman was labelled "Miss," to indicate, presumably, that she was now for sale in the matrimonial market, and that she had never yet been sold—never yet been "knocked down" to a bidder by a legally authorized auctioneer. After marriage she was and is labelled "Mistress"—for short "Missis," to indicate that she has been sold—once if not oftener.

In the matrimonial market the *Misses* were and are much more in demand than are the *Missises*, and for the very obvious reason that new goods always sell more readily than second hand goods. The label "Mrs." is fair warning that the goods are not new. To the average man—the old man—it means "damaged goods"—"been owned and worn by some other man." "Don't want her," the would-be purchaser very naturally says to himself—"at least not while there are plenty of new goods exposed for sale."

Today there is an increasing number of women who refuse to be considered as second hand goods—refuse to regard themselves as sold, because of the fact that they have formed a *sexuo-economic* partnership with a man. The new woman knows that no man is considered second-hand goods—damaged goods—because of the fact that he has had experience in the *sexuo-economic* relation, whether that experience may have been according to law or without law. She knows that men are not considered any the less eligible as conjugal partners because they have been long on the market. They know that mature men are not called "master" (diminutive of *mister*) indicative of immaturity, innocence, ignorance, or inexperience, then why she asks, should a mature woman be labelled with a title that means she is immature, innocent, ignorant or inexperienced?

And thus it is seen that the common conventional "Miss," "Mrs.," "Mr.," and "Master," have a much deeper significance than is usually attributed to them, by the average and super-

ficial thinker. "Mr.," pronounced *mister*, originally means "master"—master of what? Presumably master, owner and ruler of himself,—his own body, mind, actions and wordly goods, and also master or ruler of the household, or other members of his family; also master or ruler of the employees in his business, whatever that business may be, and these definitions of "Mr." we find to be fairly correct—as applied to adults—"Master" being reserved, in polite society, as a label for youth, or immature manhood.

"Mrs."—an abbreviation for *Mistress*, commonly pronounced *missis*, is, by etymology, simply the feminine of *mister*, or master, but in law and custom it lacks a good deal of being the feminine counterpart of the masculine label. Neither in law nor custom is the wife mistress or ruler of herself—her body, her mind, her time, her actions, her children or her earnings—"her bed and board," as man is recognized to be owner and ruler of his body, mind, etc. It is probably owing to this well-known discrimination against woman, in law and custom, that the usual marriage formulas end with, "I pronounce you man and wife!"

Why not "man and woman"? or "woman and man"? or "husband and wife"?—"woman and husband"? or some such variation? The most plausible explanation would seem to be that while man remains the owner of himself, his name, his time, his earnings, etc., after marriage as before, it is not the same with woman. With the single exception that as husband he cannot legally make a transfer of real estate without consent of his wife, a man surrenders nothing at marriage, or next to nothing, whereas woman surrenders her name, or takes his in addition; surrenders the right to spend her time when and where she pleases; surrenders the right to control her person, her children, and in most Christian lands she surrenders the right to control her earnings, whether her labor be performed in the home or away from home.

The husband is the purse-holder, and while both law and custom allow the wife to use the credit of her husband she knows full well that she can be held to a strict account for such use, and that when she rebels against the authority of her lord and secedes from the *sexuo-economic* combination, he can advertise her as a "runaway" wife, warning all persons not to harbor her, nor to give her credit on his account, prefacing his statement with, "My wife, so and so, having left my bed and board." Who ever heard of a woman advertising her husband as a fugitive from her "bed and board"? M. HARMAN.

To be continued.

### Law, Religion, and the Small Boy.

Last week a small boy in Evanston stole some apples belonging to the Principal of the Northwestern Academy. The little pilferer was arrested, tried, and sentenced to six months' attendance at Sunday school. In obedience to the command of the Justice, on last Sunday he made his first appearance at the place of punishment.

The "Tribune" devotes nearly a column to his case, treating it in a manner which the reporter evidently thought "funny." "He had on an old Prince Albert coat, which had been cut off at the bottom and trimmed at the sleeves so that it hung on the lad like a bag," we are told. "His vest was an old, low-cut, full-dress affair, badly spotted. His stockings were marvels in color, and his shoes were four or five sizes too large, and flapped on his feet like the sails of the *Genesee* in a light breeze. He wore a hat discarded by some of Evanston's heads, which gave the boy the appearance of a Cuban."

The lesson was on the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. When the teacher asked why they were cast into the furnace one of the good little Sunday school boys called out "For stealing apples!" This almost precipitated a fight, and broke up the Sunday school for that day. The action of the Sunday school child in taunting the little fellow in disgrace does not speak very well for the civilizing influence of the Sun

day school, yet it is expected that enforced attendance will inculcate honesty in the little convict.

Of the child's home life the "Tribune" says: "Sonny's father is a religious exhorter and has been in the South for three years. The family is in poor circumstances and the boy practically lives in the street." Apparently there is too much religion in that family rather than too little. If the father would do less exhorting and would go to work and earn money with which to buy clothing and fruit for his children, it would be decidedly to the advantage of society at large as well as to that of the children.

By the way, since when has the Sunday school been a legal place of detention for criminals? L. H.

### Free Trade.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

The editorial on "The Mother's Reward," in *Lucifer* of July 8 is entirely satisfactory as to the ideas advocated; the only room for difference is as to the choice of words. The trouble with employing commerce and commercialism in an advanced sense is that it leaves us without a convenient word when referring to the free exchange of goods in buying and selling. The question is whether we shall boldly use the terms in their original sense or yield to the communists and state socialists who have read a false meaning into the words because they hate free trade?

By their modern interpretation, these people have induced many to abhor commercialism while the real thing to be feared is governmentalism or state interference with commerce. If these writers were respectable philosophers we might acknowledge that the term commercialism is entitled to the honor of an evolved sense and cast about for a new name by which to express the old idea. Voluntarism and voluntary co-operation leave the idea of buying and selling too far in the background.

To elicit more definite details from the editor, allow me to propound the following inquiry: How does he picture the future men of ideal society when appropriating the funds they will receive as wages? Will they squander all on themselves or will the female portion of humanity receive a part now and then? Or, will the children receive something? If the women receive a part will it come about by gift, or taxation, or sale of goods? Or will it pass into their hands by some other means? If the children get something how will it come to them?

### REPLY.

When a boy I read in the Malte Brun school geography something like this: "When an Australian receives a gift it is worth nothing to him till divided with a woman."

In my little pamphlet "Motherhood in Freedom," the new woman, the emancipated, the womanly woman of the future, is made to say to one of her possible or prospective co-operators, "I shall doubtless want companionship—the companionship of masculine man, and I shall want co-operation in raising and educating my child. If you prove worthy to be elected as such co-operator—if my highest intuitions and best judgment, as owner and natural guardian of my child, shall choose you as such companion and helper I shall be very sure to let you know it. But until I do so inform you—until I make such election or selection you must presume nothing, you must assume absolutely nothing. With Alice Carey in the 'Bridal Veil,' I say to you now and shall continue to say to you:

The past is not mine; I am too proud to borrow—  
You must grow to new heights if I love you tomorrow."

In primeval times and among primeval races of the genus homo, man pursued and captured woman, much in the same way that he pursued and captured the beasts of the forest, and when captured he enslaved her—claimed and exercised the right of ownership and control over her person, her time, her labor and her offspring. Neither she nor her children were supposed to have any rights as against the autocratic will, the egoistic pleasure, of the masculine head of the family.

In process of time, when commercialism, or buying and selling, superseded, in part at least, the rule of force in the affairs of men, women became articles of merchandise, of barter, and were held as chattels or slaves by right of purchase.

In the present phase or stage of human evolution we find traces of both these methods of obtaining control of woman's person and of her offspring. Man does not now pursue and conquer woman with a club, as in the olden time; his weapons now are reason, persuasion, hypnotic suggestion, etc., and when he goes into the matrimonial market as purchaser he does not offer cows, bear-skins or wampum to the father of the girl he wants, but does much the same thing by making presents to the girl herself, or by offering to "endow her with all his earthly goods," if she will only surrender her person and the control of her prospective children to him.

As some one has succinctly put it, "In modern marriage the man is after the person of the woman, and the woman is after the purse of the man."

But it is confidently believed that human evolution has something higher, something better in store than either conquest or commercialism, as guiding or ruling forces in the most intimate relations of women and men. That higher and better ruling force is believed by many to be—in one word, Love! Not the love that "seeketh its own," not the love that seeketh ownership and control of the loved object; not the love that like the horse-leech's daughters is always crying, "Give, give!" but the love that gets its highest satisfaction in giving to others without thought of other reward than the giving itself bestows. Not the narrow, the egoistically selfish love that always asks, "How is this going to affect me personally," but the broad, the altruistically selfish love that is uncalculating, spontaneous, institutional, all-embracing—the love that like the universe has its "center everywhere and its circumference nowhere." The love that is beautifully outlined by some prophet of the still distant future, in the following lines:

Love is life's end; an end yet never ending.  
Love's life's reward; rewarded in rewarding.  
Hence from thy wretched heart fond care remove—  
If e'er thou liv'st but once love's worth to prove  
Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live to love.

"Rewarded in rewarding." Is this not answer enough to questions of how the women and children of the future will be provided for?

The men of the future, having been properly instructed in the principle of equitable co-operation will see the justice of dividing their earnings with the women of the future, without hope or expectation of reward other than the satisfaction of having borne a manly share of life's burdens. The manly man of the future will know—as the man of the present seems not to know—that all the real labor and peril of bringing children into the world, is borne by woman, leaving man free to do the hard labor needed in providing a home and sustenance for woman while engaged in her reproductive work, and also in providing shelter, clothing and sustenance for the young and helpless children. Just how this help "will come to them" just what proportion of a man's earnings will be set apart for the support of the woman or the women he loves, and who love him, or for the support of children, are matters of detail that may well be left to each individual and to the power of an enlightened public conscience. "Where there's a will there's a way," especially when that will is dominated, controlled and stimulated, by an all-pervading, all-conquering but non-invasive love.

I repeat, and would continue to repeat that when man is once civilized he will not need "taxation" or statutory compulsion of any kind, to compel him to do the right thing towards women and children. "The letter [of the law] killeth; it is the spirit [of love] that maketh alive." Woman's initiative, woman's election, will be law enough. The men who neglect, abuse or in any way mistreat women and children, will be ignored, avoided, boycotted! They will not reproduce their kind. None will be chosen by women as masculine co-operators, on any plane,—the physical, the intellectual, the psychic—except



## VARIOUS VOICES.

the unselfish, or rather the altruistically selfish. None but gentlemen, in the broad and true meaning of that word, will be counted among the elect, when womanhood awakes.

At present, not love but law is depended on to compel man to protect and support woman and her children; for results, read the daily papers. For results, observe the pinched, half-starved, anxious faces and the wretchedly clad forms of a large proportion of women and children seen daily on the streets. For results, go to the jails, the penitentiaries, the poor houses, the reform schools, the asylums for the insane,—the mentally, morally and physically deformed, prenatally disinherited and defrauded, and then consider whether it would not be well to trust to law a little less, and depend a little more on Love in Freedom—on Love guided by Wisdom—wisdom learned in the school of experience!

Is Friend Brinkerhoff still unanswered? If so I will try once more.

M. HARMAN.

### Woman and War.

BY HELMINE DRÄKE SLENNER.

Though the average woman admires the military and its equipments, and many of them worship the soldier, still there are so many exceptions one can but feel hopeful the tide will turn as the race grows in enlightenment and culture. Even now there is a large per cent of women who eschew all wars and all military insignia, I cannot remember when I did not turn away from all such, as I would from any other sign of brute force, wrong and outrage.

Educated among Quakers I had it ingrained in me to dislike all that encouraged war, dissension or strife. And Quakers everywhere still cling to this abhorrence of war and war trappings. Shakers also, and all the immense crowds composing the great and numerous "Bands of Mercy" growing out of the work done by "Our Dumb Animals"—a paper that, aside from its catering to the mythology of the age, is one of the most useful of publications.

Nearly all the great thinkers among women are opposed to war, and especially opposed to "fist-fights" public or private. The Liberals must judge the world by its thinkers, for in time these will be its leaders; and reason and arbitration will decide all disputed questions. The Christian preaches universal love, peace and brotherhood, and then fills the world with war, strife, and murder. I do not say there are no good men in the church or army, but the whole tread of war is evil incalculable, and some day it will and must cease.

"We rate our cash and business high? I have no objection.  
I rate them as high as the highest.  
Then a child born of a woman and man  
I rate beyond all rate,"

Whitman.

### A "Difference."

BY MRS. U. P. HADLEY.

Two children, beneath an oak, played among the grass and flowers, unmindful of the pretty scene made brighter by their happy presence and innocent prattle. Both were of one age, perfect in form and features. Dimples played hide-and-seek, twist smiles and pouts, as on they chatted like two young bob-o-links. One had brown eyes, and hair to match, and ways as winsome as her looks. The other, had eyes of heavenly blue, and massive curls of yellow gold. No stranger passing, failed to cast a smiling glance upon the two; for both were fair,—so passing fair—and called forth words of praise and love. So bright and cute was this pretty pair, 'twas hard to choose between the two. But, horrors! had those strangers known the truth, that out-spoken, undivided praise would ne'er have fallen upon the twain. One, only, would have called forth admiration; for one—the brown-eyed child—was born in wedlock while the blue-eyed cherub, was born "outside."

Francis Radick, Brooklyn, N. Y.:—I again received a sample copy of your valuable journal; I consider it an invitation to subscribe, therefore I enclose 25 cents for which kindly continue sending it to me.

John N. Volkel, South Bend, Ind.:—Enclosed you will find \$1.10 for Lucifer and a copy of "Orthodoxy False Since Spiritualism is True." I received the book "A Physician in the House" and I am much pleased with it.

W. H.:—You sent me some leaves of Karezza which caused me to enclose \$1.00 for the book. I am ignorant of much that makes life happy. I have learned much from Lucifer, thanks to you and others. As the masses are living today you can sum life up in these words, "dollars, ignorance and lust." Their brains reach no farther than their stomachs, and you cannot reach them through their heads; but why do I find fault? We are doing the best we can under the existing conditions and the knowledge we have. Hope you are quite well, after your trip. We need such men as you.

Henry M. Parkhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y.:—My illustration in Sociologic Lessons, No. 80, is criticized in Lucifer No. 747 by C. T. B. who begins his article by saying "Equality is not predicable between different kinds of things." My first sentence was: "The theory of equality is contradicted throughout nature." These two statements seem to agree fairly well. By way of illustration I said: "A mouse for instance has no right to an equal division of food with an elephant." C. T. B. seems to claim that there should be equality between mice and equality between elephants. Suppose I change the illustration and say, A dwarf elephant has no right to an equal division of food with a giant elephant. My argument was that there are no two elephants precisely equal. Proportionate representation is not founded upon equality but upon equity. It is the natural law of growth that it is in proportion to conditions and circumstances. It is only so far as there is approximate equality of conditions and circumstances that equity recognizes individuals as equals.

What I have to say either of assent or dissent upon other questions raised in the article of C. T. B. appropriately belongs in the Sociologic Lessons themselves, where those questions are considered in their proper places or left for the reader to consider for himself.

## WHAT IS AN ANARCHIST?

The word ANARCHY, in the minds of misinformed people, signifies disorder, chaos, turbulence, violence, bloodshed, retrogression. To the student of economics it signifies exactly the reverse of these ideas—in two words, Liberty and Progress. You cannot afford to be ignorant of this comparatively new view of economic science, and you will remain ignorant of it so long as you gain your information—or rather, misinformation—concerning it from newspapers only. P. J. Proudhon the great French economist, identifies Anarchy with Liberty and says "Liberty is the mother, not the daughter, of Order." Read and think for yourself and you will see that Anarchy instead of being a doctrine which threatens the destruction of all that is beneficial to humanity is in fact the necessary condition of unhampered social evolution. Here is a list of books on anarchy which we recommend. They will be sent post paid from Lucifer office on receipt of price:

Economics of Anarchy. A Study of the Industrial Type. By Dyer D. Lum. Paper, 60 pages. (Scarce). .25  
Autonomy. Self Law; What Are Its Demands? A fragmentary exposition of the basic principle of individualism in its rela-

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tion to society and government. By Moses Harman. This pamphlet of 29 uncut pages contains an account of the autonomistic marriage of Lillian Harman and Edwin C. Walker, and their subsequent arrest, trial and imprisonment. The pamphlet is not up to the standard in typography, but it contains data valuable to all lovers of personal liberty. .05

Creed of Liberty. A brief exposition of philosophical anarchism. By William Gilmore. Paper, 11 pages. .03

Cityless and Countryless World; an Outline of Practical Co-operative Individualism. By Henry Olerich. Red silk; gold title; nearly 500 pages. \$1.00

Dawn of Civilization. A Radical Social Reform Novel by J. C. Spence, formerly a vice president of the Legitimation League. Blue and gold boards; 176 pages. .25

Government Analyzed. By John R. Kelso, A. M. This book seeks to show that all governments, like all gods, are the mere personifications of mythical monsters invented by selfish and crafty men as instruments with which to rob and enslave the ignorant toiling masses. A book which is sure to open the eyes of governmentalists who read it. Bound in cloth; 520 pages; edition limited; original price, \$1.50. Our price, .90

Human Rights. By Madison Hook, with an Introduction by E. C. Walker. 1891; paper, 19 pages. .05

Thomas Jefferson. Father of American Democracy. His political, social and religious philosophy. By Gen. M. M. Trumbull. Paper, 29 pages. .10

Liberty: Political, Religious, Social and Sexual. By A. F. Tindall, A. T. C. L.; an essay towards establishing an Anti-Persecution Society to defend the rights of individuals against state interference and Puritan persecution. Paper, 8 pages. .03

Instead of a Book. By a man too busy to write one. A fragmentary exposition of philosophical anarchy by Benj. R. Tucker, editor of "Liberty." 512 pages. Paper, .50 cloth, \$1.00

Proudhon and his Bank of the People. Being a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of free and mutual banking. By Charles A. Dana, late editor of the New York "Sun;" paper, .15

Red Heart in a White World. A suggestive manual of Free Society; containing a method and a hope. By J. William Lloyd. Handsome illuminated paper cover in white, red and green; 50 pages. .10

Revival of Puritanism. An expose of the spirit "which makes cowards of editors and teachers, and spies and blackmailers of officials; which emasculates our literature and degrades our art, and which harries, robs and imprisons the few who are so organized that they will not sacrifice to what they hold to be a falsehood, even though death be the alternative." By E. C. Walker. Paper, large pages. .10

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 29.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 29, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 779

### Life and Death.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.  
So live that sinking on thy last long sleep  
Thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

—Sir William Jones.

### Gems From Ingersoll.

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action,  
rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith.

Banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of  
the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

An honest god is the noblest work of man.

Strange! that no one has ever been persecuted by the church  
for believing God bad, while hundreds of millions have been  
destroyed for thinking him good.

The instant we admit that a book is too sacred to be  
doubted, or even reasoned about, we are mental serfs. It is in-  
finitely absurd to suppose that a god would address a commu-  
nication to intelligent beings, and yet make it a crime, to be  
punished in eternal flames, for them to use their intelligence for  
the purpose of understanding his communication.

Salvation through slavery is worthless. Salvation from  
slavery is inestimable.

In nearly all the theologies, mythologies, and reli-  
gions, the devils have been so much more humane and merci-  
ful than the gods. No devil ever gave one of his generals an or-  
der to kill children and to rip open the bodies of pregnant  
women.

As a general thing, the gods have stopped drowning chil-  
dren, except as a punishment for violating the Sabbath.

In wars between great nations, the gods still interfere, but  
in prize fights, the best man with an honest referee, is almost  
sure to win.

Age after age, the strong have trampled upon the weak; the  
crafty and heartless have ensnared and enslaved the simple and  
innocent, and nowhere, in all the annals of mankind, has any  
god succored the oppressed.

The thoughts of man, in order to be of any real worth,  
must be free.

The first doubt was the womb and cradle of progress, and  
from the first doubt, man has continued to advance.

Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns  
the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to  
show his commission, or questions the authority of the priest,  
will be denounced as the enemy of man and God.

Nothing so outrages the feelings of the Church as a moral  
unbeliever—nothing so horrible as a charitable Atheist.

Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any sci-  
entific question by a text from the Bible?

The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind cannot  
possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought.

Progress is born of doubt and inquiry.

A creed is the ignorant Past bullying the enlightened  
Present.

True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson  
feeling for the pillars of authority.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel have been the sav-  
iors of liberty.

In every creed man is the slave of God—woman is the slave  
of man and the sweet children are the slaves of all.

Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate mon-  
ster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the  
grand word—FREEDOM?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free—to destroy the  
dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, and power—the poisoned fables  
of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth  
the fiend of Fear?

The people perish for the lack of knowledge.

We need free bodies and free minds,—free labor and free  
thought,—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor  
will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their  
real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the  
very death. We need have no fear of being too radical.

It is a blessed thing that in every age some one has had in-  
dividuality enough and courage enough to stand by his own con-  
victions,—some one has had the grandeur to say his say.

To worship another is to degrade yourself.

The spirit of worship is the spirit of tyranny. The wor-  
shiper always regrets that he is not the worshiped.

Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has  
given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead  
soul. In this sense, every church is a cemetery and every creed  
an epitaph.

After all, the poorest bargain that a human being can  
make, is to give his individuality for what is called respecta-  
bility.

I want no heaven for which I must give my reason; no hap-  
piness in exchange for my liberty, and no immortality that  
demands the surrender of my individuality.

"In the long run"—is all we can say and hope for. The  
clash of ideas, of book with book, of teaching with teaching,  
results in that training of the mind on which we all count so  
much. There is more and more public teaching on great ques-  
tions; in the long run it will tell. Tolstoi and Stirner are about  
to face each other. The abolition of war is before the world.  
Monopoly and Socialism are counting their strength. Long  
live Free Discussion! And long live Justice.—*Truth Seeker.*

# A Tragedy of the Ordinary.

BY GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

Edith Watson was beautiful enough to be a king's consort. She was good enough to be a queen in her own right. Her aspirations were less lofty. She aimed at marrying a kind hearted workman. Edith was a lady's maid in the house of one of England's aristocracy. Daily before her eyes were flaunted wealth, caste, luxury, and the misery which is never far removed from these obstacles to social solidarity. Edith Watson was as well educated as her many duties demanded. She possessed a natural delicacy, which while it imparted an air of culture never interfered with her work, which robust health and a fine physique made at once a pleasure and a recreation. The tall, stately beauty of Edith led her into many temptations or what to a less healthy mind would have been temptations. They passed her, leaving behind them the wisdom and sympathy which such experiences impart to souls of noble worth. Never a word of advanced views had been breathed into Edith's ears. Her reading was of the varied type to be found in the libraries of the orthodox rich—the fine novels of a past age labelled "Classics," the unread poets whose names are names and nothing more, a few histories and other indispensable "ornaments," also unread, and a vast multitude of well skimmed novels of the dippant, bloodthirsty, or semi-religious types of the day. Edith's reading of the modern novel such as she found at Pitt House, was exceedingly small. Most of her reading hours were devoted to the poets whose beautifully bound covers first attracted her until the unfingered pages of Tennyson, Byron and the more romantic idealists became to her, Life, Philosophy, and Religion.

Life at Pitt House was by no means the dull, dreary, over-worked existence so often pictured in fiction. Nearly every day she saw some phase of idleness, satiety, or abortive effort towards delight, in the lives of the butterflies whom she served, but seldom or never did she experience studied unkindness towards herself, or any systematic thwarting of her own relaxations. Occasionally her great beauty brought passing annoyances in the shape of the insistent attentions and openly or covertly expressed invitations from her master's guests and of course her young mistresses were by no means free from violent temper from time to time. But Edith's work was easy, her leisure hours not few, an abundance of fresh air and lovely country were always at hand, her fellow servants loved and almost worshipped her, her life was unclouded by a single fear.

Alfred Morgan was a steady and fairly intelligent workman. His wages were sufficient for more than his own scanty wants, and he saved something every week towards the home which he intended sooner or later to buy. At present he lived with his father, a widower with a large family of whom Alfred was the youngest. Alfred Morgan like most of the family was more or less religious. He taught a class in the Wesleyan Sunday School where his father had for years been a church member. Their Blackfriars home was a model home from one point of view. It was happy because all the family were united; there was not a single discord. A common love of the Wesleyan God, a common interest in the Blackfriars Church, a common reverence for family tradition, and a common absence of new ideas, new principles, or new beliefs, rendered the Morgan household the envy of the neighborhood and the pride of the church.

One of the Morgan girls was in service at Pitt House, and it is not surprising that Edith Watson was invited to pay her friend a visit one summer Saturday during the Pitt family's absence. That day was a memorable day to Edith, an orphan whose only relative was her mother's sister, a broken hearted and deserted wife whose husband's kindest act had been his suicide, after years of cruelty and oppression towards that long suffering woman. Here for the first time she saw how happy a home could be. The eldest, a woman of thirty-four, was her father's housekeeper. Alfred, his sisters, and his brother came in to tea, two of the girls brought their husbands and

Robert brought his wife, to see Edith Watson of whom Sarah had told them so much. After supper Alfred saw his sister and Edith to the railway station. Edith visited the Morgans a second time and after that, Alfred and Edith corresponded. Only a few months later Alfred asked Edith to be his wife.

One summer day Edith Watson became Mrs. Alfred Morgan. Nearly all the servants from Pitt House were present, Lord and Lady Pitt gave a handsome present to the bride. Alfred's relations and many of his fellow workmen and church workers were present and the Blackfriars Church was full to suffocation. There never was a happier honeymoon than Mr. and Mrs. Morgan spent during their eight days wedding trip. A few days later they settled down in Blackfriars near the "model" home of Alfred's father, and the business of life went on afresh.

Edith sadly missed her favorite books, the country walks, and the air of the hills, but the untiring attentions of Alfred almost made her feel it must be wrong not to be fully satisfied with the solid comfort and his anxious desire for her happiness.

For two whole years this mingled content and vague dissatisfaction continued. Alfred's narrowness of vision and absence of imagination seemed atoned for by his wish to shield her from all trouble, and all too soon the painful luxury of knowing that another dear life was nestling close to her heart, banished the regrets which she vainly attempted at that time to fully understand. To do him the barest justice Alfred never dreamed that Edith had other thoughts than his own.

He was a good fellow, he worked hard in the shop all day but was always ready in the evenings to take her out for a walk, or to share in any work which a thoroughly practical man like himself could do. At the time of her first child's birth his help was invaluable in the house, and she loved him as she never loved him before.

Edith's second year of married life was a critical one. A Malthusian tract given to her by a neighbor, almost a total stranger to her, had repelled her at the time of reading it, through its sordid appeal to an egoistic emotion which until then she had not considered. She passed through a terrible time, and after staring death in the face for many weeks, she recovered her health and a part of her old strength. Her second child was a puny boy of pinched proportions, and the doctor said he would require constant attention for at least five years. This was the beginning of Edith's tragedy. Winnie, her first born was like her mother, fair, healthy and strong. With the most ordinary attention she seemed to flourish. Edith attended to her household work, washed, dressed and fed Winnie and gave all the rest of her time and attention to the ailing baby. Alfred sacrificed a great deal for the sake of the boy who bore a curious resemblance to himself. In his own early years he too had been his mother's constant care and she had died through the exhausting effect of instilling life into that weak frame. He did not remember all these facts, his subsequent growth into average hardy manhood had obliterated much of his early impression of weakness. He loved his wife and was sorry for his baby.

Alfred's sexual life had been suppressed ever since the birth of Baby. Edith was firm as adamant that until she had reared Baby, or until—she dared not think of that other possibility, she could not and would not bring into the world another being to share her attention and divert her from the supreme work of building up the life which she alone felt capable of raising. Morgan's sedentary life unfitted him for sexual restraint. His occupation, his environment, his lack of imagination, his diet and the absence of any other outlet for the forces within him all tended to render sexual restraint impossible. His very affection for Edith made his desires unbearable.

Edith remembered she had somewhere in the house a tract which told her something of the Malthusian view. With its aid she was able to read some more convincing literature on the subject. She learned that an annual addition to her family was not a necessary result of conjugal love. She shocked Alfred by telling him these things. He would not hear of her adoptive



any such method for satisfying his desires without interfering with either her own health or the demands of their sick child. Edith's only answer was a renewal of her own determination, while Alfred's sexuality struggled with his religion and his narrow philosophy. Religion won in the struggle at a mighty cost, and it is not surprising that such a religious supremacy meant death to love and all the nobler side of Alfred's life. He never attempted the brutal methods of those who have endeavored to carry their opinions by force as at the sword's point.

After a few days of vehement protest, Alfred Morgan's love gave place to a sullen and growing indifference. Neglect followed, and soon a hundred obstacles intervened between himself and his home. He nursed his resentment and exaggerated it until he felt himself wronged beyond redress. And night after night for another five years their habits and their necessities compelled these two to sleep together. The proximity which had been their chief delight became at first an embarrassment and finally an agony.

Winnie was six years of age and Baby was nearly five. The latter had repaid all the mother's loving attention, and if he could hardly be called robust there was no longer any special weakness, and the future looked as promising as could be wished.

Edith made a final despairing appeal to Alfred, for she loved him still. But he was deaf to her, dead to her. They lived for many years together, Edith loving her children and in great part solaced by their love. Alfred loved but unloving, a melancholy man, moving gloomily about the house, never smiling, a ruined life. Edith suffered most because her finer metal was more sensitive, but she had much love left her still, her own love for every one, the gladness of the young lives owing so much to her and reflecting her love in their own bright hearts. Alfred's heart is desolate, his life is barren, his light has gone out.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Said Rev. Tighe of Holy Angels' Catholic Church, Chicago, in commenting on Ingersoll's death. "No mention of the death of Mr. Ingersoll will be made in Catholic churches. It is not according to our laws to say mean things of the dead." Really? Then are we to infer that Luther, for instance, is still living? What a statement this is the priest practically makes—that from the standpoint of the Catholic church nothing good could be found in Ingersoll's life of which mention could be made!

"Ready for a Degree" is the caption under which the "St. Louis Republic" gives the following:

"Now that little Japan has been admitted into the senior class of civilization she must remember that dignity and self-poise are traditional necessities of such a position."

So "dignity and self-poise" are "necessities"? Then it is clear that the nations already in the senior class are able to exist without necessities, contenting themselves with such luxuries as insurrections, mobs, political campaigns, wars for conquest, etc., the details of which fill the newspapers every day.

The Evanston Police Justice who last week sentenced a small boy to six months' attendance at Sunday school for stealing apples, has repeated his offense. On July 21 Justice Levere sentenced George Stienbricke to weekly attendance at Sunday school for six months. Levere says that he will himself "organize a class and take care of the boys." Well may the Sunday school exclaim, "Better, a thousand-fold, an avowed enemy than a fool friend!"

The last lecture delivered by Ingersoll was on "Liberty." The proceeds of the lecture were given to sick soldiers and their destitute families. To the Freethinker "Liberty" is the most precious of words; and to the Christian, "The greatest of these is charity." But Ingersoll's words for liberty and his acts of

charity will be equally unable to save him from damnation—if the Christians' creeds are true.

We should be willing to "hear all sides"; hence the southern view of the race troubles is given space in the "Various Voices" department. This is the only letter of its kind which we have received, and I am not sure it was written for publication. As to the facts in the case, all will probably never be known. It is natural that the perpetrators of a wrong will try to gloss it over, will try to justify their actions. This statement is equally true of both Hose and the mob. But while the mob had the sentiment of the community and the columns of the southern press enlisted in its defense, no one dared demand justice, a fair trial, for Hose. Whoever has faced a community aroused to the pitch of mob violence knows that it is almost impossible to obtain a truthful statement of the cause of offense. Having had experience in the publication of an unpopular paper in a hostile small community, I have had excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the mob spirit. The desire to blacken the body of the victim with tar is equalled only by the frenzy of anxiety to besmirch the reputation with all the vile calumnies imaginable.

But if we should admit the character of the negro is as black as it is painted—what then? Does that relieve the "superior race" of the natural obligation to treat him justly, to help him onward and upward in his struggle toward the light? It is our misfortune, as well as his, that he was ever brought here; but here he is, and what are we to do with him? He has been bound, his mind kept in darkness and ignorance and superstition. Some of the shackles have been removed; but they have left their marks on him. "He is born wrong"—but why? He is dishonest, untruthful, unreliable in many ways? What then? Since when has it been held that slavery develops the best qualities of men and women? Is slavery a condition conducive to the growth of a desire for justice, truth, honor? If so, the white race should enter into bondage for a few generations—there is plenty of room for development in those very desirable qualities. Similar charges have been made—and truthfully made—against the oppressed of all nations and all ages. Though I believe it is true that "the cure for the evils of liberty is more liberty" the converse principle is false—that on which the southern mobs seem to be acting—the principle that the cure for the evils of slavery is more slavery. For the evils which are apparently of liberty are actually the evils remaining from the old systems of slavery, and require only more liberty to eradicate them. On the contrary, the evils of slavery can never be cured by more slavery, more oppression.

It may be true that the average negro cannot be trusted to pass a hen roost without appropriating a chicken or two. But what has been the example set him by the "superior race?" It is not pleasant to have one's chickens stolen—but I would rather have my chickens appropriated than to have my friends, my children, my labor, my own body appropriated as the whites appropriated the negroes. Less time is required to perpetrate a wrong than to right that wrong. The solution of the race question is not a matter of a few cases of mob vengeance. The time will not be measured by months or years or even generations. Slavery was a curse to all connected with it. The institution was a blight to the beautiful Southland—enervating, demoralizing to both whites and blacks. It has caused untold suffering, and much more suffering in the future will be due to it. This is no time for feelings of hatred and recrimination between sections nor between races. We must recognize the facts and do all that lies in our power to secure justice for all.

OUR READERS and patrons, everywhere, are hereby again requested not to forget to send us names of their friends and acquaintances who might become interested in Lucifer and its work, if they could see a few sample copies. Upon this plan, more than any other, we now depend for increase of subscription list, and for advertising the books and pamphlets that supplement and extend the work of the paper itself.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-SHARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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## To Friends in Iowa, Missouri and Kansas.

On or about the fifth of August the editor of this paper expects to start on a trip to Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and perhaps Nebraska, partly on business connected with the office of publication and partly in the hope that his physical health, which is still much below par—will be benefited thereby. My first stop will be at Mt. Pleasant Park, near Clinton, Iowa, at which place the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association holds its annual meetings. I expect to remain at this encampment about two weeks, or until the 19th or 20th of August. Thence I shall probably go to Omaha, Nebraska, and thence to Ottawa, Kansas, to attend the ninth annual meeting of the Kansas Free Thought Association, which is called to meet August 23 to 29 inclusive.

At both of these annual meetings I hope to meet many of Lucifer's friends and patrons. From Ottawa I shall probably go to Topeka, Valley Falls and perhaps other points in Kansas. Thence returning to Chicago via Kansas City, Mo.

While looking forward to this trip with hopeful anticipation of the results at all points named, and at others not named, I confess to a feeling of special interest in the prospect of meeting my old friends and comrades of the Kansas Free Thought Association.

Among these old time friends and co-workers, it will probably not be amiss to mention the name of the President of the K. F. A., Mrs. Etta Semple, of Ottawa. Whatever of success this Association may have achieved in the past has been owing more to the untiring and self-sacrificing efforts of Mrs. Semple than to the efforts of any other individual—I had almost said, of all other individuals. I would by no means be understood as saying that the history of the free thought movement in Kansas is synonymous with the history of the K. F. A. Several State organizations had preceded the present one, but from various causes had been allowed to lapse, or go out of existence. About ten years ago Mrs. Semple proposed the formation of what she called "The Lucifer Club," with price of membership fixed at \$2.—I think it was—per annum, the money to be used in sustaining the paper. A meeting was called, held in the interest of this club, at Topeka. This as I understand it, was the beginning of the present state organization. Since then annual meetings have been held, sometimes at Topeka but generally at Forest Park, near Ottawa. The organization has been kept up. Mrs. Semple, its first president, has been re-elected to that position every year, if I mistake not, and in addition to the duties of president she has often if not generally performed the duties of Secretary and Treasurer.

While in Kansas Lucifer was considered the organ or mouth-piece of the K. F. A. Since our removal to Chicago, the "Free Thought Ideal," now edited and published by Etta Semple and Laura Knox, at Ottawa Kansas, has succeeded to the place vacated by the Light-Bearer. Letters lately received from the editors inform us that this comparatively new competitor in the field of Free Thought journalism is in a flourishing condition. It is published fortnightly at the low price of fifty cents a year and that it is well printed and edited and that it is worth a good deal more than the price asked for it, can easily be demonstrated to any reader of Lucifer by sending for a sample copy.

In conclusion I would earnestly ask all our readers in Kansas and adjoining states to attend the approaching annual meeting of the K. F. A. at Forest Park, Ottawa, and try to induce as many as possible to do likewise. Having attended several meetings at that place I can speak with the assurance of absolute knowledge when I say that this park is better adapted to the purpose of holding camp meetings than any other I have ever seen. Both of nature and of art its attractions are unsurpassed. From experience and observation also I know that Mrs. Semple is unsurpassed as a hostess at her home or as organizer of successful meetings of this kind. Ample provision is being made for all who may come. Arrangements for reduced rates on all railroads are being made. Remember this, when buying tickets before starting. The R. R. agent must be notified of your destination and intention.

How many of my old Kansas friends shall I have the pleasure of meeting at Forest Park, the last week in August next? And how many of my Iowa friends shall I meet at Mt. Pleasant Park during the second and third weeks of the same month?

M. HARMAN.

## Robert G. Ingersoll.

Among the recent occurring events in the world of sensation, of thought and of action, the passing away of the personality known as Robert Green Ingersoll must be accorded a very prominent place. What the sober unimpassioned judgment of posterity,—say a hundred years hence—may be, it is now impossible to predict, but that his name and fame will receive increasing honor and luster as the years go by, is reasonably certain.

That Robert G. Ingersoll had his faults, his limitations, goes without saying. His most ardent admirers will not claim for him perfection. That he failed in some particulars to grasp the full meaning of some of the most important movements and demands of the times, in the fields of modern thought and action, is probably true. But that he was intellectually honest and brave; that he had the courage of his convictions; that his human sympathies were of the broadest, highest, and deepest; that his heart was in closest touch with human suffering everywhere, and that he devoted a very large share of his earnings to alleviating the sum of human misery, will probably be denied by few, if any, who are not biased or blinded by prejudice, or misled by ignorance of the facts.

While not a learned man, in the sense of scholastic or collegiate attainments, he was probably fully abreast of the times in all the most useful branches of human knowledge. His fame, however, rests, and will always rest, upon his iconoclastic labors in the field of theology and mythology,—among the time-honored and moss-grown monuments of religious creed and dogma—and upon his power as an orator and word painter. In the New York correspondence of the Chicago "Times-Herald" of July 22, in giving an account of the last hours of the "Great Agnostic," as he is commonly called, the writer indulges in these words of panegyric, which will probably find an echo in the breasts of thousands if not of millions:

"Known throughout the world,—a man of picturesque career, an orator possessed of unsurpassed eloquence and rhetorical ability, a lawyer and an impassioned pleader, a politician who never sought public office, a past master in the art of invective, satire and pathos, a word painter whose equal a century has not produced, a welling fountain of wit and humor, a humanitarian with a soul full of poetry and love for his fellow man, a scholar who challenged the admiration of the learned, a constant friend, an enjoyable companion, a loving husband and father, an agnostic who stirred the religious world as even Voltaire, Paine or Tyndall could not, a lecturer of international renown, the best beloved and most cordially hated man in Christendom—such a man was Colonel Ingersoll. Thousands will deeply mourn the passing of such a brilliant star and still other thousands will look upon his death as the close of a career that was a constant threat to the foundation principles of the Christian religion."



In the New York "World" of the same date appears the following brief but significant editorial:

"Robert G. Ingersoll was at the time of his death one of the best known Americans of the present day in the world. His fame is interesting because of the peculiar way in which it was got. It was due only in part to his own efforts. Its creators and propagators were his opponents, those whose creeds and beliefs he so savagely and so incessantly attacked. They answered him, and while his attacks had comparatively a small circulation, their answers carried his name and fame into almost every reading household in Christendom. Had it been possible to ignore him he would probably not have been known to the majority of his own countrymen."

We could easily fill many issues of our paper with current comment on the life and character of America's best known Freethinker, and must close this unsatisfactory notice with a few characteristic utterances from his own pen. From these brief sentences may be gathered, as we think, a fairly correct idea of Ingersoll's mental attitude toward the popular creeds of the day, and towards the men who defend these creeds, these religious dogmas:

"While utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the truth of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeful, loving, and tender souls who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men; but for those who heartlessly try to prove that salvation is almost impossible; that damnation is almost certain; that the highway of the universe leads to hell; who fill life with fear and death with horror; who curse the cradle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt, and scorn."

"Reason, Observation, and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to, and independent of, nature shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect."

Elsewhere in this issue we insert some of the many gems of thought found in his writings. In next week's *Lucifer* we shall probably give more of these, and also some more comments by friend and foe in regard to the life and transition of the "best beloved and most cordially hated man in Christendom."

MOSES HARMAN.

## The Population and Economic Question.

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Col. Ingersoll is brilliant and fascinating both as a speaker and a writer. But long ago he has been pronounced woefully ignorant on economic subjects or else very insincere. In politics he figures on the side of the plutocrat, the holders of the wealth produced by the poor workers, and on the rostrum or in society, he cannot or will not reason logically concerning the wealth producers. "Ignorance, poverty and vice" are synonymous terms, and the poor wretch burdened with these miseries is himself to blame and has no rights he or civilization is bound to respect.

His remedy for the evil and suffering in the world, according to the quotation in *Lucifer* No. 25, is to "prevent the ignorant, the poor, and the vicious from filling the world with their children."

This is a damnable utterance from every point of view. In the first place, are the "ignorant poor and vicious" of the world all born ignorant, poor and vicious? How many thousands of well-born children are crushed down, down into the depths of misery, by the terribly unjust systems which our civil-

ization rests upon, every year? Indeed, the intense, sensitive, high strung natures of the children born of educated, aspiring fathers and mothers, are all the more irresponsible, miserable and desperate, when society robs them of their productions and denies them a chance to exercise their faculties in order to escape that disgraceful "poverty" which has no business to breed.

The leading scientists of the world now assert that habits, traits, disease or vices are not transmitted from parents to children. Robert Owen proved, by taking at random a number of children from the slums of London and placing them in the best possible conditions, that heredity has very little influence as against conditions. Weakness may be inherited—a weak father and mother cannot produce strong, sturdy offspring; if the children are not removed from the bad conditions which rendered the parents weak, they will without doubt go the way of the father and mother. But give them proper surroundings, give them room, light, opportunity—that which every plant needs to develop fully—and the tendency is always to outgrow the deficiencies of the beginning and come out strong, upright, well rounded out.

But if even for the sake of argument we concede that poverty and vice are bred in the blood and bones of unfortunate children, and we acknowledge that we ought to prevent "ignorance, poverty and vice" from breeding, where would we begin? Where draw the line? Who would have the right to say what persons were good enough, rich enough, wise enough to have children? For instance, there are thousands of preachers and good Christians who would prevent Col. Ingersoll from perpetuating himself if his children were all like him. I, from another standpoint, might wish to prevent his breeding children like himself, illogical, unjust, or hypocritical. I might like to prevent men like Rockefeller and many rich mine owners here in the west, whom I consider more "vicious" (because more powerful to cause suffering) and more ignorant than the people of the so-called lower classes, from breeding. It would be a tyrannical interference that would be limited only by the power one might obtain as against others.

I am especially indignant whenever I hear the old cant that the poor have no right to bring children into the world. It is as though you took a man, robbed him of his property, put him at drudgery that dwarfed and degraded him, heaped disgrace and humiliation upon him and then declare that because he is in the miserable condition to which you have brought him, he has no business to think of happiness in any form. No man can picture the sweetness and sacredness of home life, of mother love, of fatherly tenderness, of the sweet relations between brothers, sisters and parents, than Ingersoll. And yet he would forbid the least enjoyment of such happiness to those whom society has already stripped of every thing else worth living for. The first impulse of a noble man or woman, it seems to me, would be to give him back the rights he as a human being is entitled to equally with all others, that the happiness common to all mankind need not be denied him; not to forbid him dreaming of parental love, and sweet young children, because of what he has already suffered.

I am aware that it is personally not best for the poor to have children. But this fact is the horror and cruelty of it all. If a man had been mangled by some cruel monster, I would advise him to not try to indulge in the pleasures of locomotion; but I would not be satisfied with telling him and all crippled people not to try to move about, and let the matter rest at that. I should agitate and agitate to have the monster prevented from making more cripples who could not or dared not walk.

I am aware that the policy of *Lucifer* rests upon this principle: that women ought to be free in order that fewer and better children may be born, and it must believe in the inheritance of vice, ignorance and poverty, that its position may be made good; that only the improved children of free mothers can change the conditions etc. The inference then is naturally this: that we work for the freedom of women simply that better

children may be born and the world thus be made brighter and happier.

To my mind, the freeing of women, the placing of woman on the footing of a human being, equal but no more, with all other human beings of whatever sex, for her own sake, is sufficient. I need no further excuse or reason for pleading for woman's emancipation.

Again, I am not so certain that the "better born children," the children born in love and comfort and soft, harmonious conditions, are the best fitted to fight against unjust, robbing institutions. They are too sensitive, too poetic, they love ease too well. And I have noticed that well born children do come to the "rock pile" and the jail sometimes and suffer more for their very breeding. The children born amid the struggle and turmoil are more often born with the faculties necessary to fight the injustice in society. What Ingersoll calls "vice" is often but sturdy protest, and his "ignorance" a keener insight into the workings of bad systems than he or his rich friends can possibly possess.

I am aware I have subjected myself to severe criticism, but I shall be glad to meet it. I am searching for the truth.

#### REPLY.

As our good friend Mrs. Holmes very evidently expects an answer from me I shall not wholly disappoint her, although, as often said in these columns, personal controversy is not at all to my liking. I much prefer that each writer put forth her or his own thought, with as little reference as possible to what others think or say.

In the first place I doubt if Mrs. Holmes would have written as she did, had she waited a week or two longer. Pretty evidently she wrote immediately on seeing the quotation in *Lucifer* to which she chiefly refers. Her language is largely that of passion, rather than of deliberate conviction. "Anger is a short madness;" anger is unscientific, illogical, unreasoning, and hence the very evident incongruities and false assumptions made in the above very decidedly sharp criticisms of R. G. Ingersoll and of *Lucifer's* teachings, a few only of which criticisms will be noticed here and now.

To show how wide of the mark our correspondent shoots it is only necessary to restate fully the utterance which she characterizes as "damnable." Says Ingersoll:

"Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or law; by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it into the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother."

How any person of the good sense that we all know Mrs. Holmes to possess, could see tyranny, force, compulsion or anything else that is "damnable" in this utterance of the now departed apostle of freedom and justice, is more than I can tell. And how she can infer that Ingersoll makes "ignorance, poverty and vice synonymous terms" is equally amazing to me. No inference of the kind is deducible from anything he has said, so far as I know. Ingersoll knew, quite as well as she who sits in judgment upon and condemns him, that ignorance and vice are found in the palaces of the rich as well as in the hovels of the poor; and he would have rich ignorance and rich vice to stop populating the world, no less than when these powerful factors are associated with poverty.

It is quite true that, by inference, particular emphasis was laid upon the fact that ignorant and vicious poverty is more prolific than ignorant and vicious wealth, and therefore productive of greater evil. But who is to blame for such inference? Certainly not the honest lecturer who alludes to it as a fact, a terrible fact of our social life. If it were not for the hordes of the ignorant, the vicious and the imbecile poor who have neither the intellect nor the will to be self-owning, self-govern-

ing, it would not be in the power of the ignorant, the vicious, the self-seeking rich to monopolize the earth and the fruits of the labor of others.

"Ignorance is the only darkness;" "ignorance is the only devil." "Science is the only savior of mankind," says Ingersoll. Logically then, if science demonstrates that woman cannot be sexually free until she is economically free, then science must free woman economically as well as sexually. *Lucifer* demands not only sexual and economic freedom for woman but also intellectual and psychic or soul freedom, and these she can never have while she owns allegiance to the man-made God of Paul, of David, and of the Jewish law giver Moses.

It is ignorance that holds woman,—and through her the race—in bondage to all these. Abolish ignorance, then; abolish the first of Ingersoll's trinity of evils and we abolish them all.

"Truth for authority and not authority for truth," should be our motto. It matters little what Robert Owen and other leading scientists of the world may have said if their dicta and partial experiments deny the teaching of human experience of all time. In the school of experience man has learned, if he has learned anything, that "like begets like." The agriculturist knows that if he would have good products he must have not only good soil, good culture, heat, light and moisture—good "environment"—but he must in the first place have good seed, good "heredity." The same is the lesson of experience in live stock raising, and the same is equally the lesson of experience in the breeding and rearing of human beings, and hence the emphasis with which *Lucifer* demands woman's freedom sexually, so that she may do her best for her child in the matter of heredity and prenatal influences.

In some points Mrs. Holmes so completely answers herself that no other reply is needed,—as when she admits that it is "not best for the poor to have children." As no one is asking that the poor be prohibited, by force or law, from having children, there is really no point to her elaborate argument on that score. And also as when she thinks that "children born in love and comfort and soft harmonious conditions would not be best fitted to fight against unjust, robbing institutions." If so, then why work for better conditions at all? If the children born under the improved conditions would be too weak or too selfish to fight for all their rights, how could they be expected to maintain their hold upon such rights as had been conferred upon them by others?

Finally, in regard to Ingersoll's affiliation with the Republican party, etc., I would briefly say that for years I worked with that party myself, and I was just as honest in my work then as I am honest now in trying to defeat and destroy that political machine. I cannot impeach the honesty, the sincerity, of those who differ from me politically without at the same time impeaching my own honesty and sincerity. The old admonition, "Judge not," is an excellent rule to go by. While it is true that a "tree is known by its fruits," we can never know the inward motives that impel the outward acts. "Charity [love] thinketh no ill of its neighbor."

Our old-time friend expects "severe criticism." I think her severest critic will be none other than herself when time and reflection shall have shown her that in her judgments she has been hasty and uncharitable, as well as illogical.

M. HARMAN.

#### What Became of the Children in Marriage.

Here is a reply to the question, "What will become of the children?" Under the heading, "Starving Family Relieved," the following appeared in the Chicago "Times-Herald" of July 22:

"A sad case of destitution was brought to the attention of the police at the Rawson street station yesterday, and the family of Julius Stahnka was relieved from hunger. In a basement at 22 Bowen street the officers found the father, mother, and six small children. For months the father had been unable to work, being subject to epileptic fits. His wife



also became ill, and the children, who are all very young, almost starved at times. A quart of beans is all they had for food Thursday. The police at the Rawson street station took up a collection and purchased food for the family."

This furnishes proof of the oft-repeated statement that marriage provides for the children. Of course it is the most unusual thing in the world for a married man to be ill or out of work; but when such a state of affairs does exist, a collection may be taken up by the police and "the starving family relieved!"

L. H.

### Danger of Premature Burial.

"New York World."

He was rich and carried an elegant timekeeper, worth \$500. It stopped. He took it to the man who doctors watches. The watch doctor pondered over the case, looked wise, sprinkled lavender-water upon it, and then remarked solemnly, "A case of main-spring failure!" "But what is to be done about it?" said the anxious owner. "Screw it up in a tight box and bury it as soon as possible," said the man whose diploma dubbed him "D. W. D." (the translation of which is left to the reader.)

Hard for the watch and its owner, wasn't it? But how much worse had it been his wife or child! And yet this is precisely what is now taking place almost every day. A lady called in to see me one day, and in the course of conversation I happened to say, "What a pity it is that bleeding has gone out of fashion, for I believe that simple blood-letting would in many cases start the heart's motion, for it is quite certain that the blood continues to circulate for some time after apparent death."

"I know just such a case," she replied. "My husband's mother was on two occasions thought to be dead but was restored by her doctor, who simply bled her."

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. M. E. W., Montgomery, Ala.—I inclose 25cts. for *Lucifer* for three months, as I wish to read Mr. Harman's travels in the south; also to become familiar with *Lucifer*. In reading your remarks in regard to Sam Hose, the vile negro, I am forcibly impressed to correct the impression you hold in regard to his crime given by the detectives. The detectives have lied. The negro was guilty of all that he was accused of, and not one half of the low vile acts that he committed on that woman's person were published in the papers. They were of such a nature that the truth could not be put in print. Two men who heard Mrs. Cranford's oath in court, as to the negro's treatment came to this city, and related minute particulars, too low and vile to put in print. At the time of his execution, they found on his body a sealed envelope containing what she stated in court that he had taken from her body, and said that he took it in remembrance of her. He admitted the crime. People who live in the North and have so much sympathy for the negro had better come South and live with them five years. I think they would sing a different song. The negroes are all born wrong; they are born criminals. They are too lazy to work, the consequence is they study how to live without work and the result is their offspring are born criminals. The slave negroes are all good, kind people, but not one of them would hesitate to rob a hen roost on his way home from prayer meeting. Our criminals are those born since the war.

Myra Peppers, Ottumwa Iowa.—Although I do not get *Lucifer* regularly, some of my good friends send me a copy occasionally and in one of them I saw the letter from ——. I wrote a letter and sent it through Lillian and received a reply with the request to destroy the letter. Carelessly I destroyed it without noting the address so will say to — that is the reason I have not answered her most interesting letter. But as she says her correspondence is subject to confiscation by her lease owner a letter might not reach her after all. Lillian is right

—take away the idea of ownership and marriage will be robbed of its terrors. I have lately had a little experience, in which the one-sidedness of things is evident. I have a brother-in-law, well known to many of *Lucifer's* readers and contributors—a believer in true freedom. He came to the place I call home, and was treated so shamefully by my owner that he could not remain. The only reason for this contemptible meanness is that he is an anarchist. Bah! and this same owner is a liberal—with a big L, but only liberal enough to damn the churches and the republican party. The line is drawn there and those who advocate socialism, anarchism, and free love, are denounced as enemies of civilization and fit only for prisons and the gallows. Pardon personalities but it is just as well to show up the sore spots in this marriage business.

Ina Champney in No. 770 of *Lucifer* hits the nail on the head in regard to education,—"none but desired children." It is a hopeful sign when young women can think and write as does Ina Champney. Before this letter grows too long I want to say that I heartily endorse the editorial entitled "Costly Patriotism" in 770. I have voiced the same sentiment many times. Speaking of Orangeman's day as celebrated in Canada, a friend of mine said "I do not believe in celebrating certain days that only perpetuate our forefather's blunders." To those of my friends who are expecting letters from me I send greetings. Numerous duties and the "late unpleasantry" account for seeming neglect. With good wishes to *Lucifer* and all who love Freedom, au revoir.

W. R. Woodard, Lincoln, Calif.—Enclosed find \$2. for renewal for *Lucifer* for one year, on Mrs. H. W. Woodard's subscription. Considering the quality and importance of *Lucifer* I think it cheaper at two dollars, than any other publication with which I am acquainted, and I suggest that every subscriber to *Lucifer* who feels as I do about its value, and is unable to render assistance by tongue or pen, should enclose two or more dollars per annum on each subscription. The paper merits the support of every thoughtful person who has paid any attention to the improvement of the human race. The spirit manifested towards his persecutors, by Mr. Harman during his persecution and imprisonment, is sublime. The sentiment he expresses concerning war, patriotism, Fourth of July celebrations, the rights of labor, government, religion and morality, women's rights, children's rights, and human rights, are in line with the best thought of the 19th century. Mental development, as exemplified through the results attained by art and science, in labor saving machinery; and more comprehensive and better methods, is far in advance, in the evolution of the human race, of moral development, as recognized in the business relations of men. That degree of moral development, that demands "equal and exact justice for all," and the greatest personal liberty that does not invade the equal liberty of all others, is only theoretically acknowledged, and that by but few. The fact that the greatest possible personal security for each and every individual against invasion of his rights by others, lies in the protection, by society, of every individual no matter how humble, from invasion from every source, is lost sight of in the mad, selfish scramble for personal advantage. All the opportunities which art and science have developed, for securing better results, by human effort, have been seized by the cunning and strong, and converted into huge engines of oppression, with which to invade the rights, and absorb the natural heritage of the masses. The result is on one hand enormous wealth and splendor in the hands of the few, whose morals are eaten away by corruption, (corrupt commercialism) which corrupts the whole moral atmosphere, and on the other hand the disinherited masses, begging from door to door, rapidly increasing in numbers as wealth and power become concentrated, becoming more unmanly, dissipated, and degraded day by day, and year by year, until they threaten the permanence of society. How to check and remove this vast avalanche of corruption on the one hand, which has gathered on the mountain tops of selfishness and cor-

## 772.

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rupt commercialism, and threatens to overwhelm civilization, and the miasma of degradation on the other hand, which has gathered in the swamps and mire of poverty and injustice and threatens to breed a pestilence which will roll back the tide of progress to the "dark ages" of the past, is a question that demands the earnest attention of every intelligent human being.

Col. Ingersoll is reported to have said, in substance (I do not recall his exact words) that intelligence is the only lever that will or can raise humanity out of the mire of ignorance, superstition, selfishness and degradation. The work which is being done by reformers, in all lines of reform, is urgently needed, but I know of no line of reform in which work and workers are so urgently needed as that in which Lucifer is engaged.

## WHAT IS AN ANARCHIST?

The word ANARCHY, in the minds of misinformed people, signifies disorder, chaos, turbulence, violence, bloodshed, retrogression. To the student of economics it signifies exactly the reverse of these ideas—in two words, Liberty and Progress. You cannot afford to be ignorant of this comparatively new view of economic science, and you will remain ignorant of it so long as you gain your information—or rather, misinformation—concerning it from newspapers only. P. J. Proudhon the great French economist, identifies Anarchy with Liberty and says "Liberty is the mother, not the daughter, of Order." Read and think for yourself and you will see that Anarchy instead of being a doctrine which threatens the destruction of all that is beneficial to humanity is in fact the necessary condition of unhampered social evolution. Here is a list of books on anarchy which we recommend. They will be sent post paid from Lucifer office on receipt of price:

Economics of Anarchy. A Study of the Industrial Type. By Dyer D. Lum. Paper, 60 pages. (Scarce) .25

Autonomy. Self Law; What Are Its Demands? A fragmentary exposition of the basic principle of individualism in its relation to society and government. By Moses Harman. This pamphlet of 29 uncut pages contains an account of the autonomistic marriage of Lillian Harman and Edwin C. Walker, and their subsequent arrest, trial and imprisonment. The pamphlet is not up to the standard in typography, but it contains data valuable to all lovers of personal liberty. .05

Creed of Liberty. A brief exposition of philosophical anarchism. By William Gilmour. Paper, 11 pages. .03

Cityless and Countryless World; an Outline of Practical Co-operative Individualism. By Henry Olerich. Red silk; gold title; nearly 500 pages. \$1.00

Dawn of Civilization. A Radical Social Reform Novel by J. C. Spence, formerly a vice president of the Legitimation League. Blue and gold boards; 176 pages. .25

Government Analyzed. By John R. Kelso, A. M. This book seeks to show that all governments, like all gods, are the mere personifications of mythical monsters invented by selfish and crafty men as instruments with which to rob and enslave the ignorant toiling masses. A book which is sure to open the eyes of governmentals who read it. Bound in cloth; 520 pages; edition limited; original price, \$1.50. Our price, .90

Human Rights. By Madison Hook, with an Introduction by E. C. Walker. 1891; paper, 19 pages. .05

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cal, social and religious philosophy. By Gen. M. M. Trumbull. Paper, 29 pages. .10

Liberty: Political, Religious, Social and Sexual. By A. F. Tindall, A. T. C. L.; an essay towards establishing an Anti-Persecution Society to defend the rights of individuals against state interference and Puritan persecution. Paper, 8 pages. .03

Instead of a Book. By a man too busy to write one. A fragmentary exposition of philosophical anarchism by Benj. R. Tucker, editor of "Liberty." 512 pages. Paper, 50 cloth, \$1.00

Proudhon and his Bank of the People. Being a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of free and mutual banking. By Charles A. Dana, late editor of the New York "Sun." paper, .15

Red Heart in a White World. A suggestive manual of Free Society; containing a method and a hope. By J. William Lloyd. Handsome illuminated paper cover in white, red and green; 50 pages. .10

Revival of Puritanism. An expose of the spirit "which makes cowards of editors and teachers, and spies and blackmailers of officials; which emasculates our literature and degrades our art, and which harries, robs and imprisons the few who are so organized that they will not sacrifice to what they hold to be a falsehood, even though death be the alternative." By E. C. Walker. Paper, large pages, .10

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 773.

### Declaration of the Free.

We have no falsehoods to defend—  
We want the facts;  
Our force, our thought, we do not spend  
In vain attacks.  
And we will never meanly try  
To save some fair and pleasing lie  
The simple truth is what we ask,  
Not the ideal;  
We've set ourselves the noble task  
To find the real.  
If all there is is naught but dross,  
We want to know and bear our loss.  
We will not willingly be fooled  
By fables sursed;  
Our hearts, by earnest thought, are schooled  
To bear the worst;  
And we can stand erect and dare  
All things, all facts that really are.  
We have no God to serve or fear.  
No hell to shun,  
No devil with malicious leer.  
When life is done  
And endless sleep may close our eyes,  
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.  
We have no master on the land—  
No king in air—  
Without a mandate we stand,  
Without a prayer,  
Without a fear of coming night,  
We seek the truth, we love the light.  
We do not bow before a guess,  
A vague unknown;  
A senseless force we do not bless  
In solemn tone.  
When evil comes we do not curse,  
Or thank because it is no worse.  
When cyclones rend—when lightning blights,  
The sought but fate;  
There is no God of wrath who smiles  
In heartless hate.  
Behind the things that injure man  
There is no purpose, thought, or plan.  
We waste no time in useless dread,  
In trembling fear;  
The present lives, the past is dead,  
And we are here.  
All welcome guests at life's great feast—  
We need no help from ghost or priest.  
Our life is joyous, jocund, free—  
Not one a slave  
Who bends in fear the trembling knee,  
And seeks to save  
A coward soul from future pain;  
Not one will cringe or crawl for gain.  
The jeweled cup of love we drain,  
And friendship's wine  
Now swiftly flows in every vein  
With warmth divine.  
And so we love and hope and dream  
That in death's sky there is a gleam.  
We walk according to our light,  
Pursue the path  
That leads to honor's stainless height,  
Careless of wrath

Or curse of God, or priestly spite,  
Longing to know and do the right.  
We love our fellow man, our kind,  
Wife, child, and friend,  
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,  
But we extend  
The helping hand to the distressed;  
By lifting others we are blessed.  
Love's sacred flame within the heart  
And friendship's glow;  
While all the miracles of art  
Their wealth bestow  
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain,  
And present raptures banish pain.  
We love no phantom of the skies,  
But living flesh,  
With passion's soft and soulful eyes,  
Lips warm and free,  
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled,  
The breathing angels of the world.  
The hands that help are better far  
Than lips that pray.  
Love is the ever gleaming star  
That leads the way.  
That shines, not on vague worlds of bliss,  
But on a paradise in this.  
We do not pray, or weep or wail;  
We have no dread,  
No fear to pass beyond the veil  
That hides the dead.  
And yet we question, dream, and guess,  
But knowledge we do not possess.  
Weak, yet nothing seems to know;  
We cry in vain.  
There is no "master of the show"  
Who will explain,  
Or from the future tear the mask,  
And yet we dream and still we ask,  
Is there beyond the silent night  
An endless day?  
Is death a door that leads to light?  
We cannot say.  
The tongueless secret locked in fate  
We do not know. We hope and wait.

—Robert G. Ingersoll—

### The Character of a Free Lover.

BY C. L. JAMES.

In one of the works of Mr. Matthew Arnold, I was reading, the other day, what incited me to execute a long-deferred resolution of writing something systematic on this subject.

Mr. Arnold was an extremely radical thinker on religious topics. He did not in the least believe in a personal God, in the literal truth of the Bible, nor, apparently, in the immortality of the soul. But he contended, justly enough, I grant, that the Hebrew and early Christian literatures, vulgarly called the Old and New Testaments, were of supreme importance to civilization because they had contributed to it, not certain moral precepts, which may be found also in Plato, Seneca, Confucius, etc., etc.; but "morality touched with emotion," or ethical religion, "Israel," as Mr. Arnold chooses to call the Jewish people, enter-

tained, not a mere theory, but a profound conviction—his word is "intuition,"—that there exists "an eternal power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." No experience of crime triumphant, virtue crucified, death confounding all, could shake the obstinate persuasion of "Israel" that this is so; therefore "Israel" is our teacher in what evolution has come later to prove the way of life,—despite all the errors and shortcomings of "Israel" himself about matters of detail.

Among illustrations of that moral "intuition" which distinguished "Israel," Mr. Arnold cites the Commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the sentiment of *Proverbs* on "the strange woman," the disappearance of polygamy in this Oriental nation before the time of Jesus, and the sayings of Jesus himself on the same subject. Very correctly again, he remarks that to restrain the lust of the flesh, besides being a vitally important lesson, is a hard one; and that we must not be at all surprised if either Jews or Christians be far from applying it faultlessly. He concludes as follows: "Not practice alone is against the old strictness of rule, but theory; we have argumentative systems of free love and of rehabilitation of the flesh" . . . here he cites some instances . . . then . . . "Israel's comment on the theory of free love is invaluable. He knows not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

This is my text. My thesis is that Mr. Arnold, like all honest opponents of free love, has totally misunderstood what he attacks. My argument shall tend to this, that free love does not mean "rehabilitation of the flesh," but, on the contrary, restraint upon the flesh. I contend that free love is not, as Mr. Arnold says "a disintegration of that moral perception on which the Seventh Commandment is founded," but eminently an *integration* of this moral perception. I shall endeavor to show that, as Christianity and all which follows Christianity along the same line, is, in general, the emancipation of the moral spirit from the mere letter of the Jewish law, (which Mr. Arnold would very readily admit), so free love is the *rationale* of "the Seventh Commandment" raised from a dead rule into a living principle. For the reasoning of "the Seventh Commandment," if it be anything, is just this, that the sexual passion should be restrained within the limits of prudence, justice and delicacy.

First, then, and principally, "the Seventh Commandment" is founded on a perception that the sexual propensity needs to be restrained. Now, however paradoxical it may sound, nothing restrains the sexual appetite like free love. For what is "the theory of free love," which Mr. Arnold has so ignorantly assailed? Surely, no one who will read my ensuing definition can doubt its correctness, so far as it goes. The theory is, first and principally this, that under no circumstances whatever should any woman be required, or persuaded to gratify this desire against her own inclinations. Now, it will not be disputed that the female sex is less amorous than the male. I allow this sounds rather like a stock assertion; but for a generation which reads Darwin, it would be an anachronism to dwell on that. The female is fully proved less amorous than the male; therefore a principle which holds it atrocious to constrain, or overrule, as by payment, the inclinations of a female, must restrain sexual indulgence far more than it ever yet has been restrained.

The difference is transcendently important. Those Jewish legislators whom Mr. Arnold, not without some reason, admires, were sensible that much physical and moral injury might be done by unrestrained sexual indulgence in marriage as well as out. They accordingly laid down certain regulations for the restraint of desire notwithstanding marriage. The canon law and the moral treatises of Catholic writers upon these subjects also abound in somewhat unpleasantly minute injunctions of continence. But under Protestant auspices, a not unreasonable feeling that such matters must be reduced to rule, has left the woman without any protection against the demands of her legal master.

Besides under all systems of marriage, pagan or Christian,

Protestant or Catholic, the lawfulness of intercourse is made complete, not by the inclination of either party, but by the performance of a mere ceremony. The canon law does indeed hold an actually compulsory marriage to be null; but any bribery or intimidation by which a woman may be brought to "accept the situation" avails to deprive her for life of the right to refuse her "conjugal duty." \* How much more efficacious, humane, and rational, the simple principle of the free lover that under any circumstances to exact reluctant submission is an odious crime? How, but through utter misunderstanding of its real nature, can free love ever be represented as indulgence instead of restraint?

License and liberty are essentially opposed; and there is no restraint like equal freedom. The male can indulge that passion whose greater energy distinguishes him from the female in but three ways—by finding a female whose inclinations are in harmony with his own; by compelling one to submit against her will; and overcoming her reluctance with filthy lucre. But the two last the free lover calls rape and whoredom. He utterly refuses to admit it as an excuse that they are committed under the human law, or that they have been sanctioned by all the priests outside of the infernal regions. He holds himself bound to abstain from them as from the most execrable of crimes and vices; and he considers proof of committing them abundantly sufficient to deprive another of his esteem.

It is evident, then, that he comes much farther and applies much more thoroughly than "Israel," or the canonists, who are Israel's successors, the general principle that sexual appetite should be restrained. Restrained, for them, within the limits of a technical law, by perception that inordinate concupiscence is dangerous, that secret amours may involve jealousy and strife, and that gross lewdness is offensive; it is restrained, for him, to the full limit of woman's superior continence; by the just and chivalrous sentiment that whoever will indulge his lust at the expense of her weakness or necessities is a monster.

To be more specific, we have said that the sexual passion should be restrained within the limits set by prudence. Now, which has the most reason to fear its consequences, the man or the woman? Very evidently, the woman. Is the woman, supposing her to have attained that degree of maturity and discretion without which she has no consent to give, less able to understand the perils to which she exposes herself than a man? I am certain such is not the ordinary opinion; and until I find some one to defend it I need give no reason why it is not mine. Surely, then, the free lover, besides being honorable and rigid in his feelings towards women, is judicious in his views of their interests. If they have more to risk than men, and if they understand the hazard quite as well as men, there can be no better way to keep the indulgence of desire within those limits set by prudence than to have it understood that indulgence shall depend entirely on their good will, and not at all on general maxims framed by men, who are less disposed, for every reason, to restrain it than they are themselves.

But, it may be said, notwithstanding the superior continence of women, many women go to ruin through disregarding these general maxims. This is sadly true; but surely it is rather surprising. If women are less amorous than men, as they are; if they have more to lose by rashness in love affairs than men, as they have; if they are easily taught to understand the importance of prudence quite as well as men understand it, which is unquestionable, then the fact that they often go to ruin through disregarding the general rules which men have framed for them, is one requiring explanation. It can scarcely be explained by this, that women, at certain periods, though not on the average, are peculiarly susceptible. For in this age of "new women" we see multitudes, in no physiological respect different from others, who, it must surely be allowed, are as unlikely subjects for the seducer as can be found on earth. In every middle-sized city of the present day, there are a thousand women, quite attractive in appearance, not at all defective sexually, and very free in manners, who are much safer than an odalisque in the grated



harem or a nun in a Spanish convent. Though many people doubtless suppose, it really shows ignorance of men and things to suppose, that vehement insistence on a rule and cruel penalties for breaking it, do not often make its breach more common. But a still greater mistake is to suppose that these methods necessarily fortify the spirit of the rule—that its object must needs be attained more generally for such insistence on the letter.

I acknowledge, for my own part, a suspicion that this case is in point. Women, or rather girls, are often easy to seduce, because, to "preserve their modesty," they have been brought up in studied ignorance of a few plain facts, such as that men's desires are much stronger than their own; because they have been taught to allure men as a means of securing support through matrimony—was this to preserve their modesty? because they have not been trained to habits of industry and self-reliance which give them something else than love and flirtation to think about. But all this is the effect of these general maxims which men have framed to regulate the conduct of women.

To be continued.

### Free Combines vs Law-Protected Trusts.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

The article entitled "Combines, Trusts, and Amalgamations" by R. B. Kerr in *Lucifer* of July 22 contains many remarkable omissions, if the Hibernicism may be allowed. Nothing is said about my intimation in *Lucifer* of July 1, second paragraph, that prices are governed by some principle other than the will of the would-be monopolist, their tendency being towards the cost of production.

Also it does not explain how two barbers in a village can fix extortionate prices when another stands ready to come in and take custom at reasonable rates while the public boycotts the two rascals.

Again, it does not say anything about the additional expense and waste to which combines are liable—far exceeding any possible cut in expenses. The burden of proof here rests upon Mr. Kerr, for the presumption is that when a man attends to his own business it will be more economically done than when he hires; unless indeed he hires slaves, made such by laws driving them off of unoccupied land or preventing them from monetizing what little wealth they had. Combines, trusts and amalgamations could have no possible chance to live in competition with the free individual looking after his own business as the latter could sell cheaply without losing while the trust could only undersell at a loss and could not continue to compete at a loss against millions of men at once.

A further omission consists in failing to show a single instance in which men have successfully combined against the individual without government aid; in other words, no example is given of the public being fleeced by a free combination.

Mr. Kerr asks, "If combinations can be made in the teeth of the laws, can they not be made when there are no laws?" But the combinations are not made in the teeth of the laws but by help of the laws. Coal barons combine and succeed in keeping up prices because the state favors them by excluding others from the use of coal lands.

In his last paragraph, Mr. Kerr holds that "Nobody will be able to compete against the universal trust, for the trust will be able to sell cheaper than any one else could possibly produce." How does Mr. Kerr know this? Did he ever see a combine competing with a free individual? Did he ever see less waste going on in a large factory than in a small shop where the individual works for himself unhampered? Does he doubt that one industry after another would pass into the hands of individuals, beginning with those requiring least capital, as hunting, fishing and some departments of agriculture? On the same principle, in all industries the individual could produce more cheaply than the trust as soon as individual industry had time to develop. Mr. Kerr must prove that the trust can put the products of the

chase and the fisheries on the market without loss at a lower price than they can be sold by the individual.

Mr. Kerr states that I do not dispute his "main point that combination is the natural outcome of free competition because it pays men better to combine than to compete." I did distinctly dispute this in the aforesaid article and used railroads for illustration. I will now dispose of it again—in regard to barbers. It will not pay the two village barbers to combine. Their shops are at different ends of the village and they will lose more than they will gain by combining into one shop to save expenses as some men will shave themselves rather than walk so far. Neither will it pay to agree to higher prices for fear of that outside barber and the public boycott. As there is plenty of custom they do not need to enter into any cutthroat competition. The natural competition they do enter into is healthy and does not pay them worse than would combination with its attendant danger of a boycott.

The saving of \$60,000,000 in drummers salaries by a complete combination proves nothing because it is a saving that individual enterprise is capable of also, as under universal free trade which includes free land and free banking, the merchant must send to an individual for his goods or go without; for consumption will keep up with production and there will be no over-production.

Mr. Kerr complains that I simply tried to prove that if trusts charge extortionate prices competition may revive. Very well, we libertarians are very accommodating and are willing to take up the argument at any point. If discussion regarding ideal society already established is preferred, let it be invited. Or if it is preferred that the individualist shall trace the evolution from the stage of primitive industry to that of fully developed free industry, let that preference be expressed and the philosopher of freedom will not be slow to respond. Mr. Kerr has only himself to blame for my confining myself to the question of the mode of change from state-created monopoly by private individuals to jury-created industrial freedom. Besides, if he cannot show that competition cannot revive in the face of the trusts when freedom is conceded, his case is lost.

### Criticisms and Comments.

BY C. F. HUNT.

According to Christians, God makes a death scene an example or a warning. If so R. G. Ingersoll's death shows divine approval of his life. His demise was ideal—perfect.

Since so many contributors are advising how *Lucifer* ought to be conducted, I wish to chip in a protest against single tax matter in No. 770. My offering on this subject was once ruled out. It may be proper that a paper devoted to motherhood should exclude the doctrine of equal right to the earth for mother as well as child.

We also need a censor against fiatism. When I read in the same paper: "We must teach the people that money is not value; that the things produced are the values," I tremble for my ignorant fellows. We are asked to teach something false; dollars have so far been made only of metals which are produced by labor, and have a market value just as wheat has. By what effort of the imagination shall we believe that such a commodity is not value?

The "Daily News" says: "The conversation is seldom general at a New York dinner table, but each guest turns to his right-hand neighbor and falls into an earnest, excited, often vehement discussion." From which we may infer that the latest social fad is that each fashionable diner breathes "the hot air" against the back of his right hand neighbor's neck.

Mankind is divided into two classes—those who earn a living without getting it, and those who get a living without earning it.—Sel.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Westward Ho!

As stated in last week's issue the editor of this paper expects to start on a trip to Iowa, Kansas, and other western states, about the fifth of this month. At Mt. Pleasant Park, camp ground, near Clinton, Iowa, his first stop, he hopes to meet many friends who reside in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. From this camp he expects to go direct to Ottawa, Kansas, to attend the ninth annual meeting of the Kansas Freethinkers Association, which meeting will open on the twenty-third and close on the twenty-ninth of August. Several other points in the states named, will probably be visited, but the dates cannot now be definitely fixed.

## Social Problems

Continuing, or further elaborating, the social problems treated in No. 771, I would say that in law, and largely in custom, the appellation "Mistress" or "Missis" means a woman whose person is not her own, whose time is not her own, whose "bed and board" are not her own, whose earnings are not her own, and whose children are not her own. All these are owned and controlled, or may be owned and controlled, by another, and that other is, by courtesy, reckoned to be her sexuo-economic partner, but in law and largely also in custom, that other is her sexuo-economic master. For proof of this we have only to consult the law dictionaries and the court decisions bearing upon marriage and divorce.

But the word "mistress" has another meaning; a meaning commonly considered much more dishonorable than when pronounced "missis." In this secondary sense the word mistress means a "kept" woman—kept for what? For service in the kitchen, the laundry, the nursery, or as general housekeeper? O, no! but kept, retained, supported for services in the sex-relationship only; that is, kept as a temporary sex-slave. As such her master can use her and abuse her and cast her off when tired of her, or when for any cause he wishes the arrangement to cease, and without incurring any legal responsibility to care for her in sickness or old age, or for the children born of such unlicensed and unrecorded relationship.

A parallel can easily be drawn here between the two forms of sex-slavery and the two forms of manual labor slavery. Under chattel labor slavery the master was obliged by law and custom to care for the slave in sickness and in old age, and for the infant offspring of such slave. But in the wage slave manual labor system the master is under no such obligation, either in law or custom. And so likewise of the master, in sexuo-economics.

In her book, "Women and Economics," Charlotte Perkins Stetson probes the underlying causes of the inferiority of women to men in the sexuo-economic relation, and also shows the primary cause of bitter feeling between the two classes of sex-slaves, in these words:

"The highest human attributes are perfectly compatible with the sex-relation but not with the sexuo-economic relation. We see this opposition again in the tendency to collectivity in bodies of single men,—their comradeship, equality, and mutual helpfulness as compared with the attitude of the same men toward one another, when married. This is why the quality of

"organizability" is stronger in men than in women; their common economic interests force them into this relation, while the isolated and even antagonistic economic interests of women keep them from it. The condition of individual economic dependence in which women live resembles that of the savage in the forest. They obtain their economic goods by securing a male through their individual exertions, all competing freely to this end. No combination is possible. The numerous girls at a summer resort, in their attitude toward the scant supply of young men, bear an unconscious resemblance to the emulous savages in a too closely hunted forest. And here may be given an economic reason for the oft-noted bitterness with which the virtuous women regard the vicious. The virtuous woman stands in close ranks with her sisters, refusing to part with herself—her only economic goods—until she is assured of legal marriage, with its lifelong guarantee of support. Under equal proportions of birth in the two sexes, every woman would be tolerably sure of obtaining her demands. But here enters the vicious woman, and offers the same goods—though of inferior quality, to be sure—for a far less price. Every one of such illegitimate competitors lowers the chances of the unmarried women and the income of the married. No wonder those who hold themselves highly should be moved to bitterness at being undersold in this way. It is the hatred of the trade-unionist for 'scab labor.'

The problem of "spinsterhood," that is, the problem that confronts the unmarried human female, is, perhaps, under our sexuo-economic system, the most difficult and perplexing as well as the most pathetic or pitiable of all our social problems. As Mrs. Stetson says, the unmarried woman's "only economic goods" is "herself," which as men commonly understand it, means the service of her body in the sex relation. The man who is out of employment can go into the labor market and offer his services; he can boldly and openly compete with his fellows for a job. Not so the woman who would escape the isolation, the cruel martyrdom of celibate spinsterhood. To show that she is seeking sex service, either a lifelong job or a temporary engagement, is to defeat her object. The average man prefers a woman demure and very modest—one who speaks and acts as though she never had a thought, feeling or desire in the direction of sex-service, or sexuo-economic employment. And so the woman of nubile age must wait for man to propose, and if she have not wealth, social position or extraordinary beauty to recommend her she waits, waits—till the heart grows sick with hope deferred—waiting and longing for the man in whose companionship life on earth would be all the heaven she could desire, but the man who never comes—waits till all the bloom and beauty and fragrance of life has departed, and then perhaps in sheer desperation she accepts a man who has no other wants, desires or aspirations but those of the purely physical plane; accepts a man utterly distasteful and repulsive to her, or who soon becomes such, and thus dooms herself to a life of slavery and of degradation—in her own estimation if not of others, incomparably harder to bear than was the fate of the black chattel of Afro-American slavery.

Then when we remember that the fate of the woman herself—the submergence of all that means "sweetness and light" in life for her, is only a part of the picture; when we remember the working of the inexorable forces,—commonly called laws,—of nature, and know that from such sowing the harvest of new human beings must necessarily be of inferior quality; when we remember that "like begets like," and that all the conditions attending maternity leave lasting impress upon the child, including all mental states of the mother,—when we remember all this, can we wonder that many besides the "Great Agnostic," Robert G. Ingersoll, are now demanding that "Science shall make woman the owner, the mistress of herself?" That is, that science shall so order our social life that woman shall no longer be the "mistress"—whether licensed or unlicensed—of any man, but that she shall be queen in the realm of the affections, queen and final arbiter in solving all the intricate and perplexing social problems of human life.

M. HARMAN.



## Woman and Home in Freedom.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

It is probable that there will be as many theories regarding what women will do with freedom, when they obtain it, as there are individuals to construct theories; and it is well that this should be. Every woman should have the right to formulate and live her ideal. And men, too, will have ideals, and as "every Jack has his Jill," he will doubtless find a woman who is somewhere near his ideal.

Much theorizing has been indulged in, recently, in *Lucifer*, concerning the economic position of women in freedom. I have always been much interested in this subject, though I do not believe it possible for us to settle the question for those who will live in the future nor for others than ourselves in the present. Yet we have the right to advise others,—they retaining their right to reject our advice when unwelcome. We should be cautious however in our advice, we can only suggest though we can not take the consequences of action. If I advise a friend to walk in a certain path and she stumbles and falls over a boulder and breaks her leg, it is her leg that is broken, not mine; and though I may bitterly regret having given her the advice, I can not suffer the physical disability in her stead. I may love, and sympathize with, and seek to aid her all in my power—still it is she who must lie in bed until the bone knits together again. Therefore in all the dilemmas of life, we may seek the counsel of our friends; but we should accept only the advice which our reason endorses as sound.

Just here I wish to say, in reference to the "liaison" to which Mrs. Waisbrooker alludes, that it is a very risky thing for any third person to "urge" one lover to make a demand of another as a "test" of love. The delicacy which caused this woman to shrink from asking for money was her safest guide. It was not for a third person to say what either should or should not do. To make a present to a loved one is one thing; to demand a present is quite another. If the woman had been disabled in any way by her association with this man, he might owe her reparation; if he felt a warm friendship for her and was able to help her, it would have been right for him to do it—most friends, whether of the same or opposite sexes, enjoy adding to the happiness of their friends. But most women of my acquaintance shrink from asking men—even their husbands—for money. This fact alone is an argument in favor of the economic independence of woman. This woman acted as she did, it appears, because Mrs. Waisbrooker urged her to do so; but it was not Mrs. Waisbrooker who suffered the humiliation of it.

Under better economic conditions both men and women will earn their living in a more satisfactory manner than at present. Yet even under existing conditions I am unable to understand why a woman cannot be credited with earning her own living. The great majority of women live in individual homes. They wash, sew, cook, and do more or less other housekeeping for their families. The majority work nearly all the time; yet they are "supported" by their husbands. To my way of thinking, the men either want them to occupy the position of housekeeper or they do not. If the men want them to do so they should be willing to pay their companions a certain agreed on price for their work, just as they would pay any one else for work which they want done. If it is not to the interest of the men, if they are merely supporting the women for charity's sake, it should be so understood, and the woman should be given the opportunity to try to find a place where her services would be valued. As a matter of fact, most men who think they are supporting their wives, would not be willing to let them go at all.

In this way every working woman who has a strong will and a desire for economic independence can have the fact that she supports herself recognized; and this, too, under present economic conditions. I think we should do all we can to improve the economic conditions; but I, for one, do not intend to wait for the change. I intend to be an independent, self-supporting

woman here and now. And I believe I would feel the same if I were the "mother of a family," living in conventional marriage, with my eyes newly opened to the light. If my husband should tell me that he supported me and the children, I should say to him,

"My dear, I have no desire to be a pauper, nor to bring up my children as a beggar's children. It takes a certain amount of money to dress the children and myself. Is it worth that sum to have me here to care for our mutual home? Tell me frankly. If it is, then pay me the money that we have been using in my support, that I may use it for my own support. If my work is not worth it to you,—well, we will part friends. Men have died and left women with families of little children. I will be no more helpless than they. I will find an opening somewhere, somehow. At the worst, I can take a house and keep boarders, or sew, or even wash for a living. Anything is better than eating the bread of charity."

There are very few women, even of those who have families of small children who cannot be self-supporting if they will.

Though there are many difficulties in the way of independence in the case of a woman who already has a family of small children; only the weak will or the ignorance of a childless woman prevents independence for her. But, it is objected, "She can support only herself; she cannot support children!" Well, we may admit that is often the case. She may desire children—but children are luxuries. So may she desire a trip to the seashore, which is also a luxury. When we desire luxuries we adjust conditions so that we may have them, or if we are unable to do that we manage to get along without them. But as children are often the result of the reproductive act, the free woman needs to be careful lest she acquires one of these luxuries before she is prepared for it. It is not my province to dictate to others; but if my daughter or any other woman should ask my advice, I would say,

"If you are a free woman you are free to have friends of the opposite sex, and enjoy their society to any extent that may be mutually desirable. There are great possibilities of happiness in a companionship that does not involve a reproductive association. As it should not be forgotten, however, that there is an act, the indulgence in which brings with it the possibility of calling into being a new life, it is prudent to refrain from that act except when you feel that the man is good and true and able to be a good father to a child, and when you may feel that the child, though not entirely desired, is not a great misfortune, and is the result of a deep, genuine love,—a love which is so strong that it needs no 'test' to prove its existence. Then, even though you may have made a mistake, you will know that your child is the child of love, and even though you may not have all the conditions of existence as you desire, the child may be its own justification. If the love between you and the child's father continues—well and good. If it dies out, you may still be glad that you are a free woman, the mother of a child of love, and not an unloved wife."

There is much more I desire to say on this subject; but I do not approve of long articles in a small paper. I will add only a few words in regard to the question of the home. In my opinion, both men and women need homes. The home may be only a three by six room, and that of the man and woman may be side by side with a door between; but each man and woman ought to have some place on earth, be it ever so small, where he or she can be "at home," where he or she can be entirely alone, if desirous of privacy, or may do whatever can be done in the limits of the four walls, without question and without reproach.

OUR READERS and patrons, everywhere, are hereby again requested not to forget to send us names of their friends and acquaintances who might become interested in *Lucifer* and its work, if they could see a few sample copies. Upon this plan, more than any other, we now depend for increase of subscription list, and for advertising the books and pamphlets that supplement and extend the work of the paper itself.

## Woman and Economics.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I see in *Lucifer* considerable discussion about the support of woman as mother if she is really free. It does not seem to me that there is any need for anxiety on that point any more than we need to worry about man's economic condition when monopoly privilege no longer exists. The fact that in many fields of physical labor woman cannot, and for the good of the race ought not, to do as much as man, and therefore that she, under this system or any other that values every thing from a money standpoint, cannot secure as much money in return, need give us no anxiety whatever. Men that are men, love to do for those they love. Here is a test that every woman can apply. She will thus know if the man who seeks her—who is attracted to her—really loves her or is only attracted from the physical plane, and for his own gratification.

This cry of woman's being mercenary if she receives or expects aid from the man with whom she is associated is all nonsense. It will never be made by a man who loves a woman. And a woman who loves a man will not tax him for more than he will love to bestow when our economic system is properly adjusted. Now she is often driven to it from sheer necessity.

A case in point. I once knew a woman who had what is called a *liaison* with a man. This man and his wife were such only in name, had been so for a long time. He was in a position to command good wages and she was working for a pittance. There came a time when she wanted to go to a Liberal convention but hesitated because she needed money for the expenses of the trip that she did not possess.

I suggested to her to ask Mr.—to help her. She shrank from the thought but I urged her to it, told her that the reason he had not offered to help her was no doubt because he feared she would think he wanted to buy her. It will be a test of his love anyhow for if he really loves you he will be glad to help you. I was told afterward by his legal wife that—said he never was more astonished in his life than when—asked him for money. He seemed to think it an evidence that she was mercenary. Poor girl! it was a bitter experience. I can see her now with the tears rolling down her cheeks as she talked with me about it.

It is such men that our competitive system and Mother Grundy produces; men who do not know what love is, and they are to be pitied, for they are victims as much as woman is. In freedom, such freedom as will give woman the home and the control of her own person, such men will wake up to their true manhood and then there will be no question of support. "Oh, but why should woman have the control of the home any more than the man?" exclaims some man who is on the same plane as the man who thinks if a woman accepts aid from the man she loves, and who claims to love her, she is mercenary. Because only as woman controls the home can she be really free. How can the home be woman's sphere as man is so fond of claiming, if she cannot control it? Man has never claimed that the home is his sphere, and yet he has claimed control, or at least equal control.

Neither man nor woman can find and live their nobler selves under the present system of things, and it is folly to try to decide what they will do in freedom by what they do today. As I am not afraid to trust women with freedom, neither am I afraid that in freedom man will not be just to woman, for under a system that gives equal opportunity to all, his better self will have the chance to manifest.

The feminine is the embodying power of the universe, is the builder. Man, in freedom, will realize this, will realize that the builder has the right to be provided with what is needed. Man is, by nature's law the provider and woman the builder, and when statute law gets out of the way, when love rules, man will feel wronged if not allowed to do his part, if not permitted to care for those he loves.

The masculine and feminine of the universe are equal in fact, equal in that they balance each other, but their spheres of work,

their office, is not the same. If they were there would be no need for but one.

## An Insult to Womanhood.

Cleveland "World"

If there is anything more disgusting than all others that spring out of conceit and are developed in vanity it is the self-constituted reformer who goes about looking after the morals of other people and seeking to make them conform to his own standard. It is true there is nothing in the moral law nor in the Constitution that prevents a man going about asserting, in a mild, gentlemanly way, that he is more chaste than his neighbors. We all recognize the virtue of chastity, we respect it, and we would that all men—especially other men—were chaste; therefore we are patient with the modern Joseph so long as he is gentlemanly in his claims. But when such a remarkably chaste man gets vociferous and crowds, as it were, his chastity down our throats, when he goes further and seeks the aid of law, the indignation naturally is deep, widespread, and justifiable.

The law as laid down by St. Anthony is that in art or in nature for a human being to appear or be made to appear as God created him or her—especially her—is to commit a crime. According to this, we owe all our virtue to the tailor or dress maker, for our modesty depends on our clothes, and when we prepare for retirement at night or take a bath we hang our modesty on hooks and chairs.

This is not the law of moral eunuchs, but the vulgarity of brutal ignorance. Of course, there are men filled with evil thoughts at the sight of a woman's bare shoulders in a ball dress, but that is the crime of the man, not of the woman, and such a brute would have the same feeling at the shrine of a saint. The worst feature of this chaste fad is to be found in the insult it offers our women. They are treated as if they were an inferior class that had to be protected by eunuchs like Comstock, as the slaves of the East are. God help us if the virtue of our mothers and daughters depends on legal enactment and the asinine activity of Comstock! They were virtuous through generations before Comstock was born, and virtuous they will continue long after the animated nuisance is dead and forgotten.

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## VARIOUS VOICES.

E. A. Magoon, New England, O.—Two weeks ago I put a letter addressed to Lillian Harman in the post-office here, with one dollar inclosed for *Lucifer*, and eight two cent stamps for a few copies of "Lynch Law in Georgia." As I have received no acknowledgement from you, I fear you did not get the letter or money. I am delighted with the poetry in the last *Lucifer*, "The Rebels." I wish I had enough copies of it to make a general distribution. I read it to every one I get a chance to. If a house divided against itself cannot stand, how can a government stand that persists in creating an antagonistic feeling in its best subjects, as well as those of inferior grade? I cannot believe any intelligent, self-respecting man will now enlist in the cruel war of subjugation or extermination of those whose only crime is love of native land and liberty. I like the position you take and may you live long to battle for liberty and freedom in general, as well as for women especially.

Henry R. Thayer, Savannah, Ga.—I found a very strange quotation from Wheeler Wilcox, in a recent *Lucifer*. It was to the effect that it took two pairs of eyes to make a stare annoying. It appeared without comment, nor has any since appeared. I am very much surprised,—first, at finding it credited to that author, and next that you allowed it to pass uncriticized. Have you never been conscious of anyone staring at you from



behind? Have you never turned around to meet someone's gaze? Do you not believe in telepathy? Cannot one person obtrusively project his thoughts upon another? I know many girls who are frequently much annoyed by lascivious, lustful stares of male bipeds, creatures whose sex education is sadly neglected, and who think rude staring and mental comment on a girl can do her no injury. I know several young women who can "size up" a rake very speedily, and who are about as much annoyed by his silent presence as they would be by his unwelcome attentions. There are plenty of girls quite ready to meet the eyes, and return the smiles of the aforesaid young men, but it is not they who are annoyed by them. I do not know what the girls who are annoyed can do, except endure it.

Chas. Gano Baylor, Providence, R. I.:—I ask those readers of *Lucifer* who have preserved a file of the paper to look back and re-read my articles upon Imperialism. I was criticised for these articles at the time of their publication. Was I right or wrong in my forecast of coming events? Let each honest mind answer. I refer especially to my articles entitled "The End," "A Skeleton Unveiled," "America to Zola" and "Aguinaldo."

I now in bidding farewell to the *Lucifer* circle, desire to record the following predictions.

1. McKinley in order to escape from his Philippine disgrace, will transfer the Philippine Islands not to England but to Russia. This is the beginning of a pro-Russian party in the United States. It is a part of the evolution of American Federal Imperialism.

2. Russia will become protector of the ecclesiastical privileges and best property interests of the Roman Hierarchy in the Philippine Islands. This will cement the already formed secret alliance between the Czar Pope and the Latin Pope.

3. Within five years the French Republic will be overthrown and a Catholic Monarchy as the ally of Russia will take its place.

4. Within five years there will be war between papal-ruled America with its mighty navy and England. Russia being in the coalition against England.

Lillie D. White, 1035 N. Albany ave., Chicago.—The reformers who are inclined to worry about the population question, in my opinion, have more reason to fear that not enough children will be born, rather than too many. There are a great many women, and their number is increasing, who avail themselves of freedom from divine commands, and those of Paul, and profit by the teachings of Ingersoll, Harman, et al.

A large number of women are seeking financial independence by engaging in professions, in business, in various industries, in which occupations they have no time to have children, even if they were so inclined. Then there is a large class of fashionable, frivolous women who refuse to have children, not because they think any kind of philosophy, or ever heard of such teachings as Mr. Harman's; but they have acquired certain knowledge which they apply to the prevention of maternity, simply because babies would seriously interfere with their amusements, their pleasures, their personal beauty and attractiveness; as these are of first importance in their eyes, the maternal instinct is sacrificed, if they have any.

Another class, who may be students of *Lucifer*, refrain from having children because they do not have "favorable conditions," materially or morally and so they repress the mother love, which in many cases may be a sad sacrifice. The average love of persons at marriage is increasing. Neither men nor women are inclined to marry so young, there is a notable decrease in the size of families, and altogether the population restrictionists have good grounds for self-gratulations.

To be sure, the classes aforesaid are the farthest removed from the "ignorant, poor and vicious," but this is where education is most likely to take effect. It cannot reach the slums where child breeding is unrestrained from an intellectual standpoint, but at the rate we are going, they may prove a possibly needed reserve ground in the future.

But whatever the effect of woman's freedom on the population of the world I am most sincerely with Mr. Harman in advocating the freedom and self ownership of woman. I would not use force to compel the above mentioned classes of women to have children, any more than Mr. Ingersoll or Mr. Harman would use force to prevent the breeding of the unfit. Mrs. Holmes did not accuse Mr. Ingersoll of advocating force, she only supposed a case, in the question of who is the unfit, a subject upon which there is much room for difference of opinion and discussion, in which Mrs. Holmes needs no assistance from me.

Albina L. Washburn, Ft. Collins, Colo.:—Enclosed find \$1 for renewal and "Vital Force." Now don't stop my paper, but keep right on to my address and I'll pay sometime, somehow, or my executors will; taking for granted that some of the readers of *Lucifer* must be executed for being ahead of the times. Since Helen Wilmans has given us all a new lease of life and tells us we may live forever if we live in accord with Nature's arrangements, I propose to join that "innumerable throng which moves" not to the "pale realms of shade" but right along in the sunlight, taking and giving all the happiness possible. During seven snowy months in Denver, beginning last November, I attended many meetings of advanced thinkers called by the various names Socialistic, Populistic, philosophic, scientific,—women's clubs, truth seekers, and spiritualists, all, as it seemed to me, tending toward one point—unity. The anarchists and Luciferites are scattered about among all these, some of whom never saw *Lucifer* or any paper devoted to stiriculture, or "Free Society" or any anarchistic organ. True, some scientists, revolting against orthodoxy and superstition, are still dead set against anarchists, who also revolt against orthodoxy and superstition, adding—government of man by man. The former yet clinging to "law'n order" thro' government, not having examined the failures of government. Anarchists on the other hand may be found who repudiating government of man by man, orthodoxy, ancient dogmas, hastily throw the "whole business" of mental science, healing, occultism, spiritism, telepathy and all other isms not to be felt, seen or heard through physical powers, into the waste basket of their ignorance secure that they are in the right. Yet there are always a few in the general van who may be met at all meetings,—who know that all is good—they are seeking truth and sympathy. They are tolerant of all adverse opinions, sure that opinions, like coats may be changed and leave the man intact, still wearing a coat; knowing full well it is only the point of view and not falseness which makes diversity. They need to get acquainted. The Universal Brotherhood who study and try to practice theosophy or the wisdom religion receive all of any nation or belief so that they but accept the idea of Universal Brotherhood and strive to live accordingly.

Karma, the theory of cause and effect teaches that what we sow we shall reap and that repeated incarnations into the earth life must be had to perfect a soul ere it is ready to enter Nirvana or the All Good.

Lodge 214, which I joined, is a jolly set of serious students, if you can reconcile these words, they discuss the most profound problems of human existence yet sing, play, dance and live in the sunshine of the All Good, in simple love to one another.

It fell to my lot to introduce into their midst a live, confessed anarchist who smilingly declared her individual freedom from all laws but nature's, yet offered to have her pockets searched for bombs,—a curious and to them unknown creature who nevertheless under the law of Universal Brotherhood was made welcome and happy. It was my intention and desire to call together the readers of *Lucifer* whom I found among the most intelligent people, but being without money or influence in the direction of public hall, no meetings were called. It seemed probable that there was not quite enough moral courage among those I met, to publicly discuss the sex question, no matter how thoroughly convinced they were of the need of such discussion. However it is rapidly coming to be recognized as one which

## 773.

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must claim soon the attention of all who desire good to the whole race. Social questions involve those of family and health morals and rights, labor and money, so the people are learning and will rise to the occasion.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 31.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 25, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 774.

### Genius.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,  
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;  
We saw a snow-white butterfly  
Dancing before the fitful gale  
Far out at sea.

The little wanderer, who had lost  
His way, of danger nothing knew;  
Settled awhile upon the mast,  
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue  
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;  
Beneath the boundless ocean shone;  
Between them danced the butterfly,  
The spirit life of this vast scene,  
Far out at sea.

The tiny soul that soared away  
Seeking the clouds on fragile wings,  
Lured by the brighter, purer ray  
Which hope's ecstatic morning brings—  
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, a shimmering gleam,  
Scarce seen, now lost, yet onward borne;  
Night comes with wind and rain, and he  
No more will dance before the morn.  
Far out at sea.

He dies, unlike his mates, I ween,  
Perhaps not sooner, or worse crossed,  
And he hath felt and known and seen  
A larger life and hope, though lost  
Far out at sea.

—Richard Hengist Horne.

### What Sometimes Becomes of the Children.

BY M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

It is well that Lucifer occasionally calls attention to the fact that sometimes children are neglected when their parents are married. The Boston "Journal" of July 22 prints an account of the death of R. G. Ingersoll and a short sketch of his life. It says:

"His address at the theater was very sensational, . . . and received a great deal of attention. In his peroration he devoted himself to the question of the improvement of the race, saying: 'There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.'

"This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will fill homes with light and joy."

Just what there is sensational I do not see. I think it good common sense. The same paper prints this account. In the

headlines the case is called "pitiful" but nothing is said about its being sensational:

"A call from a signal box on Northampton Street was sent to Station 5 about 6 o'clock last night by Patrolman Brett, and the patrol wagon responded. It was not prisoners that the wagon received when it stopped at the box, but three shabbily dressed, pale-faced children. They had been found on the sidewalk, thrown out of the home by an irate landlord.

"As the ever hurrying wagon was about to turn away from the box a call was received over the telephone from the station to stop at another box on the way back. The black covered vehicle was turned in that direction, and a man, maudlin drunk, so overcome as to be almost senseless, was tumbled in on the seat opposite the three mites of children.

The elder, a girl of twelve years, gazed open eyed at the spectacle and then her little lip quivered and the tears which she bravely tried to restrain rolled down the pale cheek. The next child, a boy of four, also looked and wondered. And the baby girl in the oldest child's arms slumbered and said nothing. But the eyes of the other two had seen in the semi-conscious man on the other side the form of their father. And thus they were all taken to the station, the children to receive the care of the city, the father to occupy a cell.

"Some time later when it was all over a woman walked into the station and in a choking voice inquired what had been done with the children. She was told they had gone to the Chardon Street Home. She was asked what she was to them, and said she was the mother. Then she was told that her husband was in a cell and likely to be sent away in the morning.

"With the two burdens in her heart the wife and mother left the station with the tears falling fast and unchecked down her wasted cheeks.

A sad life has been the portion of that family of five. According to all reports the father, a laborer, and capable of earning fair pay, spent most of his time in a saloon. The lot of the mother and children became worse and worse until at last, they occupied two small rooms at 108 Northampton street. They stayed until the rent of each month was still unpaid and the landlord said they must go.

"Yesterday afternoon a constable was sent to the house. The father was not at home; he was in his usual idling place. Piece by piece, and they were not many, the constable, an expert in evictions, piled the articles of household furniture in the street. A sorry pile it made, the remnant of what had once been a substantial household outfit.

"The mother left the eldest of the children with the furniture while she went to hunt some place where they might go and spend the night. She was gone some time, but the faithful little miss of 12 remained on guard, her blue eyes flashing defiance at the looks of curiosity cast by rude passers.

"The baby, only a year old, became fretful and the child walked it to sleep. The little boy of four amused himself for a while until he became sleepy, then he climbed on a broken chair

and fell asleep. Eventually, worn out with her vigil, the brave little girl sat down with the baby in her arms, and the blue eyes nodded through the tears. It was thus that the kindly patrolman found them and secured a place for them to sleep in peace.

"A police lantern marked the place where the household goods still remained in the street last night. The children were cared for at the home. In his cell the father slept a drunken sleep ready to be dragged into court this morning. It is probable that somewhere in the city a broken-hearted mother laid her head on some hard wood bench and slept a troubled sleep under the stars, until, disturbed by the ever-vigilant police officer, she was compelled to move on, to keep moving and wait for the renewed trouble the day would bring."

Had Science made this woman the owner, the mistress of herself it is not probable that she would be inquiring in a coking voice what had been done with her children. I should think sensations of joy would fill the hearts of all those who read that there is a possibility for some relief for such women and children. What must we think of society when such scenes are so common that they cause no commotion, and a suggested remedy causes "great sensation." Government can take such children to the almshouse, the father to prison, and drive the "heart broken mother" from her resting place on some hard wood bench, and imprison those who would teach her how to save herself from a repetition of the experience.

"Sensational" to think of "all the babies born being welcome!" "Sensational" to think of all children "filling homes with joy!"

The papers are full of such accounts, children abused, neglected, uncared for, not one child mentioned among all the abused infantile world of whom it is said, it was a child born of the desire of a free woman and a free man. Such children are well cared for, yet those who plead for freedom are asked, "what will become of your children?" We will take care of them if the government will permit us to do so.

### The Character of a Free Lover.

BY C. L. JAMES.

That men may be provided with wives, the less amorous sex must be taught no means of support but catching husbands. That girls may be attractive, they must be green. Add to all this, the cruelty with which the error of a girl is punished, and the leniency with which the licentiousness of a youth is treated; and judge whether the ruin of young women through indiscretion is made rarer or more common through what was lately the orthodox mode of education! As to the irregularities of mature women, it will be time to inquire whether the doctrine of free love tends to make them either more common or more pernicious when some one offers a little proof that the existing social rules have any tendency whatever to make them less so.

Such proof, if it exists, ought to be obtainable. A statistical demonstration that known adultery is less common in an otherwise similar community where these laws are strict than where they are lax—in Ireland, for instance, than in England, in Clapham than in London, among the middle class of any European country than the peasantry—would really be to the point!

The question remains whether the theory of free love tends to damage the morals of young men—a matter on which Mr. Arnold's solicitude has in it something rather amusing. The quotation from Proverbs is evidently his favorite. But surely if the great revelation of "Israel" be only or principally this, that there is peril in what quack doctors call "youthful indiscretions," we need no "Israel" to tell us so. Every pagan philosopher knew that as well as Solomon; and Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, though justly blamed for laxity of principle, are actually better adapted to the purpose of keeping a young man moderately straight than the book of Proverbs is. For the lesson of mere selfish caution is best conveyed in the language of mere common sense. The boy could scarcely say that Chester-

field exaggerates. He might find some ground for saying that the author of the Book of Proverbs does. The free lover, however, may very safely offer his own doctrine for comparison with either of theirs. He says that to tempt "from misery the caress of love" is the crime of a coward and a scoundrel! That is "morality touched with emotion." To say that "the dead are there; and her guests are in the depths of hell," is very much like saying that tobacco causes diseases of the heart, that sugar spoils the teeth, or that there is a black man in the wood who eats up truant children. The pupil has no difficulty in seeing that such warnings are fantastic; and accordingly he estimates them at even less than their real value.

But prudence is not the only virtue which requires that the sexual passion should be controlled. The spirit of "the Seventh Commandment" certainly requires that it shall be kept within the limits of justice. And here the free lover can enjoy a renewed assurance that his doctrine is far more satisfactory than the letter of the Seventh Commandment. Nothing, certainly, can be more unjust than that a woman should be required to gratify a man against her present inclinations, even if she were at some previous time foolish enough to promise that she would always do so on demand. No consideration can make such a contract equitable. It is immoral and ought to be void. Now the mere letter of the Seventh Commandment in no way conflicts with this justice. Neither, as above intimated, do the common and statutory laws assumed to be framed in conformity with the Seventh Commandment. The literature of this subject is voluminous and most repulsive. Much of it may, as above hinted, be found in those portions of the canon law which treat on sexual topics, and which have been pronounced the most disgusting publications in the world. Enough to sicken any one capable of comprehending what is meant by decency, and rouse to fury whoever could be excited by the atrocities of the Sioux or the "Ever Victorious" Chinese, may be found in the chapter on Cruelty, in Bishop's "Marriage and Divorce." And farther than this I will not expose these horrors now.

Let it not be imagined that I mean a word of censure for those gallant free lovers, the Heywoods, Marklands, Harmans, et al., who have repeatedly braved imprisonment for the purpose of making known the outrages sanctioned by priestcraft and jurisprudence. I could not intend that without condemning myself; for I have been active enough in directing attention to these themes, and frequently sore at being able to do so little. Often when I have put beside each other some specially revolting case, and a judicial decision to the effect that men may commit such acts without even the penalty of being required to furnish the victim a separate maintenance, but under terror of the criminal law we must abstain from characterizing them, have I been ready to exclaim:

"No, no! I will not, having breath to cry:  
Oh that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;  
Then, with passion, would I shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep the fell anatomy  
Who cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
And scorn a modern invocation."

I touch lightly the strongest part of my case because this time my purpose, with which Mr. Arnold would have sympathized, is to persuade and not to batter. But if those who have imprisoned free lovers for telling the truth are in any degree justified when they call such exposures "obscene literature;" if they may quote with any appearance of honesty the old Latin maxim that crimes should be exposed for the sake of punishment but enormities swept away without exposure; this is the condemnation of their system, and indicates the free lovers' logic, whatever may be thought of his taste. The "Flagitia" which they call it obscene to publish, are direct consequences of the legal maxim that the husband has a right to exact obedience from the wife; and a law which authorizes doing what is too vile to be mentioned, even for the purpose of showing how vile it is, must certainly be a very wicked law.

Thanks to the courage of free lovers in exposing its evils, notwithstanding the protection given them by their hypocritical



anxiety to stifle whatever knowledge might bring a "blush to the cheek of a young person," these evils have come to be so generally known that a considerable agitation against them is being carried on by people who do not profess to be free lovers. There are now numerous books, designed, as their prefaces inform us, for married persons, and published with the endorsement of orthodox ministers, physicians, jurists, and censors of morals; in which, after the usual liberal denunciation of free love this part of the free love method is adopted. Need I mention among the authors of such publications, another name than that of Dio Lewis? But it seems to me that these well meaning writers overlook a truth of vital importance, which the free lover remembers. The abuse they agree with him in condemning, is an essential part of the marriage system.

The Catholic casuists, as already intimated, anticipated them in praising the system while trying to purge it from its inherent blemishes. These casuists were confessors, well acquainted with human passion. They never would have said as the cool Melancthon said, if a woman could no longer bear children with safety, her duty was simply to die. They teach that it is her husband's duty to consult her health and feelings. But they also teach that to withhold what they call the marriage debt is inconsistent with the design and security of marriage; which simply proves that they knew mankind better than the cautious hygienists who are now trying to adopt the restraints of free love while trying to shirk the odium involved in giving it its name.

We are not at present considering the ethics of marriage and free love from the standpoint of prudence; which has been disposed of; nor from modesty, which is to come; but from that of justice. The theory of marriage, so far as it touches the instinct that every quid requires a quo, is this. Man finds it is not good for him to be alone. As he needs a companion, so the woman needs a protector. A contract for an uncertain period is so dangerous to her that parents would not usually allow their daughter to make it. As it also involves a probability that she and her children may become public charges, society refuses to tolerate it. The contract must be for life. Gross misconduct either discharges from it absolutely, as in other cases of forfeiture, or imposes on the offender new obligations with diminished benefits. Supposing it to hold, the man must support the woman, if she needs it, respect her right of dower if she has any. That she may have his quid pro quo she must obey him. And by a gruesome irony, it is, or was, provided that the party usually least inclined to exact "conjugal duty" may do so as well as the other.

Never mind the mercenary aspects of this bargain and sale theory just at present. We are discussing only equity as a business transaction now. Well, without professing that unfounded optimism which assumes that every institution, from cannibalism upwards through slavery, must needs have been altogether lovely in its season I may admit that one which has stood so long must have embodied about as much justice as mankind, during a great part of history and over a huge portion of the earth, were generally ready to demand or concede. But the same may be said of slavery or any thing else. That a woman should be legally required upon any consideration to prostitute herself, is against the sense of justice as developed now. If she chooses to make a voluntary bargain of that sort, it should, like any immoral contract, be without force and capable of repudiation without liability.

So it follows that the theory of free love is incompatible with all those peculiar obligations involved in the relation of marriage. The wife owes no duty to the husband, and it follows, as you have not failed to perceive, that he owes none to her. The idea of fidelity, in both parties, is founded upon that of service, and disappears with it, no doubt.

I am not careful to justify myself. I supposed all along that that was understood; and have been at pains only to explain the reason, because this, I thought, was misinterpreted. To that clamor which any proposed change always excites, merely

because mankind, being improved monkeys, are governed chiefly by the imitative instinct, my reply shall be *Fiat justitia ruat coelum!* There's "morality touched with emotion" for you!

To be continued.

## Does It "Take Two Pairs of Eyes to Make a Stare Annoying"?

BY MABEL FLEMING.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox asserts that it does; but in *Lucifer* No. 773 Henry R. Thayer takes exception to her statement. Literally the assertion may not be strictly true; but I maintain that we need to gain control of "the eye of the mind" as well as of the eye of the body. If a man rudely stares at a girl she may involuntarily glance toward him, but she need not continue looking at him. Just so, though she may feel the indefinable sensation which makes her conscious of the offensive regard of a man, I am sure that she may, and should, be able, not only seemingly but actually to ignore it.

Probably Mr. Thayer is more of a mental scientist than I am; but if so he should even more than I uphold the ideal of mental poise and power which we should strive to realize. So long as a woman is mentally in the condition that she cannot avoid suffering because of every rude stare, every "insulting" remark, she is just to that degree in the power, and at the mercy of every man she meets! How much innocent pleasure women have missed because they feared to go alone to theaters, meetings, and on solitary walks! How weak and dependent, how lacking in self-poise, is nearly every woman! Her activities and pleasures are restricted more by custom than by law. She dare not go any place to which it is unusual for a woman to go alone, and this not because it is against the law but contrary to custom.

I can sympathize with and understand the annoyance of the girls of whom Mr. Thayer writes. I have been very sensitive to the stares and comments of both men and women; but I found it "didn't pay" to permit myself to remain in such a negative condition. Either the looks and words were intentionally offensive, or they were not. If offense was not intended, I was very foolish if I felt insulted; while if an insult were intended I was equally foolish to permit the person to attain his or her object. So I made a "declaration of independence" to myself. I said, "I will not allow myself to be at the mercy of every corner loafer who chooses to look at or speak to me. If I want to go to and meeting, or theater, or restaurant, or park, at any hour of the day or night, I shall go, if convenient, and I will not remain away merely because there is no one to accompany me. I shall go, quietly, unconcerned, as if there could be no question of the propriety of my action. If any one looks at or speaks to me in an impertinent manner, I shall be blind and deaf and dumb so far as that person is concerned. I shall go with the consciousness that I am in the right, and if any one is in the wrong, it is the person who thinks I am not acting as a self-reliant, self-respecting individual should act."

Possibly Mr. Thayer is not aware of it, but the all-inclusive stare which the consciously well-dressed woman often gives her shabbily dressed sister is quite as exasperating as that of the corner loafer—if the victim permits it to be so. If we allow ourselves to be weak and cowardly we shall always live in a state of dread—we, grown women, will venture on the street tremblingly, timorously, like the child who fears the dark. I do not believe that ALL is mind; but I do believe that with a strong will and intelligent self-respect we may become invulnerable to more than half the ills which we have been taught to believe inevitable.

In this sense, it may be true that "it takes two pairs of eyes [and two minds] to make a stare annoying." This is by no means an excuse for the corner loafer. He is to be pitied; but it is not necessary to condemn him, for his attitude toward women brings its own punishment. He may attract to himself the weak women who are unfortunate enough to be purchasable; the woman who is capable of feeling strong, helpful love for a man is simply repelled by one of his type. In freedom he will be gradually eliminated by evolution—by "natural selection."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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THE EDITOR is now at the Spiritualist campmeeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Personal letters may be addressed to him at that place until August 18. He is looking well, and when he does not overtax his strength, usually feels well.

## Ingersoll's Memorial Meeting.

Of all the memorial exercises I ever attended, the meeting held in honor of the life and character of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, at Studebaker Hall, Chicago, on Sunday August 6, was the most successful, the most memorable. Although most of the speakers professed belief in the continuity of life, after the death change, their praises of the "Great Agnostic," and of his life work were expressed in language of the highest eulogy that it has ever been my lot to hear.

The large hall was well filled, the numbers present being variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, the latter the more probable figure.

The following paragraphs from the Monday morning "Chronicle," of this city gives a very fair general statement of the speeches and of their reception by the large audience.

"Orators and public men yesterday afternoon discoursed on the life and work of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll before a mass meeting at Studebaker hall in honor of the dead agnostic's memory. Ingersoll's life was eulogized for four hours by representatives of various elements. His probity of character and his devotion to human liberty were dwelt on as the dominant traits for which the noted orator will be remembered longest. Nearly all the speakers pronounced his fame secure and one man even said that 'temples will be built to him and his image will be worshiped when all gods and religions now known on earth will be forgotten'."

"This invasion of the domain of prophecy was made by Chairman Cratty and the sentiment elicited a storm of applause. Every allusion to what the future had in store by way of progress and development for the views of the agnostic leader seemed to touch the audience as with an electric force and arouse their enthusiasm."

"At dramatic moments women vied with men in shouting approval and delight. Several women in the boxes and orchestra tiers grew faint and were led into the open air by friends. One woman swooned outright in her chair in the front orchestra row. Her joy had been changed into distress and pain just as a leading speaker's eloquence soared to its loftiest heights. She was given the assistance of fans and water, the proceedings being arrested only for a moment. The woman soon revived, but could not be persuaded to withdraw and she pluckily sat out the proceedings that to her were so vitally interesting. Demonstrations of deep grief for the great iconoclast's death were frequent and more than once were sealed with tears. Even the speakers were moved beyond the custom of orators, Colonel Davidson and Clark E. Carr being visibly affected. Few eyes were dry when speaker after speaker spoke touchingly of the tender devotion evinced above Ingersoll's dark-robed catafalque by his wife and daughters."

One of the most eloquent of the speakers was C. Porter Johnson who began his address by saying:

"As an earnest believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ I come

to pay my humble tribute to the memory of one who, while rejecting the dogmas of the material church, was during every hour of his magnificent life an inspired believer in the universal brotherhood of man. In that sublime belief we gather here to render homage to the dead yet potent priest of human weal, for he whose lips grew strangely still while breathing words of cheer is yet before us speaking the universal language of the sons of men who count the life and love the sum and goal of sentient things." and closed his magnificently eloquent tribute by saying:

"If he sometimes found fault with theories and dogmas made by men it was because he loved men more than creed. With him the publican was given the place of honor at the banquet, the pharisee was laughed to scorn. He had no patience with the things about which learned doctors disagree, but for the passions and the pains, the laughter and tears of his poor brother he ever had a listening ear. Out of a dark and dreary night of time will shine like a brilliant star the bright soul of Robert G. Ingersoll to illumine a conspicuous page. Ingersoll, matchless Ingersoll! thy name is written in the love of man, upon the imperishable scroll of time."

Prominent among the speakers was Clarence S. Darrow one of the best known and most influential of Chicago's lawyers and politicians of the reform school. We should be glad to report his eloquent tribute, and also that of others, but space fails.

Altogether the friends of the champion of mental and civil liberty have much reason for congratulation over the result of their efforts to honor the memory of one of America's most famous citizens.

M. HARMAN.

## Justice, Duty and Gifts.

In reply to my remarks on "Free Trade" in Lucifer of July 22, Mr. Harman asks if I am answered. Yes, strictly, for he has told what he considers to be the manner in which the man of the future will divide his earnings with the women; namely, by gift. But this is very disappointing as I had hoped that Mr. Harman had in reserve some application of freedom that could be made before the millennium. It will be a long time before "the men of the future will see," in the words of Mr. Harman, "the justice of dividing their earnings with the women of the future; without hope or expectation of reward other than the satisfaction of having borne a manly share of life's burdens." I for one can not now see the justice in it, nor do I believe duty requires a man to present gifts to women. Satisfaction plays an important part in the determination of this question. If men find greater satisfaction in supporting women than in withholding such support, the problem is solved; but humanity has not yet reached the point where the satisfaction of bearing a manly share in life's burdens is great enough to induce men to support women without any other reward.

Possibly the editor does not mean to depend alone upon the sense of justice and the sense of duty to impel men to support women. Perhaps he regards love as a force strong enough to cause men to provide for women and children, for he speaks of it as a "ruling force," "the love that gets its highest satisfaction in giving to others without thought of other reward than the giving itself bestows." But this is Utopian again, for how many examples in the sexual domain can be adduced of persons who freely give and sacrifice without a thought of receiving? And then also love grows cold. And, further, Mr. Harman assumes near the beginning of his article that woman is the selector (lover), while the man is the selected (loved.) Love will not prompt a man to support when he is only the loved, not the lover.

I am inclined to ask the editor a further question. Waiving the inquiry whether gift is a just and practicable solution for society composed of perfect individuals, what means would be depend on to constrain the males to participate in furnishing support for women and children so long as men are imperfect or remain unwilling to bestow gifts without hope or reward? Law and taxation are ruled out entirely as neither the editor



nor his questioner has the slightest confidence in these agencies.  
EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

# REPLY.

The above comments of Friend Brinkerhoff remind me, once more, of the great and continual need of care in the use of words, as vehicles of ideas. Both he and I have probably used the words "gift" and "giving" somewhat loosely. The usual meaning attached to these words is that of conferring favors for which no equivalent is returned, or expected to be returned. This, it will easily be seen, is a very inadequate definition.

When man gives his labor and his time in providing a home to live in, and food for the sustenance of women and children, he does not and should not give that for which no equivalent is given. Woman, as race-builder and home-maker, gives her equivalent, but it is an equivalent that cannot be measured or estimated in dollars and cents—cannot or should not be reckoned an equivalent in the commercial sense—should not be made a merchantable or purchasable commodity.

It is largely because woman's equivalent, woman's work, in race-building and home-making, has been considered a merchantable, a purchasable commodity that we find our world filled with inequality, with robbery, invasion, murder, poverty and suffering, today.

In last week's *Lucifer* a quotation was made from "Women and Economics," in which Mrs. Stetson very clearly shows that the position of woman in sexuo-economics is that of the "savage in the forest." It is each for herself and against all others, and especially against the "scab" competitor who offers herself—"her only economic goods"—for a less price than support for life.

As shown by Mrs. Stetson, and as seen by every thoughtful observer, while in many lines of life the race has advanced to more humane methods or planes of thought and action, in sexuo-economics the genus homo is still on the brutal, the savage plane. The "family" is organized not on the plan or plane of co-operative fraternalism but on that of monopolistic individualism—with the added element of commercialism, or of putting everything, even woman's reproductive or creative powers, upon a merchantable or mercenary basis.

The family, the home, is built on feudalistic principles, not on cosmopolitan or humanitarian principles, and yet we wonder that all governments are today feudalistic, predatory, invasive, cruel, brutal, inhuman, instead of just, fraternal, co-operative, and humane.

Consider, for a moment, the natural results, the necessary and inevitable outgrowths of this feudalistic, monopolistic sexuo-economic system now popular in all parts of the world, upheld by statutory enactments and enforced by severe penalties.

On the theory that woman needs protection, needs support, needs a home wherein she can properly care for her children man-made laws have been enacted to secure these to women and children. Knowing that, as Friend Brinkerhoff says, "love grows cold" and that "love will not prompt a man to support when he is only the loved and not the lover," human lawgivers have tried to fix it so that when a man associates with a woman sexually he shall be obliged to support her, and the children that may result from such association. But knowing the selfishness of man's nature these law-makers have put marriage on a commercial basis instead of on a basis of love and mutual attraction, by giving to man the exclusive ownership,—the monstration, by at least one woman, and the exclusive ownership of opoly—of at least one woman, and the exclusive ownership of that woman's children. In Mohammedan countries the number of legal wives is limited to four, if I remember rightly. In a few Christian countries such as Utah before it became a state, Abyssinia, etc., there is, or was, no limit to the number of women a man may legally undertake to protect and support.

Since the woman in this case marries for support, and for the support of her children, she very naturally wants to make the most of her bargain. Hence the ever-present jealousy

lest some other woman should get a share of her husband's money, or that some other woman's children should get provided for at the expense of her own children.

The same feeling in regard to the children, though in lesser degree, perhaps, controls the husband and father. As the child of his legal wife—the only child, or children, he can acknowledge as his—he seeks to secure to that child, or children, the wealth that he will be obliged to leave behind him when he dies. The abnormal development of acquisitiveness, which is otherwise condemned as stinginess and miserliness, becomes a virtue of high order, in the popular mind, when directed towards accumulating a fortune for the benefit of children.

Behold, then, the underlying cause, the chief *raison d'être* of the monopolies, the enormous fortunes in the hands of a few individuals, and the consequent impoverishment of the many. It has its main source in the laws and customs relating to the support of women and children by men. If left to natural affection alone,—if there were no laws of entailment of property, we should have no such spectacle today as that of W. W. Astor, the man who has abjured allegiance to the land of his birth, because not sufficiently aristocratic, but yet who draws his six millions of dollars a year to spend in selfish extravagance abroad, money obtained by robbing tens of thousands of women and children in New York City, of their hard earnings, through rents upon the wretched hovels in which these poor people must live or be turned shelterless into the streets.

Other illustrations showing the natural results of the narrowly selfish, monopolistic basis of familism bequeathed to us from our savage ancestors, may be found in the family feuds of Kentucky, Tennessee and other American States—feuds originating commonly in disputes over the division of land or other matters in which the interests of children are the leading factors—feuds bequeathed from generation to generation and often resulting in murders or assassinations.

Our friend has no confidence in "law or taxation" as a means to constrain the males to participate in furnishing support for women and children. What then would he have? If he can trust neither to love nor to law, what is there left upon which to rely for justice? Law represents physical force,—unemotional force. Love represents the emotional, the psychic, the spiritual forces of life; the unselfish, the altruistic, the spontaneously co-operative forces of life. Between these two forces, or classes of forces, there can be nothing in common. They are mutually antagonistic, mutually destructive. When law enters love dies or takes its flight. Where love reigns law is ignored, eliminated. It ceases to exist as a ruling force.

As to the direct question asked, I would say, in brief, that woman has the remedy in her own hands, whenever she chooses to apply it. Let her refrain from motherhood until the support of her child is assured by provisions that do not depend upon the continued love or the continued financial ability of her masculine co-operator or co-operators.

Other points I should like to enlarge upon. I should like to call attention to the ideal homes, and the ideal family arrangements, described in "Cityless and Countryless World," "Hilda's Home," and other books of recent publication, but time and space fail for this issue. I close by quoting the well known lines.

"If men relied on love to guide  
The world would be the better for it."

To which I would add a paraphrase upon another noted aphorism.

"For ever in thine eyes, O Love!  
Shines that bright light by which we may be saved."

OUR READERS and patrons, everywhere, are hereby again requested not to forget to send us names of their friends and acquaintances who might become interested in *Lucifer* and its work, if they could see a few sample copies. Upon this plan, more than any other, we now depend for increase of subscription list, and for advertising the books and pamphlets that supplement and extend the work of the paper itself.

## The Gatling Gun Case.

BY ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

In proportion as the licentious censorship of the press grows more aggressive resistance thereto becomes more imperative for while there is more general apprehension than ever before concerning the threatened destruction of constitutional liberty implied in prosecutions for the expression of unpopular opinions or for the employing of unconventional language partisan revenge still seizes opportunities of harassing its opponents by setting the censorship at work to convict them. Thus the censorship is kept alive mainly to gratify the envy, hatred and malice of the meanest of earth's creatures.

The latest case is that of Walter Hurt, editor of "The Gatling Gun," of Cleveland, Ohio, who in his July issue tells of his situation in the following language:

"There having been no new developments during the last month in the case against me in the United States court, there is little to be said in this connection. It is improbable that any further action of importance will be taken until court convenes in September. There will be a fight for the preservation of constitutional prerogatives, such as this country has never seen. Should I be convicted in the district court, the battle will then have only begun. Every step in the case will be stubbornly contested. It will be a fight for the principle of freedom against the power of force. It will be the struggle of a sovereign citizen, backed by public sentiment, against official oppression and political persecution. And it will be a fight to the finish. There will be no temporizing with the tyrants. Yes, it will be a bitter battle and a costly one, but it can end only in a triumph for truth. We shall find whether or not the constitution of our country is regnant over a set of cheap rascals clothed in the panoply of brief power. I shall not be satisfied for the struggle to end until the infamous Comstock law has been wiped from the statutes. Come conviction or acquittal, come victory or defeat, while life shall last will I be tireless in my labors for the liberty of the press, for freedom of speech and for a censorless mail."

## Many Fools; One Hero.

BY F. A. COWELL.

Press dispatches from Kansas say several girls' clubs in that state have resolved that the members will not marry any man who stayed at home during the war; they vow to remain single all their lives if they can't get a cutthroat for a husband. This might be a sign of sex-reform—but it isn't. I don't wonder Lucifer left the state; no hope of Brother Harman's new and better race from unions of butchers and fools.

The same paper which contained that dispatch also had one on "America's only traitor." The account by one of the brave and noble officers of the death of the "traitor" is partly as follows:

"One of the soldiers of the Second Oregon drove his bayonet through the body of the traitor and and lifted him above his head and held him there while the soldiers shot him. The body was thrown into a trench and buried with several dead Filipinos. We would have treated him worse if we had known him."

If they could have been more cruel than they were they must have been specially drilled in barbarity. Valorous and cultured, are they not? Just the boys to teach the Filipinos what civilization is!

Now a few words as to the "traitor." He appears to have been the only MAN sent to the Philippines. Going there to fight brutal Spain and help free Cuba and finding himself used as a Hessian hireling to slaughter liberty seekers he seems to have had the courage to act like a man and die for the right. Imagine Sampson, Dewey, Hobson, et al. facing almost certain death to gain certain opprobrium and hatred of those among whom they were raised and trained, just to be on the side of the right. When humanity reigns I hope that on the roll of its

heroes will be inscribed the name of Corporal Leonard F. Hayes, the only hero who wore a blue uniform in the Philippines. Lovers of liberty should honor that name along with such names as Toussaint L'Overture.

## The Tragedy of a Wife.

From "A Window in Thrums," By J. M. Barrie.

Were Jess still alive to tell the life-story of Sam'l Fletcher and his wife, you could not hear it and sit still. The ghost cradle is but a page from the black history of a woman who married, to be blotted out from that hour. One case of the kind I myself have known, of a woman so good mated to a man so selfish that I can not think of her even now with a steady mouth. Hers was the tragedy of living on, more mournful than the tragedy that kills. In Thrums the weavers spoke of "lousing" from their looms, removing the chains, and there is something woful in that. But pity poor Nanny Coutts who took her chains to bed with her.

Nanny was buried a month or more before I came to the house on the brae, and even in Thrums the dead are seldom remembered for so long a time as that. But it was only after Sanders was left alone that we learned what a woman she had been, and how basely we had wronged her. She was an angel. Sanders went about whining when he had no longer a woman to ill-treat. He had this sentimental way with him, but it lost its effect after we knew the man.

"A deevil couldna hae deserved waur treatment," Tammas Haggart said to him. "Gang oot o' my sicht, man!"

"I'll blame mysel' till I die," Jess said, with tears in her eyes, "for no understandin' pair Nanny better."

So Nanny got sympathy at last, but not until her forgiving soul had left her tortured body. There was many a kindly heart in Thrums that would have gone out to her in her lifetime but we could not have loved her without upbraiding him, and she would not buy sympathy at the price. What a little story it is, and how few words are required to tell it! He was a bad husband to her, and she kept it secret. That is Nanny's life summed up. It is all that was left behind when her coffin went down the brae. Did she love him to the end, or was she only doing what she thought her duty? It is not for me even to guess. A good woman who suffers is altogether beyond man's reckoning. To such heights of self-sacrifice we can not rise. It crushes us; it ought to crush us on to our knees. For us, who saw Nanny, infirm, shrunken, and so weary, yet a type of the noblest womanhood, suffering for years, and misunderstood her to the end, what expiation can there be? I do not want to storm at the man who made her life so burdensome. Too many years have passed for that, nor would Nanny take it kindly if I called her man names.

Sanders worked little after his marriage. He had a sore back, he said, which became a torture if he leaned forward at his loom. What truth there was in this I can not say, but not every weaver in Thrums could "louse" when his back grew sore. Nanny went to the loom in his place, filling as well as weaving, and he walked about, better dressed than the common, and with cheerful words for those who had time to listen. Nanny got no approval, even for doing his work as well as her own, for they were understood to have money, and Sanders let us think her merely greedy. We drifted into his opinions.

Had Jess been one of those who could go about, she would, I think, have read Nanny better than the rest of us, for her intellect was bright, and always led her straight to her neighbors' hearts. But Nanny visited no one, and so Jess only knew of her by hearsay. Nanny's standoffishness, as it was called, was not a popular virtue, and she was blamed still more for trying to keep her husband out of other people's houses. He was so frank and full of gossip, and she was so reserved. He would go everywhere and she nowhere. He had been known to ask neighbors to tea and she had shown that she wanted them away, or even begged them not to come. We were not accustomed to go behind the face of a thing, and so we set down Nanny's inhospitality to churlishness or greed. Only after her death, when



other women had to attend him, did we get to know what a tyrant Sanders was at his own hearth. The ambition of Nanny's life was that we should never know it, that we should continue extolling him, and say what we chose about herself. She knew that if we went much about the house and saw how he treated her, Sanders would cease to be a respected man in Thrums.

So neat in his dress was Sanders, that he was seldom seen abroad in his corduroys. His blue bonnet for every day wear was such as even well-to-do farmers only wore at fair-time, and it was said that he had a handkerchief for every day in the week. Jess often held him up to Hendry as a model of courtesy and polite manners.

"Him an' Nanny's no weel matched," she used to say; "for he has grand ideas, an' she's o' the commonest. It maun be a richt trial to a man wi' his fine tastes to hae a wife 'at's wrapper's never even on, an' wha doesna wash her mitch aince in a month."

It is true that Nanny was a slattern, but only because she was married into slavery. She was kept so busy washing and ironing for Sanders that she ceased to care how she looked herself. What did it matter whether her mitch was clean? Weaving and washing and cooking, doing the work of a bread-winner as well as of a housewife, her's was soon a body prematurely old, on which no wrapper could sit becomingly. Before her face, Sanders would hint that her slovenly ways and dress tried him sorely, and, in company at least, she only bowed her head. We were given to respecting those who worked hard, but Nanny, we thought, was a woman of means, and Sanders let us call her a miser. He was always anxious, he said, to be generous, but Nanny would not feed a starving child. They had really not a penny beyond what Nanny earned at the loom, and now we know how Sanders shook her if she did not earn enough. His vanity was responsible for the story about her wealth, and she would not have us think him vain.

Because she did so much, we said that she was as strong as a cart-horse. The doctor who attended her the last week of her life discovered that she had never been well. Yet we had often wondered at her letting Sanders pit his own potatoes when he was so unable.

"Them 'at's strong, ye see," Sanders explained, "doesna ken what illness is, an' so its nat'ral they shouldna sympathize wi' onweel fowk. Ay, I'm rare thankfu' that Nanny keeps her health. I often envy her."

These were considered creditable sentiments, and so they might have been had Nanny uttered them. Thus easily Sanders built up a reputation for never complaining. I know now that he was a hard and cruel man who should have married a shrew; but while Nanny lived I thought he had a beautiful nature. Many a time I have spoken with him at Hendry's gate, and felt the better of his heartiness.

"I mauna complain," he always said; "na, we maun juist fecht awa'."

Little, indeed, had he to complain of, and little did he fight away.

Sanders went twice to church every Sabbath, and thrice when he got the chance. There was no man who joined so lustily in the singing or looked straighter at the minister during the prayer. I have heard the minister say that Sander's constant attendance was an encouragement and a help to him. Nanny had been a great church-goer when she was a maiden, but after her marriage she only went in the afternoons, and a time came when she ceased altogether to attend. The minister admonished her many times, telling her, among other things, that her irreligious ways were a distress to her husband. She never replied that she could not go to church in the forenoon, because Sanders insisted on a hot meal being waiting him when the service ended. But it was true that Sanders, for appearance sake, would have had her go to church in the afternoons. It is now believed that on this point alone did she refuse to do as she

was bidden. Nanny was very far from perfect, and the reason she forsook the kirk utterly was because she had no Sabbath clothes.

She died as she had lived, saying not a word when the minister, thinking it his duty drew a cruel comparison between her life and her husband's.

"I got my first glimpse into the real state of affairs in that house," the doctor told me one night on the barge the day before she died. "You're sure there's no hope for me?" she asked wistfully; and when I had to tell the truth, she sunk back on the pillow with a look of joy."

Nanny died with a lie on her lips. "Ay," she said, "Sanders has been a guid man to me."

## WHAT IS AN ANARCHIST?

The word ANARCHY, in the minds of misinformed people, signifies disorder, chaos, turbulence, violence, bloodshed, retrogression. To the student of economics it signifies exactly the reverse of these ideas—in two words, Liberty and Progress. You cannot afford to be ignorant of this comparatively new view of economic science, and you will remain ignorant of it so long as you gain your information—or rather, misinformation—concerning it from newspapers only. P. J. Proudhon the great French economist, identifies Anarchy with Liberty and says "Liberty is the mother, not the daughter, of Order." Read and think for yourself and you will see that Anarchy instead of being a doctrine which threatens the destruction of all that is beneficial to humanity is in fact the necessary condition of unhampered social evolution. Here is a list of books on anarchy which we recommend. They will be sent post paid from Lucifer office on receipt of price:

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- Autonomy. Self Law; What Are Its Demands? A fragmentary exposition of the basic principle of individualism in its relation to society and government. By Moses Harman. This pamphlet of 29 uncut pages contains an account of the autonomistic marriage of Lillian Harman and Edwin C. Walker, and their subsequent arrest, trial and imprisonment. The pamphlet is not up to the standard in typography, but it contains data valuable to all lovers of personal liberty. .05
- Cityless and Countryless World; an Outline of Practical Co-operative Individualism. By Henry Olerich. Red silk; gold title: nearly 500 pages. \$1.00
- Dawn of Civilization. A Radical Social Reform Novel by J. C. Spence, formerly a vice president of the Legitimation League. Blue and gold boards; 176 pages. .25
- Government Analyzed. By John R. Kelso, A. M. This book seeks to show that all governments, like all gods, are the mere personifications of mythical monsters invented by selfish and crafty men as instruments with which to rob and enslave the ignorant toiling masses. A book which is sure to open the eyes of governmentalists who read it. Bound in cloth; 520 pages; edition limited; original price, \$1.50. Our price, .90
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- Thomas Jefferson. Father of American Democracy. His political, social and religious philosophy. By Gen. M. M. Trumbull. Paper, 20 pages. .10
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## 774.

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must claim soon the attention of all who desire good to the whole race. Social questions involve those of family and health morals and rights, labor and money, so the people are learning and will rise to the occasion.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 44, 32 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 19, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 775.

### Heloise to Abelard.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,  
 Curs'd on all I saw but those which love has made.  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human lies,  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment dies.  
 Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,  
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 Before true passion all those views remove;  
 Fame, wealth, and honor: what are you to love?  
 The jealous god, when we profane his fires,  
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,  
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all;  
 Nor Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;  
 No, make me mistress to the man I love:  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!  
 Oh! happy state, when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty and nature law;  
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
 No craving void left aching at the breast:  
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),  
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

—Alexander Pope.

### A Traveler's Tale.

BY R. R. KERR.

Travelers tell us that among the hill tribes of India there is a community of people who consider it a disgrace to be seen eating. I have made careful inquiries into the habits of this people, with the following results.

It seems that the members of this tribe, like all the rest of the world, admit that eating is necessary, but they call it a necessary evil. Their great aim is to drive vice underground. None of the stores on the main street of their village supply any kind of food, but on the outskirts are a number of houses to which the people resort after dark to buy food surreptitiously. Every body goes to one or other of these houses, but all are careful not to be observed, in order to escape being cast out of society.

It might be supposed that, in a community where eating is regarded with such horror, gluttony must be unknown. But we find, on the contrary, that over-eating is more common there than anywhere else. The thoughts of all the people are occupied with eating. Whenever a few children get together alone, they begin to tell each other naughty stories about eating. In school when any passage is read which suggests food in the most distant way, a grin goes round the class. It is the same with grown-up people. Not only are they always telling indecent stories about food, but even their dreams are constantly disturbed with the thought of it. So ravenously do they eat, that

their stomachs are always out of order, and their frames are exhausted with the over expenditure of energy in eating.

Moreover, disease is very prevalent, owing to the bad quality of the food. Being supplied only by the scum of society, in out of the way holes and corners, it is as bad as the whiskey which people drink under prohibition, and breeds all kinds of disorders. It is also very dear, for those who sell it are liable at any time to be raided by the police and severely punished, and cannot be expected to take such risks for nothing.

Those who sell the food are naturally regarded as the vilest of mankind, and have no standing in society. But they know how to revenge themselves on the respectable. Young people throng the eating houses under cover of night, and the inmates take every opportunity of leading them into bad habits, teaching them to drink and gamble, and even try to poison their minds against their mothers and sisters. These illicit dealers have an inveterate hatred of the respectable merchants of the community, whom they try to injure in every way. Being outcasts themselves, they try to pull all others into the gutter.

So deplorable has the condition of affairs become in this community, that all good people are discussing means of checking the social evil, as they call it. Vigilance committees have been formed to drive vice still further underground. Every month the keepers of eating houses are brought before the Police magistrate and fined. Sermons are preached from every pulpit describing the lives and characters of those who sell food and pointing them out as examples of the awful consequences of eating. But it is all in vain. Vice is driven further underground, but eating goes on just the same.

There are many enlightened people in America who ought to be able to suggest a cure for this great evil. I suggest that the matter be referred to Anthony Comstock, D. L. Moody, and other prominent reformers in America, and also to Lady Henry Somerset in England; and that letters be sent to them earnestly requesting them to take up the matter and suggest the means which would in their opinion be best fitted to remove the evil.

### Southern Barbarism.

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

I am glad that Lucifer printed the letter of "Mrs. M. E. W." in the interests of free speech, but sorry that the lady in question should have given expression to such an outburst of unreasoning race hatred. I do not know whether she was formerly the owner of human flesh and blood; but her letter gives the impression that she would like to see the institution of slavery restored. If "M. E. W." desires to defend the southern position, I would like to call her special attention to a few definite points.

1. Race prejudice is as old as the earliest tribal divisions. It is most strongly marked among the most ignorant nations. History demonstrates its utter irrationality. The dominant race of one epoch flourishes for a time, and then makes way for

those whom it held in contempt as utter barbarians. What were our own ancestors, a thousand years ago? No intelligent student of history will presume to single out any race and declare that its position must be that of permanent inferiority or subjection. Even today, individual negroes like Booker T. Washington are fully the peers of our choicest Anglo-Saxon men and women. We outrage common sense, defy history, and lower ourselves, when we refuse the hand of fellowship to such men, merely because of a silly negrophobia, or because they are in advance of other members of their race. How can we set the limits of future development for a race only a generation beyond slavery, and still treated with brutal contempt, yet already able to produce such individuals? When we consider the ignorance in which the negro was designedly kept under slavery, and the treatment he has received ever since in the South, the wonder is not that many black men have become shiftless or criminal, but that the race is not in a far more degraded condition.

2. We in the North abhor rape as much as do any Southerners. But mere accusation is not proof; and the abuse of a white woman by a black man is no higher crime than the abuse of a black woman by a white man. As to the specific case of Sam Hose, the word of detectives sent to ascertain the exact facts is naturally worth as much as that of murderers seeking to cloak their crimes with a specious pretext.

3. Even assuming Hose's guilt, and the right of a mob to exact vengeance for it in a summary manner, what does "Mrs. M. E. W." think of civilized men who make a carnival out of an execution? Justice may be stern; but it is at least swift and sober. Only savages make the death of a fellow-being a scene of festivity and spectacular enjoyment. How can even the rankest apologist for lynching palliate the hideous and brutal tortures applied to the victim?

4. If Hose was such a vile wretch, what of the mob who hung Lige Strickland on the unsupported accusation of so low a criminal, writhing in torture and ready to accuse anybody? All apologists for the Georgia murderers sedulously avoid that point.

5. Much more might be said; but for the present I will content myself with asking "Mrs. M. E. W." to furnish, if she can, even the slightest shadow of excuse for the unspeakable monsters who murdered Mr. Baker and his child for no crime whatever, simply because they did not like his appointment as postmaster. If this is a sample of Southern civilization, justice defend us from experiencing any more of it. If a mob of negroes had committed such an act, what an outcry would have been raised! When we are truly civilized, we will learn that the principles of equal liberty apply to all, and that invasive acts are equally infamous, without regard to any distinction of sex, color or race.

### To Our Mothers.

BY INA CHAMPNEY.

Mothers, do you realize the responsibility that is yours? Do you love your children? You may consider such a question almost an insult; but when one looks abroad and sees how the children of the country are unguided, untaught, we may naturally ask the question.

Your little ones are intelligent beings; they have a keen sense of justice; they crave confidence and affection. Such a being demands treatment above that of the brute, and should be taught by reason, not by the lash and the rod.

A mother, above all others, should be the child's confidant. How is she to inspire this confidence? By the manifestation of love; by gentle, not harsh dealings; by a considerate and thoughtful explanation of all childish questions. Never put a child off when he questions you, as he will do so soon as he can talk. Above all else, always be straightforward and truthful with children. Never let them find you guilty of the least deception. This, sooner than anything else, will destroy confidence.

In all sex matters our children are kept in ignorance. It seems almost wicked that this all important subject should be

tabooed. It need not be entirely. Parents can, from the start, wisely instruct their children in sex matters so they need have no morbid curiosity. They can learn that sex is pure and beautiful. You will find their young minds ripe for sex culture much earlier than you think.

Mothers dread the time of puberty of their daughters. They dare not instruct their girls in regard to their physical nature, and the important changes taking place as they enter womanhood. This is a time when girls need wise instruction and gentle care. The majority of mothers are willing—rather than undergo a trial for the moment—to allow their daughters to remain ignorant, learning from hard experience.

A mother of thirteen children recently said to me: "I never could broach the subject to my girls."

"You would rather let your daughters be taught from the gutters and alleys?" I asked.

"Yes, I let the world teach my girls."

I say, this is a shame and a disgrace! What is it the world teaches—truth and freedom? No, prudery, false modesty, lust, licentiousness. Is this your highest ideal for your child?

Often have I heard mothers say: "I never liked children, never wanted them. One or two are all right, but so many nearly make me crazy." Women, don't you know this should be, and can be, in your control? You have the right to say whether you desire to be a mother. You should never give birth to an undesired child. It is a child's right to be born well.

Face the world on an equal footing with man. Cease this life of submissive slavery. Be an independent, rational individual. Realize, and demand your rights. You will never be a true woman and mother till you do, till you free yourself from this marriage slavery.

Radical mothers, what are you thinking of to willingly let your children grow up in the old conventional rut, as so many of you do? Are you afraid of your own convictions? If you are convinced of the fallacy of the old ideal, and of the truth of the new, why shouldn't this truth be for the rising generation as well as for yourselves?

"To have convictions to speak, to speak the truth, means to be willing to suffer." You are afraid of the world. You look into the future for your children and realize the scorn, the contempt, the ridicule heaped upon the heads of those who dare to speak the truth. You wish to save your children from this suffering. Can't you realize how infinitely greater will be the suffering in a life of conservatism, of bondage?

Give a child a just, liberal understanding of all sides of life, then leave him to choose for himself which road to take. You will be pretty sure to see him bravely and boldly step out into the broad, radical, progressive, onward march for truth and freedom.

### Love and Finance.

BY LILLIE D. WHITE.

In *Lucifer* No. 773 Lois Waisbrooker cites a case, to illustrate a point, in which she advised a friend to ask her lover for money which she needed very much for a special purpose. Lillian Harman commented on the article, rather blaming Mrs. Waisbrooker for advising her and the woman for subjecting herself to the "humiliation" of a refusal.

It is quite impossible for outsiders to know all the facts in a case of this kind, but an entirely imaginary case would do as well for the sake of argument—a case in which a woman presents her financial stress to her lover with the request or expectation of help from him, and he refuses without any excuse or regret or explanation. Not only refuses but denounces her as a mercenary character and is "astonished" at her audacity, that, too, to the one person in the world the least likely to regard her kindly. Whether she was advised or urged to it or not does not affect the case, for as she was radical enough to love a married man, and intelligent enough to attend a liberal convention we may presume she was a woman of mature judgment.



I agree that he was under no obligation to supply her needs; neither would he be under any obligation to help her out if he found her lost in the woods, or a long way from home with a broken bicycle, or similar calamity, yet it would hardly be the natural conduct of a lover to leave her to her fate, on the plea that his love was too lofty and soulful to think of such sordid, material affairs.

She might feel humiliated under the circumstances, at the thought of having cherished an idol made of such very poor clay, but there should be no self reproach nor regrets, or fear that her conduct had been improper or blameworthy. In an instance of this kind, a real man and sincere lover would "feel wronged if not permitted to care for those he loved."

I see no more reason why a man should supply a woman with money than that she should do the same for him—except that in the present stage of society evolution it is more generally in his possession—but if between lovers there is not a mutual desire to do for each other whatever gives pleasure, in a general, all-around, practical way, there can be no very serious or lasting attachment. Love that is only expressed in sweet words, pet names, caresses, etc., and which flies away when anything practical is to be done, can not be very deep or sincere. Kisses are all very well but bread and cheese are not to be despised. Perhaps love without any consideration of practical helpfulness, is what is meant by being "loved for one's self alone," which sounds prettily poetic, but what is one's "self" aside from one's conduct and activity and ability to do the things which contribute to human comfort and happiness? Divested of these attributes, the power of "one's self" to give or receive pleasure, is very limited.

I do not believe it possible for a deep and enduring love or even friendship to exist between any two people, when one is in comfortable circumstances and the other making a desperate daily struggle for existence, "working for a pittance," if there is no thought of giving and receiving in the material as well as in the affectional, magnetic or intellectual realm.

I advocate decidedly the financial independence of woman; not until she is a self-reliant, self-supporting, independent human being can she really be man's equal, and be to him a true companion and helpmate. Then the helpfulness can be mutual and the blessing that is found more in giving than receiving be shared by both.

### The Problem Cannot Settle Itself.

BY JOSEPH STEINER.

Permit me to take issue with Cynthia M. Tregear in her article which appeared in No. 754, wherein she assumes that "the motherhood question will settle itself when women become free, financially and industrially."

I am aware that nearly all the socialists of the Marx school hold this view, but in doing so they are unconsciously hugging a delusion which will prove fatal to the realization of their hopes and aspirations in the domain of both politics and economics for the simple reason that it is in conflict with the omnipresent, historical requirements of genitive law.

Genitive law demonstrates that sex congress is the basis of social life, and motherhood service is the basis and foundation of industrial life.

Such being the case it is necessarily the only rational foundation for an industrial autonomy and a system of compensation for service rendered.

The assumption that the motherhood or any other problem ever settles itself independent of the intellectual entity that dominates its sphere, is too absurd to deserve notice; on the contrary, it is the divining power of each sphere that settles its problems, not in a haphazard way but in logical and historical order. There is a divinity of the intellectual entity of the star world that solves all astronomic problems, another of the plant world that solves its problems, another of the zoonic world that solves its problems and another of the societary world that does the same for it; but that divinity in the anthropoid has its

headquarters in the cerebrum of the brain, consisting of reflective organs which are the tools with which nature has provided us to solve that important problem in the same logical and historical order as do the other intellectual entities in the antecedent spheres referred to above.

All institutions have their origin in a transient necessity and so long as that necessity exists they are a benefit and a blessing. When however they are perpetuated after the necessity for them has ceased their perpetuation degenerates into an abuse and becomes a curse instead of a blessing.

The sexual enslavement of the motherhood of the race is no exception. Through polygamy the domestication of female anthropoid brutes and their children began the humanizing process and humanization can begin in no other manner.

Monogamy resulted from an attempt to establish masculine suitorage. This attempt had its origin in the aspiration for masculine instead of human rights, and as the woman was not included in those rights it has necessarily failed of suitorage for both sexes.

Monogamy is perpetuated by the subjection of woman as a class to man as a class; hence it is the basis and foundation of our political (many headed) class despotism. It makes me tired to hear socialists ranting about class consciousness as between the capitalists as one class and the proletariat another class while they at the same time not only maintain a discreet silence concerning the domestic foundation of the politico-economic despotism but uphold and support it by making women chattels through marriage, so as to get their services cheaper than they could by paying her the current wage-slave rate as domestic and prostitute.

Indeed I feel perfectly safe in saying that if working men were compelled to secure to their wives the above rates of compensation not one in a thousand would be financially able to assume the responsibilities of husband and father.

Genitive law points unmistakably to the fact that the wage slave has the freedom of women in his immediate power and that through her freedom from chattelhood his own freedom becomes an assured fact. On the other hand so long as he withholds from woman as a class her sexual freedom he thereby insures the perpetuation of his own economic enslavement.

Woman slavery is the foundation of every slavery that ever has existed or can exist. This must be abolished by the organization of society on an industrial basis of compact (a step in which the trusts have already taken the initiative) with an industrial autonomy of which motherhood service required from her and rendered by her to society must be the basis of procedure in organization and compensation.

The increased productivity of machinery resulting from this change will be so great that there will be ample opportunity for all members of society to develop the best that is in them. Poverty and its dread will have lost its terrors and its incentive to over-reaching selfishness be destroyed; thus giving us a chance to become really civilized by becoming more socialized and consequently more humanized.

With the abolition of sex slavery all other slaveries must necessarily fall; a fall which will make necessary a realignment of society along both isonomic and economic lines of genitive law and by that alignment secure to each member of society all the isonomic and economic rights to which he or she is in equity entitled. On the other hand any attempt to build a co-operative commonwealth on the rickety foundation of monogamic familism is doomed to destruction sooner or later by the immutable fiat of genitive law.

Since writing the above I read in the papers that the Runkin colony of Tennessee has collapsed because of the conflict between marriage and suitorage. I have always maintained that any attempt at co-operative colonization on the basis of marriage must fail because of the incompatibility between monogamic familism and industrial autonomy as a basis of social procedure.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## At Mt. Pleasant Park.

A few words only of greeting, from this somewhat famous encampment. I am meeting so many old friends and making the acquaintance of so many new ones that I seem to have no time for writing. Then the meetings at the "Auditorium" and at the "Pavilion" must not be neglected, to say nothing of numerous parlor or cottage classes or gatherings.

This camping ground was established nearly twenty years ago, as the property and headquarters of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association. All who have visited the place will agree that the locality is admirably adapted to the purpose named. Overlooking the broad Mississippi—"Father of Waters"—the wooded hills furnish shade, clear and cold water and numerous picturesque views. Within easy access of a flourishing city well supplied with railways and with street car accommodations, reaching to the gate of the camp, the traveler finds no trouble and little expense in coming and going. Reduced rates on leading lines of travel, within a radius of some two hundred miles, have been secured by the management.

For many years before the advent of the white man to Illinois and Iowa, the hills around this city, (Clinton, Iowa,) were used so we are told, as a camping ground by the various tribes of Indians then inhabiting the forests and plains of the great Mississippi Valley, and hence it is not strange that those who believe in "spirit return" should tell us that Indian spirits frequent the grounds and "control" the "mediums."

As some of my readers know that I am here in search of health, rather than as a seeker after supermundane phenomena I will say that with the exception of a two days' tussle with my old friend indigestion, or gastric trouble, my health has seemed to be improving, since leaving Chicago, one week ago.

Knowing that a large proportion of Lucifer's readers are firm believers in the doctrine of the continuity of life after the change called death, I will try to give, in future issues, some account of what I am seeing and hearing that would seem to confirm that doctrine, that theory or philosophy of life.

I expect to remain here a week longer, or till about the twenty-second of this month. My next stop will be Ottawa, Kansas, at which place I hope to meet many friends of Lucifer who reside in the Sunflower state, and in adjoining states and territories, at the annual meeting of the Kansas Free Thought Association.

M. HARMAN.

## Right Marital Living.

This is the title of a little work just issued by Ida C. Craddock. Of it she says: "This essay is an expansion of an article of mine on this subject, which appeared in 'The Chicago Clinic' for May, 1899. It is published in response to requests from physicians and others all over the country for a simple, clear presentation of my teaching which could be handed by physicians to their patients and circulated among men and women who desire to know how to live healthy, wholesome, chaste lives as husband and wife." The work is clear, concise, and contains many helpful thoughts. Probably no one can read it without receiving great benefit, even though not accepting the author's teachings in their entirety. Mrs. Craddock will be remembered as the author of "Advice to a Prospective Bride," (the circulation of which is now suppressed,) and other works formerly advertised in Lucifer.

## From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

What the average newspaper reporter doesn't know isn't worth knowing. For instance, in writing of the "converted infidel," Waggoner, of Ohio, who it is said will burn his infidel library, the "Tribune" reporter says: "He has the most complete library of infidelity ever published." This is interesting. And then we are told the number of works in this wonderful library—"150 volumes and 500 pamphlets; and are furthermore informed that this infidel possessed all the literature of this kind that has been published. If such are the limits of "infidel" literature many publishers and other owners of large libraries will open their eyes in astonishment.

By the way, there is a suggestion in the mode of conversion of this "infidel" which should not be overlooked by the promoters of religion. This aged "infidel" had been going about like a "roaring lion for many years; he had been the terror of the ministers of his city; had even descended to street brawls in defense of the unfaith that was in him. His recently wedded young wife left him because of his insane treatment of her, and now herself is in the insane asylum. This old man was converted to Christianity, "washed in the blood of the lamb, and made white as snow" by a phonograph which played "Nearer My God to Thee," and other religious airs. The suggestion for the churches is this: Inasmuch as the phonograph has succeeded in converting such a vile infidel where all other means have failed, why not let the phonograph take the place of the preacher in every pulpit? The phonograph is less expensive to keep than is a man; if kept under lock and key it cannot become tainted with heretical doctrines; it cannot be affected by the "back talk" or arguments of the most hardened infidel; the complications with the pretty sisters which sometimes arise in the best regulated congregations will never occur to disturb the peace of the souls to which a phonograph ministers. These are but a few of the almost endless advantages which the mechanism of Edison possesses over the mechanism of God. And no charge is made for the suggestion.

The burning question in Chicago for the last week or so, is one brought up by the reported action of the managers of the Marshall Field department store. It was alleged that when a man in their employ who received a small salary contemplated marriage he was called to a consultation and advised against the step; if he persisted in his intentions he was discharged. This has caused numerous letters to be written to the daily press in answer to the question, On how small a salary can a family live? The writers almost unanimously agree that it is impossible for a family to live, no matter how poorly, on less than \$10 a week. Inasmuch as there are thousands of men in Chicago who receive much less than \$10 a week, are we to assume that they do not live, or that they do not support their families? The latter supposition is not worthy of consideration; for every one knows that a large proportion of these men are married, and of course they support their families,—for does not marriage insure support for the wife and children? Possibly these poorly-paid families are enabled, by a special dispensation of Providence, to live on air and dew like the fairies;—or on the more substantial city smoke and lake water!

To be properly qualified for his position, a judge should be an adept in the art of mind-reading. Much embarrassment might have been spared John Bentz and Minnie Caruthers, of Burlington, Ky., had Judge Tarvin possessed this faculty when he granted a divorce to Bentz. Tarvin has revoked the divorce because Bentz married Miss Caruthers two days later—"before the ink was dry." (By the way, that ink must be as slow as was the judge who used it.) Tarvin says in his decision that his court is not to be used to enable persons to throw off the marriage yoke in order to be married to some one else. Here is where the necessity for mind-reading arises. Every judge should have the ability to "see through" the applicant for divorce. I



said applicant comes to him with the intention of living a celibate life for the rest of his days—(so many men do appear in court with that intention!)—or if he intends to keep a "mistress," or associate with prostitutes, the judge can legally and conscientiously grant a divorce. But if the man intends to marry another woman, he thereby proves himself wicked and depraved and altogether unworthy of consideration. All wives should look alike to a man; therefore if he wants a wife he should be content with the one he has. But Bentz now has one wife of his own choice, and another wife thrust upon him. As an editor has expressed it in commenting upon the case, "the Court has committed bigamy upon Bentz!"

#### How "Holy Women" Serve the Church.

"The maddest man in Platte county," says the Columbus (Neb.) "Times," "lives at Humphrey. He attended a social, and hugging bee, the proceeds to go to the Sunday school. Prices were graded according to the person hugged. For instance, for hugging a young, inexperienced girl the bidder had to give up ten cents, married women brought fifteen cents and widows a quarter. Well, the man was blindfolded, and, giving up fifteen cents, he said he would take a married woman. After he had hugged fifteen cents' worth the bandage was removed from his eyes, and lo! and behold, he had been hugging his own wife! Then he kicked and wanted his fifteen cents back."

That was a mean trick to play on the poor man—to make him pay for the use of his own property!

It would be very immoral for a woman to charge a man fifteen cents a hug if she herself got the money; but prostitution itself may be sanctified if the money is used for the benefit of the church.

"Tis no new tale." The pages of history are full of instances of women selling themselves in the service of their religion. In treating of the derivation and meaning of the word *Shaga* Inman says in "Ancient Faiths Embodied in Ancient Names":

"To us it is inconceivable that the indulgence of 'passion' could be associated with religion; but so it was. The words expressive of 'Sanctuary,' 'consecrated' and 'Sodomite' are in the Hebrew essentially the same; . . . and we find that 'holy women' is a title given to those who devote their bodies to be used for hire, which goes to the service of the temple."

Thus it will be seen that these Nebraska women are now entitled to the honor of being known as "holy women."

L. H.

#### "She forgot the Baby."

Under the above title the Philadelphia "Item" prints a little sketch that might almost serve as a companion piece to Barrie's "Tragedy of a Wife" which we reproduced in *Lucifer* last week. It is so true to life that we reproduce it:

"G'long Nick; g'long. Seem's if Nick shows his age worse than ever today. We'll never get home 'less he starts his legs faster'n this."

And Martha Crocker leaned over and lapped the reins vigorously. The old horse jerked forward, sending the wheels of the rickety old express wagon into a hole and out of it with a bounce that almost shook Martha and her sister Jane off the seat.

The day was unusually raw even for New England November, and the wind stung the women's faces till their hollow cheeks were flecked with crimson.

There was one incongruous object. Fastened on top of a bundle of old gray laths in the back of the wagon was a baby's high chair—a new, unpainted, wooden chair. It was a rough, splintery chair, but clumsy and ugly as it was it told of new life in the midst of age and decay.

At last with a furtive look at her sister, Jane broke the silence. "Mother must be getting pretty tired keeping house alone. Guess I'll have to go back by Saturday, sure."

"I thought you'd stay until Thanksgiving." Ain't mother going to John's for then?"

"Well I d'n' know. From what she said in her last letter, guess she ain't going after all. And—well I believe she'd rather have me to home."

"Now, Jane Hobson," began Martha with some spirit, "you know you just don't want to stay. And it's hard lines if a sister don't like to be with her sister."

Nick suddenly stopped short with a lurch that threatened to send women, laths, and chair in a heap to the ground.

"Land o' Goshen! Guess our dinner'll be settled enough to make room for supper time we get home. Why don't you want to stay with us for Thanksgiving?"

Jane shifted her position uneasily and then looked up with a shade of defiance in her eyes.

"Well, I reckon you can guess," she said grimly. "I've got tired hearing that everlasting grumbling and cursing of Benjamin's. I must say I like to listen to something half-way pleasant once in a while."

Martha sighed again. "You see," she began with an apologetic air, "Ben's had hard luck this year. There ain't a thing gone right from the cranberry bog to the potato field. And he ain't been able to get anything to do this Fall. And a man don't feel like smiling much when things are so bad."

"Humph," retorted Jane, "this ain't the first time I've been to your house since the five years you've been married. I must say he's worse'n ever, but I didn't ever think Benjamin's amiability would outdo the sun's shining. For my part, I praise the day I gave Jim Ditton the mitten. He seemed like a decent enough fellow, but land! I'm mighty glad I didn't run the risk."

Martha's pinched face grew more pinched and strained as Jane let her rough words have full swing. Suddenly, to Jane's consternation, she covered her face with her hands and began to sob violently.

"For the land!" muttered Jane. "Now, Marthy, I'd ought to be ashamed of myself. 'Twas all uncalled for, and I guess I ain't much pleasanter than other folks."

Finally, after the violence of her grief had spent itself, Martha spoke; at first brokenly, and then more connectedly.

"No, no, Jane. Tain't your fault. I don't blame you for saying what you did. It's been hard enough for me not to say the same things for going on five years. I've kept hoping things would be better. And," with a sob, "they got worse steady. And yet, Ben ain't ever done what lots of men do. He ain't ever had anything to do with any other woman, and he don't get drunk. An' that's a good deal, Jane Hobson."

Jane, in spite of her regret that she had thus precipitated matters, could not refrain from answering.

"Humph! Well, I don't believe he'd found any other woman who'd have wanted to have anything to do with him. Guess a wife's the only person would have stood his ugliness."

Martha hardly noticed the interruption. "Certain," she went on, "I knew 'fore ever I married Ben he wasn't an angel. But I never mistrusted he was as he is. Sometimes does seem as if he didn't speak a pleasant word the livelong day. And—and, Jane, I can't stand it."

Martha hid her face again. In a minute she resumed, in a calmer but harder voice: "I don't blame you for wanting to go home, and I ain't going to ask you to stay. I only wish I could go home, too. I've thought often lately how nice and quiet and peaceful it must be there."

Jane cleared her throat. "Well," she said slowly, "I was rather extra rasped today, but I d'n' know but what I'll stay a while longer. But I don't see, Martha Crocker, how you put up with it. Why don't you pack up and come home? I guess you could earn enough to buy your victuals and clothes; you did 'fore ever you knew Benjamin Crocker."

Martha looked up and her breath came quickly. "O, don't you suppose I've thought of that? But you forget, Jane," and her face and voice softened incredibly, "there's the baby. You forget the baby."

Just then Nick slewed the wheels into a hole again, and as Jane turned to see if the chair was secure her face, too, had

changed. The hard lines about the old maid's mouth had relaxed, and there was a tender, yearning look in the sharp eyes.

"Yes," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "yes—I forgot the baby."

Poor woman! Like countless numbers of her sisters, she was bound down by adverse material conditions; but infinitely more cramped and confined by the darkness of her mind. "She forgot the Baby,"—she forgot its highest interests—when she believed it necessary to rear it in a home of inharmonious and gloom, a home which was unendurable even to her life-hardened "old-maid" sister; because she had suffered the misfortune of mistakenly marrying a man of whom the best that could be said was that "he ain't ever had anything to do with any other woman, and he don't get drunk!" Pity the little ones brought into being under such conditions! Even as a plant needs sunlight and air, so does the child require harmony and freedom and love. Denied these conditions, both plant and child are stunted, dwarfed, ruined.

L. H.

### The Cause of the Ruskin Disruption.

"G. E. M." in "Truth Seeker."

The receiver having sold out Ruskin Colony, and another co-operative failure having been put on record, the New York "Journal," which in some respects is a fake sheet, undertakes to tell the cause of the trouble. As Herbert N. Casson, an ex-Ruskinite, is now employed by the "Journal," the information is probably first hand, and runs as follows:

"The failure was not commercial. The association was perfectly solvent. It had always discounted all its bills, and was rated A1 at Bradstreet's. The cause of this trouble was the dissatisfaction of less than a dozen members. These people attempted to disseminate the doctrines of anarchy and free love, but were prevented by the remaining two hundred, who stood firmly for law, order, and morality."

If the failure of Ruskin was not commercial, it had no business to fail at all; for it certainly will not be said that colonies are founded among men to suppress the dissemination of the doctrines of anarchy and free love. These colonists hold, I infer, that co-operation and the abolition of the competitive system are the reforms of greatest moment, for in their paper, which I have read for some years, they never talk about anything else. The question of freethought, apparently, does not excite their interest. The liberty of the individual claims no share of their attention. Abuses that exist under the marriage laws they depend upon co-operation to abate. The indifference with which a socialist regards all other reforms but socialism is nothing less than magnificent. He will not do a stroke to further the solution of the religious question, the social question, and the question of personal liberty, but if the Ruskin colonists are a sample of the cult, he does not object to preventing the dissemination of those doctrines when they conflict with his own. If I happened to be a co-operator and a member of a colony, it should never be said that such trifles as free love and anarchy diverted me from my aim.

One of the troubles in Ruskin was bloomers, which some of the women insisted on wearing. Now, if clothes are more important than the Co-operative Republic, it is perhaps fit that bloomers should become a divisive issue; but if the opposite is the case, if our motto is to be socialism first and clothes afterward, the colonists who complained of the bloomers, as well as those who broke up the peace of the community by wearing them, were not very sincere in their professions. And it is the same as regards free love. If that is a subordinate matter it should be sunk out of sight, and the colony should not be imperiled in the first place by measures taken to prevent it. In a co-operative colony give all to co-operation. Were I there and did a brother member, not actually insane, insist on going without any clothes at all, or on the practice of an unorthodox marriage system, or none at all, I should regard it as my duty to say nothing and co-operate with the woodsaw.

But the experience of Ruskin colony demonstrates that neither is the industrial question the most difficult of solution nor is its solution the answer to any other problem. The bread and butter question was eliminated from the life of the colonist, who was assured of enough to eat and wear the year around. He also had books, papers, music, theatricals, and social amusements. And yet he found these worries had been disposed of only to make room for others and to give him more leisure to discuss them. The despised subsidiary reforms, which he was accustomed to say could be safely left to evolution and the resolving influence of commercial prosperity, now began to assert themselves; and he was surprised to find them as serious and as far from settlement under socialism as under competition. Then he made the mistake of inserting the stopper instead of enlarging the orifice for the egress of thought on these topics, and the inevitable explosion followed, rending the community. I have heard people say that if freethought means free love or anarchy they don't want any of it, and I presume that there were colonists in Ruskin who said that if co-operation meant those things with bloomers to boot, competition was good enough for them. I have said to freethinkers who talked in this way that they were bound to accept the result of freethought or repudiate the principle, and so I should imagine a good co-operator ought to be satisfied with the condition of things produced by bringing a lot of co-operators together in a community, or else give up the system.

The "Journal," speaking on behalf of state socialism, pronounces the doom of colonies by asserting "the little isolated community which can be ruined by half a dozen disaffected members has never been a success, and in the very nature of things never can be so." I should guess that in the nature of things a community which prescribes the clothes, the opinions, and the conversation of its members, without any authority from its charter for doing so, would not need to look elsewhere for the cause of its disruption; whereas, with entire freedom of choice in these matters, and with nothing restrained except conduct unbecoming a co-operator, there could be no failure unless co-operation itself should not prove a success. I am sorry for the Ruskin dupes, but if the cause of the trouble is as stated in the "Journal," the "preventers" will draw from liberal people only such sympathy as happens to get misplaced.

### The Consensus of Public Opinion.

From "Women and Economics."

In a "Handbook of Proverbs of All Nations," a collection comprising many thousands, these facts are to be observed: first, that the proverbs concerning women are an insignificant minority compared to those concerning men; second, that the proverbs concerning women almost invariably apply to them in general,—to the sex. Those concerning men qualify, limit, describe, specialize. It is "a lazy man," "a violent man," "a man in his cups." Qualities and actions are predicated of man individually, and not as a sex, unless he is flatly contrasted with woman, as in "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold." "Men are deeds, women are words," or "Man, woman, and the devil are the three degrees of comparison." But of woman it is always and only "a woman," meaning simply a female, and recognizing no personal distinction: "As much pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot." "He that hath an eel by the tail and a woman by her word hath a slippery handle." "A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,—the more you beat 'em, the better they be." Occasionally a distinction is made between "a fair woman" and "a black woman"; and Solomon's "virtuous woman," who commanded such a high price, is familiar to us all. But in common thought it is simply "a woman" always. The boast of the profligate that he knows "the sex," so recently expressed by a new poet,— "The things you will learn from the Yellow and Brown, they'll 'elp you an' 'cap with the White"; the complaint of the angry rejected that "all women are just alike!"—the consensus of public opinion of all time goes to show that the characteristics



common to the sex have predominated over the characteristics distinctive of the individual,—a marked excess in sex distinction.

From the time our children are born, we use every means known to accentuate sex distinction in both boy and girl; and the reason that the boy is not so hopelessly marked by it as the girl is that he has the whole field of human expression open to him besides. In our steady insistence on proclaiming sex-distinction we have grown to consider most human attributes as masculine attributes, for the simple reason that they were allowed to men and forbidden to women.

### An Infamous Verdict.

"Co-operator."

Another martyr has been added to the cause of human liberty. Paul Corcoran, the secretary of the Miner's Union of Barke, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to seventeen years in prison, in spite of the fact that it was clearly proven that he was not at Wardner.

The jury were picked to convict, and the judge (another Gary) charged them that no matter if Corcoran was not there, things he was alleged to have said was inciting to violence and murder and he was guilty of murder even if some one else did the deed. This is curious law and infamous justice.

The effect can only be to push on the social evolution, as the death of martyrs always has done. While Corcoran is not physically dead, his incarceration for seventeen years is a living death. It must have its effect in Idaho in making the working people unite and elect a successor to the Stoughton jug, Stuenberg, who will release Corcoran.

### Moral: Steal a Million.

New York "World."

Nellis Martin, who was convicted on Wednesday of stealing 15 cents, was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

But Captain Oberlin M. Carter, U. S. A. who stole \$1,600, 000 nearly five years ago, and was convicted unanimously by a court of fourteen brother officers, is still at liberty, enjoying the luxuries of life in a fashionable New York club, and drawing full pay from the army.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

R. C. A., Blue Hill, Me.: I enclose \$1 for Karezza. There is a Miss Harman here and I was talking to her of your father and you yesterday. "I love to tell the story" of heroism and devotion to principle that you both exemplify.

C. B., Scarsdale, N. Y.—For the enclosed, please send to me the book of Comrade Lloyd, called "Songs of the Unblind Cupid," edition de luxe; (does it look like thirty cents? to use New York slang.) I have taken a long time—odd times—to read "Hilda's Home," like it hugely but find short times to read it; would like to read and criticize it. Mrs. Grant must be a genius. Also send me "What the Young Need to Know." I do not see any advertisement of "Hilda's Home" in No. 767. Are they about sold out? Was much interested in that number. I put the request regarding aid in sending sample copies. Put the balance to my credit to that purpose if not due on my subscription.

[We still have a supply of "Hilda's Home." Price, in paper covers, 50 cents; in cloth, \$1. We appreciate the assistance given for the purpose of distributing sample copies.]

Sadie E. Roberts, Bennington, Kansas—Enclosed find \$1 for which continue our subscription to Lucier. May it bear the light to many benighted minds and rescue slaves from bondage. Its cause—the cause of liberty—is sure to triumph. There shall be freedom in love as in all the other affairs of life. If the teaching of evolution is true, mankind must progress from the present marriage system into perfect freedom in the love relation. You are the martyr and pioneer in this reform, as was Bruno in the cause of religious freedom, and Garrison in the

abolition of chattel slavery. The martyr never enjoys the glory while he is living but he can rest secure in the consciousness that the coming generations that shall reap the fruit of his labors will honor his memory, as yours will be honored in time to come.

Dr. Williams, Kalona, Iowa—I am gathering statistics of the primary cause of suicide, and all who have such intentions, please write, giving no name, but address, age, sex, and occupation, with cause of trouble. Also all who oppose trusts, send name to present to next congress. Some can get a number of names, giving their address. This is a free service on my part, and you can help. I will be out some time, but want to help humanity.

B. F. Brukk, Denver, Colo.—It occurs to me that Mrs. Stetson should receive a just amount of good criticism on her "Woman and Economics." I do not like the "roast" "Liberty" gives her. She looks on woman as an economic factor—an evolutionary process developed through and by conditions. From a purely biological standpoint Mrs. Stetson is correct. The one error to me, is as usual, her remedy. She finds the state a solution for the evil—we find the solution in the abolition of the state. Mrs. Stetson, according to "Liberty," contends that "we would have to support the state. In those sentiments I find my only grounds for protest.

There is so much of the tendency to decry a man and his philosophy because his philosophy is not all good; to say it is all bad is as much the other extreme as can be. Mrs. Stetson's fundamentals are biology and evolution. It does not necessarily follow that her reasoning must be sound. "Grant me my premises, and I will prove my position," says the socialist. Not so. One's premise does not engender logical reasoning. Her fallacy is in reasoning toward a state instead of from it. It may be due to women's long oppression that they inadvertently tend toward authority. Certainly it can not grow out of a logical line of reasoning. Fundamentally liberty is the premise. Our philosophy is based on evolution—Mrs. Stetson's one cry is of oppression. Why, then, does she seek more oppression? Nevertheless she reasons well as far as she goes. Her error may be due to environment. It can't be a result of deep study or concise thought.

## WOMEN and ECONOMICS,

A Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women.  
By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 42. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 26, E. M. 299, [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 776.

### The Solitude of Self.

The loneliest thing in this lonely sphere  
Is self, in its prison of flesh and bone;  
Between the closest of comrades here  
Is a wall as thick as a wall of stone.  
There are thoughts we think that we cannot tell  
To any being of woman born,  
For the fetters of language they repel  
And spurn with a proud, quick, restless scorn.

When skies at sundown are spangled with fire  
A vivid vision mine eyes behold,  
And I look with a look of rapt desire  
On castles of glory and cliffs of gold.  
Where seas of jasper in jewels break  
On shores of beauty and shores of bloom,  
Where never and never a heart shall ache  
On the awful verge of an open tomb,  
I try to mutter the thoughts that come  
To me in the hush of the half light then;  
But ah! my lips are dumb, and dumb  
To me are the lips of my fellow men.  
And thus I struggle my love to speak,  
Its infinite secret I cannot name—  
For words are pulseless and cold and weak,  
And wanting the force of the vital flame.  
No matter if I should cry and call  
Till my tones went tingling unto the stars  
Man could not hear me—for, O, the wall  
Between us forever! It bars—it bars!

Thus lonely, ah! lonely each winds his way  
To the shadows and silence and never knows  
The souls that walk with him day by day  
To the restful palace and last repose.

—Will Hubbard Kernan.

### The Character of a Free Lover.

BY C. L. JAMES.

(Continued.)

It is indeed, true, and Mr. Arnold has not failed to observe that many free lovers, among whom he mentions John Stuart Mill, for reasons sufficient to themselves, observe in practice, the letter of the Seventh Commandment. Nay, the free lover, as such, has no quarrel with the letter except that it falls short of the spirit. For the letter of the Seventh Commandment is only "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Now adultery is common, if not in statute, law, means something hypocritical and secret. Variety in love is not adultery, nor is free love necessarily variety in practice. But let me be clearly understood. With emancipation of the spirit, the letter ceases to be a commandment. Those who would enforce an external rule, either legally, or through what is called public opinion, are not free lovers. The point is worth dwelling on, because, among notable precursors of free love, there were many, principally persons of Swedenborgian or Spiritualistic views, who believed in predestined and eternal partnerships of two only, and in predestined variety in love quite after the fashion of mere condescendances. These persons have done a great deal of good

Their principle, though in my judgment mistaken, was not, like the Philistine one, immoral. They had an honest hatred of prostitution—of mercenary connections, by whatever law cemented—and did much towards exposing the horrors and hypocrisies of merely arbitrary ethics. That they were not free lovers is, however, too plain. When they realize that free love means toleration of variety, they are safe to be found allying themselves with the Lust Power again. They prefer something else to the liberty of woman. The true free lover prefers that to everything else.

Of course, it is involved in liberty that every man and woman shall be free to choose his and her own associates; nor can I imagine a more suitable reason for declining any one's acquaintance than that his habitual conduct about the relations of the sexes displeases the person who does so. But he who makes it a rule to cut acquaintances already marked by deviation from established "form" as soon as he knows them to be so marked, does not choose his own associates. He lets Mrs. Grundy choose them for him; and like other slaves of Mrs. Grundy, he assists to enslave his neighbors. The difference is similar to that between taking one's own custom from a tradesman whom the person doing so dislikes, and entering into the prosecution of a "boycott." No one can be questioned for the former proceeding. The other is a conspiracy. Now no one knew better than Matthew Arnold that Philistinism is exactly such a conspiracy; and he would certainly have acknowledged that its *modus operandi* in such cases was arbitrary. He would not have confounded the morality of a Shelley with that of a Lothario. Nor has such confusion ever been even customary among the cultivated class in any country, nor among the proletariat. It belongs very strictly to Philistia. We get a little away from justice and back to prudence if we notice any attempt at defending the ethics of Philistia on the ground of general utility.

"The world must be peopled, and marriage is favorable to propagation": "there must be some civil law regulating the relations of the sexes for the children's sake." Ah! "Marriage is favorable to propagation." It is, indeed—a great deal too favorable. Did the man who urges this argument against free love ever hear of Malthus? There is just as much danger that the human race will be extinguished in consequence of the free love propaganda as that those physicians who expose the evils of gluttony will teach rich gluttons to starve themselves to death! Nothing could be less favorable to propagation than the law of the lowest savages, among whom every woman is required to gratify every man upon demand—nothing, I mean, which ever actually existed. Yet, in spite of this law the human race has increased. It has increased, in all ages, to the point of "pressure against the limits of subsistence"; and has been kept within them only by the ghastly agencies of war, famine and pestilence. The desires of the woman, even in her primitive state of slavery and prostitution, have proved quite sufficient to insure not only the continuation of the species but the operation

of positive checks upon its increase. The only hope of substituting the preventive check for the positive is free love; and free love in a society of enlightened, sensible, self-supporting women, such as we are now beginning to see.

That a civil law is needed for the care of children would seem plausible, if there ever had been a law which actually contributed to that result. But there never has; and, so far as we can judge the unknown by the known, there cannot be. The most apparently sensible civil laws for that purpose are those of a few states in which a man before he can marry, must show that he can support a family. But their only practical effect has been to increase illegitimacy. A law which, while it leaves every man free to marry, imposes on him the obligation of supporting his children, if he can, is simply a bait to lure women into a trap. The one sure way of reducing the number of unprovided for children to a minimum, is that women, trained, as they now commonly are, to useful callings, should understand that they themselves, not Providence, nor the State, nor some man who may be dead or a pauper any day, must look to the consequences of actions which they are no longer required to do.

Finally, the spirit of the Seventh Commandment requires, as we have said, that the sexual appetite shall be restrained within those limits set by delicacy. And here again, the free lover finds himself at first on very solid ground. For what can be more immodest, as well as more unhygienic and unjust, than that a woman shall be required to satisfy any man when she would rather not? We need no better testimony than our enemies. They call a publication exposing these abuses of the marriage system, "obscene literature." He that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

But again, it will probably be acknowledged by every one that public mercenary prostitution is in the highest degree immodest. Now public mercenary prostitution is essential to the security of the marriage system. In Mr. Lecky's "History of Morals," and Sanger's "History of Prostitution," we may read how eminent Catholic sovereigns, such as Louis IX. of France (Saint Louis), and Maria Theresa, have, from time to time, exerted themselves by no means unsuccessfully, to put down prostitution, and how they repealed their edicts after a while because experience taught them that, in putting down prostitution, they were putting down marriage also. To suppress prostitution, for a time at least, is, as these valuable experiments show, by no means impossible. But it can be done only at the expense of increasing "private irregularities" to an extent incompatible with the marriage relation. The choice, as Saint Louis and Maria Theresa found, is between free love on one side, marriage and prostitution on the other.

That there is a chronic feud between marriage and prostitution by no means proves that the former can do without the latter. They are kindred methods of enslaving and exploiting womanhood, which can be done only on condition that the grosser one, at least, exist. Their quarrel is only about division of the spoil. Saint Louis and Maria Theresa, being bigots of a legal and sacramental system, came at last to say:

"We must tolerate prostitution since experience proves it necessary to the security of marriage."

The free lover says: "I will fight against prostitution to the last drop of my blood; and if marriage cannot do without it, let them perish together!"

Which sentiment sounds the more like "morality touched with emotion"? Do I mean, then, to say that free love would immediately extinguish prostitution? No, I admit that prostitution existed before marriage, and, therefore, can exist without marriage, though marriage cannot exist without prostitution, as Saint Louis and Maria Theresa proved. What I do mean to say is that free love would put prostitution in the way of extinction, while marriage must, and does, preserve it.

The marriage system requires that men, in consideration of obedience, shall support their wives. Lest this should not be a sufficient inducement for women to marry, the system always,

until it began to decline, required that women should be taught no other means of support than attracting men. But, since men were required to support their wives, which is somewhat expensive, and since the number of men nearly equals that of women; there always have been a considerable proportion of men who did not choose to marry and a considerable proportion of women who could not. Among the latter, those least attractive were left to pine. But such as possessed beauty and ardor found, in the desires of men who did not choose to marry, a ready market for those charms which the marriage system had rendered their only stock in trade. Yet that marriage preserves prostitution is not more evident, to one who will consider facts with the calmness of an economist or evolutionary psychologist, than that free love must gradually extinguish prostitution.

Prostitution is very unfavorable to female fecundity. It is not the prostitutes who chiefly renew their kind. It is the employers of the prostitutes who perpetuate the breed by begetting daughters just fit for prostitutes, and sons who follow in their father's footsteps. And what enables these worn-out rouses, when they have got tired of prostitutes and have acquired money, to marry women by whom they may expect offspring? The hot competition for rich husbands, by girls whom the marriage system has trained to that alone. The sexual conservative says that a reformed rake is the best husband. The free lover says that a rake is just fit to associate with a harlot saving, perhaps, an apology to the harlot. He is not fit to associate with a better woman; and so far as women become free, he loses all opportunity to associate with them. In that same proportion prostitution must become extinct, for want of men to demand and women to furnish it, *q. e. d.*

(To be continued.)

## The Centralization of Industry.

BY K. B. KERR.

An argument with Edgar D. Brinkerhoff presents the same difficulties as an argument with the late H. P. Blavatsky. Madame Blavatsky began by denying the law of gravitation, and the whole superstructure of modern science; thus compelling her opponents either to be silent, or to begin at the very beginning of human knowledge. Mr. Brinkerhoff denies all economic history, all modern economic theory, Herbert Spencer's law of universal evolution, and the common experience of all mankind. Then he leaves me to answer him in two columns of Lucifer.

For many years all writers and thinkers, except Mr. Brinkerhoff, have agreed that the centralization of industry conduces to economy and efficiency. Two centuries ago the cloth of which the coats of our ancestors were made was woven by the farmer's wife from the wool of her husband's sheep. Every step in the manufacture was taken by her alone. A hundred and twenty years ago the same cloth was made by twenty or thirty hands in a small factory, each worker attending only to one of the many processes which the wool had to go through in its transition into cloth. In our time hundreds are collected in one factory, each attending to one process only, and all the looms being driven by a common steam power. During the same period most other industries have undergone the same change. Two centuries ago the beer, the whiskey, the stockings, the shirts, of the family, were all made at home; today they are made in large factories with costly plants, where numbers work together under one head.

As to the cause of this change, all economists except Mr. Brinkerhoff are agreed. They all say it was due to centralization, which saved power and made division of labor possible. Adam Smith, in his famous chapter on the division of labor, shows how immensely productivity is increased by confining each worker to one process, instead of letting everyone do everything. He tells us how it takes twenty or thirty men even to make a pin, and how greatly the output of pins has been thus



increased. Later economists tell us how, after the introduction of steam power, hundreds were collected in one building, because it was cheaper to generate one steam power for a hundred looms in one building, than a hundred steam powers for looms in a hundred different buildings. Herbert Spencer has shown that this is only a particular case of the law that runs through all nature, from the phenomena of astronomy to those of Sociology. He has shown that evolution is nothing but a continuous process of specialization, a movement "from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity," and that centralization is a necessary condition of specialization; in other words, that integration and differentiation are inseparable.

To those who adopt the above theory of evolution the formation of trusts is easily explained. Trusts are formed to secure greater concentration of capital, with the economy and efficiency therefrom resulting. They are formed to bring together a greater aggregate of labor, in order that there may be a greater division of labor. They are formed to make one big factory building do instead of a dozen small ones; to make the great water powers of the country do their full complement of work, instead of lying half idle while inferior ones are used throughout the land; to employ expensive machinery beyond the means of the individual; to economize clerical labor; and in short to accomplish every economy which is made possible by centralization and its accompanying specialization.

To Mr. Brinkerhoff the above is all moonshine. He apparently believes that but for the wiles of bankers and the extortions of landlords, the farmer's wife would still be weaving the cloth and brewing the beer that the world consumes. He thinks that in free society every man will have a little business of his own, and run it without hired help of any kind. One will have a little iron foundry in his house, which he will work himself, and another will have a pocket linen factory; and before these potent competitors the great trusts and centralized industries will vanish like smoke. Well, well! all men have their hobbies.

Mr. Brinkerhoff lays great stress on the superiority of one man managing his own business to the hired manager of a syndicate. But that does not affect my argument about the centralization of industry, because one man may centralize industry, and kill competition just as well as a company. Take Sir Thomas Lipton, who is about to compete for the America's cup. He started with \$400 and began to sell ham and bacon in a shop in Glasgow. In twenty years he had cleaned up \$20,000,000 and owned 400 provision stores in the British Isles, and had ruined innumerable competitors. What did it matter to those competitors whether they were ruined by the competition of one man or by a joint stock company? The essential point is the centralization of business, which is every where ruining the small competitor, and can only end when all industries have been centralized into one. This centralization is quite independent of land systems, money systems, and tariffs, and inevitably follows from free competition. It is, in fact, competition committing suicide.

Mr. Brinkerhoff wants a case "in which men have successfully combined against the individual without government aid." The whole history of joint-stock companies is a case in point. For hundreds of years they were entirely illegal, and forbidden to hold land, collect debts, or exercise any legal powers. It was only in 1825 that they began to get legal recognition in England. Yet so great is the power of combination that even three centuries ago these illegal associations were beginning to fleece the public, causing Sir Edward Coke to remark that they had neither bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be damned.

In the town in which I live there are twenty-two hotels, all of which, I think, run dining rooms. Last March the hotel keepers met together and agreed to raise the price of board from \$7 to \$9 a week, apparently without any reason but the desire for gain. That combine remains unbroken. Four of the hotels have started subsequently, but all adopted the \$7 tariff.

In a village of British Columbia there was one store, and it

sold goods at very high prices. It charged a dollar for four cans of the Reindeer brand of condensed milk. A disciple of Mr. Brinkerhoff opened a rival store and began to sell five cans for a dollar, thinking he could get the trade. So he did for a few days, until the first merchant posted a placard that he would sell six cans for a dollar. Back came the trade to him; along came the second merchant to talk matters over; and next day they were both selling four cans for a dollar.

If Lucifer will give me the space, I will fill all its issues to the end of the year with authentic cases of free combinations, unaided by law or government, which have fleeced the public by combination alone.

### The Power of Custom.

Fontenelle, a writer of the last century, shrewdly remarked that "all nations made the astounding part of their myths while they were savage, and retained them from custom and religious conservatism." For, as Walter Bagehot argues in his brilliant little book on *Physics and Politics*, and as all anthropological research goes to prove, the lower races are non-progressive both through fear and instinct. And the majority of the members of higher races have not escaped from the operation of the same causes. Hence the persistence of coarse and grotesque elements in speculations wherein man has made gradual approach to the truth of things; hence, too—the like phenomena having to be interpreted—the similarity of the explanation of them. And as primitive myth embodies primitive theology, primitive morals, and primitive science, the history of beliefs shows how few there be who have escaped from the tyranny of that authority and sanctity with which the lapse of time invests old ideas.

Dissatisfaction is a necessary condition of progress; and dissatisfaction involves opposition. As Grant Allen puts it, in one of his most felicitous poems:

If systems that be are the order of God,  
Revolts are a part of the order.

Hence a stage in the history of certain peoples when, in questioning what is commonly accepted, intellectual freedom is born.—Edward Clodd, *"The Pioneers of Evolution,"* 2.

Of the non-progressiveness of the lower races, of which Mr. Clodd writes, *"Harper's Magazine"* incidentally gives the striking illustration which follows:

"The Haitian is a wonderful example of conservatism. What was, must be right. A few years ago the town of Port de Paix, owing to an unexpected progressive spirit on the part of the Government, constructed some fine water works. The town was well piped, with hydrants at short distances on all the streets. Decorative fountains were placed in the squares, drinking places for man and beast everywhere. The natives, as usual, took not the slightest interest in this important and necessary undertaking. At last, when completed, in accordance with the custom of the country, the water system was opened with a series of fetes. The whole section of the country had a hilarious holiday—balls, processions, cockfights, &c. When these were all over the natives came to the conclusion that the water works must have been built to give an excuse for them, and the water works were no longer of any service, so they promptly smashed the whole system and returned to carting the city's water from the distant river by ox teams. Now they tie their animals to the hydrants, fall over the fragments of the pipes scattered round the streets, and are happy."

Those who cavalierly reject the theory of Evolution, as not adequately supported by facts, seem quite to forget that their own theory is supported by no facts at all. Like the majority of men who are born to a given belief, they demand the most rigorous proof of any adverse belief, but assume that their own needs none.—Herbert Spencer, in 1852.

The equal suffragists have yet to learn that a weapon of invasion cannot become an instrument of liberty merely by being doubted up.—Lizzie M. Holmes, in *"Liberty."*

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Tenting in the Woods.

The sensations that come to him who swaps the brick and stone walls, the hard pavements, the close stifling air, of a large city for life in a canvas tent in the woods and hills, can better be imagined than described. One of the most noticeable effects of such change of environment upon the writer of these lines is development of an almost unconquerable disposition to shirk!—to shirk or shun everything that requires mental effort. Rest, rest, be lazy; sleep, dream; forget that there is or ever was such a thing as work or duty—this is the tendency, these the overmastering temptations to which I have largely succumbed for nearly two weeks last past.

But now the time of my sojourn at Mt. Pleasant Park encampment is about ended and I feel that it is due to those who have helped to bear the burden of keeping Lucifer's light burning while its editor is taking life easy, should have some report of what he has seen, heard and otherwise experienced during these two weeks of tenting in the woods and hills of Iowa.

Prominent among these experiences is a course of lessons in "Soul-Culture," given by Mrs. Tyler-Moulton, of Milwaukee, Wis. Mrs. Moulton's work is intended largely to develop what she denominates the "seven spiritual senses,"—clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, etc. Though not a part of the general program of the campmeeting her classes have been generally speaking, well attended, and the consensus of those who have taken this course of lessons is that they are well worth the time and money spent in acquiring knowledge upon these hitherto-considered doubtful, if not visionary, subjects. Mrs. Moulton possesses rare qualifications as a teacher.

Of the "mediums for physical manifestations," Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown, trumpet and slate-writing mediums, whose home address is 3731 Langley Ave., Chicago, are among the more noted. A prominent feature of their work is that of seances for "materialization of hands and faces in full light." These seances are public, and given under what would seem the most absolute "test conditions." On several occasions I have served on the committee, as an honest skeptic, to examine the "cabinet" and to sit with the "medium" while the phenomena appeared, and the result of these investigations is the conviction that the phenomena are not produced by "collusion," or by the conscious action of what is now called the "objective mind,"

of the medium or operator. Some of these phenomena are as follow:

Appearance of hands at apertures in the cabinet; writing on slates by these hands in full view of the audience; presentation of genuine roses manufactured apparently for the occasion and in a few seconds of time; manipulation of the persons of those who are holding the hands of the medium, and taking articles from the pockets of these sitters and exhibiting them to the spectators; writing messages to each person in the audience on slates, single or double—the double slates being nailed, screwed or tied together by the owner thereof, marked with his private mark—with many other similar performances, all in full daylight. Longer messages are received through the mediumship of Mrs. Brown, written on slates, or upon paper placed between slates held by the sitter himself beneath a common pine table.

I am fully aware of the deep-seated prejudice existing in the minds of many readers, against investigations of this kind, prejudices founded upon the well-known fact that "fortune-tellers," "magicians," "fakirs"—religious and secular—have in all ages of the world played upon the ignorance and credulity of their dupes to get money from them and for the purpose of keeping the masses of people in subjection to priestly and kingly power.

But the fact that most wonder-workers are frauds does not prove them all to be such. If so, then the "wizard of Menlo Park," Edison, must be condemned as a fraud. The fact that many of the best-known and most respected teachers of physical science are today reckoned among the believers in the genuineness of what are called Spiritualistic phenomena—such men as Professors Crookes and Wallace of England, together with many leading scientists of this country, would seem to suggest the propriety of being very careful how we condemn everything we do not fully understand, or that leads to conclusions different from those we have hitherto regarded as incontrovertibly true.

Of the platform speakers who have entertained the camper and visitors I would mention the names of Prof. W. F. Peck, of St. Louis, President of the Association; W. P. Colby, of Lake Helen, Fla.; Mrs. Gladys Cooley, of Chicago; Mrs. Carrie Twing, of New York; and Dr. H. C. Andrews, of Jonesboro, Ind.

Wishing to get this letter into the mail before the departure of the carrier I will defer an account of the efforts made on the camp ground to extend Lucifer's work, until next week.

M. HARMAN.

## Another Comstock Case.

Etta Semple writes us that Jesse N. Lee and Laura Chinn have been arrested for violating the U. S. Postal laws. The trial is set for the first week in September, and money is urgently needed. We have not learned particulars of the case. Money should be sent to Etta Semple, Ottawa, Kansas.

## Woman's Freedom is Human Freedom.

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

More than a week has passed since I wrote the lines which Mr. Harman calls "words of passion" "illogical" etc., and the great man whom I dared to criticize, has also passed away; and yet I cannot say I regret or take back any of them.

Mr. Ingersoll asked, "The question is, can we prevent the ignorant, the poor and the vicious from filling the world with their children?" Thus inferring that if we could prevent it we would gladly do so. He is not the only one who has expressed this thought. People have organized themselves into societies which advocate the establishment of legal boards to determine who shall marry and have children and who shall not. Even advanced men and women have imagined they were doing a good work in thus trying to dispose of human lives and happiness by the fiat of a fallible, imperfect "board." It is this idea, that we could trust the fates of the people in such autocratic hands, that has always made me indignant.

I criticized his declaration that the "poor" should not fill the world with their children, and that the class he calls vic-



ious ought to be prevented from having children. I do so yet. The poor are the crushed and maimed victims of the conditions which produce millionaires at their expense. We have robbed them of everything else and would further rob them of the right to be happy in the way every living thing seeks enjoyment—in love, in devotion and self-sacrifice to offspring. The least we can do after making the "poor" is to keep our hands off their private affairs.

As to the "vicious"—there is a wide difference of opinion as to who the vicious are in society, and none of us would be safe if a board of all kinds of people were established. I'll warrant that from somebody's point of view you and I and Ingersoll, the preachers and every body else are "vicious."

Mr. Ingersoll does make the terms synonymous, in lumping the "poor, the ignorant and the vicious" in one lot as a set that ought, if it were only possible, to be eliminated. Oppositely, the rich, the wise and the virtuous may be saved and allowed to perpetuate themselves. He nowhere suggests that the three qualifications could be mixed, or that the viciousness and the ignorance might creep into the other side.

I said that I might say to the poor, it is best for you personally not to have children, as I would say to a crippled man he had better not try to walk when it hurts him so much. But it would be his crippled condition I would regret, not the fact that he still tried to exercise his natural functions.

I still believe that the children born under certain conditions are the best fitted to cope with those conditions. A finely organized, sensitive, highly strung individual would be happy in a world where there was no struggle, and all his artistic, poetical and harmonious instincts could be developed and nurtured. But if his excessive fineness is due to a hotbed culture he will be able to do little when he is set out in the cold to fight his own way in a world that shocks and astounds him. The hot house plants make a nice little corner in a hot house, by themselves, but they would not thrive in a northern potato patch where all kinds of rough vegetation were struggling for existence. Some of the strongest men of history come from the ranks of the poor.

Not that I think that only the poor have strong, able children; the middle classes, who have comforts without the luxuries and idleness which weaken, produce the best children, physically and mentally. But the dissipation and heartlessness of the very rich are worse than poverty in their effects on offspring. And undue care, the hot bed process as it were, is not beneficial—there is danger in borning children too good for this world, as well as in bearing them too bad.

I do not advocate the "freedom of women" from the emphasized sexual standpoint of Lucifer and many other reformers. It is excuse enough for me, that a human being is robbed of her rights. I demand equal liberty on the grounds of human existence, no matter what the consequences are.

It is degrading to woman to be constantly dwelling on her sex nature and her sex functions. Let her be considered as a human being, let her rights as a human being be accorded, and her "functions" as well as man's will take care of themselves.

#### REPLY.

To iterate and reiterate substantially the same ideas in the same or nearly the same language; to "bandy" words back and forth, as school boys do their rubber balls in the game of that name, would seem a worse than useless waste of time and space. That all correspondents should have sufficient space in which to define their positions upon any subject upon which their ideas have been considered worthy a place in Lucifer, is doubtless true, but that personal controversies should be drawn out indefinitely, even when new matters are introduced, is contrary to the long-established policy of this paper.

The transcendent importance, however, of a right understanding of Lucifer's central work is perhaps sufficient reason for a brief restatement of our position on this matter.

1. Mrs. Holmes demands "equal liberty . . . no man . . .

what the consequences are." Lucifer demands equal liberty for woman chiefly because of "consequences." If the denial of liberty—liberty of choice of co-operators, liberty of choice and of time and environment for bringing children into the world, were not fraught with such tremendous, such fateful consequences to woman herself, to her children and to mankind at large, we might pass over with little concern the fact that women have not all the political or other rights that are now accorded to men. Lucifer demands equal liberty for all human beings to exercise all their normal functions in a non-invasive manner, but we know that rights and privileges are commensurate, or should be commensurate, with duties and responsibilities, and because the duties and responsibilities that naturally devolve upon woman as woman are transcendently greater than those which devolve upon man as man, Lucifer wants to see the rights of womanhood, including motherhood, vindicated—vindicated and practicalized mainly because, as some of us see it, only in this way can human rights be vindicated and practicalized.

2. It is not "degrading to woman," as some of us see it, to emphasize the importance of freedom to use her sex nature, her maternal functions, in the way and at the time her own judgment and highest and best intuitions dictate. There is nothing degrading in the fact of sex, in the thought of sex or in the exercise of sex functions. Only in the perversion of this fact, this thought, this exercise, is there or can there be degradation of womanhood; and through degradation of womanhood follows necessarily degradation of the race, since, as we see it, in more ways than one,

#### WOMAN IS THE RACE!

As the mothers, so are the sons and daughters. Woman is often spoken of as "the sex." It is because of the necessities of the specialization known as motherhood that the race is differentiated into feminine and masculine. "Sex contains all," says Whitman. Sex-reform contains all reforms, says Lucifer.

Mrs. Holmes believes that "children born under certain conditions are best fitted to cope with those conditions." Is this true of the very poor, of the submerged classes in our large cities? Is it true of the serfs of Russia, the pariahs of India, of the poorest and most degraded classes everywhere? Experience and observation return a most emphatic negative. Reformers, with very rare exceptions come from the middle classes, from neither very rich nor very poor, but often from the very rich than from the very poor. The Hindoo reformer, Buddha, was son of the king and heir to the throne.

It may be that I know nothing of logic. "There are few logical brains," it is said, and mine may not be one of the favored few, but if I know what logic is, it means *natural sequence*. It means that the conclusion must follow the premise, or the truth assumed or taken for granted. When the premise is false as to fact, or when the conclusion does not necessarily follow the premise, the reasoning is illogical. Mrs. Holmes' criticism of Ingersoll's utterance assumed that he was in favor of "legal boards to determine who shall marry and who shall not." This assumption was false to the fact, since Ingersoll declared that the evils complained of could not be cured by "law or force." If she did not so assume, then her argument did not apply to the text criticised, and was therefore illogical.

But the despair of logic is reached when our correspondent insists that lumping together "the poor, the ignorant and the vicious" makes these classes "synonymous." Suppose Ingersoll had added to these classes the "homely"—would they still be synonymous? Again, suppose I should say, John, James and Henry voted for McKinley and are therefore synonymous—all Republicans and responsible for the sins of the administration. John may be a Republican, a Methodist and a banker. James may be a Democrat, a Catholic and a bootblack. Henry may be a Populist, a freethinker and a farmer, and yet are all "synonymous" according to the logic of Mrs. Holmes, because they are lumped together in a certain arbitrary category.

As to "words of passion." From boyhood I have heard men who give way to anger use the words "damn," "damned,"

and "damnable"; hence I had come to regard these as peculiarly the language of the passion known as anger, and as anger is a short madness, I naturally attributed much that was incoherent and illogical to that source. I wish still to think such was the case, rather than that Mrs. Holmes' first letter was the result of dispassionate thought.

Once more I close by saying, "Judge not, lest thou be judged,"—or, as I heard it from the public platform the other day, "He who judgeth another must first sit in judgment upon himself, and as a man thinketh—of others—so is he himself."

M. HANMAN.

#### Card From F. J. Gould.

DEAR MADAM: I have seen your remarks on my "Freethinker" article concerning the death of the Vestal. Of course I do not approve of killing women for satisfying a natural and healthy passion. I simply recognized that the old Romans had a different standard. They believed the interests of the State required the death of the Vestal who loved; and if we grant that premise, it seems to me just that the (supposed) sinner should die herself, and not some one in her place,—as is done in the Christian system.

I should myself punish no sexual action except rape and offenses against the young.

#### How Civilization Civilizes.

From "Le Jardin de Supplices," Translated from "Liberty."

Miss Clara attracted, excited many men; she had always about her a court of passionate adorers. I was not jealous, being certain that she looked upon them as ridiculous and that she preferred me to all the others. Among the most fervent were a French explorer, who was on his way to the Malay peninsula to study the copper mines there, and an English officer, whom we had taken on at Aden and who was returning to his post at Bombay. They were, each in his own way, two dense, but very amusing, brutes, of whom Clara was fond of making sport. The explorer never tired of telling of his recent journeys through central Africa. As for the English officer, a captain in an artillery regiment, he tried to dazzle us by descriptions of his inventions in gunnery.

One evening, after dinner, on the bridge, we had all gathered about Clara, who was reclining delightfully in a rocking-chair. Some were smoking cigarettes, others were dreaming. All of us had at heart the same desire for Clara; and all, with the same ardent thought of possession, followed the to and fro motion of two little feet encased in two little pink slippers, which, in the rocking of the chair, emerged from the perfumed calyx of her skirts like the pistils of flowers. We said nothing. And the night was of a fairy-like mildness. The vessel glided voluptuously over the sea as over silk. Said Clara to the explorer, in a mischievous voice:

"Then it is no joke? You have really eaten human flesh?"

"Why certainly!" he answered, proudly, and in a tone that established his indubitable superiority to the rest of us. "It was very necessary. One eats what he has."

"How does it taste?" she asked, in a tone of slight disgust.

He thought for a moment; then, with a vague gesture, he said:

"*Mon Dieu!* how shall I explain it to you? Fancy, adorable Miss, fancy the flesh of a pig slightly pickled in walnut oil."

And, with a careless air of resignation, he added:

"It is not very good. A gourmet would not eat it for pleasure. I prefer mutton, you know, or beefsteak."

"Evidently!" consented Clara.

And, as if desiring, out of politeness, to lessen the horror of this cannibalism, entered upon distinctions:

"Undoubtedly because you ate only negro flesh?"

"Negro?" he cried, with a start. "Pah! Luckily, my dear Miss, I was not reduced to that stern necessity. We never lacked white men, thank God! Our escort was numerous, con-

sisting largely of Europeans—Marseillais, Germans, Italians,—a little of everything. When we were too hungry, we slaughtered one of the escort—preferably a German. The German, divine Miss, is fatter than men of other races, and so yields more meat. And besides, for us Frenchmen, that is one German less. The Italian is dry and hard. He is full of nerves."

"And the Marseillais?" queried I, interrupting.

"Pooh!" declared the traveler, shaking his head, "the Marseillais is much overrated. He smells of garlic, and also—I don't know why—of grease. I can scarcely call him food for a feast. Just edible, that's all!"

Turning to Clara, with protesting gestures he insisted,

"But negro flesh, never! I believe I should have vomited. I have known people who had eaten it. It made them sick. The negro is not comestible. In some cases, I assure you, he is even poisonous."

But, out of scruple, he made a qualification:

"After all, one has to be an expert, as with mushrooms. Perhaps the negroes of India can be eaten?"

"No," affirmed the English officer, in a curt and categorical tone, that closed, amid laughter, this culinary discussion, which was beginning to turn my stomach.

The explorer, a little out of countenance, resumed:

"No matter! In spite of all these petty annoyances, I am very glad to be going back again. In Europe I am sick; I do not live; I don't know where to go. In Europe I feel like a beast in a cage. There is no elbow-room. It is impossible to stretch one's arms, to open one's mouth, without clashing with stupid prejudices, imbecile laws, iniquitous morals! Last year, charming Miss, I was walking in a wheat-field. With my cane I was beating down the ears about me. It amused me: I have a right to do what I please, have I not? A peasant ran up, shouting and insulting me, and ordered me to leave his field! Incomprehensible! What would you have done in my place? I struck him on the head three times with my cane—vigorous blows. He fell, with his skull split. Well, guess what happened to me?"

"Perhaps you ate him?" insinuated Clara, with a laugh.

"No; they dragged me before some judge or other, and I was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs! For a dirty peasant! And they call that civilization! Is it credible? Well, thank you! If I had had to be so sentenced in Africa every time I killed a negro, or even a white man!"

"So you killed negroes also?" asked Clara.

"Why, certainly, adorable Miss!"

"For what reason, since you did not eat them?"

"Why, to civilize them. That is to say, to take from them their stores of ivory and rubber. And then, what do you expect? If the governments and business houses that entrust us with civilizing missions learned that we had killed nobody, what would they say?"

"To be sure," approved the Norman gentleman. "Besides, the negroes are wild beasts . . . poachers . . . tigers . . ."

"The negroes? What a mistake, my dear sir! They are gentle and gay. They are like children. Did you ever see rabbits playing in a field, in the evening, at the edge of a wood?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"They have pretty movements, mad frolics, polishing their skins with their paws, and leaping and rolling in the grass. Well the negroes are like these young rabbits. It is pleasant to watch them."

"Yet it is certain that they are cannibals," persisted the gentleman.

"The negroes?" protested the explorer. "Not at all. In the country where the blacks live, the only cannibals are the whites. The negroes eat bananas and herbs. I know a savant who maintains even that negroes have the stomachs of ruminants. How do you expect them to eat meat, especially human meat?"

"Then why kill them?" I objected, for in contact with



those coarse and cruel men, I felt myself becoming good and full of pity.

"Why, I told you,—to civilize them. And also to amuse ourselves a little. When, after marches and marches, we came to a village of negroes, they were greatly frightened. Immediately they set up cries of distress; they did not try to run away, so great was their fear, but wept, with faces buried in the ground. We distributed brandy among them,—for we always went well supplied with alcohol,—and when they were drunk, we massacred them!"

"A dirty use to put a rifle to," summed up the Norman hunter, not without disgust.

The night grew more and more dazzling. The sky was aflame. Around us rocked the ocean, in great sheets of phosphorescent light. And I was sad, sad over Clara, and over these coarse men, and over myself and over our words which were an offense to Silence and Beauty.

"Do you know Stanley?" suddenly asked Clara of the explorer.

"Why, certainly; I know him," he answered.

"And what do you think of him?"

"Oh, he!" said he, with a shake of the head.

And, as if frightful recollections had just rushed into his mind, he finished in a grave voice:

"He, all the same, goes a little far!"

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Sara C. Campbell, Roodhouse, Ill.—For the inclosed dollar please send "Kareza." If it really teaches a controlled maternity it is the book I want, for I can not rest while there are so many undesired, and undesigned children, and women's lives made miserable through fear of maternity. Though free love is my ideal, I would if possible alleviate the burdens of the married.

Lillie D. White, 1035 N. Albany ave. Chicago—B. F. Bruck in last *Lucifer* says she does not like the culinary operation performed by "Liberty" on Mrs. Stetson's book. She says it deserves "good criticism" then proceeds to criticize very much in the same line she condemns. In my opinion, there are plenty of good things to be said about the book, without criticising its stateism, and B. F. Bruck's excuses for the author's weak reasoning is indeed "damning with faint praise." It seems to me she is only "basting" Mr. Tucker's "roast."

Anton Merakergaard, Sioux Falls, S. D.—Pamphlets received, (Special Offer) and I am reading them with much interest. Rachel Campbell's letters to Florence Johnson brought tears to my eyes. Oh, what a world of darkness is there in the modern marriage relations. You are doing a great work for humanity. I intend to go to Norway in a few years and when I visit Chicago I will step in at Carroll ave. and shake hands with the managers of the bright Light Bearer. I got the full value for the money sent for pamphlets. I wish I had a thousand dollars to give *Lucifer*, but I am only a common laborer and cannot afford much at a time, but as my means permit I shall continue to send to you for books and pamphlets.

Hosea McCoy, Chicago—I trust you are receiving many responses to your special summer book offer. You certainly are affording the readers of *Lucifer* an opportunity to secure excellent radical literature at a very small cost. I shall be surprised if your supply of "Our New Humanity" is not exhausted soon, for it seems to me that every reader of *Lucifer* will want a complete set of that valuable magazine. You are offering it at half the original price and the other half will more than pay for the binding so it may be preserved. When the general public awakes to the importance of the study of sexology, sets of "Our New Humanity"—the pioneer magazine in that field—will command a high price.

[We cannot sell "complete sets" of "Our New Humanity"

at half price, as we have a very few numbers of No. 1. We sell No 1 only when a complete set is ordered at full price. L. H.]

H. H. Miss.—I have been watching the sex reform movement for some time but in our position we cannot be known in any public way as sex reformers. I will enclose fifty cents as a contribution to your work. It is small but maybe some time we can do more. Freedom in sexual matters must come before the race can advance and become civilized in reality; but I am sorry to say that most people are so densely ignorant about these things that sex freedom means nothing more to them than license to indulge in lewdness. I want to ask you what book you can recommend for a girl of twenty-three who has had one little experience that left a deep wound and she is now trying to crush out all sexual desire.

The book must not be too radical, it must be fascinating and yet show the purity and happiness in a free and right expression between men and women. Is there such a book published,—and its price? The girl is a strong character and liberal in many ways but is inclined to be bitter against all sexual relations because of past experience and if I could throw something in her way that would help her I would like to do so; but it must be something of just the right sort and not too radical, or else she will not read it.

I am one of those who have long admired you and your noble father for the brave true fight you are making and have often wished that I could aid you. It now appears that the time is not so very far distant when I can do so.

[If the young woman likes to read stories, "Hilda's Home" would perhaps be beneficial to her. (Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, \$1.) Probably the "Rights of Women," (price 50 cents) would also be useful to her. It is very well written, and interesting to any woman of even moderately "strong character."]

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 33. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 2, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 777

### Unprofitable.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

A hopeless, heartless human life,  
Nerved with no valor for the strife  
Against the evil that is rife.

And wasting in soul-sloth its lease  
Of precious years,—nor finding peace  
In such half-death, but strange increase

Of discontent and vague unrest,  
Of listlessness and lack of zest,  
The self-tormentings of a breast

That findeth not its task—can feel  
No honest warmth, no tireless zeal  
For change of others' woe to weal:

A life of aspirations furled,  
Of self in petty self deep-cured  
Amid the struggles of a world:

A narrow mind; a gleamless eye  
That hath no glance on earth, on high,  
Save for the pleasures passing by

A godless soul, coaxed in a creed  
Of specious form and barren deed,  
Transgressed for Lust, subverted for Greed.

Safe hid in which it doth well  
To cry that all who doubt rebel;  
To brand the Thinker, infidel:

A life like this, and thousands, eye!  
And millions like it here today  
Stand in the way! Stand in the way!

Arthur W. Grundy, in *Belford's Magazine*.

### The Character of a Free Lover.

BY C. L. JAMES.

(Conclusion.)

While it is certain that rape or whoredom, matrimonial or otherwise, are contrary to modesty, it is by no means so clear that variety in love is. That most people think so is simply *omne ignotum pro horribile*. Sir John Lubbock tells us that a very intelligent Cingalese chief was "perfectly scandalized" on learning that in England each man had only one wife. It was, he said, just like the wadderoos (monkeys). This is exactly the way these people reason who compare variety in love to the habits of inferior animals. They forget, like our Cingalese did, that all forms of sexual association may be found among such animals, and that all are found among men, because "man is the sum of all animals." If we inquire historically into the origin of our matrimonial law, we shall find, I think, that modesty had little to do with it.

The true reason polygamy disappeared among the Jews, and still earlier among the European nations, is that their policy was to concentrate the estates. In America, where an opposite one prevails, we have actually seen polygamy revive, notwithstanding the strongest prejudices. But the poet of Philistia is as unlikely as our Cingalese to give such shocking considerations their proper weight. He indulges, when he states his case, in that cheapest of all rhetoric, panegyric on existing custom.

He declares that the pure in heart can love but one; that the passion which transfigures and glorifies a sensual lust is utterly destroyed by division; that the pathos and sublimity of human life has its center at the hearth stone, and, he must add, if he tell the truth, is summed up in the famous prayer, "Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife—us four and no more."

The historical inquirer is apt to take a different view. He knows that the idea of exclusive love has a traceable origin—that it became the *motif* of literature during the Crusades, when so many Christian damsels were pining for knights who had carried their tokens to the fields of Palestine, that it has been very much overdone, and is visibly ceasing to be popular. He sees that Col. Ingersoll's shrine, "the fireside" is simply unknown to immense populations by no means destitute of refinement, sensibility, and piety,—to all tropical nations, for example, and to the Greeks—; that its earliest synonym in letters is the Roman *atrium*—the one smoke-blackened room of an Italian hut—; that it implies a damp climate, an agricultural society, a low state of the arts. Free love is not what has "abolished the fireside"; it is furnaces and registers! "The home," with the chimney corner, over which the snow "floated joyfully" in windy weather—the picturesque log-cabin in the midst of a hundred and sixty acres, "fenced with two dogs," is going—at the centers of civilization it is already gone—not because the naughty free lovers have been talking, but because the progress of material civilization has substituted more comfortable ways of living, more sanitary, more cosmopolitan,—because there are boarding houses, "which no one will shoulder a gun to fight for;" because there are palatial hotels, restaurants, "flats," telephones, laundries, bakeries, circulating libraries, railroads, confounding *rus in urbe* with *urbe in rure*; because the good wife whose shuttle merrily went flashing through the loom, has been superseded by the "hello girl," the stenographer, the teacher, the female physician, lawyer, minister; the authoress, inventrix!

It is without shame that I confess a hearty sympathy for the visible tendencies of social progress. Change, because it is change, may have its material inconveniences; it may do some violence to old and pleasant associations; it may involve some shocks to the principles. But, on the whole, I am not more persuaded that it promotes longevity, which can scarcely be denied, than that it also promotes wisdom, culture, humanity, morality. If any one chooses to keep for himself one feature of obsolete civilization I have no objection. If he cannot reconcile his heart to a love which will not be exclusive, by all means let him find one to suit him—if he can. Only I advise him, with Mr. Arnold, to follow the example of "Israel" and "consider well his ways."

The profession of exclusive love between one man and one woman must needs mean one of three things—a mere convenient and advantageous arrangement, which has now ceased to be convenient, a "grand passion," or a humbug. Now, a "grand

passion," like that of the model knight errant, is, beyond question, as it always was, quite rare. Where it really exists, it is like everything which comes from the "abyssal depths of personality," entitled to all reverence. But the affectation of it is detestable. Like everything unreal, it is haunted by the spectres of jealousy and fear. And it is to lay these phantoms of their own creation, not to secure the "grand passion" whose security is itself, that those who affect the "grand passion" but do not experience it, revile free love and justify assassination. How different the sincerity of the genuine free lover!

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away.  
Like ocean, which the north wind breaks  
Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes  
A mirror of the moon—like some great glass,  
Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
Dashed into fragments by a playful child  
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild;  
Giving, for one, which it could never express;  
A thousand images of loveliness."

It has been a said that women are less capable of such love, and more susceptible to jealousy, than men. So far as this is true, it measures the backwardness of women, a consequence of their depressed condition and inferior education. No wonder women are more jealous than men, when their jealousy means fear of being cast off after they have been used up. But "the new woman" has no such fears.

In Arabia, any woman can have a divorce for the asking; but Arab women seldom avail themselves of that privilege. In America, women more often seek divorce than men. Speaking of divorce, however, I must say that though it ought to be as easy as marriage, it is not the free lover's recipe for trouble between those who love. That washing of dirty linen in public, is a vulgar, nasty, scandalous piece of business, which the law of marriage alone makes necessary; and with the law of marriage it would disappear. At its best, divorce implies cessation of love. But varietists do not cease to love.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away."

The true, evolutionary theory of beauty, upon which the esthetic aspect of sexual morality depends, I take to be as follows. Man in his uncultured state is a brute with lower pains and pleasures than our own. He is the sum of all the animals. Like the tiger, he revels in blood, like the swine in gluttony, like the dog in those lusts which we call monstrous and unnatural. A person familiar, as Mr. Arnold was, with Grecian history, must know that many of these declining passions persist into quite high states of civilization. The primitive man's slight advantage in intelligence over the brute is but at the service of his appetite. Other animals treat their females with courtesy. Savages always regard theirs as chattels. Dog will not eat dog; but in all countries we find evidence of a time when man considered it a rule of economy to eat men. Yet as man even in his rudest state, has some advantage over the beast in power of deduction, he learns by degrees that as sundry actions to which he is much inclined are inexpedient and against that utilitarian virtue which is founded in prudence—as nearly the same actions are destructive of confidence, and thus against that social virtue which is founded in justice—so many are condemned by something in himself which he calls the sense of beauty and fitness, and the foundation of esthetic virtue. His pride rebels against slavery to the flesh. He is ashamed of having eaten till he vomited or drank till he lay like a log. This pride becomes modesty when it teaches, as it does especially in the relation of the sexes, that there is no shame about passions to which those who remember them owe reciprocal attachment; but that they may well be ashamed of having shocked each other, or made a ridiculous exhibition of obsession before unsympathizing eyes.

Well—the primitive man immediately makes a god of whatever he cannot explain. These strange new feelings, remorse, shame—the workings of imperfectly developed conscience, are, of course, the voice of a potent deity who condemns his acts. But

he already worships gods who inspire and bless them. He has sacrificed spoil to Mars that he may get more; he has offered turtle doves to Venus that he may enjoy sensual raptures in abundance. He is far from immediately adopting that new life which has just been suggested to him. Jehovah, at first very imperfectly distinguished from Moloch and Ashtor-Chemosh, has quite a long battle to fight with them after the distinction has become clear. But the man has begun to understand that his best gods, that is his best feelings, appreciate no sacrifice so highly as the crucifixion of his grosser appetites. And thus originate the sacraments of primitive religion, which are the beginnings of beautiful art. Thus, for they are without exception dramatizations of passion—excuses to the fiends of lust and blood for not making their real offerings or not so many such offerings as previously.

Agnes before Aristotle, instinct taught the barbarian that passion is "purified" by thus throwing it into objectivity—a lesson which many a Philistine and Puritan moralist is far from having perfectly learned as yet. As soon as passion ceases to be a master and becomes a model for playful imitation, it ceases to debase the soul to the level of the body and begins raising the body to the level of the intellectual soul. The howl and dance of the Bacchante becomes the ode from which the Grecian drama sprung; the hideous idols of nations still totemic, become the inimitable creations of the Hellenic sculpture and the Italian painter's brush. And then, as Lecky has shown in such admirable detail, a time is reached when Art entirely detaches itself from superstition, when beauty is loved and cultivated for itself alone.

Among these sacraments handed down to us from a barbarous past, that of marriage is quite typical. The student of archaeology immediately recognizes its softened emblems of *phallus* and *etcis*, of the capture and flight, the ravishing and the feud. As it is one of the most profitable among religious ordinances to the priests, and one of the chief strongholds of their power, they have always insisted upon its sanctity. Let us see what this amounts to.

In the earliest sacramental stage of morals founded upon taste, it was still the general law that every woman must gratify any man when required. But the warrior who brought a captive into the tribe might redeem her for himself—after she had been ravished. Therefore, if a man and a woman happen to love each other, their union, by mutual consent, requires for its propriety, a rehearsal of these ancient rites. The neighbors representing the tribe, must be called together to see the groom put a ring on the bride's finger, symbolic of the copulation which Captain Cook saw actually performed in public; she must be kissed all round; he must carry her away for a honeymoon; her relatives must pelt him with old shoes; he must treat; they must set up a separate home; and, if she proves to have another lover, she relapses into the state of common property.

No doubt, all this was, in its time, a great improvement. But it does not quite satisfy the free lover. He considers the assemblage and the ring trick an indecorous survival of an indecent practice. He does not see why the lady should kiss any one unless she chooses. He cannot understand why her having a lover requires her to be parted from her parents. He is not content with a home which requires a brothel in the next street. It may have been in this that the idealization of love began. But free love is ideal. It aspires to make the world a home, and does not regret the dissolution of private dwellings by modern co-operative methods.

The soul of the free lover is offended to find people think that because a woman loves him he must set up as a master to whom her service and obedience are due. He utterly repudiates the barbarous idea that she is a common chattel unless she belongs to somebody. Should she require protection—which, for a "new woman," is hardly likely—he thinks all her lovers pledged to furnish it, and is utterly unable to see why any one of them should be called unpleasant names, such as "cuckold" and "wittol."



These are survivals from the time when men's appetites were too gross, their tastes too coarse, their sense of what the strong owe the weak too slight, for them to comprehend attachment not founded on passion, which is animal, but on its glorified spirit, Taste. They have little in common with the best feeling of even much ruder social states than this—with the devotion of Dante and Petrarch to women who were not their wives, or with the sentiment of the chaste Sir Galahad.

"Oh sweet are looks which ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall.  
For them I battle to the end  
To save from shame and thrall."

It will scarcely be disputed that the love of Dante was a "grand passion." But this was not founded upon possession. It excluded jealousy. That counterfeit of the "grand passion" which is founded on possession and inspires jealousy is "nothing but a lust of the blood and a perversion of the will." If proof of this be needed, it may easily be found in the experiences of those pseudo free lovers, the affinity hunters, to whom reference has been made. This kind of love is unlike the love of the varietist in one great test particularly. It reverts perpetually to Philistinism. It requires, by its own open, reiterated, harped-upon confession, the stress of an external bond to make it anything else than transitory. Ah!

"These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their meeting die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume; the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite.  
Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so."

Surely, it is something in proof of the moderation of free love that this repudiates all external bonds, and finds it easy to be permanent. It is the last result of objectifying passion to realize that passion is sacred for those who experience it, and that no one else has anything to do with it. And thus, from the standpoint of esthetics, no less than of prudence and justice we find free love to be restraint, moderation, purification of the soul, substituting for external rules, which are always arbitrary, that spirit which gave them all the virtue they ever had.

#### Co-operative Individualism.

The following paragraphs are taken from "A Cityless and Countryless World," in which an inhabitant of Mars describes life on that planet:

"I have already told you that each individual, man, woman and child, has a private apartment in which each can live all alone, or invite as many companions as he, she or it may want or can get; but no one ever enters a private apartment of another for any social purposes without being invited by the inmate. Of course the arrangement of this invitation is left altogether with the individual. The woman invites her companions, both man and woman, if she so desires; the man does likewise. If the guest does not desire to accept the invitation, he or she remains away. All are as much at liberty to refuse as to respond to the invitation. But, as said before, no one calls on another in his or her private apartment without being invited. Hence, no one is bored with visitors, suitors or sweethearts whose company is not agreeable, or at such times when he or she prefers to be alone.

"From the foregoing explanation you can readily see that we have fathers, but no husbands; mothers, but no wives. No woman gives herself away to a man for any definite length of time; and no man gives himself to any woman for a definite length of time. Consequently, we have no marriages for life, as you have. We believe that both sexes should be completely free of each other at all times. We believe that no one should have any claim on another, whether male or female, further than the mutual solicitation of the parties from time to time to desire to elicit. We believe that a woman, in order to live the purest life, must be free; must enjoy the full privilege of soliciting the love of any man or of none, if she so desires. She must be free and independent, socially, industrially and sexually."

#### The Woman With the Whip.

New York "World."

The woman with the whip is becoming almost as common as the man with the gun in regulating matrimonial defections and difficulties.

During the past week a well-dressed woman with fire in her eye, a riding-whip in her hand, and "business" in her voice, walked into a public restaurant in this city where her husband was dining with a "blonde girl," and suggested that he had better go home with her—his wife. After being cut across the face with the whip two or three times he went with her.

It is doubtful if there was much sympathy for the man among the spectators or readers of this occurrence. But the affair must have raised the question in some minds: What does a woman want of a man who has to be brought to her side with a whip? What sort of a "home" is it that is held together with a lash?

Goose-sauce and gander-sauce are very much alike in this matter. In Turkey or in our "new possession" of Sulu it is the habit of husbands to guard their wives and other chattels with bars and locks and deadly weapons. But why a civilized man should wish to keep a wife and companion in this way is something of a puzzle.

#### The Mutual Employment Association.

List of dealers, manufacturers and professional men and women agreeing to give to the M. E. A. a percentage on their sales or services to the members of this society:

- Agent: Mrs. Agnes Bacon, 100 Emerson st., cor. Robey.
- Bakery: Mrs. Ellis, 22 Park ave., near Ashland.
- Barber: Chas. Metzger, 206 Clybourn ave.
- Books: C. N. Haskins, 184 Dearborn, Room 9.
- Cleaning of wall paper, fresco and carpet: P. J. McLean, 58 S. Center cor. Madison.
- Coal and wood: N. E. Andersen, 74 B. Chicago ave.
- Confectioners: J. U. Devine, 206 Clybourn; M. Rosenblum, 1120 W. Lake; Wm. Dalitch, 1194 W. Lake.
- Cigars: Kleininger, 4514 Lake ave.; Charkin & Co., 497 North ave.; J. Poppers, 588 W. Adams; Wm. Dahtch, 1194 W. Lake.
- Complexion water: Mrs. Agnes Bacon, 100 Emerson st.
- Delicacy: A. Shoessling, 1754 N. Ashland.
- Dentist: O. A. Rice, 1556 Milwaukee ave. cor. Western.
- Doctors: J. R. Price, 631 Garfield bd., office, Lakeside bldg.; J. H. Greer, 52 Dearborn; Eliza Andrews, 212 Ogden ave.; Jessie S. Walsh, 212 Ogden ave.; Charles J. Lewis, 733 Carroll ave.
- Drugs: Theodor Appel, 705 W. 21st Place.
- Fish and oysters: N. C. Dahl, 145 S. Halsted.
- Furnace cleaning and repairing: F. J. McLean, 58 S. Curtis.
- Groceries: M. Johnson, 914 W. Lake.
- Hats: M. Rosenblum, 1120 W. Lake; M. E. Kleininger, 4514 Lake ave.
- Legal service: Carl A. Vogel, 100 Washington; E. I. Burdick, 71 Clark st.
- Nurses: Jessie S. Walsh, 212 Ogden ave.; M. J. Newby, 595 Robey.
- Naturalist: 359 Van Buren.
- Optical goods: 739 Clybourn ave.
- Paper hanging and painting: F. J. McLean, 58 S. Curtis.
- Publisher: C. H. Kerr, 56 Fifth ave.
- Umbrellas: 251 & 1436 N. Clark st.
- Shoes: J. Burnes, 1057 Lake st.; E. Edelstadt, 463 State st.
- Sign painting: J. C. Hart, 98 W. Adams st.
- Soap factory: E. M. Davis, 253-255 Canal st.
- Stenographers: E. Brooks, 595 Robey; O. V. Hamilton, 999 Monroe.
- Suspenders: Kleininger, 4514 Lake ave.
- Tailor: A. P. Hanson, 108 Fifth ave., Room 11.
- Tinware: M. Rosenblum, 1120 W. Lake st.
- Watch repairing: G. V. Sandfort, 739 Clybourn.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## In the Sunflower State.

Leaving Mt. Pleasant Park encampment Tuesday afternoon Aug. 23, a three and half hours' run brought me back to Chicago and to the office of Lucifer, where I found many letters and much other business awaiting my attention. Owing, however, to the fact that my name had been placed upon the program of the annual convention of the Kansas Free Thought Association, as one of the speakers, I staid only one day in the office, taking the six P. M. Santa Fe train Wednesday evening Aug. 24, and arriving at this place at noon the following day.

A few words in regard to work at Mt. Pleasant Park, before telling of my reception at Forest Park encampment, Ottawa, Kansas.

At a conference meeting in the "Auditorium" at Mt. Pleasant Park I was allowed a twenty minutes talk upon "The Right to be Born Well, and the Relation between Generation on the Physical Plane and Normal Development on the Astral or Soul Plane." At the close of this conference it was voted by a large majority of the audience that the same subject should be continued at the next conference, which would be held on Thursday following. When the time arrived it was found that another subject had been substituted by the management and I was informed that on Monday Aug. 21 I would be allowed all the time I might desire, to speak on the subject named. When the time arrived I was met by a larger number of very attentive hearers than usually attended the conference meetings of the encampment.

In my talk I tried to make a practical application of the principles frequently enunciated in Lucifer's columns in regard to the importance of a better recognition of woman's primal right to self ownership, and the necessity of the abolition or the ignoring of all laws and customs that deny to her that right. As texts I read the utterance of R. G. Ingersoll at the meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston, which utterance was reprinted in Lucifer, No. 768, under the head "Unwelcome Children," and also the poem of Charlotte Perkins Stetson entitled "Mother to Child."

At the close of my comments upon these texts Prof. William Windsor the noted Phrenologist and author of "Loma," "Science of Creation," etc., took the stand, and in a few warmly appreciative words commended the work to which Lucifer and its editor were devoted, and then announced that he would deliver a lecture from the same platform on a line of subjects very closely connected with the subject of the forenoon.

Pursuant to this announcement I had the pleasure of listening, a few hours later, to a lecture upon "temperaments"—the "magnetic" temperament, the "electric," the "acid," the "alkaline" temperament, &c., &c. that surpassed in lucidity and plausibility anything I had ever heard on this subject. At the close of the lecture the professor called for nominations of two or three persons, known to his hearers but unknown to him, for the purpose of making a practical demonstration of the principles, the facts, the discoveries in mental and physical science, outlined in the lecture. In response to this call "Father Roberts," the patriarch of the encampment, and one of the originators of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, was put upon the rostrum and subjected to a most rigid and critical

phrenological and physiological examination, with the result of which the subject himself and the large audience expressed themselves as very much gratified and pleased.

Of all the helpers of Lucifer there are few if any whose line of work is more important than is that of Prof. Windsor, and of his exceptionally bright and capable assistant and companion, Mrs. Marie Windsor.

Their work necessarily includes a thorough study of race-culture, homo-culture—the rights and wrongs of womanhood and childhood. In many respects I consider the books just named as among the very best yet written upon the subject of how to create a better race of human beings than any that have yet inhabited the planet earth.

Much I would like to say of the persons I met at Mt. Pleasant Park, the lectures I heard and the "phenomena" seen and heard, but time and space admonish me to bring this communication to a close, by saying that Lucifer's line of work seems to be much better understood and much better appreciated by the people who annually attend the encampment near Clinton, Iowa, than at any of my former visits to that place.

Ottawa, Kansas.

M. HARMAN.

## How Economic Independence Settles the Social Question.

The "Colony Notes" man of "Freedom," Olalla, Wash., was asked the question, which, with its answer, is given below:

"Can a man or woman live according to free love in Equality and not be interfered with by other members?"

"Not long ago an attempt of this kind was made and it failed ignominiously. Just how much of the opposition displayed was due to the quality of love exhibited is a matter of conjecture, neither is it known to what extent the feeling of opposition might have been suppressed had all parties concerned in the affair been of the ideal sort where good morals are exhibited in everyday actions."

From which we are to infer that the entire co-operative community is to pass on the "quality of love" manifested by any of its members. But we are not informed whether the question is to be decided by a majority, two-thirds, or unanimous vote. Neither are we told whether the "quality" of the love existing between each married couple is to be subjected to a similar examination and possible condemnation. Perhaps "Freedom" will some day inform a waiting world that the test has been applied, and "all parties concerned in" married "affairs" in the colony are "of the ideal sort where good morals are exhibited in everyday actions." Then, perhaps, he will tell us why such ideal people need to be held together in legal bondage.

I often enjoy reading the paragraphs of the "Colony Notes" man. Here are a few sentences from one on

"THAT OTHER FELLOW."

"Yes, that other fellow always gives us a great deal of concern. We make laws to fit him; we are sure that it is his proposed policy that might be tainted just a little bit by selfishness. If anybody's moral household needs regulating, the directed effort is sure to seek the other fellow. We are apt to overlook the fact that the influence of personal example is more potent in working individual reform than personal advice is." L. H.

## A Word to Lillian Harman.

SISTER WORKER: There are so many who want a hearing through Lucifer I had not intended to ask for space again soon; but upon reading your article in No. 773 I feel that in justice to myself and to woman generally I would like to say a few words.

I did not urge the woman to make a demand. To make known our needs to one who claims to love us when knowing that they can help us if they will, is not making a demand. If I loved a man and had money while he was so situated that he could not meet his needs and he kept his need from me I should feel very much hurt at his want of confidence in my love; and it was from that standpoint that I urged my friend to lay the situation before the man referred to.



It was not the mere pleasure of going to the convention that prompted the wish to go, but the hope that she should meet those there who could help her to get better employment. She had more than herself to support and he had no one to support but himself and those who could care for themselves if they so chose. He received from a wealthy corporation about twice as much per week as she could get per month, and I was amazed at the result of her showing him how matters stood. I had never held him in high esteem but I certainly supposed him better than he proved himself to be. As to her delicacy of feeling being her best guide, there is such a thing as standing so straight that we bend backward, and if I understood her in the least her reluctance arose from a fear of that weapon of selfish men—mercenary. It is time that we defied such injustice, that of such accusation.

You say "If she had been disabled in any way by her association with the man he would owe her reparation." I was not speaking of injury or reparation, but of giving the man an opportunity of doing himself a favor. If he loved her he would, under the circumstances, have considered it a privilege to aid her. You say again: "If he felt a warm attachment for her and was able to help her" etc. The idea of men and women associating together sexually who have not a warm friendship with each other is so repulsive to me that I do not care to consider it for a moment.

I realize the wrong of the idea that women are supported by their husbands and I will hold up both hands to encourage those who demand justice. You say: "There are very few women, even of those who have families who cannot be self-supporting if they will." Do you really mean that just as it stands? That all such women were they properly compensated do enough to support themselves I will admit, and if that is what you mean, all right, but as it stands it seems a little ambiguous. I do not believe you mean to be unjust, but if you mean there are few women, even of those who have families of small children, but can provide for themselves and the little ones if they will, you certainly have not investigated existing conditions fully enough to form a correct judgment, and you do a great many intelligent and earnest women a great injustice. I may be so stupid as to misunderstand you, but when you say "only the weak will or the ignorance of a childless woman prevents independence for her," I cannot think I have misunderstood you in the other case. That all childless women might be independent and self-supporting would be true if there were paying places for all, but there are not. Neither knowledge nor will power will sustain you in mid ocean without a plank, and that is a good illustration of how many a childless woman is situated. I glory in what you have done. I am glad there are some women who can assert themselves, but I long ago learned that it was not proof that another could do a thing because I could.

And now a word to the editor—While willing to give Ingersoll all the credit he deserves, if he, as I see it stated, believed the Chicago martyrs were not guilty of that of which they were accused, and yet refused to defend them for less than \$10,000, considering Mrs. Holmes' friendship for them, I can well understand her feelings. Neither science nor any other method can remedy the evils complained of so long as our present system of economics is in force.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

#### REPLY.

It is no part of my business to defend the short-comings of R. G. Ingersoll, or of any other person. I have said, at the proper place, that it is doubtless true that he "did not fully grasp the significance of some of the more important movements in modern thought," etc. That he misunderstood the work and the character of the Chicago martyrs is doubtless true, but that he refused to defend them simply because the fee offered was too small, is at variance with the character of the man, as I now see it. We must also remember that there was plenty of time for the radical changes of character in the thirteen years since the police riot in Chicago that resulted in the death or imprisonment

of the "immortal eight." The Ingersoll of 1886 and the Ingersoll of 1899, may have been two very different individuals.

If science—knowledge—guided by wisdom—experience—will not "remedy the evils complained of," economic evils included, then nothing will.

M. HARMAN.

I should make no comment on Mrs. Waisbrooker's letter were it not for the fact that she asks me a direct question, in reply to which I repeat that in my opinion the majority of mothers of families not only can be, but are, self-supporting. Very many not only support themselves but their husbands and children also. But even if a woman does not do work which brings in money, she may be none the less self-supporting. For instance, a wife keeps house and bears children which belong to her husband as well as to herself—in the estimation of both. Yet she is "dependent" on him; he "supports" her. Eventually she dies. He employs a woman to take her place in the care of home and children. He pays this housekeeper a living wage; she is self-supporting. Why the difference?

I said "if he felt a warm attachment for her and was able to help her" it was proper for him to do so; meaning that it was proper irrespective of whether they had been sexually intimate or not. I don't see what that intimacy has to do with the matter, unless one is injured thereby. If a friend of mine needed help which I was able to give, I should not give it any less readily to a woman friend, nor to a man with whom I had not been sexually intimate; nor would it be necessary for that friend to ask for help. And I feel sure I have many friends, both men and women, who feel equal interest in me.

Mrs. Waisbrooker says she will not for a moment consider the case of those who associate together sexually without feeling a warm friendship for each other. But it appears to me that she was considering just such a case in the one which she describes. In my opinion, if a warm attachment, irrespective of sexual relations, had existed between this man and woman, she would not have needed to ask him for help, and there would have been no occasion for advice from an outsider nor the refusal by the man and suffering of the woman.

L. H.

#### Our Special Summer Offer.

Several more valuable books have been added this week to our special summer offer of radical literature at half price. Many orders have been received for sets of "Our New Humanity" and as the supply is limited, those who desire to secure sets for their libraries should order promptly before all are sold.

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In his excellent and cautious survey of Early Greek Philosophy . . . Professor Burnet says that the real advance made by the Ionians was through their "leaving off telling tales. They gave up the hopeless task of describing what was when as yet there was nothing, and asked instead what all things really are now."—Edward Clodd, "The Pioneers of Evolution," 5.

"When Freedom on her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there."

Now Freedom sees this standard borne  
Against herself, and Freedom sighs,  
And wishes back to pillaged skies  
Her stars by freemen's bullets torn.

Had she foreseen our Jingo lines  
Charging the Tagals in a war of greed,  
She would have better known our need,  
And decked the flag with dollar signs.

—James J. Dooling, in "Liberty."

## Sociologic Lessons.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

NO. 88. MINIMUM OF SUBSISTENCE: Employment in co-operative labor should be provided for all members and residents who desire it, whether for an hour or a year. It would not be proper to admit an applicant into any group against the will of its members; and it is possible for one to be rejected from all groups in which he asks employment. Whatever the cause of rejection he must have subsistence and it is better to give it absolutely than to compel a group to admit him, possibly causing all the rest to resign. It would be unjust to give those who are out of harmony with the association advantages which others do not share. The solution of the difficulty is to give to all members of the association conforming with its rules a minimum of subsistence sufficient to make them independent of labor and of charity. Those who work will have in addition the awards for their labor. Incompetents, including those who are out of harmony with the association, who are either unable or unwilling to leave it, and those who have special hobbies to which they wish to devote their whole time, such as new inventions or investigations, will need this provision. With the former class, it is a bounty given to those who have been unfortunate in their heredity; with the latter class, although some may be deluded dreamers, there is a probability that this expenditure of time will yield results of great value. Those who voluntarily forego the attractions of co-operative industry will at least expect the results to justify the sacrifice.

NO. 89. FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE. A still more important application of the principle of the minimum of subsistence will be the solution it will give to the financial independence of women and children. Women will not only be able to lay up means of subsistence from their membership in groups of laborers in selected occupations, but such labors can be abridged or entirely abandoned during maternity or while caring for their children, and children may be educated and cared for to maturity without becoming a burden to their parents or others. Both these classes thus become absolutely independent financially.

Co-operation in the household will free women from a large portion of their cares; and co-operation in the nurseries and in the care of children, will prevent their becoming a burden to their parents. There will be a variety of occupations furnishing partial employment, enabling women to restrict their labors as much as they consider essential, and enabling children to learn to be useful, while pursuing their studies.

NO. 90. INCREASED PRODUCTION. Whether this principle of furnishing to all a minimum of subsistence will be a burden to the association, will depend upon a comparison of the total products with those which would be produced in the absence of such a provision. My conclusion is that the total products will not be lessened; and if so the association itself will not be hardened.

1. Workers will produce no less when attracted to industry than when driven to it by fear of coming to want.
2. The large class of the unemployed will become workers, either fully or to a large extent, swelling production.
3. The class of the incompetent will be lessened; for many will find more or less useful employment which they can perform with self-respect and with the respect of society.
4. Women and children will be as productive as now, and it will cost no more to provide for them.

Compulsion to labor, as a mere means of subsistence, now tends to make labor repulsive; freedom from compulsion will make it, as it naturally is, attractive. There will therefore be no lack of production.

The total production then I think will be greater, and the total cost less. The distribution of the burden will be somewhat different, but more equitable. Single men may receive somewhat less for their labor in the groups in consequence of the distribution of part of the profits in furnishing the minimum

of subsistence; but what they do receive will give them greater advantages than they can obtain in isolation.

NO. 91. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. It remains to apply the crucial test of the effect of the principle of the minimum of subsistence upon the fundamental principle of evolution from the survival of the fittest. Giving to the weak and the improvident in consequence of their wants, encourages the unfit at the cost of the fit, and therefore tends to retard evolution. Relieving the whole community from the burden of providing against the possible need of subsistence, enables them to devote so much more thought and energy to progress. The tendency therefore is to discourage hoarding up idle means, which may never be needed, to provide for sickness and old age, and to encourage seeking to make all wealth productive. This tends to physical development. Again, freedom from harassing cares tends to encourage the mental development of those who are now compelled to sacrifice all their aspirations to the necessities of a livelihood.

And farther, the general knowledge that the whole community is free and independent, will exert a highly moral influence; for effort will be rewarded by visible progress instead of being largely sunk in relieving wants which do not seem to diminish, and in suppressing attempts to invade the rights of others for self-preservation.

When all are financially independent, and properly instructed in the principles of stirpiculture, intelligent artificial selection in parentage will replace unintelligent natural selection by the destruction of the unfit; and without conscious self-abnegation the race will enter upon a career of development hitherto unapproached.

NO. 92. A PROGRESSIVE MINIMUM. The amount of the equal distribution to all members should at first be very small. In an association containing the usual proportion of drones, perhaps ten cents per week would be ample to show its tendencies, while it would be no serious burden if misused. The advantages would be likely to increase as members learned to adapt themselves to it, and the allowance could be usefully increased from year to year, in proportion to the advance in general prosperity. It is not probable that after a few years' experience in associative life, the main body of the members would become so altruistic that the amount of the minimum allowance would be a matter of indifference. Those who most needed it would receive additional voluntary aid in various ways, giving them conveniences and even luxuries, without detracting from their entire independence.

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## VARIOUS VOICES.

T. O. Smith, Norwood, Colo.:—I see by the number on the wrapper of my paper that my subscription to *Lucifer* expired some time ago. Enclosed find \$1 to apply on same. Life continues to be a struggle for the necessities of existence, but I consider *Lucifer* one of the necessities.

Mrs. R. A., Pa.:—Although I am a reader only (not a subscriber) of *Lucifer* I can not restrain my desire to send you a few heart felt words of appreciation along with a list of names of friends in whom I take an interest and to whom I hope you will



mail sample copies that are best adapted to beginners who recently listened to Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, at Lily Dale, N. Y.—and are thus prepared for another step: people, who, after taking these steps will never sleep again and who are worth the trouble of more than one letter.

I was introduced to Lucifer by Miss Stowell and later when my dear uncle, Dr. R. C., from Texas, came here to spend his remaining days with us, I learned through him of your earnestness, truth and sincerity, and because he had more than once clasped your hand in friendship, I felt my sympathy widening and new and fuller ideals filling up the empty places in my unsatisfactory life,—unsatisfactory, though it has been that of a teacher, successful in the popularly accepted use of the term but to me a failure for I seemed to have missed some magic key which I must hold before I could take my pupils up and out of the sordid paths shown them by bigoted and religious parents. In Lucifer I found much to show me the natural remedy as well as a safety-valve for the rebellion within my own heart; for with the first number I began to have free thoughts and reawakened impulses and my health is actually better because rescued from mental stagnation.

Susan A. Patton, 229 Tree St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Please let me know the price of Ida Craddock's book, "Right Marital Living." Also, how to address a letter to Paul Corcoran,—we may be able to write and send books to him, and thus help him bear the rigors of prison life. Berkman says he often would not go to his tray for food, but he sees a letter and this means real food to him. The extract comparing the case of the man who stole fifteen cents receiving three years' imprisonment and Capt. Carter, who stole one million going free and honored, reminds me of a case in this city. A little girl, about ten years old was employed "running cash" in a large store. She took a 98 cent ring and was discharged and has been called a thief when she was employed at other places; and this, too, by the poor wage slaves. She is now selling her favors and is having a much easier life economically. Her sister is doing the same thing for she was bounded for her sister's "crime." But the sons of that very man from whom she took the ring have stolen hundreds of dollars from their father by forging his name; yet he glossed that over for it would have disgraced him personally to acknowledge a forger as his son. Why then is it not a disgrace for us to allow conditions to exist that create these things in the larger family called society? Should we not feel the disgrace keenly when we pass a prison, an almshouse or an insane asylum and think that some of our family is there?

[The price of "Right Marital Living" is fifty cents. I do not know the address of Corcoran. It is well to remember those who are in prison, and send them messages and literature when the prison officials will permit. Berkman's address is A-7, Western Penitentiary, Allegheny, Pa. Probably few of our readers need to be told that he it was who shot Frick during the Homestead strike seven years ago. Strong efforts are being made to obtain his pardon. L. H.]

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff, Morrisville, Pa.—Allow me to add a word on the policy of your paper. Nothing should be admitted to Lucifer's columns that will destroy the unity of its aim. Its proper sphere is sexology. No other matter should be introduced except as subordinate to the discussion of sex. On sex matters Lucifer has a philosophy of its own to expound, to enable it to teach these doctrines well it invites expression of opinion pro and con. Not so, however, in other than sex subjects. Lucifer assumes a body of doctrines in regard to general freedom and other matters, but does not invite debate on these topics as this discussion would require too large a field for so small a paper to cover. In view of these principles, Mr. Kerr's first article on "Monopolies and Combines" should have been excluded. The subject is not so very foreign but it did not concern any position, taken by Mr. Kerr on sex questions. It is a fit discussion for a journal devoted to philosophical anarchism

or one in the interest of state socialism. But having unfortunately been printed, it should be fought to the bitter end. The editor was abundantly able to take care of himself; but for the sake of seeing the enemy driven away as soon as possible I entered the fight by his side. Perhaps the rules of debate will accord Mr. Kerr the last word, but I would be sorry to see him have the last say on account of the effect on Lucifer's readers. In whatever way this particular discussion may finally be disposed of, Lucifer should in future adhere to the principle of undertaking discussion on no other topic than the several departments of sexology.

[Personally I agree, in the main, with Mr. Brinkerhoff's expressions in regard to the policy of the paper. Mr. Kerr also thinks that Lucifer should be principally devoted to discussion of sexology. But when Mr. Brinkerhoff says that any discussion should be "fought to the bitter end," I cannot agree with him. A short discussion may be interesting; but when each has expressed his opinion and the matter begins to grow personal, as is the usual tendency, it is better, I think, to drop it. This is my policy, at any rate. I have on a number of occasions allowed "the other fellow" to have "the last word" when I was strongly inclined to try to make clearer what I had previously said. I do not think long-continued controversies advisable. We can express our opinions without continually referring to the opposing opinion held by some other person.] L. H.

The above was in type for last issue but was crowded out.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 44. 35 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 9, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE NO. 778

### A Friend to Man.

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—  
Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,  
In the place of their self-contest;  
There are souls like stars that dwell apart,  
In a fellowship firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highlands never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men that press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife;  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,—  
Both parts of an infinite plan.—  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladened meadows ahead,  
And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long afternoons,  
And stretches away to the night;  
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish—and so am I;  
Then why should I sit in the corner's seat,  
Or hurt the cycle's hub?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

—Sam. Walter Foss.

### Legal Marriage and the Bible.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

I once heard of a pious old woman who said she believed in the good old doctrine set forth in the Bible in the words: "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." Many another woman—and man too—has quoted as scripture John Wesley's declaration that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Thousands of persons believe the expression "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," used in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," is a quotation from the Bible. But in many years of careful search I have been unable to find any of the above quoted sentences in the authorized King James' translation of the Holy Bible.

Ignorance similar to that of the persons to whom I have alluded is shown by those who imagine that the Bible declares that "Marriage is a divine institution," or that it says "Marriages are made in heaven." On the contrary when the Sadducees sought to induce Jesus to defend the marriage institution, the Bible says, Matthew xxii, 29, 30, "Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The difficulty in reconciling this declaration with other,

wherein Jesus apparently upholds marriage is a misunderstanding of the fact that he is here denouncing the marriage institution—the man-made laws binding man and woman together in wedlock. In the resurrection, he says, such laws do not exist, but natural attraction is unhampered and they "are as the angels of God in heaven." Bearing this in mind, it is clear what he means when he says, Mark x, 9, "What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder." What "God hath put together" requires no law of man to ratify it.

This is the view which was taken by the primitive Christians and they were persecuted for it on the ground that their doctrine in this regard was "lewd and immoral." But I shall not at this time go into a history of marriage; perhaps later I may do so and show that marriage by law is anti-Christian and immoral. The purpose of these preliminary observations is to call attention to the fact that the view of marriage which I have advanced—that legal wedlock is anti-Christian and immoral—is supported by the teachings of the Tolstoyan Christian Brotherhood in England. The members of this Brotherhood abjure the laws of man, as the primitive Christian did, and take the Bible for their sole guide.

The Brotherhood publishes a paper called "The New Order," the motto of which is "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." In its issue for August, under the title "Legal Marriage and The Taking of Oaths," it published the following article, which, I think, shows conclusively that the doctrines taught by Lucifer in regard to marriage are not necessarily antagonistic to the doctrines of Jesus as set forth in the Bible, however much they may be at variance with the teachings of the so-called Christian church of today.

"Fell well ye reject the power of God that ye may keep your own tradition."—Mark, vii, 9.

Certain friends, well-wishers, and sympathetic spectators of the movement towards a simpler, truer, and more Christ-like life which "The New Order" endeavors to voice, have of late been grieved and offended because some persons in those groups which are now increasing in number and strength in various parts of England have discarded the religious and legal ceremonies which usually accompany marriage, and have formed unions in which they do not recognize the law of England—neither the national, nor the customary and social law of England. One cannot but regret the estrangement of some whose sympathy up to a certain point was sincere and strong, but who now walk no more with us, and these few lines are written in the hope of making the position on the question of legal marriage clearer.

In the first place, it must be remarked that the "offense" comes partly because they do not grasp the whole attitude of the movement toward law and the existing social system. Legal marriage is partly a public announcement of the intention of the parties; so far it is not open to objection, but it is more than this. However veiled by festivity and rejoicing, it is really

the outcome of general distrust and suspicion, the invoking of force to compel each to do his or her duty to the other in the new relation formed. "It cometh of evil."

Yet who can doubt that a desire for good, a wish to secure fidelity, to deepen the sense of responsibility for the consequences of the act, has been at work all along in the development of marriage customs and laws? Yes, a zeal for good, but not according to knowledge.

In precisely the same way the wisdom of the world has sought to secure veracity. In the common and deplorable absence of sincerity and accuracy of speech, the law requires that a man's word shall in certain important matters be reinforced by an oath, thus trying to deepen his sense of the profound importance of truthfulness. But with what result? Who that really thinks the matter out can doubt that the practice of taking oaths has lowered the general standard of veracity? Call God in as a witness in special cases, and you imply that God is not always a witness; require an oath on certain occasions, and you virtually proclaim that truth is not to be looked for with a simple yea or nay. The thoughtless person is less ashamed to lie. The law of his country has plainly taught him that veracity is hardly to be expected of him except in connection with an oath. Nay, it carries further than this. Weaken thus the general reverence for truth under ordinary circumstances, and the average moral sense of the community is lowered, so that even the solemn oath fails to secure truth—and the simple yea, yea and nay, nay of the man who refuses to swear is more to be relied on than the oath of the average person. It is notorious that the oath is no guarantee for truth, and that perjury is committed every day.

The only way that truth can be secured is by a general rise in the standard of truthfulness, and that can only be brought about by speaking truth ourselves and by trusting unto seventy times seven to the unsworn veracity of others. People tend to become what we expect them to be. "It's a shame to tell Arnold a lie," said the Rugby boys, "he always believes you." This is what Jesus taught. But the poor world has not been able yet to understand or believe him, and it goes on still in its own wise way, which is foolishness.

The taking of oaths is an exact parallel to legal marriage. For see: Society suffers, has suffered in the past, and unborn generations must yet suffer, for sex relations selfishly entered into, for reckless and irresponsible parentage, for homes left desolate, for women cast aside like broken toys; and so the law steps in and endeavors to secure fidelity, to guarantee that unions shall be made with a full intention to abide by the consequences for better or worse; and it does so, not by requiring fidelity and responsibility in every union—it cannot do this, for outward force law can never run along the lines of absolute right and justice—but by trying to secure fidelity and responsibility for certain unions undertaken with special forms and ceremonies. Now, the law of God written in our hearts is that we shall be faithful to any union that we have contracted, and shall accept to the full all the consequences of our act, but this law is made of no effect by the tradition of men, which says that we are bound to be faithful to unions made with certain legal sanctions—which refuses to recognize unions otherwise contracted so that many unions which law and society support are in sight of God adultery, and many others which the world refuses to sanction are marriages before God. And just as the practice of bolstering up the moral sense and securing veracity by the taking of oaths has tended to weaken the sense of duty to speak truth with a simple yea and nay and has thus lowered the average standard of truthfulness, so the practice of bolstering up fidelity and responsibility by outward sanctions and compulsions in respect of certain specific unions has weakened the average conscience in regard to fidelity and responsibility in non-legalized unions; and at the door of legal marriage, with its customary sanctities and respectabilities, must lie some, at least, of the blame for the unhappy discarded women who are a danger to our society, and the untold number of "illegitimate" infants "farmed" and otherwise done to death.

I entreat those of our sympathisers who have not as yet seen the marriage law and custom in this light to reconsider their position—to see that the attempt to secure right action by outward hedging and restraint in certain cases weakens the conscience and the sense of responsibility in respect of the many cases where the outward sanction cannot in the nature of things be applied; to see that just as in the case of oaths, we suffer mainly from the prevailing low moral standard, and instead of trying by outward means to impose our standard in as many cases as possible, our wisest plan—the method of Jesus—is to raise the prevalent tone of thought, firstly by our own purity and entire acceptance of any responsibility we may have incurred, and, secondly, by treating as sacred every union which claims to be a marriage, whether legal or non-legal.

J. P. H.

## Socialism and Sex.

BY R. B. KERR.

In No. 775 an article by "G. E. M." is reproduced from the "Truth Seeker," which contains the following remarks: "The indifference with which a socialist regards all other reforms but socialism is nothing less than magnificent. He will not do a stroke to further the solution of the religious question, the social question, and the question of personal liberty." The above is so absolutely false that it deserves some notice. To save space I shall deal only with the record of socialists on the sex question.

Socialism is nothing but an economic creed, and socialists as such have no more to do with the sex question than vegetarians. Socialism is an older and stronger movement than the sex movement, and has an incomparably greater number of adherents; from which it follows that there must be many socialists who are not sex reformers. On the other hand the sex reformers are mainly recruited from the socialists. It may be that three-fourths of the socialists are not sex reformers, but there is no doubt that nine-tenths of the sex reformers are socialists. In the literature of the sex movement three books have far surpassed all others in circulation, "The Elements of Social Science," "Woman in the Past, Present, and Future," and "The Woman who Did." The first two have gone through many editions in many languages, while the third has had a huge sale in all English speaking countries. The first was by an anonymous Doctor of Medicine; the second by August Bebel, who leads the seventeen million socialists of Germany; the third by Grant Allen, a prominent socialist.

The Legitimation League was, I think, the only society ever devoted to the promotion of sexual freedom. It had four prominent women propagandists, Emma Wardlaw Best, Edith Lancaster, Amy Morant, and Berta Buss. I know nothing of Mrs. Best's economics, but the other three are active members of Socialist societies.

At the Legitimation League at which I presided, there were twelve speakers, of whom eight were members of socialist societies. All the socialists were solid for sexual freedom. The only dissentient voice in the meeting was that of Henry Seymour, one of the ablest disciples of Proudhon, who thought that easy divorce would solve the sex problem.

When the Legitimation League declared for sexual freedom three members left, Wordsworth Donisthorpe, J. C. Spence, and J. Greerz Fisher. All were economic followers of Proudhon. Evidently they had also read Proudhon's writings on women to some purpose.

I know very little about American socialism, but the names of Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Edward Bellamy and T. B. Wakeman at once occur to me. Bellamy, though not a varietist, was a thorough believer in sexual freedom, and nothing on the sex question is more worth reading than his chapter in "Equality." Without comparing the merits of writers, I venture to say that "Women and Economics" and "Equality" will penetrate into more American homes than any other book yet written by any American writer in favor of sexual freedom.



Many pages might be written on this subject. One might deal with Robert Owen the Communist, the first man who ever tried to introduce sexual freedom into a community; or with William Morris, Bernard Shaw, and Edward Carpenter, all social democrats and advocates of sexual freedom. There is a vast sex literature in France and Germany, almost all written by socialists. In all countries the socialists have been denounced as free lovers by the bourgeoisie.

The Bible tells us to "buy the truth and sell it not." The motto of the "Truthseeker" seems to be "Seek the truth, and tell it not."

### Report of a Meeting of the D. A. E.

BY C. F. HUNT.

A weekly meeting of the D. A. E. (Divine Anthropoid Entities) was lately held in the Cerebrum of a Brain (vide Joseph Steiner in *Lucifer* No. 775.) Logic in the chair.

Prayer by Religious Fervor: "Almighty Mortal Thinker, we come again before Thee to do thy will, acknowledging thee as our Creator. Watch over our deliberations, and teach us to remember our dependence upon Thee for our existence. Well hast thou said 'an honest God is the noblest work of Man.' Aid us to be honest Gods, and do only thy will, and solve the problems of the societary world, even though we cannot see the ultimate purpose at times, for instance when we breed slaves for Monopoly and then kill them off with our patent Checks when they become too numerous. Make us understand the intricate policies of modern governments and when Political Economy changes help us to conform with alacrity, Amen."

"Amen" echoed all the spooks, except one sickly hant named Discontent who took the floor and said he thought R. Fervor was a mossback, and that it was time the Divinities drew up a declaration of independence. Why not follow the reformers on the Earth, and accomplish something? They had followed beaten paths too long, and even that old fossil Malthus, who had joined them, was beginning to crack open.

"The ghost is blasphemous," objected Conservatism. "He would open the floodgates. I move he be destroyed."

The chair ruled that while their radical friend was a mere subjective conception, yet they were all made of the same flimsy material, and if they began the use of such penalties, where would the matter end? Instead of fighting among themselves, why not take up, in earnest, the work for which they were assembled, that of developing the Human Race?

Mao took the floor and asked how he was to decide in battle, when both sides were asking his help. Referred to Committee on Preventive Checks.

Pestilence and Famine offered a joint report, asking for relief. They were not especially tender hearted, but sometimes when cutting off the young and fair, their feelings revolted against the work. Referred to a committee of mortals composed of R. G. Ingersoll (present) and M. Harman and L. M. Holmes, still in the mortal sphere.

"I move you," said Prudence rising, "that the name of M. Florence Johnson be added to this committee. She knows a remedy called Science which can make Woman the owner of herself, and then a woman, instead of asking for her children in a choking voice (in a case where three children have been carted to the jail with their drunken father) will apply the proper antidote, which is, Have no children."

"The member will explain how that would help the children already in jail," said the Chair. "What if the father learns to drink after the children are born by the mother's choice?"

It was decided to leave this problem to Human Thought. War expressed the opinion that if women instead of men engaged in battle population would be checked more than by killing off men. This was ruled out of order as being in advance of Public Opinion. The meeting then adjourned.

### The Wife as a Dependent.

The article in a late *Lucifer* in which Lillian Harman refers to the question of women asking their husbands for money minded me to pen a few thoughts on that subject. She speaks of the reluctance most women feel in asking their husbands for money; but I have never known a woman who did not shrink from this task, and I cannot conceive of there being such a one; unless it be among the uncivilized or among women very deficient in mental and moral perception. And even such I imagine, ponder over the question, "Why am I a pauper? why should Charlie carry the purse?"

Occasionally a woman may think she "don't mind asking," but I venture to say that her tone and bearing when asking for and receiving money would belie her words. She does not like to ask, and for the best of reasons. She is a creature of Nature, and this mother long ago taught her that begging is not in harmony with her inherent law. Nature gives and receives but never begs. Beggars are legally made, whether the beggar be a tramp asking for bread, a woman asking for a quarter to buy pins, or a Christian begging for favors from his distant God.

I have suffered tortures from having to ask for the nickels and quarters, which never came willingly although there were plenty to give. I saw the injustice of the obligation imposed upon me, and my whole nature rebelled, yet I fulfilled it for years. I tried to crush the spirit of womanhood that demanded justice. But one day I found this spirit too strong to be quelled and I said to the man who carried my earnings, something like this: "I have decided never again to ask you for money. I have never been an idler, as you know, but help to earn all you have, and after earning it, it is wrong to compel me to go to you as one asking a gift, which you give reluctantly and in a spirit of assumed generosity. I must sing your praises if you provide the simplest necessities for your children and myself."

"When you pay a man for work, you do not consider it in the light of a gift but his just due. Now I am entitled to as respectful and as just treatment as you give to others."

The dear man was shocked, he could not accept my unorthodox views, and waxed eloquent in his denunciations of them. He thought that the right kind of a woman would be not only willing but glad to ask her husband for money. Yes, "the right kind of a woman" would accept her husband's opinions as well and consider whatever he did as right. Glorious conception! but of ancient type.

I told him I was sorry he had failed to get his ideal woman, but it happened that I was not cut after the St. Paul pattern. He advised women to keep silent and "ask their husbands at home" but I never considered the apostle's advice as sound, while it seemed he had been revelling in its great beauty and divine wisdom. Some of the Bible writers give lovely advice concerning women, and men of all generations have been delighted to follow. Women, I told him, have always by their keener intuitions detected the corruptness of the biblical authority as applied to them but their weakness of will has held them as slaves to the masculine conception. I warned him that when they were stronger, man would waken to discover that his Bible-ordained subjects had flown. He, like the average man, is fearful of their flight.

It is true, as I have said, that woman knows from within. She is the star in the east whose mission is to guide the world, the wise men included, into the light of a higher understanding and the haven of peace. The star leads ever to the manger of Christ (truth). It comes and stands over where the young child lies. The wise men guided by its brilliancy are led to the feet of the savior of the world. Woman, you are that star which leads ever to truth—to truth, the savior of man, and the only liberator of a suffering race. Awaken to a perception of your position, obey the voice within, and woe unto the heights of the sublime.

C. A. S. Des Moines, Iowa

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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DURING the past week we have received a dozen or more orders for "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," which we were unable to fill, owing to the supply of contributed copies being exhausted. We cannot buy more and sell at the low price advertised. It may be noted that other pamphlets are added to the list this week, and of some of these the supply is small. Only three weeks remain in which to take advantage of this Special Offer. The results, so far, have been quite gratifying to us, and we trust to our patrons as well.

## At Forest Park, Ottawa.

The ninth Annual Convention of the Kansas Free Thought Association at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, though not so numerously attended as some of its predecessors, was a very harmonious and enjoyable affair. John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kan., President of the National Secular Union, who is credited with having delivered more Free Thought addresses than any other lecturer now living, addressed the convention Saturday and Sunday evenings, Aug. 26 and 27. A prominent feature of the convention was the "conference" meetings, on which occasions the subjects discussed took in to a great extent the whole field of human or sociologic reform.

To fill a vacancy in the program the writer of these lines was invited to occupy and did occupy the platform on Thursday evening, in giving some account of his tour in the Southern States, last winter and spring, and on Friday evening he talked for an hour and a half upon "Motherhood in Freedom," and the "Right to be Born Well."

As at Mt. Pleasant Park I took for my texts the utterances of R. G. Ingersoll before the Free Religious Association of Boston, namely, "Science must make woman the owner, the mistress, of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother," and showed, or tried to show, that this demand of the great Agnostic is identical with the demand, the contention, that Lucifer has been making for the last fifteen years, and for which demand, printed in plain language, its editor thrice suffered imprisonment as a malefactor.

The discussion that followed was animated and very interesting. Commenting upon my demand that woman should take the lead in all matters pertaining to the building of new human beings, and upon her shoulders naturally falls the chief responsibility of success or failure, Mrs. Semple maintained that I had not said enough. Admitting all that had been said in the lecture, in regard to woman's responsibility and the necessity of teaching girls all that is known or can be known of right and wrong selection of masculine co operation, prenatal impressions etc., Mrs. Semple maintained that the education of boys and of men along these lines should not be neglected. Boys and men should know that a large share of the responsibility of race improvement rests upon them, and that a high moral tone and correct habits of living are as necessary in preparation for fatherhood as they are in preparation for motherhood.

Mr. Baldwin of Liberal, Mo., said there could be no doubt of the speaker's honesty of purpose, but while conceding his honesty, his earnestness, etc., it does not follow that we should endorse all that he says. John Brown was honest and earnest.

"It seems to be characteristic of many would-be reformers," said Mr. Baldwin "to run things into the ground. Great progress has been made in marital matters, and yet jails would continue to be filled though marriage laws should be abolished." Colonel Ingersoll was highly eulogized by Mr. Baldwin for the influence of his life and writings in favor of the "purity of the home," etc.

F. W. Cotton of Olathe, Kansas, defended the positions taken by the lecturer of the evening, and said no paper had ever done better work for the purity of the home than had Lucifer. "I love the cranks," said Mr. Cotton. "The world has progressed because of such cranks as Brother Harman. If there were no cranks there would be no progress."

W. O. Jones of Emporia, Kan., agreed most emphatically with the lecturer.

Matthew Semple, chairman of the meeting, told a humorous story illustrative of the hollowness, the hypocrisy, of the current or conventional morality in matters of sex, showing how the "upper crust," leaders of society give themselves away when measuring "other people's corn in their own half bushel."

Lack of space prevents more than the merest outline of the discussion that followed the Friday evening lecture. Others whose names are not now recalled, took part therein. Having taken so much time in opening up the subject of discussion I made no reply, at the close to my friendly critics, and will claim but little space now. Briefly, however, I would say to Mrs. Semple:

Yes. Fatherhood is a very important factor in child-building and hence he cannot escape his share of the responsibility. But man's responsibility is subordinate to that of the woman in this matter. All that has been said of masculine responsibility simply emphasizes my contention that woman must assume all responsibility of maternity, [including choice of paternity] on behalf of the children. Responsibility of the mother includes that of the father, as the greater includes the less, or as the whole includes every part. Woman is the architect and builder of the new human being. Man is the helper, the furnisher of materials—supplier of conditions. As such he is responsible to woman for the quality of these materials, etc., while woman is responsible to the child and to the world at large for the general result—the finished product; just as the architect and builder of a public edifice is responsible to the municipality for the character of the finished structure, while the furnisher of materials—conditions—is responsible, chiefly if not solely, to the architect and builder.

To Mr. Baldwin I would say that it is canon law marriage and the statutes enacted to enforce canon law marriage that were arraigned by my lecture; and if Colonel Ingersoll's utterance before the Free Religious Association could be practicalized then there would be little or nothing left of canon law marriage. Great minds have differed in the past, and will doubtless continue to differ. Self-ownership of woman would abolish marriage—as we have it today. R. G. Ingersoll thinks this would abolish jails and penitentiaries. R. L. Baldwin thinks otherwise. Who is in the right?

Of the resolutions passed by the convention the first reads as follows:

"Whereas, the preamble to the Declaration of American Independence formulates and emphasizes the principle that all men should have equal right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, and whereas the Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of speech and of press, and whereas all Free thinkers accept the formula of Herbert Spencer in his 'Data of Ethics,' viz.: 'Each individual has the right to do as he pleases so long as he does not invade the equal rights of others,'—therefore

"Resolved—That we, the members of the Kansas Free Thought Association in convention assembled demand the repeal of the Federal statutes known as the Comstock postal laws, under which laws many publishers, editors and private persons have been deprived of liberty and property on the technical charge of sending through the mails obscene literature, and Resolved further that we pledge ourselves to use our influence



and best efforts to secure the triumph of the principle 'equal rights for all and special privileges for none.'"

A resolution condemning the war upon the Filipinos was adopted after a somewhat spirited discussion. As passed it reads as follows:

"Resolved—By the members of the Kansas Freethought Association in convention assembled at Ottawa, Kansas, that we do most heartily condemn the present murderous policy of our government in the far-off Philippine Islands."

In support of this resolution it was put on record as the sense of the convention that "The immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, has been relegated to oblivion; its great injunctions and grand precepts ignored and forgotten by those who should love them most and cherish them best."

Mrs. Etta Semple of Ottawa, Kansas, was re-elected President of the Association for the coming year; J. W. Watkins, of Quenemo, Kansas, Secretary, and Samuel Carter, Kate Unthank, and W. H. Kerr, Vice Presidents.

Monday afternoon, Aug. 28, I visited one of Lucifer's oldest, most faithful and most generous friends, Henry Hiatt of Twin Mound, Kansas. Brother Hiatt is eighty-three years old, or thereabouts, and has been in feeble health for some months past but was able to meet me at the station, Richland, and drive me to his home, and that of his venerable but still active companion—some five miles away. The country around Twin Mound is the most picturesque I have yet seen in Kansas, and while the surface of the earth is hilly and broken it is very fertile and is covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The corn crop of Kansas, by the way, for the present year, is now estimated at 300,000,000, the largest crop ever grown in this banner corn-growing state.

M. HARMAN.

Valley Falls, Kan., Sept. 1, '99.

### Peck's Ideal for Maids and Mothers.

Lilla Usher in "Woman's Journal."

Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, in his article entitled "For Maids and Mothers," in the January "Cosmopolitan," has told with naive simplicity his discoveries regarding the position women should occupy in the scheme of things.

Higher education, he has decided, "saps and weakens the physical strength and vitality of women, impairs their fitness for the functions Nature has assigned to them, and imports into the work of scholarship a disturbing element," besides various other calamities including "loss of charm." All of which is no doubt very important if true. As there seems to be other men who have this question of the position of women disturbing their repose, and who have also discovered, through divine intervention, where Nature intended women to stand, it is high time we women gave ear. We must confess, however, that it is rather hard, in the light of our present knowledge, to take Mr. Peck and his supporters seriously. They remind us of a story told of Lincoln during the war, when he was visited by a delegation of clergymen, who came to inform him of the intentions of the Lord respecting his duty. He heard them patiently to the end, and then merely remarked that "it wasn't often a man had a delegation sent direct from Divine Providence." In the case of women, these celestial delegations seem to be numerous.

Mr. Peck tells us that "a man who has gone deeply into things grows modest with the increase of knowledge." Applying this to the question in hand, we ask, is it then a lack of knowledge that makes some men so bold in the branch of learning known as "The Woman Question?" Or is it really modesty which prompts them to give us so generously their infallible decisions regarding our position? And this, too, in the face of the statement Mr. Peck makes, that women are "profoundly different" from men. Are we then to suppose that they know more about us than we do about ourselves, because they are so different?

No doubt, if men's discoveries in all other fields of learning

were as absolute and undeniable as in this, women would never have dared lift their diminished heads and ask to have them developed, for then there would indeed have been evidence that there was already quite enough head in the world.

Mr. Peck declares in all seriousness, that the trouble with having women in higher educational institutions lies with the university teacher;—that "but rarely can his attitude toward women who come under his direction be wholly and completely identical with his attitude towards men. Strive as he may, and say what he may, he can seldom forget that they are women; he cannot put aside at will the feeling which is based on social custom, tradition, on a thousand little influences, that spring up in his mind and manner from the very moment when he is confronted by the thought of sex." What a pathetic confession! Could anything show more conclusively that some reconstruction of society is necessary for the progress of mankind?

According to Mr. Peck, this conglomeration of feelings so deranges the university teachers, as to "create false standards, and propagate traditions that are lies," for because these students are women, he has "ranked them side by side with men of far superior attainments." Then Mr. Peck nobly and unselfishly remarks, that "if it were purely and entirely a woman question, perhaps it would not matter; but the serious part of this same question is its reflex influence upon the training of men."

It is the old story of Eve and the serpent: "She tempts me, I yield, and thereby overthrow the glorious standard of education I would uphold. Therefore take her away that I may be kept from temptation!" This state of things is indeed sad, but what an unbiased observer might say is needed under these trying conditions is men with sufficient backbone and control over their emotions to mark women as they deserved to be marked. Then, if women really do not possess the requisite ability, to drop them from these higher institutions of learning where, according to Mr. Peck they are doing so much harm.

It is very apparent that Mr. Peck believes with Anthony Hope, that boys will be boys; but even that would not matter if we could prevent girls from being girls. He tells us also that woman "cannot possibly dwell upon anything that affects her intimately, and at the same time preserve the calm judgment and impartiality of an indifferent person." That her reason "is almost inevitably overpowered and warped by a capacity for emotion which with her lies close to reason, and which, when the two are not at one, controls it." We have long suspected that this very idea when applied to this type of man, might give us the clue to some of the astonishingly selfish utterances of these sentimentalists on the woman question. For this subject so influences their emotions and feelings that their sense of proportion, sense of humor, even their common sense seems to desert them when women are under discussion. Witness this quotation from Mr. Peck:

"Woman is never therefore to be thought of as the counterpart of man, any more than she is to be thought of otherwise than in the relation which she holds to man. Whatever is proposed for her, whatever plans are made for her, whatever privilege or duty may be claimed for her, must all be judged and passed upon in the light of this relation. Whatever fits her better to perform her part as man's best ally and his truest inspiration is a thing to be attained at any sacrifice of tradition; whatever mars the scheme of Nature and impairs the fitness of the woman for her cosmic functions ought to be stamped out relentlessly at any sacrifice of theory."

Here we have the "unbiased masculine" giving a purely selfish opinion as regards woman. It is plainly evident that untrammelled intellect alone has reached this masterly discovery that woman is not to be thought of otherwise than in the relation which she holds to man. The only drawback to the glory reflected upon Mr. Peck in this discovery is the fact that other men before him have also used pure intellect upon this problem and come to the same conclusion.

Mr. Peck thinks things are pretty nice just as they are; he sees no reason why women should be wanting more development when they have such respect and reverence as is given them under these pleasant conditions. And his object in giving us his opinion, is to tell us that he fears a certain lack of content, which he has noticed in some women, may develop into a general form of discontent, and toward this, he wishes us to know "man is undoubtedly unsympathetic,—impatient even." That if it is distinction, or high position in the world that woman wants, she might as well give it up at once, since "everybody knows that man was created to do the world's hard work, to blaze the path for civilization, to strive, to battle, and to conquer, while woman's place in life is to put heart into his struggle by her sympathy, to keep him from faltering by her belief in him, to give him also that highest motive for achievement which springs from love that is the source of supreme and lasting inspiration." This reminds us of a parody on the Psalm of Life, and as we all like to see fine thoughts in poetic form, we quote the gem.

"Wives of great men all remind us  
How domestic and sublime  
Wives may live, yet leave behind them  
Only Hubby's tracks on time.

Life is real, life is earnest,  
A Hobby great should be our goal;  
Dust we are to dust returnest  
Only Hobby has a soul.

Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for Hobby's fate  
Nothing for ourselves pursuing  
All is well if Hobby's great."

"Some," he says, "may object that it is too soon to generalize; that the sex has not had time to prove its true equality with man in man's own field of labor." "Yet," he says, "this is really not the case." Here again we see Mr. Peck speaking with the authority of one having a special divine revelation respecting women. And as proof of our lack of ability, he tells us that there never was a female Bach or Phidias; that Sappho and George Eliot can't be put beside Dante and Shakespeare; consequently what is the use of our trying, since after all this terrible "sacrifice of health, after all the loss of charm," we can only take a second or third rank.

Now this is a novel reason for pure mind to evolve for not giving women higher education. This idea applied to men would lead to only the Bachs, Dantes and Shakespeares receiving higher education, and the difficulty that would confront us would be to decide who these embryo geniuses were, upon whom higher education should be bestowed.

To speak seriously and with no pretensions to revelation, women realize that the reason they want higher education as well as other advantages, both political and economic, is simply because they are human beings, who, like men, intend to develop their minds and characters, believing that it lies for each woman, as for each man, to select the work she believes herself best fitted to perform in the world.

It is an undeniable truth that the age is rapidly outgrowing Mr. Peck's hybrid, over-sexed ideal of woman, and the chief difficulty all along has been that this strange being never existed as a fact, but comes under the definition of a mermaid we once heard of in childhood,—a thing that can't live in water and dies when it comes on land." Such a nondescript being could not be a success, except in the minds of those who evolved her. For we know that intellect, whether in woman or man, must assert itself; and to say, "thus far thou shalt go and no farther," in influences or education, is powerless to stay the tide of progress which sweeps on in spite of the fact that some people are without ability to reckon with it or courage to confront it.

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## As a "Beginner" Sees Us.

From the several copies of *Lucifer* which I have seen from time to time in the past four years I take it for granted that all reasons for the abolition of marriage are understood and conceded as a matter of course by all writers of the paper, and to raise objections against the institution would be a waste of time and space, as the case has already been decided.

This position seems to me unreasonable and untenable. Almost the first obstruction the beginner meets in the path of social progress is marriage; and, until that stumbling-block is removed, he cannot advance one step. Now to refuse to discuss the wrongs and injustice of the present marriage system, because many of you have evolved beyond, is wrong—if your aim is to convert—and the surest way to keep people from traveling your road. It is a fact that not two persons out of twenty will pick up an average copy of *Lucifer* without receiving a "shock" to their moral convictions from the advanced theories advocated therein.

You may be right, but you are very injudicious in your method of administering such strong doses to weak patients, if you desire to effect a permanent cure. Too much light at first often blinds the eyes of the weak. If a monthly edition of *Lucifer* could be printed for beginners, in which only the wrongs and inconsistencies of the present social system would be shown in their true colors without reference to the future welfare of society beyond the abolition of marriage; the result would be fifty converts where now there is one. You may be all right in your deductions, but you must remember you did not always occupy such high ground, and you should be willing to make every allowance for those at the bottom of the ladder who are looking up to you for light and encouragement.

I, personally, like such writers as C. L. James, Walter Barrows, and Francis Barry, even though I cannot agree with them, but I do not expect the average investigator to exercise the same leniency toward them. Most people would feel like picking up a club and giving them a bat over the head for daring to prophesy of a time when women and men could meet and associate sexually indiscriminately, like sheep and cattle in a field without a sense of humiliation, or loss of social prestige. Of course there is a milder way of stating the case, but these are the cold facts, stripped of their high lights and finishing touches. Walter Barrows could no doubt take his brushes and transform this rough sketch into a fine painting without destroying even a line. The secret, perhaps, lies in knowing how to mix the paints, and in applying them at the right change of the moon.

I do not believe that women will ever have a moral right to associate sexually with Tom, Dick, and Harry. I believe the race is going the other way. Of course she may enjoy the legal right, but can she do so and retain her self-respect in the eyes of men? Virtue will always be its own reward, and women who indulge the least sexuality (even to the point of total abstinence) will be the ones most respected and admired by men.

I do not like to mar the symmetry of "new ideals," but I cannot refrain from chastising those mad extremists who maintain that sexuality is the sole aim and goal of humanity. There are higher and nobler aims in life than the gratification of fleshly lust, and as the spiritual energies and aspirations of man unfold and expand this doctrine will gradually be accepted. Love has its rights and no sane person will regard legal restrictions regulating the same, but lust has no rights whatever, and should be condemned by all thinkers and writers. It is painful to note that there is a tendency on the part of some writers to uphold and extol bestiality from a moral point of view. This is wrong and should be discouraged. Sex association, when prompted by love is lawful and proper and can never be interfered with by gods or men; and, if indulged in honestly will never lead to quarrels or separations, for there is little danger of men or women loving two persons at the same time.

From this I do not want to be understood as opposing sexual liberty; far from it! I am unequivocally in favor of unre-



stricted liberty between the sexes, and against all legal barriers regulating the same, but I deny that any lover, man or woman, can clap his or her hands and shout hallelujah, when one he or she has loved and trusted for years turns away to the love and embraces of another. The human heart is not built that way. All should have this right, but such changes will always be accompanied by heart-aches and disappointments too deep for utterance. Like Warren, I prefer to save my embraces for the one I love best—but, I expect my mate to do as much by me.

H. F. Hadley.

It seems strange to me that any one who has read even "three or four copies of Lucifer, as H. F. Hadley says he has done, should receive the impression that we "refuse to discuss the wrongs and injustice of the present marriage system." There is probably not a week goes by in which attention is not called to some phase of this wrong.

Our correspondent may be right in saying that the average copy of Lucifer will "shock" the majority of new readers. If so, it is because they do not read it with due thought. As a matter of fact, it is the average beginner who usually expresses himself in the most "shocking," most "coarse" manner. It is on the writing of the "beginner" that the editorial pencil has to be exercised most freely to make the paper even admissible to the mails. I have thought it necessary to eliminate considerable matter from the article of Mr. Hadley (I use the prefix as a matter of convenience,) and substitute euphemisms for several words which experience and observation have taught me are dangerous to attempt to send through the mails.

But this is no new experience. In our "Lucifer Circle" meetings I have observed that it was always the consistent radical who expressed his or her ideas in "decorous" language. It was the conservative, who came there shame-facedly, evidently expecting something "off color," who indulged in "smutty" stories and innuendoes.

It is rather amusing to see the names which Mr. Hadley brackets together as representative writers of Lucifer—"Walter Harrows"—I presume he means Barton—was a typical "beginner." He had seen just one copy of Lucifer, and his impression of the paper was quite similar to that of Mr. Hadley. He, too, assumed that if we admitted the right of a person to regulate his or her affairs we thereby advocated promiscuity. In other words, he assumed that freedom of choice was synonymous with no choice. Mr. Barton's letters were not written for publication—of course his real name was suppressed—and the letters had to be "toned down" very decidedly in order that the paper containing them might be mailable. It is astonishing that any one could read them and not see that they were opposed to the policy of the paper.

The great bugaboo that so terribly frightens Mr. Hadley and Mr. Barton, is a creature of their imagination—promiscuity. When an issue of Lucifer is named in which promiscuity is advocated, there will be time to defend it against the charge. I have not yet seen that paper.

Mr. Hadley thinks it necessary to "chastise those who maintain that sexuality is the sole aim and goal of humanity." But who does so maintain? I know of no one who comes nearer to it than the person who assumes that, granted liberty, people must inevitably go to excess. Who is it who thinks that a certain act is the inevitable consequence of a man and woman taking the liberty to be alone together?

In liberty Mr. Hadley will have the right to reserve himself for any woman who wants him; but he will not have the right to hold any one to him by force. As long as she voluntarily desires to remain with him it is her right to do so; but liberty will nullify that old edict of law: "Once consent, always consent."

Mr. Hadley will also have the right to give his admiration and respect to the woman of no sexual experience—(quite a "dividing up" that will be, to be sure, when his highest admira-

tion and respect are given to a woman other than the one on whom he bestows his "embraces"! But what an upheaval of ideals it would involve, should the rest of the world agree with him! For instance think of the apotheosis of the "withered" and hopeless "old maid," and the accompanying fall from the admiration of men of the "irresistible, charming widow," and the dethronement of the "household queen"—the Mother! Our friend is a great iconoclast.

L. H.

Boston has in its rivers and harbor thirty places belonging to the city for open-air bathing in summer. Other cities have considerable, though in most cases inferior, facilities of the sort. Chicago, with twenty-five miles of lake front, has one public bathing beach "for children," in Lincoln park, and two admirable tanks, one for men and the other for women, in Douglas Park. Swimming is an exercise which for wholesomeness and exhilaration is second to none other in the world, and yet the inhabitants of this city have but slight enjoyment of it.

Moreover, bathing suits are a nuisance to carry about, and to many a burdensome expense if rented. Bathing beaches are being provided in the East and abroad where no suits are required. Such beaches have proved entirely unobjectionable. Chicago needs ample places—apart from the Chicago River—where her youths can swim, and in some of these "costume" might well be dispensed with.—Chicago Tribune.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 36.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 16, E. M. 299, [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 779

### If We Knew.

Could we but draw the curtains,  
That surround each others lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and troubles,  
Knew the efforts all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment—  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim, eternal roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Should we help, where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden forces;  
Knowing not the faintest action  
Is less turbid at its source,  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good—  
Oh! we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.

—Sel.

### The Idea of God and Sex Purity.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

"What has the idea of a God to do with this scientific subject (sex purity)?" asks "A Freethinker" in "The Christian Life," and the editor of that paper answers: "God, with many, means the highest conception of love, truth, purity and justice. Put it in this light, if you please, and see how important such ideal thought is in its relation to the question of sex purity."

The objection to Brother Caldwell's use of the word God in the sense indicated is that it is a limitation of the God idea, for the word God does not mean the same thing to any two persons. Much of the evil of the marriage institution is due to the fact that millions of persons attribute to God a restrictive power antagonistic to the course of nature, although, paradoxically enough, they call this course of nature "God's law" in every case except where it pertains to the impulses and affections of human beings. For man, they believe, God has had to supplement his natural laws by revelations, as if an omniscient being would not know enough to make laws that require no amendment by revelation.

I do not believe it is necessary to appeal to the God idea to show the desirability of right living. But Brother Caldwell may reply that right living means living as God intends us to live. All people, however, do not agree as to what is God's intent and many contend that there is no evidence that God has any intent. For that reason I think unnecessary argument can be avoided by saying that right living is living in such a way as to promote the welfare and happiness of humanity so far as we are able to do so.

Brother Caldwell and I may be able to show to our Christian friends that marital slavery is not in accord with the

general teachings of the Bible, but in order to impress the horrors of this slavery on the thousands who do not care anything about what the Bible teaches it is necessary to take a broader ground. For that reason I prefer to appeal to the sense of justice in men and women.

"The unprincipled man would take advantage of the woman to whom he was not legally married, and deprive his children of their rights to an inheritance in his property. The law protects the wife and children when the husband and father has property which rightfully belongs to them." So says the editor of "The Christian Life." But would not an unprincipled man also take advantage of the woman to whom he is legally married? Has not Brother Caldwell's paper cited numerous cases of this kind? What worse advantage can a man take of a woman than a sexual advantage? Are not advantages of this kind taken thousands of times in wedlock where they are taken once outside of marriage? Is it not true that an unprincipled man can, and often does, squander his property and thereby deprives his wife and children of their inheritance? How then does the law protect them? Apparently Brother Caldwell's argument is that marriage is necessary only when the man is unprincipled. But what woman will marry a man whom she believes to be unprincipled? And if she discovers after marriage that he is unprincipled is that not all the more reason why she should be free to leave him? Will Brother Caldwell contend that she, for the sake of an inheritance for herself and children, should continue to live with him and "submit to his demands however unjust and tyrannical he may be"? His own words declare "Such an idea is a travesty of justice . . . and indicates, in those who entertain it, a serious mental defect, if not moral perversity."

"If parties marry for any other consideration except mutual love and affection," Brother Caldwell says, "they commit a serious mistake." Do they not commit just as serious a mistake if they remain married and live together for any other consideration? Yet Brother Caldwell in such a case apparently thinks, figuratively speaking, that they should grin and bear it.

Here is the proof of it. One of his readers writes: "We know there is an awful responsibility resting upon woman, but what can she do until she is treated differently by the father of her children?"

Note his answer: "If she has tried love coupled with firmness and enforced by heavenly wisdom, patiently and persistently, without effect, let her keep on. She will certainly develop in herself the noblest qualities of mind, heart and soul, and if she bears children, they will inherit most noble principles and tendencies."

With a firm belief in Brother Caldwell's honesty and his sincerity of purpose in endeavoring to promote sexual purity, I must say that I consider such advice to a woman atrocious. In the first place I can not see how the course he prescribes could be approved by either "heavenly" or earthly wisdom. I can not believe that submission by a woman to a careless and incor-

siderate husband will have a tendency to develop in her "the noblest qualities of mind, heart and soul." On the contrary I should think it would tend to destroy her individuality and degrade her womanhood to the extent that she would be unfit for motherhood.

"Let her keep right on," is Brother Caldwell's advice to a woman who has done all in her power to secure from an inconsiderate husband a respect for her right to be exempt from sexual invasion. Yet in the same issue of his paper he prints a story by Mrs. McVean-Adams showing the effect of such keeping right on. The story is about a woman preacher who has been talking to a western ranchman about the breeding of cattle. The ranchman says:

"That woman stood there, lookin' just as innocent, and when I was all done, she sez, 'sez she, 'I have been told that cattle were better card for than women, in this free country,' sez she, 'and now I know it is true.'"

"How do you make that out?" sez I.

"O, I go about so much, an' often women tell me things. Being a stranger an' on the wing, they open their hearts to me—broken hearts, lots of them," sez she. "An' I hear about babies born before their time; babies born dead, babies born idiotic, babies born deformed, babies born beautiful to look at, but stamped with sensuality, which early destroys them; babies born healthful, but dying in convulsions, because the mother's milk is spoiled by excitement; and I think how blessed it would be if some of the good common sense that causes men to obey this 'aw of nature in the care of cattle, could be used in the care of human bodies and immortal souls.'"

Unmindful of the antagonism of this story to his advice to a suffering wife voiced in the words "Let her keep right on," he adds a line at the bottom of the story saying "We hope to have Mrs. Adams' contributions regularly for publication in these columns."

"The Christian Life" is doing a good work however. Its principles are very near in accord with those of The Light Bearer and it reaches many people who are not far enough advanced for the radical views expressed in Lucifer—those who are not ready to discard tradition but must be made to see that a proposed reform is in accord with their own standard of morality. Among its announced principles are:

"The divine right of every child to be well born and welcomed into existence.

"The improvement of the race through the observance of pre-natal laws and improved environments.

"The character of children should be improved by right thought and action on the part of parents during the pre-natal existence of their children.

"Parents can, and should, endow their children with a better heredity than they themselves possess.

"We believe in the right of woman to determine when she shall assume the maternal office.

"The two things that most powerfully affect humanity for good or ill—heredity and environment—should be made as good as possible.

"Ignorance is a fruitful source of vice; therefore wise instruction of the young is a good preventive, and a wise investment.

"A child born of mutual love, wisdom and goodness, rightly environed, is sure to be a blessing to the world.

"Stirpiculture—the improvement of humanity through pre-natal influences, etc.—is a most important science."

"The Christian Life" is published quarterly by the National Purity Association, 81 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Man's senses have been his arch-deceivers, and his preconceptions their abettors, throughout human history; . . . advance has been possible only as he has escaped through the discipline of the intellect from the illusive impressions about phenomena which the senses convey.—Edward Clodd, "Pioneers of Evolution," p. 150.

## In a Far-off World.

From "Dreams," Olive Schreiner.

There is a world in one of the far-off stars, and things do not happen here as they happen there.

In that world were a man and woman; they had one work, and they walked together side by side on many days, and were friends—and that is a thing that happens now and then in this world also.

But there was something in that star-world that there is not here. There was a thick wood: where the trees grew closest, and the stems were interlocked, and the summer sun never shone, there stood a shrine. In the day all was quiet, but at night, when the stars shone or the moon glinted on the tree-tops and all was quiet below, if one crept here quite alone and knelt on the steps of the stone altar, and uncovering one's breast, so wounded that the blood fell down on the altar steps, then whatever he who knelt there wished for was granted him. And all this happens, as I said, because it is a far-off world, and things often happen there as they do not happen here.

Now, the man and woman walked together; and the woman wished well to the man. One night when the moon was shining so that the leaves of all the trees glinted, and the waves of the sea were silvery, the woman walked alone to the forest. It was dark there; the moonlight fell in little flecks on the dead leaves under her feet, and the branches were knotted tight overhead. Farther in it got darker, not even a fleck of moonlight shone. Then she came to the shrine; she knelt down before it and prayed; there came no answer. Then she uncovered her breast: and with a sharp two-edged stone that lay there she wounded it. The drops dripped slowly down on to the stone, and a voice cried, "What do you seek?"

She answered, "There is a man; I hold him nearer than any thing. I would give him the best of all blessings."

The voice said, "What is it?"

The girl said, "I know not, but that which is most good for him I wish him to have."

The voice said, "Your prayer is answered; he shall have it."

Then she stood up. She covered her breast and held the garment tight upon it with her hand, and ran out of the forest, and the dead leaves fluttered under her feet. Out in the moonlight the soft air was blowing, and the sand glittered on the beach. She ran along the smooth shore, then suddenly she stood still. Out across the water there was something moving. She shaded her eyes and looked. It was a boat; it was sliding swiftly over the moonlit water out to sea. One stood upright in it; the face the moonlight did not show, but the figure she knew. It was passing swiftly; it seemed as if no one propelled it; the moonlight's shimmer did not let her see clearly, and the boat was far from shore, but it seemed almost as if there was another figure sitting in the stern. Faster and faster it glided over the water away, away. She ran along the shore; she came no nearer it. The garment she had held closed fluttered open; she stretched out her arms, and the moonlight shone on her long loose hair.

Then a voice beside her whispered, "What is it?"

She cried, "With my blood I bought the best of all gifts for him. I have come to bring it him! He is going from me!"

The voice whispered softly, "Your prayer was answered. It has been given him."

She cried, "What is it?"

The voice answered, "It is that he might leave you."

The girl stood still. Far out at sea the boat was lost to sight beyond the moonlight sheen.

The voice spoke softly, "Art thou contented?"

She said, "I am contented."

At her feet the waves broke in long ripples softly on the shore.

## THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

A discussion between Juliet M. Roy and David Jones. The opposing principles are clearly and briefly stated. Valuable to those who want to possess the strong points of both sides of the question. Price, 10 cents. "Life and Health or How to Live a Century," by the same author. Price, 10 cents. "A Lecture on Religious, Political and Social Freedom." Price, 5 cents. A set, one of each, for 25 cents.



## Specialization in Industry.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

The impression made by the chapter on division of labor in "Wealth of Nations" was so strong as to force me at the age of thirteen to Mr. Kerr's conclusion that the state should centralize all production to make specialization more minute and exact. Further study made it apparent how much more tyrannical the state would become after the union with industry and what a poor manager it is anyway. Still further research brought to light some contrasts between two ideals, the one of great aggregations of labor and capital under one control, the other of just as great assemblages of labor and capital though not owned by one or a few but controlled separately in small parcels by individual owners and workers. This latter conception allows industry the completest specialization and the greatest economy and is the one to which Mr. Kerr has not yet attained.

He does not see how twenty or thirty men can be efficiently engaged in making a pin unless they have a boss over them and use tools and machinery and a building owned by the large capitalist or the state. He has never imagined twenty men each in his own shop joining his special labor to the pin and selling it to the owner of the next shop who adds his work and passes it on to the next at a slightly increased price. He has not contemplated a manufacturer of steam power selling the same to each shop as demand arises. He has not hoped to see the manufacturing of the future done in cheap, safe, low buildings rather than in costly, unsafe sky scrapers which are a product of the artificial scarcity of land even if they do otherwise admit of some unimportant economies. He has not realized the saving of clerical labor where red tape does not play a part as it must in large concerns and in government business. What Mr. Kerr has conceived is a pocket linen factory in each man's house and he has wasted his breath in punching this man of straw.

The important point is aggregation, not control. Still it is not necessary to regard every shop or mine as presenting the extreme example of one man working for himself in a center where are congregated thousands of others working for themselves each with his little capital, though something like this would be the condition of a majority of the producers. But the nature of some supplies requires that a number of men be associated in furnishing them, as say in bridge building. Even this business may not involve a large plant under one control as possibly industry may yet become so nearly perfectly differentiated that the builders of bridges will buy ready-made all the parts going to make up the complete bridge, giving their orders to quarries, foundries and machine shops as needed. Men will associate in bridge building as equal partners, but even if one man should own and manage the business and hire others, there would be no denial of the superior possibilities of individual industry, as the wages paid must be very high when land and money are free so that any one may work for himself when not satisfied with the wages offered.

Where rent and interest do not exist, there will be no single fortune large enough to yield the amount of capital needed to reduce the power of Niagara on a grand scale to a form convenient for use in shops; but private initiative is equal to the occasion when workers are free. Out of millions of workmen in possession of a snug little capital of many thousands of dollars each enough will be ready to combine their means into a large concern to accomplish this end. This beats the control of great capitalists or of the state, especially when we consider that they would have to sell the power at about the cost of producing it.

It is not the centralization of business but its union with the state that is ruining the small competitor. Natural centralization will make no rule of hurting anybody.

How can Mr. Kerr think that "this centralization" that is ruining small competitors "is quite independent of land systems, money systems, and tariffs and inevitably follows from free competition"? Can it be possible that he believes that the

power of the coal barons and oil kings would not be greatly impaired if the principle of occupancy and use were to be observed and the state were to discontinue backing them up in withholding coal fields and oil lands from use? And does he suppose that railroads could collect their present exorbitant charges if interest were to be abolished, as it would be under a free money system? And is he confident that tariffs and other interferences with trade do not put into some pockets the profits that they take out of other pockets?

It is strange to hear Herbert Spencer's name invoked on Mr. Kerr's side of this controversy. The author of the "Synthetic Philosophy" would be surprised to hear state industry called heterogeneous and individual initiative homogeneous.

Mr. Kerr has not yet furnished a single example of the freeing of the public by a combine unaided by government. Sir Thomas Lipton was aided by the state as every captain of industry is helped in a country where exist rent and interest: these are government products benefiting the strong as much as special favors would, and acting very much as would a law protecting everybody in the use of their fists. The joint-stock companies of England two or three centuries ago were aided more or less by the state as the government was not allowing business freedom at that time. The nine dollars charged by the twenty-two hotels must be about a fair price for board under the circumstances or else private houses would soon enter the field in taking table boarders. A dollar is not charged for four cans of condensed milk in other villages, why in the one referred to? When Mr. Kerr was challenged to produce a single instance of gulling the public by a free combination, it was intended that a case should be given of defrauded persons sufficiently numerous and near enough to civilization to be entitled to the dignity of being called the public. Also, it was intended that the example should be selected from developed industry as no one disputes that undue gains occur at times at the dawn of industry or during the early stages of developing business as in the matter of the joint-stock companies mentioned, though it is evident that excessive profits tend to disappear.

In Mr. Kerr's first reply to Mr. Harman he undertook to show that combines can prosper as well in a country of free money, free land and free trade as in a country where monopoly law exists. He will make little headway in establishing this contention until he produces some evidence that interferences with business do not assist combines in robbing the public.

Morrisville, Sept. 3, 1899.

## As to the Heathen.

Bolton Hall.

We met to consider what was the trouble with the heathen. They all talked at once, so that nobody except myself could hear what anybody said.

"He wastes the skins of his bananas," said the college student.

"He drinks too much rum, when we send it to him," said the Good Templar.

"He does not acquire any land," said the political reformer.

"Nor indeed any of his neighbor's goods," said the business man.

"He spends too much on his funeral rites," said the superintendent of the poor.

"He talks too much about his other rights," said the senator.

"Send him to the country," said the city missionary.

"Send him to—!" said the practical politician.

"We must share with him the blessings of our civilization," said the stock broker.

"Send the soldiers after him," said the expansionist.

"And some Bibles, too," said the parson. "I have read that Bibles when in the soldiers' pockets, often stop bullets."

I stood up and said nothing. At this they were greatly astonished, and when all had ceased talking I read:

"Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte and when he is made ye make him two-fold more a child of hell than yourselves."

The meeting broke up in confusion.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Current Comments.

An object lesson of much significance is contained in the following "special to the New York 'Herald' from Washington":

"When Admiral Dewey is formally detached from sea duty immediately after the return of the Olympia next month, he will be granted an indefinite leave of absence and only assigned to duty again upon his own application. If the admiral holds to his reported determination to retire he will be placed on the retired list on December 26, when he will be 62 years old. There will be no change in the admiral's pay upon his retirement."

So long as honors such as these, and so long as such pecuniary rewards, continue to be showered upon those whose occupation is the killing of their fellow human beings, is there any good ground of hope that war will ever cease to be attractive to the ambitious, the enterprising and the "patriotic" youth of the United States? With the example given us in this Philippine war,—this wholesale butchery of a people whose only crime is that they ask to be free and independent, the young men of today with military aspirations are warranted in the belief that there will always be opportunities for putting to practice their profession, and of gaining renown and wealth in the business of soldier.

In speaking of the pension business Commissioner H. Clay Evans says he is a "believer in generous giving of pensions to the defenders of this nation, and it is my duty as an officer to administer the laws as laid down by Congress."

Very natural, indeed, that a man in receipt of a salary many times larger than the income he could possibly earn at hard productive labor, should be a believer in the policy or plan of pensioning soldiers or soldiers' widows. Without such policy on the part of the government there would be no office or officer called "Commissioner of Pensions." But how is it with the producers of all wealth—the ill-paid toilers in mines, in factories, and on the farm? Do these people want a pension department with its high-salaried officials, its discriminations in favor of army officers and their widows, its endless rolls of red tape, giving employment to legions of hungry place-hunters?

"Defenders of the nation." Admitting that there is an element of justice in awarding pensions to surviving soldiers who defended the "nation" against foreign invaders, how is it when that nation is itself the invader, as in the case of the American army now invading the Philippine Islands?

Proceeding, Commissioner Evans says:

"In the year 1878 the amount paid in round numbers was \$27,800,000; new laws were enacted and in 1881 the law known as the arrears act was put into practice so that in 1889 there were paid for pensions \$88,700,000 and in 1890, June 27, the 'New Law' as it is known was passed and during the next three years, '91, '92 and '93, there were over 600,000 names added to the roll and in 1893 the amount paid for pensions was almost \$157,000,000. In the year 1899 the average pension under the same law is \$165.70 or about 25 per cent. higher."

Think of adding five hundred thousand new names to the pension list, in three years and after a lapse of thirty years, or nearly so, from the close of the then last war! Why not put everybody on the pension lists, "Confederates" included? And

what of the moral honesty, what of the sense of manly independence of the general public, when the chief aim in life of a very large proportion of that general public seems to be to get into the pensioned class? That is, the class supported at public cost, including, of course, all who in any way draw pay from government, state or national.

At present rate of increase, is it not reasonable to expect that in less than fifty years from this date the annual expenditure for pensions—added to salaries of government officials—will absorb the greater portion of the earnings of the real producers of wealth?

M. HARMAN.

## Additions to Our Special Offer.

### "IN BRIGHTER CLIMES; OR, LIFE IN SOCIOLAND."

We are authorized by the author, Albert Chavannes, to add the above to our "Special Offer" list, he generously agreeing to contribute to Lucifer all copies ordered during the next two weeks.

This is a "realistic novel." In the prefatory remarks the author tells this little story, which he takes from a comic paper: "Two girls with the advanced ideas which are becoming so popular are conversing together. One of them asks her friend:

"Have you seen 'L—'s?' naming a play.

"Yes, I have," says the other.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know," is the answer; "nothing very bad, yet it is hardly the kind of a play where a young girl would want to take her mother!"

"The lesson of this short dialogue," says Mr. Chavannes, "is that the new generation is undergoing a reaction from the stilted prudery of this century. They are not more immoral, but there is less hypocrisy, and they are learning that the best safeguard for proper conduct is personal character and not the artificial restraints of society."

"It may be that this book is hardly the kind that a young girl of our day would want to put in the hands of her mother; but I believe there is nothing in it that can possibly harm the morals of a right-minded person, and that if objection is made to it on that score, it will come from that fast diminishing class of persons who mistake ignorance for purity."

### "A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC RIVERS."

Last week we announced that we could fill no more orders for Henry D. Thoreau's book of the foregoing title. The generous friend who had contributed the copies advertised has now sent us enough cloth-bound copies to fill previously-received orders, and has added twelve copies in paper covers. Judging by the rapidity with which the others were taken, these will be gone in less than a week.

### "DREAMS."

This well-known work by Olive Schreiner, is a book without which no library of liberal thought is complete. We have sold many copies of it; but if there be any of Lucifer's readers who have it not, this opportunity should not be neglected. A small number has been contributed for Lucifer's benefit. The same friend has contributed, also, a few copies (companion-pieces in binding) of

### "AULD LIGHT IDYLS,"

by J. M. Barrie. The secret of the charm of this author's writing is found in the fact that he pictures "real folks" such as were seen in the little sketch from his pen which we published a few weeks ago, entitled "The Tragedy of a Wife."

### "THE COMING RACE."

This is one of Bulwer's best-known works. Though not altogether in line with Lucifer, it is of interest as a forerunner of such books as Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

For further description, prices, etc., of these books see the "Special Offer" on last page of this issue. And if you are interested in the matter, do not forget that the offer holds good for only two more weeks.

Send to us for descriptive circulars of "A Physician in the House," 800 pages. Price reduced to \$2.50.



## From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Undoubtedly "Mrs. M. E. W." is correct in saying there are many negro women who stand on the streets and "tempt" men who are susceptible to such temptation. It is equally true that many white women are engaged in a similar occupation. And cases have been heard of, too, in which white men have "tempted" white women. But what of the mulattoes who are more than thirty-five years old?—(for surely no one will claim that all are under that age.) I have never heard that the negro woman of ante-bellum days spent much of her time standing on the streets selling herself. It was usually the "susceptible" and "virtuous" white man who sold her and often his own offspring as well.

So the white people of the south object to negroes holding federal office because they do not like to be "ruled over" by the "inferior race!" I was not previously aware of the fact that a postmaster ruled the patrons of his office. Yet postmaster elect Baker and his little child were burned to death because of this desire to "rule over" his fellow citizens! There is a "color line" in heroism, as well as in morals, it seems. If a white man, appointed to office in a negro community should allow himself to be intimidated and driven out he would be considered a coward. If he should defend his rights, even to the death, he would be hailed as a hero. Why should the act which is denounced as foolhardy in a negro be applauded as courageous in another man, merely because of difference in color? The charge which "Mrs. M. E. W." in the last paragraph of her letter, makes against the citizens of Montgomery is very severe; but doubtless she knows whereof she speaks.

"Some women go off and have a good cry, when they should go off and hunt a big club, and use it."

There is too much energy wasted in crying and sighing by both women and men. It may be well to let off a little steam, occasionally; but the engine which is always letting off steam, doesn't accomplish much else. When the engine is doing the most work it wastes the least steam, and as a rule the man or woman who does the most effective work spends the least time in aimless fretting.

I agree with Rev. Sidney Holmes in his characterization of Mr. Caldwell's advice to an abused wife as "atrocious." Slavish submission is not my ideal of the "highest quality" attainable by woman. But even if it were, what would such submission develop in the man? When a mother permits a child to invade the rights of others—when it learns that by kicking and screaming it may attain its desires, no matter how unreasonable,—she may by her submission to the child develop her highest qualities of mind, heart and soul, but I doubt it. It is certain, however, that the qualities developed in the child are far from the highest. It grows narrowly selfish, unlovely, and is disliked and shunned by all who come in contact with it. Just so the woman who submits to the invasive desires of her husband is his worst enemy in that she cultivates the growth of narrowly selfish and unlovely traits in his character. The domestic tyrant who owns a submissive wife is one of the most disagreeable creatures that walks the earth. Every one has met him many times. And this is equally true of the tyrannical wife mated to a submissive husband. The wisely loving mother, wife, and husband will refuse to submit to invasion, and that for the highest good of the loved child, husband, or wife, as well as for their own.

"The man  
Of virtuous soul, commands not, nor obeys."

Mr. Brinkerhoff thinks Mr. Kerr combats a "man of straw" when Mr. Kerr ignores the fact that by a division of labor men may be self-employing and independent. Why, then, does he assume that each woman must necessarily be her own house-

keeper, nurse-maid and wage-earner at the same time? A working man is supposed to be able to support himself and wife and five children; he earns the wages and she acts as house-keeper and child-nurse. Is it inconceivable that two or more women may co-operate similarly so far as the economic relation is concerned? Suppose five women choose to live together. Three are wage-earners and they pay one of the remaining to take care of the children, and the other to take care of the house. In that way they could easily support five children and themselves. But it is probable that they would not care to live alone. It is probable that their lovers or husbands would like to live with them. They could easily take a larger house, and the money which these men would pay for board and rooms would enable the mothers to have more children, if they so desired. This plan is practicable, as I know by both observation and experience. Of course we may fancy beautiful ideals for the future, and we should strive to attain them, but I do not believe in leaving everything to the future. I know a great many women who are self-supporting, but not one of my acquaintance (even of those who support a husband in addition to self and children) subsists on black bread alone and lives in but one room. Certainly there are such women; but they are not the women who hold new ideas of feminine independence. They are of the class who work for their husbands in the fields,—sometimes harnessed to the plow—who bear large families of children, and are "supported" by their husbands. In addition to their other labors, they often run the "pocket linen factory," spinning, weaving, cutting and sewing the garments for their family. But the paper is nearly ready to go to press, so for the present I must leave Mr. Brinkerhoff's "black-bread" woman in Mr. Kerr's "pocket-linen factory." We can afford to laugh at both these bogies. Their time is almost past.

## Facial Expression as Evidence.

BY C. F. HUNT.

Hereafter evidence in courts will deal largely with opinions and facial expressions, if the methods of the Dreyfus trial are to be followed. It will therefore be necessary to employ a kodak man to aid the shorthand reporter. The opinions and the facial expressions must both be placed on record. Had this been done in the Dreyfus trial, the speech of an attorney for the defendant might be supposed to resemble the following:

"Here, gentlemen, we have a photograph of Patty de Lobster just as he is saying he is too sick to appear in court. Note the evasive expression. Note this picture of Gen. Taramum as he says 'I am firmly convinced that the prisoner is guilty.' Compare its wild and haggard look with this picture of Col. Boomderay as he hurls back defiance in these words: 'I am sure the prisoner is innocent.'"

"Here we have Gen. Cordey changing his mind, also a snap shot before changing and one afterwards. These pictures alone ought to clear the accused. Here is a moving picture showing Col. Picquart springing to his feet and protesting. You will hear what the protest was if necessary. Here again is Col. Joust saying to M. Labori, 'Your tone is improper,' also a silhouette of the tone. This shows M. Labori answering respectfully. 'Gentlemen, these pictures will, I am sure, give you an impression that you probably ought to set the prisoner free, if they do not, I shall be sorry there were not more pictures taken.'"

## A Correction.

In my article on "The Centralization of Industry" in No. 776 appears a misprint, which entirely destroys the argument. Describing a combine of hotel-keepers to raise the price of board from \$7 to \$9 a week, I said, "Four of the hotels started subsequently, but all adopted the \$9 tariff." This was accidentally printed "the \$7 tariff."

R. B. KERR.

Remember we are always glad to receive names and addresses for sample copies. Stamps for same are welcome, too; but send along the names, anyway.

# Feeling is Old; Thought is Young.

Edward Clodd, "The Powers of Evolution."

The fact abides that the great mass of supernatural beliefs which have persisted from the lower culture till now, and which are still held by an overwhelming majority of civilized mankind are referable to causes concomitant with man's mental development—causes operative throughout history. The low intellectual environment of his barbaric past was constant for thousands of years, and his adaptation thereto was complete. The intrusion of the scientific method in its application to man disturbed that equilibrium. But this, as yet, only superficially. Like the foraminifera that persist in the ocean depths, the great majority of mankind have remained, but slightly, if at all, modified; thus illustrating the truth of the doctrine of evolution in their psychological history. (For that doctrine does not imply all-round continuous advance. "Let us never forget," Mr. Spencer says in *Social Statics*, "that the law is—adaptation to circumstances, be they what they may.") Therefore the superstitions that still dominate the life of man, even in so-called civilized centers, are no stumbling blocks to us. They are supports along the path of inquiry, because we account for their persistence. Thought and feeling have a common base, because man is a unit, a duality. But the exercise of the one has been active from the beginnings of his history—indeed we know not at what point backward we can classify it as human or quasi-human while the other, speaking comparatively, has but recently been called into play. So far as its influence on the modern world goes may we not say that it began, at least in the domain of scientific naturalism, with the Ionian philosophers? Emotionally, we are hundreds of years old; rationally, we are embryos. In other words, man wondered countless ages before he reasoned because feeling travels along the line of least resistance, while thought, or the challenge by inquiry—therefore the assumption that there may be two sides to a question—must pursue a path obstructed by the dominance of custom, the force of imitation, and the strength of prejudice and fear. It is here that anthropology, notably that psychological branch of it comprehended under folk-lore, takes up the cue from the momentous doctrine of heredity; explains the persistence of the primitive; and the causes of man's tardy escape from the illusions of the senses, and the general conservatism of human nature. "Born into life in vain, opinions, those or these, unaltered to retain the obstinate mind decrees," as in the striking illustration cited in Heines's *Travel Pictures*. "A few years ago Bullock dug up an ancient stone idol in Mexico, and the next day he found that it had been crowned during the night with flowers. And yet the Spaniard had exterminated the old Mexican religion with fire and sword and for three centuries had been engaged in plowing and harrowing their minds and implanting the seed of Christianity." The causes of error and delusion, and of the spiritual nightmares of olden time, being made clear, there is begotten a generous sympathy with that which empirical notions of human nature attributed to wilfulness or to man's fall from a high estate. Superstitions which are the outcome of ignorance can awaken only pity.

## From Their Point of View.

Henry B. Platt is dead. He leaves \$10,000,000. His will provides that the estate must not be divided until his grandson, now four years old, shall be of age. By the time the estate is divided it should amount to \$100,000,000. Somebody will have to earn that extra ninety millions between now and the baby's coming of age.

Money, or rather the property which it represents, is made by human effort. Somebody, or rather a vast collection of "somebodies," have got to make \$90,000,000 worth of human effort that a four-year-old baby may, after seventeen years of idleness, get more money than any man should have.

Does it seem to you that a system of this kind needs a change, or is it anarchy to suggest any change? In the latter case the men who founded this country in which you take such

pride were anarchists, for they legislated especially against the piling up of great fortunes for future generations.

With this idea in mind, they forbade the entailment of estates, although their wildest dreams never included a \$100,000,000 fortune as a possible result of entail.—*New York Journal*.

Magistrate Crane has put forth the judicial dictum that "the idea of a respectable woman being out in the streets"—by which he meant in a cab on a journey home from a party—"at 2 o'clock in the morning is absurd. It's monstrous to believe the story."

Now, as a matter of fact many respectable women are out in cabs or street cars or elevated trains at that hour every morning in the year. Some of them have been attending social functions. A great number of them are honest working women whose employment compels them to be out at such hours. The women who write for newspapers must often turn in copy very late at night. The women who do stenography and typewriting are often busy until the small hours. And as these honest, earnest women cannot afford chaperonage, they must go home alone late at night.

To assume that they are not "respectable" because of their hours is a monstrous injustice. A magistrate should devote himself rather to such an enforcement of the law as would render them perfectly safe in their lonely late travels. For in a civilized city it should be perfectly safe for anybody—man, woman or child—to traverse any street at any hour of the twenty-four. It is the duty of a magistrate to protect women, not to insult them.—*New York World*.

The Pilgrim Fathers looked on worry as a divine heritage to be carefully cherished.

When they didn't have anything to worry them they went out and found it.

When crops were good and Indians minded their own business they went on the still hunt for something to worry about.

There is something fascinating about worry. It is the only thing you can lose in the dark and find without trouble. And it is the one thing which sticketh closer than a brother.

Several antidotes for worry have been tried. Don't worry clubs have been formed all over the country. The latest cure for worry is laughter.

Men, it is claimed, are willing to catch pleasure as it flies. But women must have everything "just so" before they can enjoy themselves, and then they are usually too tired.

"Worry is a disease," said a woman lecturer, to women the other day in Chicago, "but fortunately not incurable. Women say that one can't be laughing when worried. You might be as hurried but you would not be as worried if you laughed."

"I happened to speak once of my husband to a little girl and she said:

"Why, I didn't think you were married."

"Why?" I asked.

"Cause you laugh so much."

"Wasn't that a commentary on matrimony?"—*New York World*.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. H. G. D., Durant Ia.—Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me "Karezza." If it teaches controlled maternity it is just the book for which I have been looking.

Electa Dodd, Arlington, Neb.—Have just received the last number of my subscription, and I am glad to be able to renew for another year. I would sadly miss Lucile's bright face, and the light it brings each week. Long may it live to diffuse the much needed light that it always brings. Glad the editor is improving, even slowly.

Emma Neiswender, Grove City, Ohio.—I have received much benefit and light through Lucile which will aid me in securing



a greater liberty the rest of my life. Every woman who can gain her financial independence should do so. I believe the larger parts of estates should be given to our daughters and freedom will come sooner than by the ballot. In Ohio if the wife outlives her husband she gets the income from one third the estate for life; if she dies first, nothing. It is time she began to accumulate in her own name. Enclosed find seventy-five cents for *Lucifer*, twenty-five cents for "Woman in the Past, Present and Future," by Aug. Bebel, and fifteen cents for "Light-Bearer Library."

E. Williams, Room 17 Hale Bldg. Stockton, Cal.—A copy of your publication, *Lucifer*, dated April 14 '97 is in my possession. Not knowing whether it is still published or not I venture to communicate with you. I shall be pleased to become a subscriber if it is still published. I presume you accept stamps for any publication under a dollar. Kindly forward to the above address "The Red Heart in a White World" for which I enclose stamps. I should like to know if there are any people in this vicinity, in sympathy with your objects, any circles organized, and what are the conditions for enrollment. Being a stranger in this part of the state and not associated with any fraternal or religious body, I find it difficult to become acquainted with a class of people liberal in thought and kind in deeds. Any information in this regard will be thankfully received.

[Yes, we take stamps in payment of small bills. It is contrary to our custom to give names of subscribers, but we hope friends in Stockton and vicinity will communicate with the writer of the foregoing letter. L. H.]

Mrs. M. E. W., Montgomery, Ala.—Fifteen years a resident among people of whom more than half are negroes, I have had an opportunity of personal knowledge. I know that they get all they inherit, are treated kindly by the white people, are encouraged in honesty and truthfulness which is rare among them. The white people are glad that slavery is abolished, they would not have the responsibility on their hands again. A negro rapist is not executed till they have ample proof—a confession; and the criminal is taken to the bedside of the injured woman, (this occurred in Montgomery only about four years ago.) Life Strickland's execution was an act of an excited mob, was a wrong, and denounced by the rational class of people. An assault on a negro woman by a white man is unheard of in our vicinity. The woman stands on the streets and lures the honest, virtuous white man in her web if he has not stamina enough to resist temptation. They are proud of the white blood. It is the mulatto that aspires above the animal. I repeat what I have previously said—if Northern sympathizers of the negro element will come South and live among them, they will change their views in regard to barbarism. Negroes are fed and many of them are clothed by the white people. I do not refer to such men as Booker Washington—I wish that they were all like him. He like many of our best colored element, has white man's blood running through his veins, which elevates him many degrees above the animal negro. We have a number of talented business colored men in our city who command respect and receive it from our best citizens, but we have no colored element that can command positions as office holders, and have power to rule over the white people.

Postmaster-elect Baker was informed that he could not be post master in that town, and he should have been wise enough to have resigned his office. Booker Washington could not hold an office in this city. He is too intelligent to attempt to hold such a position as Postmaster elect Baker did. Capital punishment I abhor—let the criminal live out a natural life in prison, work for the benefit of the state, be fed well, treated kindly that he may learn to love this world and pass out with love in his soul instead of hate.

Mr. Morton has a perfect right to come here and put himself on equality with the negro element, can live neighbor to them, hire a negro woman to cook, ride in a carriage with them so long

as the appearance of a servant is maintained, but if he should attempt to escort a negro woman through the streets of Montgomery he would end his career in the lockup.

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff, Morrisville, Pa.—The average woman without talent and not exceptionally strong physically or mentally can support herself and children by her own labor if she will live in one small room, eat black bread and wear second-hand clothes. Black bread is very sustaining, little else being absolutely necessary in the line of eating. She need not work very hard nor every day in the week, and she can lay something by for a rainy day.

But when we question whether women can earn their own living and the support of their children, we do not mean the scale of living outlined above; we mean to inquire whether they can earn such a living as working people are used to in this country. When we consider how long it takes sometimes to find employment and how much sickness costs, we must admit that the present condition of the labor market does not enable women in general to obtain fair support for themselves and children without help from some quarter.

Let us look into the future. Free individual industry, when fully developed will enable women as well as men to earn ten dollars a day. That is, a day's labor will buy what can now be bought for ten dollars. At first blush it will seem as if the new woman would on the average be able to earn ample support for herself and children; but when that day arrives the standard of living will have been so raised that ten dollars will seem like a mere pittance and the woman trying to live upon it will feel as a woman now feels who occupies one room, eats black bread and wears cast off clothing. For it must be remembered that there is this difference between the power of a woman to earn wages and the wage-earning power of a man: the man earns ten dollars right along for perhaps forty years; the woman earns ten dollars a day while she works and *nothing* during pregnancy, lactation, the sickness of children, and at other times. If women do not work when home duties properly require their attention, it is doubtful if they can on this supposition be credited with more than five dollars a day for forty years. Consequently, when women earn ten dollars a day they can keep their home up to only the five-dollars-a-day standard.

So there is fallacy in the assumption that when women become self sustaining the support question will be settled. Far from it. Developed industry may place the childless woman on a par with men so far as maintenance is concerned, but her child-bearing sister is at just as great relative disadvantage when wages are high as when they are low.

The support question will never be settled until some way is found to get men to divide their earnings with the women and children without bringing to bear upon them any pressure whatever, neither law, nor fine, nor taxation, nor even the influence of public opinion. They must freely *desire* to devote a part of their earnings to the support of these comparatively helpless ones. The proper subject of inquiry is, Where is to be found the well spring of this desire to bear a manly share of life's burdens?

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 37.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 23, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 780

### The People's Advent.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,  
And this old world is growing brighter!  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart throbb lighter.  
We may be sleeping in the ground  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have felt it gathering 'round—  
And heard its voice of hying thunder!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!  
'Tis coming now, the glorious time  
Foretold by seers and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from seafoots gory!  
They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought;  
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom;  
But the live lightning of their thought—  
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom,  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!  
Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,  
But the great people's ever youthful  
And it shall write the future page  
To our humanity more truthful;  
The garliest heart hath leader chords  
To waken at the name of "brother,"  
And the time comes when scorpion words  
We shall not speak to sting each other.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

—Gerald Massey.

### Margaret of Navarre.

BY C. L. JAMES.

In these days when Comstockism runs rampant, it is an interesting observation that one can search the shelves of no considerable book store without finding a large duodecimo denominated on its back "The Heptameron, of Margaret." Margaret, queen of Navarre, sister of the famous French king, Francis I., was born about two years before him, 11th April, 1492, the year of the discovery of America. Her eyes opened on a new era. The birth of a new world, a new faith, a new learning, a new society, were all so nearly contemporaneous that these appear the playfellows of her infancy, in whose longer lives her's ought only to recall their own. By the profane cant of the Renaissance, her mother, Louise of Savoy, her brother, and herself, were called the Trinity; an idea which she embodied in a pretty epigram, making herself the least. Historians have dealt more kindly with her. They call Louise able, indeed, but coarctous, dissolute and violent; Francis, a representative of decaying chivalry, with all its virtues and vices; Margaret, a mother to the modern Israel, on whose glorious record there is only one stain—that she wrote a licentious book, in the fashion which during her time was growing old. Some have even attempted to clear her of this charge—with the very satisfactory result that it is doubtful whether she printed the Heptameron, or only left it, stories, connecting narrative, and all, to her executors.

But in truth these three famous relatives were very like each other. Francis was the spoiled child, for whose faults we must make excuses. Louise, even before the Reformation came to give her piety a form and a purpose, was scarcely less religious than Margaret, as her diary proves. The Heptameron immor-

talizes the fact that Margaret was not without the waywardness of her mother. No censor can question that they always loved. Those who know Louise only from history, will be surprised to find her represented in the Heptameron, under the anagrammatic name of Cisile, as a grave and experienced matron, who plays chorus to the narrators of stories in the loose manner of the day, never failing to extract philosophy and morality from the laxest tale they tell. Margaret had a governess, Madame de Chatillon, whose virtues are highly praised. Her precocious talents were cultivated by teachers in Latin, Greek, philosophy and theology. At fifteen, which means before the Reformation, she was noted for devotion; and her hymns, which still contribute to her literary fame, had begun being talked about. She was also a brilliant society woman, with "an agreeable voice, of touching tone," says a contemporary. From first to last she was a generous patron of letters, and an indefatigable student. Her affectionate disposition is celebrated by all the writers of the age, who, of course may flatter; but who are entitled to some credit, because their eulogies are not vague, but invariably give particulars.

The misfortunes of Francis were due to his mother's passions. She was in love with the famous Constable Bourbon, who afterwards took Rome for the emperor Charles V. He bluntly said he would not marry "a woman without modesty." The slighted beauty set on foot a persecution which drove the greatest soldier of France into rebellion, and when that failed, into joining the foreign enemy. This caused the invasion of France; the death of the great Bayard, who fell in battle against Bourbon; the terrible sack of Rome; and the capture of Francis himself at Pavia, 24th February, 1525. But through all these calamities, Louise, whom Margaret now aided with her counsel, displayed ability enough to redeem the ruin her violence had wrought. She was, as usual, regent during her son's absence. To her, after the battle of Pavia, he wrote the celebrated sentiment "All is lost except life and honor." By the joint advice of Louise and Margaret, the captive monarch had himself transferred to Spain, where he could negotiate personally with the emperor Charles, his conqueror. Louise bought off England (under Henry VIII. and Wolsey) from alliance with Charles; and Margaret, who had lost her first husband, the duke of Alençon soon after Pavia, obtained permission to visit her brother, though not till after he had become dangerously ill, which did not suit Charles' purposes (August and September 1525). Louise undoubtedly entertained a hope that her daughter would capture the emperor; but this card failed to take. Margaret, however, penetrated and frustrated Charles' plan, which was indefinite delay. She made herself so great a favorite with the people and the nobles that, in alarm, he forbade the latter to meet her. But, as she said, she was not tabooed to the ladies, in whose good graces she secured a strong position. She made the match which soon followed between her brother and Charles' sister, queen dowager of Portugal, whom he had intended for Bourbon; thus breaking a powerful

bond between her enemies. She instructed Francis to keep on playing sick; and, when this failed to subdue Charles' resolution of exacting harsh terms, "the Trinity" arranged among them a plan which proved successful. During November, Francis abdicated in favor of his infant son; Margaret returned home in time to avoid being detained; though Charles, already suspicious, had changed his attitude, and tried prevailing on her to stay; the emperor, finding that though Francis remained in Spain, the king of France had slipped through his fingers, was fain to let his prisoner go, under pledges which there was no security for his keeping, and with a grudge which he was certain to wreak, (January 1526).

From that day the fortune of their life-long feud was, on the whole, favorable to Francis rather than Charles. During this period the Reformation was making steady progress. It began in France with Lefevre, Farel and Briconnet, about 1515; and was always zealously promoted by Margaret. During Francis' imprisonment Louise yielded to the counsels of her minister Duprat, so far that there were martyrdoms, the first of their kind in France. But during this very time, Margaret, by her influence with her brother, repeatedly averted the fate which at last came on the reformer Berquin; and if there is any truth in her representations Louise also became a friend to the new doctrine. Margaret was married again, in 1527, to Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre. In January following, she bore him Jeanne, queen in her own right, and mother of Henri IV. During the rest of her life, her little kingdom was a center of Protestantism; and from thenceforth till her grandson had become the greatest among French sovereigns, Navarre was regarded as a radically heretical state. Among those who enjoyed Margaret's protection was the poet Marot, who translated the psalms into French. This was in the forties, when Francis was persecuting the Protestants of Dauphiny. Marot's secular works are regarded as the beginning of classical French poetry. That of an earlier period is dialectic and far inferior in the character of the themes. Calvin also had found an asylum in Navarre till the violence of his sentiments and his growing influence began to embroil Margaret with her brother (1534). Her own courage went so far that the priests openly threatened her with prosecution on the capital charge of heresy; and, after she became queen, were always eager to find an opportunity of involving her in war. She died December 21, 1549, aged fifty-seven, more than two years after Francis, whom she thus outlived altogether about four. Her last stage was clouded by regret for all whom she loved most. Her mother had died in 1531. Her husband, a boisterous, though good-natured knight of the old school, was no companion for so intellectual a woman. Her last verses breathe only melancholy and weariness of the world. Yet her appreciation of life and its pleasures made her unwilling to leave it. In the course of nature, she complained, she should live some years yet. In reply to an encouraging remark about eternal life, she said: "We have to sleep in the ground a good long while first." Besides the "Heptameron," she published a volume of poetry about a year before her death. Another, which she took pains to collect, has never been printed; but exists in MSS. at Paris. Her letters were collected and published in 1841. As a poet, she is far above many who have managed to pass: her verses are by no means lacking in fancy, grace, originality or sentiment; and the versification is always that of an accomplished scholar; but it must be confessed that her effusions are in the main artificial, frigid and very unnecessarily long-winded. The surest proof that she wrote the "Heptameron" and intended it for publication, is the character of organic unity which it bears. Its very title proclaims it an imitation of Boccaccio's "Decameron"; and similarly, the sixty-eight stories contained in it have probably little original but the style. Some, however, are thought to relate adventures of her own; for it would be quite superfluous to say she had seen a great deal of exceedingly gay life. Marot was said to be her paramour, though this is probably a slander: she had unquestionably flirted with the emperor Charles, the Constable Bour-

bon and Admiral Bonnivet. Some of the tales are fully as rank as any of her models, with a difference not much in her favor—the difference between Italian indecency and French. But while the main narrative in the "Decameron" is nothing more than a thread on which to hang the stories, Margaret collected the tales out of which she made the "Heptameron" for the sake of her main narrative and the lessons introduced into it.

Free in thought and expression as the whole book is, no one who allows for the author's situation can help seeing that it was written "with a moral purpose." But it was more than that. It is not only moral but religious; not only religious but theological, and not only theological but polemical. It is a Protestant satire, in which the Calvinistic doctrines and view of life are advocated; the Catholic hierarchy and sacramental system, and the religious orders, attacked with intemperate zeal. From that standpoint of motive, it belongs to the same class of books as Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," More's "Utopia," the works of Hutten and of Rabelais. But there is this important difference that the view is narrower and clearer than in these other prophecies of the great moral and intellectual revolution. Their authors, except Hutten, were Catholics, who only saw an evil not obscure to any intelligent Catholic. Margaret was a Protestant, who thought she also saw the remedy. There are evident reasons for her choosing a form of expression which, even in that coarse age, could do her reputation no good. She was qualified to wear it well; and it was adapted to a public in which she had an interest. Court scandal, written by the Queen of Navarre, was sure to be interesting. A treatise on justification through faith, by the queen of Navarre, would probably have been a poor performance. A large class of people, with souls to save and influence to use, would certainly read court scandal, whoever wrote it. They probably would not read another Calvinistic tract, whoever wrote it.

So the brave woman rendered this last service to the cause of her life's devotion, with result that the author of the "Heptameron" is still the friend of many who know nothing about the Huguenot queen. In person she was tall and slender, with long oval face and delicate features. The picture which shows her and Louise of Savoy together, makes them very much alike, but, in spite of age and widow's weeds, the mother looks decidedly lighter than the daughter.

### Criticisms and Comments.

BY C. F. HUNT.

If the Fall Festival Association will pay the stone cutters' union \$5,000 the latter will allow President McKinley to work as a scab stone mason long enough to put a little mortar on a corner stone. If a stone trust would say: You must use Trust stone, but you may use just one non-Trust stone if you will pay me \$5,000, such action would be condemned as absurd. Verily union labor is it.

A lot of tomcods are at present pottering about trusts. Their remedies make an old reformer smile. They call to mind Bill Nye's remarks on seeing the picture in a certain almanac of the nude gentleman whose peritonum is nicely pinned back exposing his viscera. This picture distressed Mr. Nye very much, and he thought the man should wear a vest. Now, a vest is a very inadequate remedy. The patient should assume a reclining position, be sewed up, and after mending for a month or so, a vest would be an unobjectionable palliative. Mr. Nye meant well enough, and so do the reform grannies.

Every daily paper has given an account of the death of Mrs. O'Leary's cow's sister. Thus it is ever, fame comes after death. This cow has been wondering why a fickle world has not recognized her as relative of the most celebrated of all cows. It will only aggravate her spirit now to note the tardy acknowledgment. She even claimed equal ability, perhaps, with any cow to kick over a lamp and burn a city, but lacked the opportunity. Perhaps it is better that she is like "some village



Hampden" guiltless of her country's conflagrations. The moral is, if you cannot be famous, be a famous individual's sister.

The workingman is not joining the war against Trusts. The well-tried remedies, Toil, Thrift and Temperance will not fail to overcome this evil as they have all others.

### What is Sin?

"Francesca" in "Brunn's Locomotive."

Compare the lives of George Eliot and Jane Eyre. The latter, according to the definition of sin generally accepted, was a noble woman. When she discovered that Rochester had a mad wife she promptly and piously left him. The wife was a deranged lunatic, had been for years, and he had carried that horror strapped to his back, as they strapped the ghastly dead to the living for punishment of old. He had felt the acrid shame and loathing and despair eat into his soul as an acid, drop by drop. He had fled from Memory as from a nightmare, seeking peace in strange lands and among strange peoples. And where he would, that vacant face laughed, Scylla-like, at his shoulder, and "despair in vain sat brooding o'er the putrid eggs of hope". He had suffered all this for years, when Jane Eyre came into his life. As depicted by Brontë, I cannot see what there was about such a woman to win the love of such a man. But she did. His starved life thrilled, as over the frozen fields starts the first pink flush of spring, and in the chill silence he heard a robin sing. All the love of his powerful nature he poured at her feet. All the hope of his being, lashed and repressed through years of torture, rose trembling at his own daring, when this woman's eyes looked into his. Revolting fiercely at the hideous injustice of his life, he becomes a law unto himself and takes the woman he loves to the altar. The denouement comes. The cup shatters at his thirsting lips and as the awful Night of his life again falls, he stretches out his hands blindly to this woman who alone can drive back the black Hell that has been his fate. Does she do this? No—she is a virtuous woman. She gathers the robes of her Chastity closely around her and slips past the pitifully groping hands and out to the safe environment of her own immaculate society. She leaves him to the tender ministrations of hirelings and the cheerful society of a lunatic. She takes her sorrows to the Lord in prayer and renders up thanksgiving for the salvation of her soul. She thinks now and then of the man she has deserted, but chiefly to shudder at her own narrow escape. This is the character of Jane Eyre. She was a good woman and did not sin. George Eliot was not a good woman and she did sin. So say the prophets.

Jane Eyre had a soul the size of a pea. Eliot had a soul that soared as an eagle beyond the Alps. Jane Eyre was small, cowardly, narrow-minded, selfish—a Pharisee. The mote of her own quaking personality filled the scope of her vision. Her entire thought clung like a bat to her share in the lottery of the Hereafter. Rochester might despair and die and rot, but she would entertain no possibility of risk about the Harp and Crown. Her God might be a God of Love or he might be a devil incarnate, enjoying Rochester's prolonged crucifixion. She did not know and she did not propose to take chances. Jane Eyre was a good woman and she bowed down reverently to the seventh commandment. Jane Eyre and Parkhurst defined its breaking as Sin. George Eliot offered no definition. Her personality and her life towered, as Colossi, above the thorn-path of steeples that tore her skirts to tatters. Her thought to her was an empire that acknowledged no boundaries. The cant and cowardice of Brontë's heroine were as great an insult to such a character as Eliot's as is the harness upon the forest king that crouches, drugged and dazed, at the patent leather shoe of the ringmaster. She suffered, as did Parnell—as did Mrs. O'Shea. Such lives feel the venomous sting of insects. But the stings cannot extract one cowardly prayer and the life's purpose floats, as a lotus lily above the strangling reeds and black waters that cannot drag it down.

Grant Allen and Ouida have both said that any woman would have been honored if Shelley had made her his mistress.

Grant Allen and Ouida, like George Eliot, are not particularly noted for their orthodoxy. They form a trinity of thinkers and they flatly refuse the decision of the New York divines as regards sin. Jane Eyre's commonplace personality will float serenely along to a celestial haven. She could not experience, because she could not understand, the privilege of ministering to a mind great as Parnell's. She could not understand the sweetness of being loved as such men love—of being to him the haven of peace to which he could turn when wearied of the world's plaudits and execrations alike. She could not sink her own Ego, finding her heaven in serving him. Rochester loved an automatic mosaic tablet. Parnell loved a tender woman. Jane Eyre fed on celestial snowballs, leaving the man who loved her to die in the desert. Kitty O'Shea gathered the love with which the gods had honored her into her inmost soul, and gave thanks. When the world's huzzas rose in waves around him, she knew that his eyes sought hers. When the world's censure stung like whips, in her arms alone he could forget. Aching brain and quivering nerve found balm beneath the softness of her lips. And though the world gave its acknowledgement to the brilliance of his intellect, she knew that the approval of her caress was to him far more. Her crucifixion, if deserved, came. As Carlyle said of Burns, Parnell's "sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon." The woman he loved had dared much and had borne much, and his love had been at once her Crown and her Calvary. Holding her to his breast, he battled the mediocrities that snarled like curs at his feet, and, the battle ended, he sank "to silence and pathetic dust." She was left alone, but her life was not lived in vain.

If the lives of Mrs. O'Shea, of Francesca, of Heloise, of George Eliot, come under the category of those who break the seventh commandment—if the love of such women be sin and that of Jane Eyre be virtue—then is "the offense holy which they have committed." Above the former, through the white fire of suffering, gleams the glory of Affinity and around them breathes the perfume of the jasmine. The latter wears the white flower of a scentless, because soulless, life, and to reach it her feet were stained with the piteous blood of a strong man's heart.

To break the seventh commandment is sin, says the Rev. Collyer, for which there is no condoning. Yet she was a greater and a grander and a truer and a more womanly woman, who was the mistress of Parnell, than the woman who became Rochester's wife.

"The Jewish people have developed a tendency toward broad thought," says Rabbi Mendes. "Life should not be regarded as self-torture." And because not only the Jewish but all people are developing a tendency toward broad thought, has the discussion startled the church: "What is sin?" The hobgoblins of old-time Puritanism are becoming more and more mythical. Social law has of necessity kept in step with advancing and broadening ideas, and the church, because it has clung to the dusty bones of prehistoric custom, is confronting the necessity of a retranslation of that Mount Sinai revelation, for

—"In the very span of Time,  
Each Vice has worn a Virtue's crown; all  
Good was banned as sin of Crime."

The Kasidah is analytical. And it is the Koran of today. The commandments are neither honored nor obeyed. The unutterable brutality of the second alone, the cursing of the guiltless, is no less an insult to Deity than it is to our intelligence. The Sabbath is being less and less observed. And man not only covets, but obtains, through Court and Church, his neighbor's wife.

The divines still face the question: "What is sin?"

The seventh annual convention of the National Spiritual Association will be held in America Auditorium hall, 77-79 31 St., Chicago, Oct. 17, 18, 19, and 20. Among the well known speakers expected are Moses Hull, Prof. Lockwood, Cora L. V. Richmond, and Addie L. Ballou. A rate of one and one third fare has been made with the railroads for those attending the convention. Our friends who may attend this convention are cordially invited to call on us.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Kansas.

After an absence of three and one half years I find myself once more a visitor within the Commonwealth formerly known as "Bleeding Kansas." This cognomen or sobriquet was given to the political division of the earth now familiarly called the "Sunflower State" because, for some years, it was the battle ground between "Freedom" and "Slavery," that is, between those who wished to make Kansas a "free state," and those who desired to extend over its hills and plains the banner of Afro-American slavery.

For several years after the passage, by the American "Congress," of the so-called "Kansas-Nebraska bill"—whereby the lands known by those names were opened to white people for settlement—there was almost continuous war between the aforesaid forces, and dark and bloody deeds were of almost daily occurrence.

Among the names made famous in this "border conflict" are those of Charles Robinson, first governor of the state of Kansas, "John Brown of Osawatimie," James H. Lane, Samuel N. Wood, G. W. Brown—editor of the "Herald of Freedom," and many others whose words and deeds will not soon be forgotten by those who inhabit this the central state of the "American Union."

These lines are written in the city made memorable by the "Quantrell Raid," and by many other noted events, whereby it has earned the sobriquet "the Historic City"—Lawrence, so named in honor of Amos A. Lawrence, one of the men most prominent in the movement that made Kansas a "free state." The site of this city was selected in 1854, and from that date for "ten bloody years," to quote the language of a late historian—"Lawrence was the storm center of the opposing forces of Freedom and Slavery."

A recent compilation of facts relating to the history of Lawrence published by E. F. Caldwell, of this city, gives a brief but graphic description of the vengeance wreaked by the pro-slavery forces, in their last assault upon the "storm center" from which I quote two paragraphs:

"On the 21st of August, 1863 William C. Quantrell, in command of about 400 mounted men, armed with carbines and revolvers, the most desperate and accomplished riders and marksmen on earth, dashed into Lawrence and commenced at once a slaughter of every man in sight, and an indiscriminate pillage of the houses. The arms of the citizens had been ordered stored in a building on Massachusetts street, and the charge of the rebels was too sudden to obtain them. Organized resistance therefore was out of the question. A few individuals undertook defense, only to fall unavenged. Death prevailed everywhere. The reports of unerring revolvers were incessant. To the horrors of assassination was speedily added the terrors of conflagration. The street was in flames on each side throughout its entire extent. The dead and living, confined in the burning buildings were consumed in the flames, and in many instances a handful of ashes was the only legacy a noble man yielded his almost demented widow. Mayor Collamore sought safety in a well, in which he was overpowered by the gas and smoke, and received death unwounded, two other men being suffocated with him. Seventeen recruits for the fourteenth Kansas, mere boys and un-

armed, were all shot and killed where they lay on the sidewalk, their bed during the heat of the preceding night.

"Thus for hours [beginning at sunrise] the work of murder, plunder and arson went on unopposed. At almost nine o'clock the raiders almost instantaneously disappeared, going out of town directly south, and marking their way by the burning houses along the line of their retreat. They suffered comparatively no loss, but one of their number being killed within the city and but few on the return. They left the town in ruins, and one hundred and forty three dead in the streets, and thirty desperately wounded. The main street was all burned but two stores. Seventy-five business houses were destroyed and nearly one hundred residences. Eighty widows and one hundred and fifty orphans were among the woeful legacies left by the raiders to perpetuate the memories of the day of doom."

To look up and down this same Massachusetts street—now as then the principal thoroughfare of Lawrence, with its hundreds of prosperous business houses, its many and stately public buildings, and to note the thousands of beautiful, commodious and in many cases luxurious residences on the side streets, the beholder can with difficulty imagine it possible that these are the identical streets that witnessed the terrible slaughter and the burnings of that "day of doom," only thirty-six years ago. It would seem quite incredible that civilized human beings could thus shoot down and stab to death the unarmed and unresisting inhabitants of a peaceful city, did we not know that the sons of the men and the women who risked, and in many cases lost, their lives in defense of human freedom in Kansas, are today engaged in butchering the defenders of human freedom in the far-away Philippine Islands.

One of the impressive landmarks by which the traveler remembers Lawrence, is the "Windmill on the hill," in the western part of the city. This mill was built by A. Palm, a native of Sweden, and one of the best known citizens of the "Historic City." On the morning of the raid Mr. Palm was asleep in a large stone house on Kentucky street. Some of his employees were already at their work putting together the large timbers of the new mill. When fired upon they ran, with their axes on their shoulders, to the house in which their employer was sleeping, closely pursued by the merciless raiders. Fearing to enter a house defended by men armed with axes the assailants compelled some of their prisoners to carry lumber and place it near the walls. Then setting fire to the lumber they killed the prisoners who brought the combustibles and left Mr. Palm and his men to fight the fire as best they could, while they passed on to houses whose occupants had no axes to defend themselves with. To this fortunate circumstance,—the fact that his men were in possession of the formidable-looking "broadaxes" used in getting out timbers for the mill Mr. Palm attributes his escape on that fateful day, and his ability to extend the hospitality of his beautiful home on the hillside, to the wandering editor of Lucifer.

Lawrence, Kan. Sept. 17, '99.

M. HARMAN.

## Liberty and the Trusts.

The most important speech from a libertarian point of view of the "Conference on Trusts and Combinations" held in Chicago last week was that of Benjamin R. Tucker. In matter it was masterly as all who are familiar with Mr. Tucker's writings would expect; but even his friends were astonished by his eloquent and convincing delivery. The large audience, comparatively few of whom were of his school of thought, were loud in enthusiastic applause, though he did not hesitate to call his ideas anarchism. The "Times-Herald" next morning said:

"The splendidly delivered arguments of Benjamin R. Tucker, the theoretical anarchist, furnished the sensation of the afternoon. His analysis showed the four kinds of special privileges which permitted the development of trusts on such an immense scale. Little changes in society, he argued, could never abolish these privileges. The anarchistic principle must be applied—the principle of the equality of liberty to all—and by this means competition would be made fair and free, or otherwise the trusts would continue to develop their monstrous system of inequality.



Mr. Tucker concluded his address with these words: "Anarchy wants to call off the quacks and give liberty, nature's great cure-all, a chance to do its perfect work. Free access to the world of matter, abolishing land monopoly; free access to the world of mind, abolishing idea monopoly; free access to the untaxed and unprivileged market, abolishing tariff monopoly and money monopoly—secure these, and all the rest shall be added unto you. For liberty is the remedy of every social evil, and to anarchy must the world look at last for any enduring guarantee of social order."

Bourke Cockran, the Tammany orator from New York, made an eloquent "stump speech" for trusts. He said:

"A combination may be good or bad, according to its effect. For instance, a combination for prayer is a church. All good men would subscribe to the success of it. A combination for burglary is a conspiracy. All good men would call out the police to prevent it."

As he is a devout Roman Catholic he cannot conceive of any "good men" failing to "subscribe" to a combination for prayer. As a governmentalist, he does not think it worth while to mention the fact that it is only the small burglary which attracts the attention of the police. A great nation may rob a small one; but that in his opinion is not burglary—it is "patriotism."

The entire tone of Mr. Cockran's speech was that of a rich man to rich men, as for instance, when he said:

"If I can go to a department store, or to any other kind of a trust and get a suit of clothes for \$40, why, I would rather go there, and would go there, rather than to a small tailor and pay him \$50."

Probably the vast majority of his audience had never possessed a \$40 suit of clothing which, in his estimation, is so cheap. But the workingman who earned only one, two, or three dollars a day was not, in his estimation, worthy of consideration.

Of ideas W. J. Bryan said: "We get ideas from every source. An idea is the most important thing that a man can get into his head. An idea will control a man's life. An idea will revolutionize a community, a state, a nation, a world, and we never know when we are going to get an idea. Sometimes we get them when we do not want to get them, and sometimes we get them from sources which would not be expected to furnish ideas. We get them from our fellow-man. We get them from inanimate nature. We get them from the animals about us."

"I got an idea once from some hogs that I think was a valuable idea. I was riding through Iowa and I saw some hogs rooting in a field, and the first thought that came to me was that those hogs were destroying a great deal in value, and my mind ran back to the time when we kept hogs. Then I thought of the way in which we used to protect property from the hogs by putting rings in their noses, and then the thought came to me why we did it—not to keep the hogs from getting fat—we were more interested in their getting fat than they were; the sooner they got fat the sooner we killed them. The longer they were in getting fat the longer they lived, but why did we put the ring in their noses, so—so that while they were getting fat they would not destroy more than they were worth. And then the thought came to me that one of the great purposes of government was to put rings in the noses of hogs."

This may be the theory of government; but in practice it enables a few large hogs to wallow in the trough, wasting more than would feed all their companions, who stand at a respectful distance and squeal with hunger.

On my way home, after hearing this speech, I was forcibly reminded of Mr. Bryan's idea. A richly dressed woman passed me. The fashionable demi-train of her delicate silk dress swept the filthy ground. Near her a shabbily and insufficiently clothed woman walked and in her thin arms she carried a white-faced and hungry-eyed baby. The money wasted in the first woman's dress would have gone far toward comfortably clothing the

mother and baby; and yet even had the richly dressed woman obeyed the injunction to sell all and give to the poor, the problem would not have been solved. "Hoggishness" seems to be the most prominent trait of human nature. And yet I believe that we may slowly though surely eradicate it; or that we may at least bring it under wise self-control.

L. H.

### Personal.

My approaching western trip will begin in New York City, Oct. 13. From there I shall pass through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and other western States, ending in San Francisco, Cal. I desire to meet as many friends of liberty as possible, and want to hear at once from all who would welcome a flying call. I have appointments in various cities, and could easily stop off at other places en route for a brief visit. In my coming work in connection with "Free Society" I shall not lose sight of the vital importance of the sex question; and it is my wish to number as many sex reformers as possible among my personal acquaintances. Hence I invite all friends and co-workers in these and the far western states, to write me at once, if they would like to arrange for a visit. Address me care of Chas. L. Abbott, 48 Congress St., Boston, Mass. All letters sent there will be forwarded, both before, and during my tour.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

### What Next?

Dr. Guinn, a Maine dentist, got a divorce from his wife and then emigrated to Santa Barbara, Cal. He went into business there, and making the acquaintance of a lady who pleased him they married. The first wife's father got requisition papers and had the Doctor taken back to Maine on a charge of bigamy. The law of Maine forbade his marrying again under two years and he did not wait that length of time. Query. Has a divorced man a wife, and if not how can he be a bigamist when he marries again? Query 2d. When a man leaves one state and settles in another is he still amenable to the laws of the state he left for an act committed after he left?

LOIS WAINBROOKER.

### State-Controlled Morals.

E. O. Walker in "Fair Play."

The New York "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" is a despotism intensified by religious and moral fanaticism. In its eyes, social non-conformity is as great a crime as habitual intemperance, cruelty, or starvation, and as ample a warrant for tearing the child from the care of parent or guardian. There is no invasion of the right of citizens which it admits to be without its province. It denies alike the right of social association and of private assembly. As to its power, a man well qualified to judge has said that in law it is almost unlimited. As to its assumptions, the "Sun" of July 27, 1899, sums them up in these words: "Mr. Gerry's idea has always been that he and not the courts was the sole arbiter of the future of a child that had once been committed through his society to an institution. Under the Gerry laws an agent of the society has the right to force his way into a home, take a child and have it committed by a city magistrate without more than a perfunctory notice being sent to the child's parents or guardians. Mr. Gerry has maintained that, once committed, the child could not be paroled by the Governor, nor could it be released except with the consent of the society until its twenty first birthday, unless the allegations on which it was committed could be proved false in the Court of Appeals. Even then the society could retain the custody of the child during the long time the case was being fought in the courts. The society has also declared its right to withhold all information of the child even from the parents or guardians, until the term of commitment shall have expired." Its agents can enter any home in the name of the Board of Health, and under pretense of doing the work of that Board, can pry into the most private concerns of the fam-

ily, although admittedly not experts in Health Board work and in no sense employees of the city, receiving their pay from the Gerry Society. The Society is constantly appealing to the legislature for more power, and until recently has usually obtained what it went after. In July of this year Judge Bartlett of the Court of Appeals decided against the Children's Aid Society of Rochester, in a case where that society made practically the same claims as those always asserted by the Gerry Society. A little light is breaking, but powerful fanatical interests and much money are on the side of Gerry, and the Comstock Society is in close alliance with the other representative of injected righteousness.

"Puck" characterizes as "winsomely childlike" the argument of the clergymen who, admitting that the church "can do nothing to stem the epidemic of divorce," begs "society" to cure the evil by making it unfashionable. "Puck" says "there is but one way to correct the divorce evil, and that is to correct the marriage evil." So long as women marry for money and position, "regardless of moral worth or personal adaptability," "so long as there is buying and selling in marriage there will be revoking of bad bargains—revoking both unofficial and official.

The woman who sells herself to one man is on a moral level with the woman who sells herself to a hundred." These be brave words from a paper like "Puck" especially the last sentence. But "Puck" has found only one of the roots of the tree of divorce. Its explanation does not cover those divorces and ought-to-be divorces where money considerations did not predominate in the marriages. "Puck" goes pretty deeply but it has not yet got to the bottom. It has yet to learn that it is neither just nor wise to compel two persons to remain tied together. Whether they come together through love or through mercenary motives is only a non-essential incident in the drama. Persons are still more likely to be mistaken in choosing partners or to find the conditions that brought about their union changing than they are to have made marriage a matter of buying and selling.

Ingersoll did his work and did it well; better, in fact, than many of his critics have done theirs, and yet they are crying out against him because he did not do theirs also. We all wish he had seen some questions in our light; we also wish his critics had seen some other question in his light. No promoter of a panacea should accuse another of narrowness. Let us do our work as well as he did his, if we can.

### The Beautiful Skirt.

"A. C." in "Woman's Journal."

Only a little dust. Almost imperceptible dust, caught on the rug on the floor of the handsome hall.

It was a Turkish rug, lying on the perfectly waxed, hardwood floor, in a hall where neatness seemed to reign along with all the appointments of wealth.

But there was that almost imperceptible dust!

How did it come to be there? If you had ears that could hear its voices, it could tell you. It would say that it had clutched a fold on the beautiful lady's gown, and come in from the street.

It was a beautiful gown as well as a beautiful lady. A tailor-made gown, and its fashionable bias flounce trailed stylishly on the ground.

Everything was stylish about the lady, from her fair face, with rather deep circles below the eyes, to her slender and handsome walking shoes. She walked trailing her gown properly, dust or no dust. Indeed, she ignored the dust of the street; but will the dust ignore her?

Let us listen, if she will not, for this almost imperceptible dust moves and acts with fearful power, and, if we listen, we possibly may understand its language.

Soon after coming in on the beautiful lady's gown, other steps followed and other gowns helped to move the dust along farther into the house; but it had a fancy for the beautiful lady.

Her frailness attracted it, and it followed her to her bed-chamber. Her feet had never trod the loathsome precincts from whence it came, but it came to her on her gown.

Soon there came to the chamber a little child; a sweet, rosy cherub. In its romping it stirred the dust about.

Then the dust began to be separated, being formed of many particles, and these talked among themselves. As they talked they danced back and forth, waltzing, swirling, capering, with every motion of the child and its mamma, the beautiful lady.

A scientist could have understood them if he had caught some of them under his microscope. He would have called them "germs." With what alarm he would have recognized the diphtheritic, and with what dismay would he have seen the tuberculosis germ approaching the frail lady.

Back and forth, dancing, capering, waltzing, the germs kept time while baby in its mother's arm said, as thousands of other little ones were saying:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This baby was saying it for the last time.

When night came again, thousands of little voices sent up again the babies' prayers, but this one was gasping out its little life on mamma's bosom, destroyed by a germ.

A yellow card at the front door warned all comers against diphtheria.

The beautiful lady sought health vainly for a year or more, then found rest "beyond the sorrow and the parting."

"Broken hearted" it was said. "Found death in the dust of the street," said the microscope. A victim of the long skirt.

### From Their Point of View.

Mr. Bryan may have noticed that you must first catch your hog before putting a ring in his nose.—*Chicago Record.*

A Berlin, Ont., German paper springs this on the unsuspecting public:

Mueller—"That is certainly a great mixture about those Filipinos."

Schultz—"How so?"

Mueller—"First they were great friends of the soldiers and diplomats of Uncle Sam and then—"

Schultz—"And then?"

Mueller—"Then they became bandits and robbers—"

Schultz—"And then?"

Mueller—"And then they will become American citizens."

NO "CALL" FOR IGNORANT NEGROES.

A correspondent writes to the "Tribune" announcing a growing sentiment in Maryland in favor of withdrawing the franchise and the public school from the negro. Probably he speaks for himself more than for his State, but there is no reason why even one man should harbor a "growing sentiment" of that sort. Certain Southern States have undertaken to disfranchise the negro in defiance of the constitution, but we have not yet heard of any concerted movement to keep the blacks from attending schools of all kinds. This correspondent, who sneers at the "Northern philanthropists" and charges them with increasing crime among the negroes by educating them, is a third of a century behind the times in his own State. His idea that an ignorant negro is a better citizen than an educated negro needs only to be stated to show that it is ridiculous.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### HE HADN'T MARRIED HIS COOK.

A colored cook was employed by a wealthy Louisvillian who swore by the wholesale. Economy was no object to him when it came to cuss words, and he scattered these pearls of speech over all subjects. The cook was a past grand mistress of her art. She knew what she knew and could turn out dreams from the skillet and oven, but she had ideas of her own dignity.



"One maw'nin'," said she, "I done cook a elegant brekfuss. Dere wuz chicken an' 'taters an' 'best biskit, an' coffee, an' muf'ns an' dat man he come down stairs an' he do talk scandalous. I lissen an' I lissen. He cuss dis an' he cuss dat, an' he mumble to hisself, an' I jes' could'n stan' hit. I marches out an' I says: 'Sab, ef you don't like dis hyar cookin', say so, an' I goes but I ain't gwine hear you cuss me an' my wuk.'

"'Hyar, gal,' says he. 'I likes dis cookin'. What you mean 'busin' me when I cusses my own wife?'

"'Dat's all right,' I says, mighty brash, 'but you don't cuss me er I goes.'

"An' sence den," declared the colored upholder of her rights and dignity, "ole Marse jes' stuck on my cookin' an' I se de only pussion on de lot he neber cusses."—*Louisville Times*.

The Monday noon lectures at Willard hall have been resumed. Among the prominent speakers who will deliver addresses are Ernest H. Crosby, Prof. Herron, and Mayor Jones.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

C. B. Hoffman, Enterprise, Kas.—Now a word concerning Lucifer. The work you are doing is much needed and you are doing it effectively upon the plane on which you are working. I have not a word but of praise and encouragement—but you should go deeper into the question. You dwell chiefly, if not altogether, upon the material side of the sex question, the physical relation and its result. Do not misunderstand me; I do not underestimate the importance of even the purely physical aspect of the problem—but sex has a much deeper meaning, (as all other physical facts have.) It is the highest function of the creator, and has its correspondence upon psychical planes. Should you give this more recondite side of the problem the careful, conscientious attention which you have given and are giving the more palpable, your journal would become even more useful. We must build for eternity. It is our prerogative. We must bring out the spiritual meaning of material facts and none is more pregnant with important truths than the fact that sex appears in nature upon every phase of manifestation from the lowest mineral to the highest spiritual.

H. F. Hadley, Napavine, Wash.—Will you kindly allow me space to correct the impression that your remarks accompanying my article in last week's issue unintentionally, I am sure, generated? Following your statement that "it is the writings of the 'beginner' that the editorial pencil has to be exercised most freely upon," you add that you thought it necessary to eliminate considerable matter from the article of Mr. Hadley, and to substitute euphemisms for several words which experience and observation had taught you were dangerous to send through the mails. By not explaining further, the general impression would be that if you were obliged to substitute new words and terms in the part that you did publish, that the rejected portion was likewise objectionable for the same cause, and therefore unsuitable to appear in print; which I am certain you will concede was not the case; but rather was obnoxious because of its severe personal criticism of certain noted writers for your paper. When I penned those personalities I was half certain they would be rejected, as your editorial utterances have been strong against this style—and I am forced to admit your stand is both wise and just; but being stung by the open declarations of these daring moralists (referred to in the canceled manuscript), I felt justified in "calling them to order" in my blunt way for advocating what I then believed to be the impractical and unholy theory of promiscuity.

Upon further reflection I can see that the question of free love is one which requires deep study and patient reasoning on the part of investigators before it can be even partially understood; and that it is not safe to "shoot" one's anathemas at staid; and that it is not just as liable to hit random in a heterogeneous crowd, as one is just as liable to hit an honest reformer, with his poisoned arrow, as he is a scoundrel or libertine.

Regarding the words which you replaced with others, let me say I borrowed these terms and expressions from a standard medical work which I have had in the house for years. Just where Comstock can draw the line between the words you employ and those I used is a mystery to me, and would be to any man unacquainted with the postal laws relating to obscenity, as their meaning is identical and when used without reference to "sex" are as innocent as the words water and air. I must have been mistaken in my man when I referred to Walter Barton, as I did not see the letters of which you speak. It may have been Francis Barry I had in my mind, but my memory "slipped a cog."

I agree with you in condemning conservatives who resort to "snut" to show up their side of the social problem. There are words enough in the English vocabulary to express our views in decent language. You are justified in "drawing the line" at vulgarity. Yes, I am no doubt a great iconoclast, but one thing in my favor, I am willing to listen and learn, even if hasty and unreasonable at times, and when once convinced, will "stand by my colors" though the heavens fall. I do not assume to "know it all," and am willing to concede that in many ways I may be wrong in my moral deductions, but I am nevertheless firm in my convictions, and will not "budge" till forced to do so by the strong arm of truth and rational argument.

Your comments can well be termed sledge-hammer blows earnestly dealt at the trunk of the tree of "conservatism," but whether you have in a measure loosened or severed its roots, will require more time and patience to fully demonstrate. I thank you however, for the light you have so kindly turned upon this knotty problem, and I promise to utilize every ray in solving this most important of all reforms,—the sexual freedom of woman.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 38.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 30, E. M. 299, [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 781

### The Better Part.

Better to know the truth, that maketh free,  
Than revel in the treasures of the dead;  
Better to open thine own eyes and see  
Than blindly trust to what man may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,  
Or phantom pictures of another life,  
It is to live thy future life in this—  
Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart  
That hath been wounded in the shade of death,  
Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart  
And gaze enraptured and with bated breath

Into a vision-land that fancy weaves  
Beyond the clouds that deck eternity.  
Better than pain for angels on the leaves  
Of book or sermon, tale or homily.

It is to show that angels walk the earth  
Clad in the flesh of pure humanity;  
To open well springs in a land of deserts,  
And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

—Harvey Rees.

### Our Name and Purpose.

In answer to many questions we say:

The name Lucifer is astronomical, not theological.

Lucifer means Light bringer, or Light bearer, and is the ancient name of the morning star—"Herald of the Dawn."

In accord with this symbolism—drawn from one of the most impressive of Nature's phenomena—we try to make our weekly journal a true Light Bringer, a realistic herald or harbinger of a brighter and better day for mankind.

With Shakespeare we believe that "Ignorance is the only darkness." To destroy both darkness and ignorance, then, we have only to bring in the light of Knowledge—of Science.

With Ingersoll we believe that the reason why reformers have hitherto failed to reform the world is because "Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world." We believe that the greatest orator of modern times sent an arrow straight to the core of truth when he said, "There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or law; by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of her way. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it into the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are born will be well-to-do. This frees woman. The babes that are born will be well-to-do. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy. . . . When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth."

With Gerald Massey we believe that, "We must begin in the cratory if we would benefit the race, and woman must rescue

herself and consciously assume all responsibility of maternity [including choice of paternity] on behalf of the children."

We believe in the motto, "Truth for authority and not authority for truth," and that to "get all of truth we must hear all sides." Hence we try to make the pages of Lucifer a free platform—free for the utterance of honest thought upon all subjects of human interest, but especially for the free expression of thought upon the transcendently important subject of how to practicalize freedom for the mothers of the race of human kind.

### "Washing Out" the Color Line.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Reading Mrs. M. E. W. reminds me that I have long had a misgiving free love and anarchism were becoming too respectable for my taste; and I should have to shy them, as readers of the radical papers know that I did infidelity some years since. All this time it has been on my mind that my next hobby would have to be miscegenation. No, I don't want to "marry a nigger." I have been among the "niggers" a good deal; and never felt any sexual attraction that way. (Southern readers who can say as much without danger of a blister on the tongue, are requested not all to speak at once.) But it appears there are some who cannot; else where do all the mulattoes come from? And yet Mrs. M. E. W. informs us that if a white man should escort a negro woman through the streets of Montgomery, he would soon be in the lockup! How very like respectability under all its hydra-headed phases of the Absurd! The white southerner has ruled the negro race for a century, and greatly improved it, Mrs. M. E. W. assures us, by plentiful infusion of his purer blood. He eats what negroes cook; rides with them "so long as the appearance of a servant is maintained," sucks his first nourishment out of a black breast; is dressed and undressed and put to bed, at last, with a shovel, all by negro hands; but if he escorts a negro woman, that is "associating with negroes," and forthwith the lock up, tar, feathers, ropes, fire! in short, the devil to pay! All this where white people associate with negroes much more than they do anywhere else. What roiling comedy it would be if it were not also such melancholy tragedy.

The truth is that the mutual repulsion sometimes said to exist between the races is merely the repulsion always excited by what is unfamiliar. We northerners, who seldom see a negro, really know something of it. But at the south, where the races are in continual contact, it quickly gives place to such mutual attraction that "honest, virtuous white men" need a good deal of "stamina" not to sneeze after the dirty colored drabs who "stand on the streets," (of course they would not "escort" them.) This mutual attraction was all right as long as mulatto babies were simply valuable property; but it became a dreadful thing when they meant a softening of the "color" line, no longer artificially maintained by slavery.

The south is not the only country where similar feelings

have produced similar regulations. In India, there were originally only two "castes," Aryan and Dravidian, or white and black. Now there are an infinite number, just as in parts of the south the ex-slave and the "free nigger," the black and the mulatto, won't associate. The caste system is the bane and curse of India. (See Julian Hawthorne on the famine in that country.) All reformers of India, the Buddhist, the Mussulman, the Christian and the Secularist, have considered attacking it their first duty. But their assaults, though not without effect, have so far been without success. Railroads and other modern appliances have done more than anything else to weaken it; but we have more of them here than in India, yet here, under their very tramp, the caste system, in our own time, has raised its miscreant head. However, the conflict between civilization and caste is to the death. In whatever countries they exist together one must eventually destroy the other. I need not say with which my sympathies are. But I can vindicate them by Mrs. M. E. W.'s own observations. She says the negro is a mere animal, while a "talented business colored man"—a mulatto, like Booker Washington, is very different. She wishes all the negroes were like him. Well, then, surely the remedy is simple. It is the same recipe as for all social problems—liberty. Dispense with the lock up, discourage the spirit of caste, let the mutual attraction work naturally, instead of forcing it into the crooked channel of hypocrisy; and they soon all will be like him. The ancient gods of love and war, Eros and Ares, are bound to mix the African and Caucasian blood; but only the little fellow with the bow and arrows can mix it so that the result will be satisfactory. The true and only solution of the negro problem is to give him a chance. He will soon wash the negro white if he is allowed his own way.

### Home, Sweet Home.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

In the days gone by when home meant father and mother, fireside and chimney corner, and logcabin or cottage, it was the fashion to approve the maxim, "there is no place like home." In still higher esteem will be held the home of the future when evolution shall have improved the dwelling places of the race and every individual shall have become free to choose a place and manner of living to his own liking. In that happy day, homesickness will more surely than ever befall the new man or new woman or new child who tries to make the world his or her home. "Give me the pleasures of home" will be the universal sentiment and the intensest aspiration of a people that have learned how to live.

Man's wants are infinite. No two persons desire homes just alike in all respects. One must have accessibility to the laundry of commerce, another must launder in his own house to keep his clothes out of scrofulous tubs where disinfectants might be carelessly used, a third must wear paper clothing so that no laundering will be required. These may be whims, but happiness comes through the indulgence of whims. To one, the output of the canneries is indispensable, to another commercial canned goods have been abhorrent since the day he observed a factory hand expectorate tobacco juice into a tomato vat, to a third even home made canning is undesirable as he finds frozen fruit more to his taste. Many men of many minds. Some will not bear the trouble of baking at home; others must have home made bread to make sure of the absence of alum or live yeast or un sifted flour; others do not believe in baking, preferring starch in small quantities raw as one of the first natural foods of the race; still others dismiss starch food altogether. Some like restaurants, others are afraid of flies and hold home cooking in higher regard. Some are satisfied in a flat, others incline toward a cottage where can be had the ozone of nature. One frequents libraries, another prefers a separate home of his own even if he must travel some distance to get to his reading room. One would be willing to live in a moving railway coach, another rejoices that there are railroads to take him away often and bring him back soon to the home that is dear to his heart; "a

charm from the skies seems to hallow him there." Some like a boarding house, others think that any house may offer on a small scale the chief advantage of a boarding house which is that all services are rendered for compensation, not out of duty. Some think that palatial hotels are capable of being more sanitary and cosmopolitan; others perceive that science may cheaply make the cottage at seaside or in mountain just as sanitary while cosmopolitanism depends more on rapid transit than on a crowded center. Some rejoice in the female lawyer and stenographer as the only alternative to the good wife and her loom, others are glad to see the farm house loom superseded by machines run by men in manufacturing places while the women are left free to eschew law and reporting if they elect in favor of the more womanly occupation of child nurturing and happiness making in the highly evolved, well supported home.

It would be a rash theorist who would cut all future homes to one pattern and yet it is safe to say that a permanent, separate home of one's own will always be a thing desired by many persons in each community; if not for washing and cooking or ozone, then for some other purpose. One wants to use musical instruments where he will not disturb others, another wants a piece of ground that be can leave to the next generation, another wants to avoid the necessity of making warfare on bedbugs, another wants to teach more radical doctrines than would be permissible on other people's premises. An individual may patronize a hotel or furnished rooms for a while, but he will always look forward to the day when he can settle down and stay at home at least a part of the time.

The liberty loving individualist unless unable to rid himself of the notions of artificial intentional co-working learned from his first teacher in sociology, the communist delights to contemplate the home evolving in a natural manner and does not think it necessary to depict the dwellings of the future as constituted on the hot house plan of co-operation. Congested centers of population will disappear, while on the other hand millions will be relieved of the necessity of living in the wilderness. The home will thus escape the fate of an ultra-development in the direction of economy at the expense of personal idiosyncrasies at the same time avoiding the poverty of isolation. That would be a suspicious social progress in which the home would seem to be played out; when it is found that the separate home must go to make room for the co-operative home we may feel sure that something is wrong in the state of Denmark.

Home is the most lovable object in the universe. Lovers of home compare favorably with lovers of God. And yet it would be hard to tell what are the essential characteristics of a good home. This is not strange when we consider that men are not all made in one mold and a home that would make one person happy might fail to meet the wants of another. Mother seems essential to the home life of a child, and yet homes have been loved by many a child that never saw mother. A child may be happy, but as a man he needs a new home. To many men a most important feature of home is a woman that has learned all his ways—not to minister to his wants to her own loss but to her own independent profit. To many women an essential feature of home is the comfortable feeling, "the peace of mind," that comes from the knowledge that she lives in her own house, on her own ground, and that she will never be dispossessed for rent or taxes or debt.

The strongest plea that can be made for freedom is in behalf of the home. Let us pray that society will soon accord the blessing of freedom to all who desire to build up for themselves separate homes modeled after a plan of their own selection.

God pity the doctor who cannot compete  
With a quack for a medical fee;  
But must have some laws, with teeth and claws,  
To keep the pretenders away.

God pity the men that make the law—  
That would send a man to jail  
For taking a fee for curing the sick.  
Where the licensed doctors fail.

ANONYM.



### A Statement from the Editor of "Christian Life."

Your kindly criticism of the statement of our articles in No. 30 of *Christian Life*, both by Rev. Sidney Holmes, and L. H. have been read with interest.

It is hardly fair, however, to put an unjust construction on our words, and then set that construction up as a target.

Whatever else I have advised, in all the fifty issues of "*Christian Life*," and in all the letters I have written, I have never been guilty of advising any woman to submit to the unjust, tyrannical, or the undesirable demands of any man, whether husband, father, brother or minister.

In all my twelve years of active work I have considered the subjection of woman to man as one of the greatest hindrances to progress that humanity has to contend with.

My idea and teaching has ever been that no man is good enough, nor fit, nor is it right, or just, or Christian, for him to rule over the conscience, body, or actions of any woman.

In my article, this was implied, though not stated, and all the teaching of *Christian Life* is in harmony therewith.

"If she has tried love, coupled with firmness, and enforced by heavenly wisdom, patiently and persistently, without effect let her keep on."

With some, love and submission are synonymous. But true love does that which is best for the object loved. A person, woman or man having such love, has or should have, firmness to stand by it and enforce it, and to make it more effective, use the highest or heavenly wisdom.

This is the reverse of advising submission, or cowardly desertion. It means to stand by your principles of right, justice and truth; for in doing so the highest qualities of soul are developed, and the man will be won to a better life if not an ideal one.

J. B. CALDWELL.

### Uncle Sam as a Slave-Catcher.

From the New York "World."

A young woman and her son, in his seventh year, of aristocratic appearance, arrived on the French steamship *La Bretagne* on Sunday, and are detained at the Barge Office at the request of the French Consul-General.

She gave her name as Louise Mouret, but it is Blonore Girard. She has fled from her husband, Louis Girard, with their child, and this offense is grave. But she defends herself, impressively, with resigned smiles and lights of pride, of bravery and of indelible sincerity in her large brown eyes.

She said yesterday: "I know that my husband has the legal right to expect that I shall be back to him between two gendarmes. I have not been clever enough to elude him; I have been caught; I have lost. But if I am forced to return to him, this will not palliate his fault."

"He beats me, he threatens to kill me with a revolver; he is a despot. I refuse to be his slave. I have been patient for seven years. I have hesitated to punish him. I have asked myself if I had the right to run away and to deprive him of his child."

Nothing in my behavior explained or excused his cruelty. He was violent at one moment, and at the next obsequious. He aimed the revolver at my head, and then let it fall, begging my pardon with tears that were real. I have sometimes thought that he might be crazy; but he isn't."

A Burgundian, twenty-nine years of age, strong, handsome, successful in his affairs as a lace merchant in Luray, France, he lacks common sense. That is all. He imagines that a wife is a victim, naturally. He has seen Punch beat his wife in a puppet show and taken him as a model.

"Oh, I suppose I shall have to return to him. But I will not endure the caprices of his temperament again. I wanted a divorce from him, but I would have to prove his cruelty, and I cannot. He never made a physical mark of his violence. My sufferings were principally mental."

I had a witness—my maid. But my lawyer said that the French tribunal would discredit her because she was my servant. In company, in the presence of his friends, there never was

a more gentle, amiable husband than Louis Girard. But when we were alone how different he was!

"I could not live in that hypocrisy. I saved from my household expenses all the funds I could gather until I had money enough to pay for my fare to New York and about \$300 more. Then I fled with my son. His father's example would have ruined him."

"I have never worked, but I can work. I will do anything that is honorable rather than return to my husband. I came to America because I have always heard that women here have the rights that men have. I hope that my appeal for protection may not be rejected."

"If it is rejected—well, then, I will go to some other country when I run away again from my husband's tyranny. My parents are dead, I have no relatives. My son depends upon me entirely to become a strong, praiseworthy man. I cannot speak English, but I will learn it quickly."

The boy, in blue sailor dress, wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, on the black band of which was inscribed in silver letters the heroic name of Brennus. He has a round, white and pink, healthy face and blue eyes. He is enchantingly turbulent.

Mrs. Girard's expression had infinite tenderness when she looked at him. The Consul-General said that he knew no details of her husband's complaint against her. The Consul-General's action in asking the Commissioners to detain her was in obedience to an order by cable dispatch. He is to receive formal papers. Until they are received the question of Mrs. Girard's deportation is to be deferred.

### Radix.

Helen M. Tufts, in "The Conservator."

There was a radish that grew at the end of a row of lettuce in a garden. The radish was unhappy. Anyone who understands radish language could have heard his frequent complaints at any hour of the day under the lettuce leaves, and might have felt moved to investigate the reason of his trouble. The lettuce themselves, though, had no feelings of sympathy, and were well wearied of their neighbor's peevish clamorings. If they could, they would have gone away, to be rid of him. The truth is, the radish was a most disagreeable vegetable to live near. But he had a history which may account for his peculiarities.

When he was small and young, and his first two leaves were scarcely out of the ground, it was his ambition to grow into a large and perfect specimen of his race. It was a joy to lie in the warm sun, and in the evening dew, to feel the stir of nature about him, and to unfold each day his new leaves and pierce further down into the earth. He felt that all things were good, and he looked confidently forward to the time when he should attain the perfection toward which he was bending his energies.

But one day he became conscious of an uncomfortable squeezing somewhere down in his red root. This squeezing grew day by day until it had become an intolerable pain, and occupied all his thought. He found at last that his crisp leaves were turning yellow, and he knew that he had stopped growing. This was a dreadful blow to the radish, but he was not willing to give up the fight, and so he tried to think less of his pain and to struggle for existence. And after some time the pain subsided into a dull ache, and at last it ceased altogether.

The radish raised his drooping leaves, and tried to put forth new energy, for he thought, "Perhaps it is not too late." But he had no new energy to put forth. He was withered and broken. And so he burst out into complainings, and the lettuce wished they could move away.

One morning the gardener came along, and laid hold of the radish to pull it up. But he only pulled the leaves away for something held the root in the ground.

And when the gardener tried again, and the radish struggled up, lo, embedded in the root was a stone; and the radish had nearly grown around it. The gardener looked a moment, for this was a curious freak of nature; then he tossed them both under a cherry tree.

"Alas," cried the radish, bitterly, "it was you who spoiled my life."

"You were in my way," said the stone.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Kansas Notes—Continued.

On Wednesday, September 20, after a very pleasant and, it is hoped, not unprofitable outing of some five weeks in Kansas, I returned once more to Lucifer's office, to find everything moving on there much the same as before. The transition from Kansas City to Chicago requires little more than fifteen hours of time, and as the trip was made mainly by night it would need but little effort of the imagination to believe oneself still west of the "Big Muddy," as the Missouri river is called, were it not for one thing, and that is the change in atmospheric conditions. As soon as the latitude and longitude of Lake Michigan is reached we note a radical change from the comparatively dry air of Kansas to the more humid—the decidedly damp and chilly conditions that prevail in Chicago, for the most part, during the fall, winter and spring months.

While in Kansas, besides the towns already mentioned in late letters, I visited Valley Falls, Burlingame, Harveyville and a few others. At Valley Falls in Jefferson County—half way between Topeka and Atchison, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, I spent nearly a week renewing acquaintance with relatives and neighbors among whom I had made my home for more than ten years—years fraught with changes and experiences that left some of the deepest and most indelible impressions that have hitherto been made upon the tablets of memory during the present "incarnation" of the individualized entity known as Moses Harman.

Near Harveyville, Kan., at a little farm house owned by a radical thinker and earnest worker along Lucifer's lines, I spent two or three days resting, writing, conferring, planning, helping to elaborate a scheme for putting into immediate practice some of the ideas presented by Rosa Graul in "Hilda's Home," and by others in Lucifer's pages, for the last ten years or more. This scheme is nothing less than a plan to build a home for the use of expectant mothers, married or unmarried, whose home environments are such as to render perfect work in child building impracticable or impossible. The location selected for this home is one of the best I have seen anywhere. The land is high and rolling—well drained—near the head sources of the Marais des Cygnes river. Though hilly it is not too rough for cultivation. The soil is rich and well suited to producing the various fruits, grains, grasses, root-crops, etc., of the great "Middle West." The little farm of thirty-six acres, owned and occupied by our friend is located two miles from Harveyville, a station on the Manhattan branch of the A. T. and S. F. R. R., about twenty-five miles southwest of Topeka, the capital of the state. This farm has a small orchard of apple and other fruit trees, several acres of plow land suitable for garden and "truck" raising, and the rest in grass and timber. The groves on this and adjoining tracts are well adapted to "camping out"—or "tenting," for those who might wish to spend a few weeks in summer or early autumn away from the turmoil, the heat and dust of city life, and without incurring the expense of a trip to the Rocky Mountains, to California or to the Atlantic coast.

Though her own house is too small for immediate use, for the purpose named, our friend showed me through a large house on an adjoining tract that had once been her own home, and which can now be bought or leased on very reasonable terms.

In fact the scheme as outlined to me includes the purchase of this large house—two stories with basement, with a tower or third story from which an enchanting view of many miles in all directions can be obtained. The place belongs to non-resident heirs who wish to sell, and who would probably take an interest—a co-operative interest, in a home such as is now contemplated by this worker friend, mine hostess, who seems imbued with a purpose and with an enthusiasm that means success, if I do not sadly mistake the personality of the owner and the outlook for the movement as seen from "Wren's Nest"—the name given to the little cottage among the hills aforesaid.

To those wishing to know the name of the person of whom and of whose plans I am now writing I would say a letter of inquiry addressed, "Kansas Movement for Motherhood in Freedom," and sent under cover to this office, will be forwarded to the proper address, that is, to the good lady worker in Waukegan County, Kansas, who prefers that her name be kept out of the public eye until certain business arrangements, now under way, can be perfected.

I would only add to this brief statement that this Kansas friend asks no financial co-operation, or co-operation of any kind, without thorough investigation into the feasibility of her plans, and also that she desires no money to be placed into her hands subject to her management only. She wants all such responsibility to rest upon other shoulders; details of which proposed management will be given upon application.

At Burlingame I had the pleasure of meeting a few of Lucifer's old-time friends and helpers. Of these I would mention the names of Mrs. E. W. Crumb, Mrs. and Mr. Mayberry, the Jamison family—at whose hospitable home I had the pleasure and the honor of being entertained while stopping in this beautiful and enterprising little city.

Near Lawrence—some references to the early history of which place were given in last issue, I had the honor of a brief visit to the home of Mrs. S. T. D. Robinson, widow of Charles Robinson, first governor of the state of Kansas—a name second to none in the memory of every citizen of the Sunflower state who recalls the part that "Doctor Robinson" (as he was called previous to his election as governor) took in making Kansas a "free state," and in developing its capabilities afterwards.

Mrs. Robinson came to Kansas with her husband in 1855, and with him shared the hardships and the dangers incident to "border" life and to the struggle between the "Free State" party and the forces that seemed determined, with the help of the then Federal government at Washington, to extend the area of Afro-American slavery. In October 1856 Mrs. Robinson published her book entitled, "Kansas; Its Interior and Exterior Life." In the preface to that book she says:

"This book has been written amid all the inconveniences of tent life. Its pages were penned during a three months residence of the authoress in the United States camp at Lecompton, with her husband, one of the state prisoners. If a bitterness against the 'powers that be' betrays itself, let the continual clanking of sabres, and the deafening sound of heavy artillery in the daily drills of the soldiery, aids in crushing freemen in Kansas,—the outrages hourly committed upon peaceable and unarmed men,—the daily news of some friend made prisoner, or butchered with a malignity more than human,—the devastation of burning homes, by the connivance of the Governor, under the eye of the troops, and no power given them to save an oppressed people,—be placed in the balance against a severe judgment."

Her preface to the first edition of "Kansas," closes fittingly with the famous poem of J. G. Holland:

"God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinion and a will;  
Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,



Their large professions, and their little deeds,—  
Mingle in selfish strife, for Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

So great was the demand for Mrs. Robinson's book that it ran through nine editions, and then, for some years, was practically out of print. In response to urgent requests of many friends she has lately issued the tenth edition thereof, with an appendix that adds greatly to the value of the work. This appendix is mainly composed of letters corroborative of the statements made by her husband, Charles Robinson, in his book, published near the close of his long, very useful and very eventful life, and entitled, "The Kansas Conflict." Of this book, and also of this last edition of "Kansas; Its Interior and Exterior Life," by Mrs. S. T. D. Robinson, I hope to find time and space to say something more in these columns, in the near future.

M. HARMAN.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

In another column we give the story of a runaway slave who is to be returned to her master by our government. It is a serious crime for a married woman to steal her own child. A similar case was recently decided in England. Gladys Perot, aged eleven, was "abducted" by her mother from her paternal grandfather in Baltimore, and taken to London. The grandfather followed, and by the aid of English law, tore the child from the mother's arms, and brought her, unwilling and rebellious though she felt, back to this country. And thus does marriage "protect" women and children—for the use of their legal owners.

In this issue we give a statement of the case of Jesse N. Lee, which was forwarded to us by one of his friends. Lucifer believes in giving all sides a hearing. So far as I am personally concerned, I care to say little about this case. I will remark, in passing, however, that the fact, if fact it be, that Lee is a "leader" in the free love movement is news to me, as is also the further alleged fact that free lovers have a "creed." Mr. Lee has never been a subscriber or contributor to the columns of Lucifer, nor have I ever seen any of his ideas in print elsewhere, therefore I cannot say what his views are. It seems, however, that he and Mrs. Chinn have written letters to each other in which they made statements or used expressions which they did not feel able to defend in court. The moral of this case, as well as of several others of recent occurrence, seems to me to be that people should carefully weigh their written, printed, and spoken words, and ask themselves,

"Is it right for me to say this? And if it is right, have I the courage and the strength to face it out unflinchingly in court, if necessary?"

"The dog that barks and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

But the probabilities are that it will live to run, another day. So my advice to all dogs, little and big, and to all writers, would be, Don't bark and call the attention of the enemy to yourselves, unless you mean business.

I am glad to be informed that Mr. Caldwell did not mean to counsel submission of the wife to the husband; but I am sorry he did not make what he did mean a little more clear. If the wife has followed Mr. Caldwell's advice "without effect" the meaning must be that she is forced to live in a way which she does not desire, for otherwise she could not say that her prayers, etc., are without effect. If a man to whom I am not married beats and robs me, I may try argument and persuasion and prayers; but if they were without effect I should consider that the person who advised me to continue those tactics, was instead of fighting or running away or calling for help, was thereby advising me to endure the abuse. Too long have women, with prayers and tears, submitted to such treatment. It has been held that the woman may and should save the man.

Better, a thousand times, let him understand that the only way in which he can enjoy the companionship of a good woman is to treat her with at least the courtesy and consideration he showed to her when she was his sweetheart, before the law placed her in his power.

### Criticisms and Comments.

BY C. F. HUNT.

Private Hoon of Ohio has been imprisoned at Manila one year for addressing a letter directly to Gen. Otis. We rejoice when a traitor is properly punished, but in this case we should be told whether the treason is against the flag, military form, or Gen Otis, so that we may rejoice intelligently.

The Chicago Journal holds that there is a defect in our laws which allows the well paid, free and enlightened laborers of one glorious commonwealth to be replaced by the pauper labor of another g. c. Thus does land monopoly make fools of editors.

According to the New York World, the effect of the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt will be felt for a year in the business world, and the social thrill it causes will be equally intense and prolonged. The parquet and boxes in every theater will be thinly settled this winter, and other horrors will occur. It is time that society begged for mercy from these Vanderbilts. It seems but a day since a niece of the recently deceased, thrilled society by marrying a duke, and went to England where her long neck revolutionized diamond necklaces, and drove short necked dames to a depth of despair which was hardly offset by the joy of the makers of wide necklaces. We tremble at the thought that imitators may try to reproduce the Vanderbilt thrill in a small way by dying; and many a loyal admirer would be glad to die if he were sure his little thrill would last even a week.

### To the Freethinkers of America.

The twenty-third Annual Congress of the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation will be held in Boston, Nov. 17, 18th and 19th. For the first time in the history of the Society a Congress is to be held in New England. Paine Hall has been tendered for the occasion and Boston Freethinkers will do all in their power to make it a notable gathering. The success of the coming Congress is assured.

While the results of the present year are not all that could be desired, the Society has accomplished much good. Thousands of pamphlets and papers advocating the principles of Freethought have been distributed. Documents relating to state Secularization have been sent to Members of Congress and State Legislators. In California, Montana and other states, legislation inimical to religious liberty has been defeated. In several states bills for the repeal or modification of the Sunday laws were introduced and found many supporters. In Nebraska a bill providing for the taxation of church property was passed by the House. The Society is preparing for more effective work in this field. In nearly every state, committees have been appointed to look after legislation and other matters of interest to the Society. In every state a bill providing for the taxation of church property, the repeal of the Sunday laws, or the prohibition of religious teaching in the public schools, should be introduced at the next session of the legislature. The Union is now in a condition to render efficient aid in this work, and all efforts for that and similar purposes should be reported to the Secretary so as to receive the support and aid of the National organization. The further organization of the Liberals in every state will be prominently brought before the Congress and representatives from every section of our country are necessary to make this union of the friends of intellectual liberty effective, for both our own defense and the furtherance of the cause they have at heart. Let every Eastern Freethinker attend this Congress. Let as many as possible of our Western friends attend. Able speakers will address the Congress, inspiring music will be fur-

wished and good fellowship will abound. With the roses of joy will be mingled the rue of grief. Since we last met two of our former Presidents have died—our great and beloved leader, Col. Ingersoll, and our able and worthy brother, Dr. Westbrook. Arrangements have already been made for an Ingersoll Memorial meeting to occupy one session of the Congress.

The expenses attending a great National Convention are large. To meet these expenses we shall rely as heretofore upon the generosity of our Liberal friends. Contributions for this purpose should be sent at once to the Treasurer, Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill.; to the Secretary, E. C. Reichwald, 141 S. Water St. Chicago, Ill., or to the editor of this paper.

E. C. REICHWALD, Sec.,

141 S. Water St.

Chicago, Ill.

J. E. REMSBURG, Pres.

Atchison,

Kansas.

### From the Communistic Point of View.

BY GEORGE BROWN.

That woman does not occupy at present a position of equality with man is admitted by all. That she does not possess in an equal measure the qualities which make for success in a competitive order of society—as intelligence, strength and moral force—is sometimes disputed by cranks and courtiers, but is agreed to by all who are competent to form a correct judgment. The proof of this proposition is to be found in all written history and in all myths and traditions that have come down to us from the past. It may perhaps be urged that this is due to the limited competition that has always obtained and that still obtains under capitalism. A little thought will be enough to show that the evil is not in the limitation but in the principle itself. For in entirely free competition the advantage would be to the best equipped and we should still have an aristocracy of intelligence and strength, and as woman is clearly lacking in these qualities it is not under competition that she will find her just position in the social order.

Neither will she find salvation in equality, for this is precisely the most unsatisfactory principle ever proposed as a foundation for social organization. It never has existed nor ever can exist. Men are unequal among themselves; women are unequal among themselves and are again unequal to men; children to either. If only equality of opportunity is meant, the question arises, how can unequal persons use opportunities to equal advantage? Would not inequalities at once reappear and the old, old story be repeated? If this be true, then it appears that neither economic independence nor equality will be sufficient to free woman from her present unjust position, though both would be steps in the right direction; and both would be concessions from man. It appears quite plain that all the gains that woman has made in the past have been by courtesy of man, for man is as able to subdue woman to his use now as at any time in the past, and that he was able in the past is evidenced by her position now. During his long history, from the time he did his courting with a club up to today he has been evolving a sentiment of humanity, of solidarity, and this has prompted him to a milder, more considerate treatment of those dependent upon him, as wife and child, and the old and weak. Today there are many men who are shocked by any act of cruelty to dependents, and it is on the growth of this feeling that progress depends.

Great has been the improvement in this direction. Many of the most hateful of the practices of our ancestors have been done away with on this account. And sentiment becomes so strong that it forms a new test higher than reason, becomes in fact a new base from which reason starts.

May not this sentiment be so highly developed that it will extend to all departments of human life and action, to all our methods of production and distribution, and so humanize them that there will be no more exploitation of the weak by the strong? No more ownership, no more denial of the right to use the land and its yield?

When this stage is reached then all may enjoy without any

sense of humiliation, all that has been jointly produced whether things, ideas or sentiments. And then will woman become entirely free. For then she will be able to realize her own life in her own way and no one will feel any desire to say her nay. Then none will have to obey for there will be none to command. This is the ideal of the free communist and offers the only solution to questions of the maintenance of women and children. Is there any other?

### REMARKS.

Yes; it is doubtless true that "neither economic independence nor equality [of rights and privileges] will be sufficient to free woman from her present unjust position." Woman's needs are radically and constitutionally different from those of man. Woman needs more than equality of rights and privileges, simply because she is woman; because nature has placed upon her shoulders all the real burdens—all the real labors, pains and perils, all the disabilities connected with the creation of new human beings. To fit woman for the better performance of this transcendently important work nature has made her less strong physically, less brave or courageous physically and less severely logical than man; but, as compensation, nature has made her more intuitional, more loving, more spiritual; less of the animal and more of the psychic; less of the brutal and more of the human.

"Today there are many men who are shocked by any act of cruelty to dependents." This is saying that man is growing more womanly. It is certainly true that as the race advances towards perfection the differences of sex diminish, and as these differences diminish in like ratio will reproduction diminish, until in time it will wholly cease. And herein is found the rational solution of the Malthusian problem, and the solution of the millenium problem. To hasten these solutions we have only to make conditions such as will allow "equality of opportunity" to be born well! the practicalization of which must come through the freedom of woman, as mother, supplemented by her enlightenment. That is to say Freedom must join hands with Love and Wisdom. Hence the Trinity, Freedom, Love [Mother love] and Wisdom must and will be the savior of mankind.

M. HARMAN.

### The Case of Jesse N. Lee.

Numerous inquiries, chiefly from readers of *Lucifer* are still coming in, concerning the case of Jesse N. Lee and Laura L. Chinn. Will you kindly publish the following brief statement, trusting to the intelligence of all friends of liberty and justice to arrive at a correct conclusion upon reading the "facts" as given by the daily press.

From "Ottawa Daily Republican." "Lee has relatives in this city. . . . It was a knowledge of this fact . . . that led the officer to place espionage over the Ottawa post office."

"In all of the manuscript so submitted to the reporter there was neither word, sentence, drawing or intimation of any sentiment that could be construed as being obscene or even vulgar."

"He denies the statement made in our cotemporary, that he has been 'spreading this sort of literature.'"

"He speaks very highly of the character of the lady concerned, whom he proposes to protect at all personal cost."

"If the charge against Lee is based on the documents submitted to the reporter, he is a victim of misdirected official activity, to put the mildest possible construction on the act of Inspector McAfee; it would look a good bit like an effort to build up a reputation for vigilance at the expense of a man innocent of wrong intent or act."

From "Ottawa Weekly Herald." "Mr. Lee is a follower of the peculiar tenets of the free love doctrine and it was through his faith that he came to grief. . . . He is also a descendant of 'Light-Horse Harry' and other heroes of revolutionary fame and signers of the Declaration of Independence, as well as a relative of later heroes who fought for 'Cuba Libre.'"

From "Wichita Daily Eagle." "Reporter: 'Have you ever



seen Mrs. Chinn? Lee: 'No, I have never seen her.' . . . Jesse N. Lee, one of the leading advocates of the free love doctrine in this country, who has been in jail for several weeks awaiting trial in the federal court on the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, plead guilty before Judge Hook yesterday, and was sentenced to a term of eighteen months in the government penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth. Lee's attorney, John Adams, advised him to plead guilty, as Mrs. Chinn, of Arkansas City, who is alleged to be an accessory in the crime, had turned evidence against him. . . . Reporter: 'The obscenity of those letters, then, etc. are not considered disrespectful or criminal, according to your creed?' Lee: 'No sir. They are pure to the pure in thought and only obscene to those who evil think.'

From private letter of Jesse N. Lee. "Why did I plead guilty?" "The first indictment was worded wrong. . . . The grand jury reconvened and got out a new indictment and again got it wrong. . . . If I had stood trial on the count as it read then, Mrs. Chinn would have been convicted with me. . . . So, to leave her out, I plead guilty as the count read. Did I do right? . . . But the Comstockers were bound to have Mrs. C. anyway, so they fined her \$1,000 for the letters. . . . She went home without coming to see me. Don't know just when I'll be taken to Leavenworth, etc. . . . If Laura had not talked so much to McAfee, nothing could have been done to either of us. But she 'fessed up'—turned state's evidence."

"There was much fluttering of 'ribbons and calico' around the rotary (of the jail). People came to see what sort of animal a free lover is. The 'bontons' would have turned out en masse had there been any likelihood of their being able to hear the reading of the letters."

From "Evening Herald," Ottawa, Kan. "Lee kept up his bluff until the very last. He stated while in jail here he would fight the case and prove that the matter sent through the mails was not lascivious. He said he would attempt this by reading sections of the old testament of the Bible to show that it is more smutty than his literature. He said he would plead his own case before the jury. He put up the same story at Wichita but when confronted with the charge, he wilted and pleaded guilty."

"Mrs. Laura Chinn, of Arkansas City, who implicated herself in the case, by writing him letters, said to be fully as lascivious as those written by Lee himself, acknowledged her guilt before Judge Hook in the federal court this morning and threw herself upon the mercy of the court. Judge Hook imposed a fine of \$1,000, subject to execution. Mrs. Chinn was released at once and during good behavior will not be compelled to pay the fine."

In response to the call for aid, ninety cents were received and was used for postage, the prisoner's laundry etc. Personal letters have been written to the donors. Many inquiries came and some expressions of genuine sympathy. Some good friends have done all they could. The time from the arrest, Aug. 3 to the date of conviction, Sept. 12 was short. It seems, now, that it was needless to prepare a defense as the defendants were judged, condemned, by Comstock et al. long before the "trial"—a mere formality that enabled them to give some semblance of justice to the proceedings.

Of one thing I am convinced,—the handage is falling from the eyes of justice; or at least that august personage does not scorn to "peep" once in a while, or else she is developing a sixth sense, for if the defendant, though guilty before the law, proves to be a good looking dame; Justice may feel constrained to pronounce a sentence according to the letter of man-made laws, but in view of the sex of the culprit the Judge—beg pardon, I meant Justice—at once remits the fine or stays the execution of the sentence.

So let all our sisters—at least, those who are fair to look upon take hope. Woman's day is coming. One whom the prisoner called his

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Query: Would not government ownership of all public utilities be desirable, so the argus eyed pater could extend his loving

care to all the goings and comings of his children, as well as to their "private correspondence?" G. A.

Nor is truth arid or disconsolate, for it is in the very nature of true knowledge to restore more with one hand than what it seems to take away or destroy with the other.—*Buchner*.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

E. P. Bly, Marietta O.—After this long delay I write you and enclose six dollars for which please send "The Social Question," "Life and Health," "Religious, Political, and Social Freedom," together with the whole list of books advertised on page 288 of *Lucifer*; the balance to pay up to next January; and if any more it is yours for not stopping the paper. Hope to do better hereafter. Let me know if I am right about subscription. I want to pay every cent and as much more as I can; and I want *Lucifer* to come every week as long as it is the honest, fearless publication it is at present.

Mabel Fleming:—In No. 779 Mrs. "M. E. W." told us of the southern colored woman who "stands on the streets and lures the honest, virtuous white man in her web if he has not stamina enough to resist temptation."

Her remarks were forcibly recalled to my mind a few evenings ago. A small party of us went, after the theater, to a police station to see the sergeant in charge who besides sharing our "cranky notions," is like most of the sons of Erin, a very entertaining story teller. We were enjoying a pleasant conversation when a policeman entered accompanied by a great, burly, red-faced man. The stranger was well dressed and prosperous in appearance.

"Ah," said our friend the Sergeant, "here's a man who has met a woman and lost about a hundred dollars, and has come to pour out his troubles to us."

On his return to us, after listening to the story of the stranger, he remarked:

"It was eighty dollars. He is on his way to San Francisco, and he met a little quadroon. I recognize her from his description; she's a little bit of a thing,—weighs about ninety pounds. She got away with his eighty dollars."

"What will be done with her?" I asked.

"Done? O, he'll never prosecute. She'll go away to a summer resort for a week or so, and then come back. They are afraid to prosecute."

Such are the trials and temptations of the "honest, virtuous, white man" who finds himself alone and unprotected in a great city, even in the north. Hence these tears!

## AZTEC CALENDAR.

Send 25 cents to C. A. Higgins, A. G. P. A., A. T. & S. P. Co., Great Northern Bldg., Chicago, for copy of Aztec Calendar, July to December. Contains six separate reproductions in color (8x11 inches) of Burbank's Pueblo Indian portraits—the season's art sensation. Also engraved cover representing ancient Aztec calendar stone. A handsome and unique souvenir; edition limited—order early.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 39.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCT. 7, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 782

### A Human Habitation.

The sky was like a low-hung purple dusk,  
The plain its counterpart. Eastward, between  
These infinite disks of variant purple, the train  
Keched steadily, entering a belt of orange-colored sky,  
Wherein the spring-time sunlight grew in power.

Against the glowing band,  
A tooth of purple and upreared, to notch  
The otherwise unbroken, splendid sweep  
Of intersecting sky and plain. From it  
A thin blue smoke arose.

It was a human habitation,  
It was not a prison. A prison  
Resounds with songs, yells, the crash of gales,  
The click of locks and ring of chains.  
Voice shouts to voice. Bars do not exclude  
The interchange of words.

This was solitary confinement!

The sun upheaved;  
Its light swept the plain like a sea  
Of golden water, and the blue-gray dome  
That soared above the settler's shack,  
Was lighted into magical splendor.

To some worn woman  
Another monotonous day was born.

—Hamlin Garland.

### Freedom in Love.

At a woman's convention in "Frauenstadt," as told by Karl Heinzen in his book "Woman and the Sexual Relations," the usual objection to woman's freedom was made that it would break up the home and family, would destroy the virtue of woman and end in "moral anarchy"—commonly known as "free love." The following paragraphs give the popular objection in few words, and also the answer—as the question is seen by those from whose eyes the bandages of ignorance and prejudice have been removed:

MR. MORALITY—One of your resolutions demands the free, unrestrained contraction and dissolution of marriage. Is that not merely another way of saying free love? I am astonished to see German women make a demand which even among American women has called out disgust. What would it lead to, if it were left to the option of every woman to run away from her husband, as soon as he had crossed her whims, and offended her sensibilities in any way, or as soon as another one pleased her better? What would become of feminine dignity and virtue if our women could rush into the arms of another man every day? Indeed, what would become of marriage, and love, that divine theme of our songs, if all were chasing after sensual pleasures in perpetual change? Think of the moral anarchy that would be the inevitable consequence of your new institution. I must confess that I am horrified, and can hardly believe it possible that the moral sense of our German women can be put to shame by men.

JULIUS VON BERG—The gentleman's objections, which so pathetically appeal to our conscience, and are so anxiously concerned about our dignity, are most welcome. They give me an

opportunity to speak openly on this subject, which even in this country is still treated with the most unbecoming prudery, and the most senseless reserve. I do not know the gentleman whom I am to answer. He need not take my remarks personally—they are aimed at the masculine world in general.

I begin with the declaration that I advocate "free love" completely and decidedly. But the expression is incorrect and ought to be "freedom in love." Indeed, can any other kind of love exist except free love? Can love be commanded or forced? Something of this sort seems hitherto to have been in the minds of our philosophers of love, who have learned their philosophy in Constantinople or Utah apparently, and who can let a slave pass as their beloved. Among all the daughters of the goddess Liberty there is none, who, according to her nature, must possess the properties of her mother in a higher degree than Love. Love and free love are therefore synonymous. It ought not to be necessary to talk of free love, any more than of wet water, or hot fire. I might, however, conceive of love as not free in the sense that the feeling, the necessity, the passion that unites two beings, binds them completely, destroys their free will, turns them irresistibly away from everything else. But just because true love has this effect, exerts this power, creates this necessity, it ought no more to be hindered in its choice, by external force, than it will require external bonds to insure its permanence. A man and woman who do not love each other ought not to be united, or where they are united, they ought again to be separated; a man and woman who love each other ought not to be kept apart, and they need no external force to remain together. This is the simple statement of what I understand by freedom in love, which is the only means of securing what has now become so rare—a true marriage and a happy family life. Let him who does not agree with me have the courage to postulate the opposite and declare, that those who do not love each other ought to be united, and to be kept together by force, those who love each other ought to be separated and to be kept apart by force—both in the interest of humanity and human happiness!

### A Call.

I write this to call your attention to the work now being prosecuted by the National Afro-American Council for the benefit of the colored race. It is a broad unselfish work in the cause of humanity and is based upon the belief that the moral, mental and financial improvement of the colored people will help not only the race but will bless and benefit the nation. . . .

During the past ten years more than two thousand men, women and children have been shot, hanged or burned to death, all of them without trial, many of them absolutely innocent of any crime whatever. Is it not our duty to let the Nation know this awful record as it is being made from day to day? Is it not a duty we owe to ourselves, to humanity and to God?

Our work is educational for we believe that truth and justice go hand in hand. Our purpose is to give the world the truth, by honestly investigating all lynchings and promptly publishing

candid, unbiased reports, not only of the lynchings but the causes which lead to them.

We want your aid and support. The Anti-Lynching Bureau of the Afro-American Council wants ten thousand members to enlist in the work. Will you lend a hand? We desire to enroll you in this cause so that we may send out correct reports and rely upon you to aid in circulating the same and thus appeal to the Christian sentiment of the Nation.

We have held meetings and passed resolutions time without number, but there has been no money—no fund upon which we could call to make these resolutions effective. The Anti-Lynching Bureau proposes first to secure the sinews of war. This can easily be done, without burden to any one, by securing members for the Anti-Lynching Bureau at the small fee of twenty-five cents a year. You are at liberty to contribute as much more to the cause as you wish, but anyone can become a member, and thus have a share in this great work, by paying twenty-five cents. This will entitle you to receive reports of the progress of the work, direct from this office, and also to participate in the prosecution of such other plans as may be formulated. On application we will send a blank to enroll your name, also a blank for the names of friends you may be able to enlist in this cause.

The colored people have thus far done but little for themselves. We have made no united effort in our own behalf. Should we not try to help ourselves? I hope this cause will appeal to your head and heart, and that you will engage in this humble service for our race and thus forward the work so auspiciously begun. Yours for the race,

IDA B. WELLS-BARNETT,  
Chairman Anti-Lynching Bureau.

2939 Princeton Ave., Chicago.

### And She Doesn't Live on "Black Bread," Either.

The following letter was not written for publication, therefore the name of the writer is suppressed. As a matter of fact, the majority of prospective mothers—women of moderate means—put in enough hours at useful labor to support themselves if fairly compensated therefor. Of course a great many not only do this, but are excessively overworked in their household cares—"slave labor," for which no compensation is expected or received. The writer of this letter is a self-supporting woman, in receipt of a moderate salary. She writes that she is quite well, and happy in anticipation of the near advent of a longed-for little one.

L. H.

MY DEAR LILLIAN:—I am enclosing you a small cutting from a Northampton, (Eng.) paper which may interest you. How great is the interest attaching to breeding horses. How important is it to exclude from breeding the inferior animals! How little do we think of applying the same reasoning to man.

#### "ROYAL COMMISSION ON HORSE BREEDING."

"The report of the Royal Commission which administers the Royal Bounty as well as the Parliamentary grant for the encouragement of horse breeding in Great Britain, has just been published. Two shows have been held in London since the last report, both in conjunction with the Hunters' Improvement Society. The Commissioners found the general quality of the horses good, and an improvement on what they have seen at similar exhibitions, but they noticed that several otherwise desirable horses were unable to show their action from having contracted feet, chiefly the result of neglect. Professor Sir George Brown, on behalf of the veterinary inspectors at the 1898 show, reports that a remarkable success has attended the efforts to prevent the use of animals for breeding purposes affected with such hereditary disease as cataract, navicular disease, ring-bones and spavin. With regard to the desirability of limiting the age of stallions, and preventing those which are unfruitful from competing for Queen's premiums, the following regulations have been formulated: That no stallion over 20 years of age or any stallion whose average percentage of foals does not amount to at least 40 per cent. should be eligible to

compete for a Queen's premium. The question of improving the quality of the mares has also received the careful consideration of the Commission."

I protest against one thing in Mr. Brinkerhoff's article recently on the support of women. He seems to assume that woman is incapable of self-support during pregnancy. Now I don't think factory work for ten or more hours per day during the whole period likely to produce the best results for either mother or child, but I worked up to four and a half months without any inconvenience and only left off because of the conventionalities. Otherwise, I am quite sure I was fit for sufficient self-support for six or more of the nine months, and I don't claim to be exceptional either. Surely in any approach to an ideal state we shall not expect the pregnant woman to be treated as the invalid she too often is now. A proper amount of care of herself is quite consistent with an avocation that shall not be too arduous. In fact it may be doubted if she will not be the better for it.

### Why Women Are Over-sexed.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in "Women and Economics."

To the young man confronting life the world lies wide. Such powers as he has he may use, must use. If he chooses wrong at first, he may choose again, and yet again. Not effective or successful in one channel, he may do better in another. The growing, varied needs of all mankind call on him for the varied service in which he finds his growth. What he wants to be, he may strive to be. What he wants to get, he may strive to get. Wealth, power, social distinction, fame,—what he wants he can try for.

To the young woman confronting life there is the same world beyond, there are the same human energies and human desires and ambition within. But all that she may wish to have, all that she may wish to do, must come through a single channel and a single choice. Wealth, power, social distinction, fame,—not only these, but home and happiness, reputation, ease and pleasure, her bread and butter,—all, must come to her through a small gold ring. This is a heavy pressure. It has accumulated behind her through heredity, and continued about her through environment. It has been subtly trained into her through education, till she herself has come to think it a right condition, and pours its influence upon her daughter with increasing impetus. Is it any wonder that women are over-sexed? But for the constant inheritance from the more human male, we should have been queen bees, indeed, long before this. But the daughter of the soldier and the sailor, of the artist, the inventor, the great merchant, has inherited in body and brain her share of his development in each generation, and so stayed somewhat human for all her femininity.

"The minor gods survive the changes in the pantheon of every race. Of the Greek peasant of today, Mr. Renan Rodd testifies, in his *Custom and Lore of Modern Greece*, that much as he would shudder at the accusation of any taint of paganism, the ruling of the Fates is more immediately real to him than divine omnipotence. Mr. Tozer confirms this in his *Highlands of Turkey*. He says: 'It is rather the minor deities and those associated with man's ordinary life that have escaped the brunt of the storm, and returned to live in a dim twilight of popular belief.' In India, Sir Alfred Lyall tells us that, 'even the supreme triad of Hindu allegory, which represents the almighty powers of creation, preservation and destruction, have long ceased to preside actively over any such corresponding distribution of functions.' Like limited monarchs, they reign, but do not govern. They are superseded by the ever-increasing crowd of godlings whose influence is personal and special, as shown by Mr. Crooke in his instructive *Introduction to the Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*."—Edward Clodd, *The Pioneers of Evolution*, 29.



## Realism in Art and Literature.

This essay, by Clarence S. Darrow, is now placed before the public in the form of an attractive little booklet, by C. H. Kerr. We have several times quoted paragraphs from it, and the following sentences are taken almost at random from its pages:

"Only the vulgar superstition of the past ever suggested that the reproduction of the human form in stone was an unholy work. Through long dark centuries religion taught that the flesh was vile and bad, and that the soul of man was imprisoned in a charnel house, unfit for human sight. The early Christians wounded, bruised, and maimed their bodies of clay; they covered it with skins, which under no circumstances could be removed, and many ancient saints lived and died without ever having looked upon the bodies nature gave. The images of saints and martyrs, which in the name of religion were scattered through Europe, were covered with paint and clothes, and were nearly as hideous as the monks that placed them there.

"The church had taught that the death of the flesh was the birth of the soul, and it therefore believed that the artist's resurrection of the flesh was the death of the soul. This old religious prejudice, born of a misty, superstitious past, has slowly faded from the minds of men, but we find its traces even yet. The origin of the feeling against realistic art has well nigh been forgot, but much of the feeling yet remains. No one would now pretend to say that all the body was unholy or unfit for sight, and yet years of custom and inherited belief have made us think that a part is good and the rest is bad; that nature, in her work of building up the human form, has made one part sacred and another vile. It is so easy to mistake custom for nature and inherited prejudice for morality. There is scarcely a portion of the human body but that some people have thought it holy, and scarcely a single portion but that some have believed it vile.

The price of this little work is only five cents a copy. When ordered in quantities for distribution we can supply them at the rate of ten copies for 25 cents.

## The Meaning of Freedom.

Juliet H. Severance, in "A Discussion of the Social Question."

I am not only a believer in social freedom, but I am a believer in free love; and that word free love, signifies to me the most exalted condition ever reached by mortal or angel. Freedom, the very soil of growth and progress, and Love, the highest attribute of the Gods. The two grand principles combined forming a name that in the coming future will be honored more than any other name, and its martyrs will receive a brighter crown of glory.

As a wrong sexuality is the most debasing of all conditions, sapping the very foundations of life physically and morally, so a rightly adjusted and harmonized sexuality is the most health-giving and spiritualizing of all the relations people are capable of entering.

Who are the opposers of free love? There is a class of persons who from misrepresentations of others, and never having heard it explained, honestly think that it means licentiousness; but a far greater number are those who are living lives that they are anxious to cover from the public gaze, so they cry out "stop thief" to turn attention from themselves.

The laws give man what is called "marital rights" and under these rights a brute can outrage his wife no matter how often and she has no legal redress, no appeal but death. Let her go to any lawyer and ask for a divorce on any such ground and he would laugh at her. Does woman own her own body? Let her assert that and act accordingly, if contrary to her husband's "marital rights" and she will soon find out to whom her body belongs. Children are born continually, the result of relations not founded upon mutual love and desire, but the result of rapacious lust and tyranny on the one hand and disgust and servile submission on the other or else hatred and resentment; and this is legal. But in your classic language it is "damnable."

You seem to think it a terrible thing to assert that a woman

should choose the father of her child. Will you please inform us who is more competent or has a better right?

Morality must come as a result of organization and development, and not by legal enactment.

The hope of the world lies in a thorough understanding of the laws of heredity, the laws of sexuality, upon which this is based, and the proper culture of the individual.

There is nothing that will exalt manhood and womanhood equal to human love. It makes woman angelic and man God-like. It develops justice, goodness, and wrongs no one. It is free in its action. It loves when it wills, and where it must. It will have its own, that which belongs by natural law to it, no more nor any less, and with this it is conscientiously content in the heaven of its own harmonies.

## Shooting the "Niggers."

When soldiers' letters, detailing the horrors of the war on the Philippine "rebels" have been published a storm of protest has ensued. The letters have been characterized as "lying reports," written and printed by unpatriotic enemies of the flag of this glorious country. But what shall be said of the words of Colonel Kessler, of the recently returned First Montana Volunteers? Listen to his story of the pursuit of the "niggers":

"Colonel Kessler was as joyful as a schoolboy out for a holiday over the auspicious return of his men.

"I am a veteran of the army of the Potomac," said he, "but the seasoned veterans of that command were no better soldiers than those of the First Montana volunteers. From private to commanding officer we worked in perfect harmony from the beginning to the end. The boys fought as though they loved the business. It was a sight to watch them wait for the 'niggers' as the Filipinos are termed, run for the trenches. 'There goes a nigger,' some soldier would cry, and the lead would go pouring after him. Some one else would cry 'There goes another,' and the lead would fly again. The boys were in a number of the hottest kind of engagements, under a withering fire. I never saw the slightest exhibition of 'cold feet' on the part of the officers or men of Montana. There isn't a 'knocker' in the entire command."

## How Criminals are Made.

Rosa Grazi, in "Hilda's Home."

Go where you will, into lordly mansions of the rich, into the hovels of the lowly poor, and see the subjection of woman unto man. He rides roughshod over her most sacred and tender ideals. Every hope in the once bounding heart has been crushed. Her fate is to please her "lord and master,"—to keep his home for him; to entertain his guests; to bear his children; to rear them for him to dispose of as he may see fit—thus forcing her to bring into the world a race of slaves, a race degenerated by having implanted in the heart of the unborn child all the evil passions that naturally rankle in the breast of woman so enslaved and outraged.

The soul is unthought of in this reproduction, which merely takes place to satisfy the animal in man. The desire, the inclinations of the mother, are not considered. To cater to the passions of man, to be the mother of undesired children is her natural sphere in life. She must thank God that she has been selected thus to be the instrument to perpetuate the race. Home, sweet home, has been sung until it echoes and re-echoes throughout the land, but to millions of women it has been simply a prison, a hellish prison.

The church, "the man of God," its instrument, stands upon one side. On the other stands the state. In case the church is not strong enough to control woman, the state holds up to her aching eyes the terrors of the "law of the land."

A revealed dogma is always opposed to the free research that may contradict it.—Ernest Renan, "Islamism and Science."

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## "Arrested in Development."

"I look forward to the time when men and women, by reason of their knowledge of consequences, by reason of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain—will refuse to fill the world with failures."—R. G. Ingersoll.

In the Chicago "Tribune" of Sept. 29, there is outlined a plan by which a few, a very few, of humanity's failures are to be cared for. This plan is called "An Experiment in Child Study." This experiment is to take the form of a "School for the Training and Surveillance of Youth Arrested in Development," and is thus described:

"The Chicago Physiological School was incorporated yesterday under the laws of the State of Illinois by President Harper, Miss Mary R. Campbell and George H. Mead, and will open with the fall quarter of the University of Chicago next week. The school is one for the study and training of children arrested in development.

"Professor George H. Mead, the third incorporator, is in the department of psychology. The school is to be an experimental one in child training. There will be the three departments, physiological, psychological and pedagogical. Those who are to be in charge of the school will keep the pupils under constant surveillance. A close study is to be made of the peculiarities of each one and records of every observation that may be made will be kept. It is thought by this method to get at some logical conclusions of cause and effect and to determine what environment will do for the children who fail to develop normally. Owing to the closeness of study that is to be made the school will accommodate only fifteen pupils to begin with. More than fifty applications have been received. The children will be boarded in the school. The building to be used is located in Drexel avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets."

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, the first named of the three incorporators, tells the reporter that this experimental school is not yet "affiliated with the University," but that it may become so in time, and will then, it is to be presumed, be supported and managed in much the same way as the University itself is supported and its policies managed; that is, by its plutocratic benefactors.

But would it not be a more sensible plan to endow a school, or a professorship in the University, for the study of Stupor, including Heredity and Prenatal Impression—the object of which would be to inquire into the causes of the "arrested development" of so many children? Why so much attention—why so much time and money spent in the effort to cure the effects, while the causes are ignored?

In Kansas there is, or was, a school similar in design to that described by the "Tribune," and connected with the University of Kansas, if I mistake not. Some years ago a subscriber of *Lucifer* and one of the best known and most highly esteemed of the citizens of the Sunflower state, told me of the terrible affliction that had saddened his life and that of his wife. He was then on his way to visit two of their daughters who had been for years cared for in the "Kansas School for Imbecile Children." The parents were far above average in intelligence—the husband and father had held many offices of public trust,—and yet o-

the seven children born to them, all were physically and mentally imbecile; not able to care for themselves in any way. "Arrested development," would probably be the diagnosis of President Harper and of his associate incorporators.

Man uses his reason in breeding calves, colts and pigs, but in breeding human beings he leaves it all to chance, to "Providence," or to the unreasoning forces of nature, handicapped as these forces are by artificial or conventional laws and customs.

M. HARMAN.

## Kansas Notes—Concluded.

An eastern correspondent—see "Various Voices" in this issue—doubts the accuracy of the report of the Quantrell raid, published in No. 780. I copied this report from what I believed a trustworthy record. I was at the time stopping at the house of Mr. A. Palm, an old and much respected citizen of Lawrence, who, as already stated, was on the ground at the time of the massacre, not three days afterwards, only, as was our good friend J. H. Young. If Mr. Palm had not believed the statement of Mr. Caldwell to be substantially correct he certainly should have made the necessary correction. *Lucifer's* space is too small to permit extended discussion in regard to matters of history, and yet when important historical errors are made in our columns we much prefer to be set right.

At Topeka, the capital of Kansas, at which place our little journal was published about six years, I had the pleasure of meeting and greeting many oldtime friends and acquaintances, all of whom seemed glad to see *Lucifer's* editor once more. Prominent among these I wish to mention the names of Elizabeth and Alonzo Wardall; Albert Griffin and Miss Griffin; Mrs. M. B. Sharrar and daughter Myrtle, also the husband of the latter, Mr. Gerberich; J. Robinson; W. Curry and family, and Solomon Harman; to all of whom I am indebted for hospitality during my week's stay in the city.

I wish also to acknowledge my indebtedness for courtesies shown me by Miss Adams, daughter of Judge Adams who for twenty years or more has been librarian of the Kansas State Historical Society, and also by her gentlemanly assistant, whose name I did not learn. I spent a part of each day for several days, examining the records of that society, looking up matters that I hope to make use of, sometime, in connection with *Lucifer's* work.

I was also much pleased to meet again Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, librarian of the Kansas State Library. Some of the older of our readers will remember that Mrs. Diggs was once assistant editor of *Lucifer* when, as "The Kansas Liberal" it was published at Lawrence, Kansas. As a lecturer and writer on reform topics Mrs. Diggs has achieved a national reputation of which any woman—or man either—might justly feel proud.

Although the number of our subscribers in Topeka and in Kansas is not as large as it once was I am glad to be able to report that quite a large proportion of those who helped us to fight the battle for freedom of speech in that state remain with us still, and that they continue—with few exceptions, to help us with the necessary "sinews of war," as well as with their moral aid and comfort.

Before closing this report I wish once more to thank all who in any way helped to make my recent visit to Kansas enjoyable as well as financially successful. Though my trip was made principally in the interest of health—of mental and physical recuperation, I am glad to be able to report that it was not a failure from a business point of view. Many of our old friends renewed their subscription, some new names were added to the list, while quite a number more ordered books for their own reading and for missionary purposes.

I wish also to thank all whose kindly invitations I was obliged to decline—for lack of time and also on account of distance and cost of transportation. Hoping to be able to meet again all I had the pleasure of meeting on this trip and all I did not meet, and cordially inviting all to call on us at our Chicago office, I once more bid our Kansas friends a kind good bye.

M. HARMAN.



### "Wants."

"Man wants but little here below," may have been true in Oliver Goldsmith's time, but it is scarcely true today. Speaking from our own personal standpoint, man—man embraces woman, you know—man wants many things he cannot get. Some things, however, can be had for the asking. "Ask and ye shall receive," and "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," are good mottoes, provided, of course, we do not "ask amiss," or for what we should not have.

Acting upon the suggestion contained in these mottoes we, of the Lucifer office, now ask every reader who feels that we are doing a much needed work, to show this issue of Lucifer to some friend who is not a reader thereof. Call her or his attention to the statement, "Our Name and Purpose." Ask her or him to read all the articles of this number, and of recent numbers,—if you care to lend or give them away—then ask if such friend or neighbor is not in sympathy with the aims or purposes therein outlined, and if so, ask the person in question to allow you to send her or his name to us for a trial subscription to our "Morning Star."

If extra copies are needed for the purpose we will gladly send them, on application, or, if our subscribers wish to keep a file of the paper we will gladly replace such numbers as may be lost in the effort to extend our subscription list.

### "Servitude" in Chicago.

The Chicago "Chronicle" is again wrestling with the "servant-girl problem." It says there is a dearth of "servants" in Chicago, and of those who are willing to work in "domestic servitude" but few are efficient. Even when a "mistress" finds a treasure she is not sure of keeping her, for as we are gravely informed by the "Chronicle" writer, "In such cases women seem to lack little of the finer sense of honor."

This declaration is called forth by the complaint of one mistress that her servant had left her because a "friend" had offered the girl fifty cents a week more than she was receiving. This is really dreadful! But how would the "finer sense of honor" affect this writer, I wonder, if the "Tribune" should offer him—or her—five dollars a week more than the "Chronicle" pays? And what of the "sense of honor" of the preacher who accepts the "call" of the wealthier congregation or of the man in any other line who changes his place of occupation in the hope of improving his condition?

One man is driven nearly to desperation by the depravity of these girls. His wife is unable to do the work; therefore they must have a servant. He says they have "had a dozen in about as many weeks." Various causes for dissatisfaction are given, among which are that one "doesn't like her room," and another "will not stay where she cannot receive company." I wonder how this man would like to stay where he could not receive company; where he had no time of his own except one afternoon in two weeks; and then would be obliged to be in before ten o'clock at night? Imagine a man working under such conditions!

Every one knows that the "servant's room" is the most uncomfortable and inconvenient in the house; she cannot receive company, and she can go out only once in two weeks, as a rule. The mistress appoints herself a committee of one to regulate the girl's morals; but if her vigilance is unavailing, the girl is thrown out just the same as if the mistress had not assumed that responsibility. In other fields of employment the hours and work, no matter how long and hard, are clearly defined, and the time away from the work is the girl's own. Therefore domestic service is shunned by all who have intelligence and the ability to do anything else, and the "service" is left to the ignorant and inefficient.

Household work has been degraded as slave labor. The time must come when it will be given into the hands of well-paid, efficient workers, who have certain hours in which to perform the labor—all the time outside those hours being their own, to dispose of as they will. Until that time comes we will

bear the wails, ever-increasing in volume, of would-be masters and mistresses who are unable to obtain women to "serve" them.

L. H.

### Chicago Society of Anthropology.

One of Chicago's chief attractions for the independent thinker is its "Society of Anthropology." This society is said to be the sequence or outgrowth of the "Congress of Religions," held in this city during the World's Fair of 1893. That Congress was supposed to offer a free platform to the representatives of all religions, and of no religion. In other words those who have no religion but that of Science—demonstrated facts—or those whose only religion is love for humanity—with no reference to the hypothesis called theological, or to the existence of alleged extra-mundane intelligences—all these were supposed to have equal right to a free expression of thought; equality of rights and privileges for the broadest and most inclusive heterodoxy with the narrowest and most exclusive orthodoxy, being the motto of the World's Congress of Religions.

Whether this statement is historically exact or not, as to the object and management of that celebrated congress, I am not quite certain, but that these are the avowed objects of its successor, the Chicago Society of Anthropology, I happen to know; having been a member—though not always a "paid-up" member—of that society for the past three years or more.

The membership of this society is not large, but includes names of some of Chicago's best known and most favorably known scientists—women and men who, laying aside the prejudices of early training are now honestly and earnestly trying to solve the problems of the universe, as they see them, or as they find them, including the very perplexing political and social problems that confront us on every hand.

The Society meets every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, at Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Readers of Lucifer who reside in the city, as well as visitors from a distance are cordially invited to attend these meetings and take part in the discussions. Membership dues are fifty cents per month, but none are excluded from participation in discussions because of non-membership.

The list of subjects for the fall and winter months as announced at last meeting, would seem to cover the whole field of human interest; prominence being given to such disturbing questions as "Marriage and Divorce," "Stipiculture, or Homoculture," "Philosophic Anarchism," "The Negro in North America," etc., etc.

M. H.

### Our Name and Purpose.

In answer to many questions we say:

The name Lucifer is astronomical, not theological.

Lucifer means Light bringer, or Light bearer, and is the ancient name of the morning star—"Herald of the Dawn."

In accord with this symbolism—drawn from one of the most impressive of Nature's phenomena—we try to make our weekly journal a true Light Bringer, a realistic herald or harbinger of a brighter and better day for mankind.

With Shakespeare we believe that "Ignorance is the only darkness." To destroy both darkness and ignorance, then, we have only to bring in the light of Knowledge—of Science.

With Ingersoll we believe that the reason why reformers have hitherto failed to reform the world is because "Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world." We believe that the greatest orator of modern times sent an arrow straight to the core of truth when he said, "There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or law; by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it into the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole ques-

tion. This frees woman. The babes that are born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy. . . . When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth."

With Gerald Massey we believe that, "We must begin in the creatory if we would benefit the race, and woman must rescue herself and consciously assume all responsibility of maternity [including choice of paternity] on behalf of the children."

We believe in the motto, "Truth for authority and not authority for truth," and that to "get all of truth we must hear all sides." Hence we try to make the pages of *Lucifer* a free platform—free for the utterance of honest thought upon all subjects of human interest, but especially for the free expression of thought upon the transcendently important subject of how to practicalize freedom for the mothers of the race of human kind.

### The Filipino Question.

Under the head "Cansters and Hypocrites," Samuel William Cooper in "The Conservator" for August, has a three column article that should be read and carefully considered by every American citizen. This article is, in the main, a reply to those who call the opponents of Filipino war "cansters and hypocrites," and who say that "Aguinaldo is a mere treacherous outlaw." Here are a few of the points made by Mr. Cooper:

"It would be the absolute truth to say that the United States is a treacherous nation as evidenced by its government. Spencer Pratt, the American Consul General at Singapore; R. Wildman, United States Consul General at Hong Kong, and treasurer of the Fund of the Patriotic League of Filipinos; Admiral Dewey; the government documents—all can speak loud on this point. We made a contract with the Filipinos that they were to be free. We gave them arms and ammunition, and they carried out their part of the bargain to the letter. We broke our promises. Read this, O doubting ones, and blush for very shame. It is one of the most discreditable pages in the history of the world. And so our soldiers seem to regard it. General King, General Funston and other leaders have spoken, and now comes back the Tenth Regiment of Pennsylvania, saying, through the mouths of its members (Philadelphia North American, August 7th) 'the sympathies of the entire regiment are with the Filipinos. They are entitled to make the same fight for liberty that our forefathers were, and they are under the laws of humanity worthy the same rights.' . . . ."

"The Filipinos may be a bad people, but they do not burn those of a different color at the stake, or chop them to pieces, every day, as we do, without trial, on public clamor. Nor do they have strikes where troops shoot down unarmed workmen. They do not seem to have family feuds, where reason is powerless and murder runs riot as it does in many places in our own country. They do not shell inoffensive cities. Nor, in fact, do they seem to have any of those peculiar habits which may be the privileges of civilization. No, they are savages, and their leader is a 'treacherous outlaw.' We alone are good and true and beautiful. . . . ."

"Our government is engaged in a war of pillage and extermination against a people who owe us no allegiance, to whom we promised freedom. It is an evil work; it is absolutely without justification. Those who approve of it are the traitors to whom the country will owe a burden of evil that may be too great for her to carry."

In the same issue of the "Conservator," the editor, Mr. Traubel, thus closes his monthly "Collect."

The problem of the Philippines is not a quarrel between Aguinaldo and McKinley but a crisis in national history which brings out antagonistically face to face one America with another. America has been going one way. Now it is proposed that she should reverse and revise. Nor has this been brought about by any deliberate act of the country. So far the nation

has not passed upon the question. It is evident that if the executive regime is to secure a popular endorsement America will have to be reborn in the strange likeness of aggression. Will it be an America of greater liberty or less? Will it be a sea to sustain or a rock to wreck? Expansion may run up an honest flag. Imperialism's flag is black. It has all the panoply of piracy. We may win the Philippines. So far we have been licked. But, winning the Philippines, must we lose America?

### The Crime of Government.

When defending the right of the American colonists to self government Edmund Burke, in the British parliament, is reported to have said, "Speak not of the abuses of artificial government; the thing, the thing itself is the abuse." All governments of man—or by man—over his fellow man are artificial governments. In his "Data of Ethics," Herbert Spencer lays down as an axiomatic truth, or basic principle in human sociology the following:

"Every person has the right to do as he pleases so long as he does not invade the equal right of others."

The practicalization of this axiomatic truth in the affairs of human beings, would necessarily abolish all existing governments, whether they be called monarchies, aristocracies or republics, and would also abolish the everywhere existing rulership of man over woman.

John R. Kelso, in "Government Analyzed" pertinently asks this question:

"Practically, then, the question at issue before us is as follows: Which is better, an archy or government with its thousands of unnatural laws, and its need of thousands more, all tending to promote inequality, want of confidence and antagonism among the people—all tending to promote, in the former class, a criminal greed and extravagance, and in the latter, those prolific breeders of crime, servility, want and desperation."

By "archy" is meant rulership of man by his fellow man, and is the antithesis or opposite of *anarchy* which means the absence of rulership of man by his fellow man.

Speaking of the condition of things, in the country now called the United States, immediately after the "war of the revolution," Mr. Kelso says:

"After they had thrown off the government of Great Britain, the great body of the people of the United States never, so far as I can learn, either demanded or desired any other government in its stead. They preferred freedom, and this they could not enjoy under any form of government. Hence, for a long time, they resisted every attempt of their would-be masters to reduce them to a condition of governmental slavery. By fraud alone, were they finally reduced to that condition."

While it may not be strictly true that the people who had thrown off the British government were in a state of anarchy, or freedom, it is doubtless true that as compared to present conditions in this country the people were their own rulers. There was no national government, national tariffs, national debt, no kingly President with power to carry on a war of invasion against a freedom-loving people on the opposite side of the globe; no U. S. Senate (American "House of Lords") and no life tenure Supreme Court, with power to nullify—in the interest of plutocracy—the demand of the common people for freedom and equality of rights and privileges.

In his book of five hundred and nineteen pages Mr. Kelso has shown in a clear and logical manner, seldom equalled, how freedom was lost to the people of this country, by the treachery and fraud almost unparalleled, of the so called "Constitutional convention" of 1787. He also shows, as few writers have ever shown, what the crime of government really is; how it gradually grew up from the ignorance and superstitions of the barbaric past, to be what we find it today.

The latter half the book outlines a plan, or plans, by which the evils of our government may be minimized or nullified. Whether these proposed methods are practicable, or whether



they are consistent with the logical deductions of the first half of the book are questions upon which all readers will not be agreed. It is largely a question of expediency, a question of what should be done, or can be done, to cure the evils under which the burden bearers of this country, and of the world, now suffer.

M. H.

### How Government Protects

"Free Society," San Francisco.

According to our German contemporary of Chicago, a policeman happened to meet several Italians on the street who were discussing harmless affairs in their own language. This guardian of "law and order" imagined that these men were plotting a conspiracy and interfered. Not understanding the English language the Italians were scared and started to run, and one of them was killed. The policeman has been charged with manslaughter to soothe the indignation, but "money rules," you know. The chief of police has given his force to understand that every member ought to contribute one dollar for the defense of the murderer, and as that means \$2,500 to begin with and having "influence" behind him, "justice" will evidently be smothered.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

James H. Young, Onset, Mass.—Find enclosed one dollar for which send me the inclosed list of books. I was at Lawrence, Kan., three days after the Quantrell raid but saw no such destruction of life or property as related by E. F. Caldwell. Quantrell had 100 men.

O. N. Bancroft, Falls Church, Va.—I enjoy the weekly visits of the good paper *Lucifer*. It is truly a light bearer. May its rays penetrate every foggy brain, resulting in the betterment of humanity. All healthy minds are readily penetrated by its sterling truths. With best wishes for all the workers for real liberty.

T. W. S., Danellen, N. J.—Florence Johnson kindly directed me to inquire of you what books I should purchase in order to gain some knowledge relative to free love. While I have, probably, a clear general idea, I have never read or heard the ideas of others. I notice a special offer you make in your last edition which partly satisfies my inquiry but if my choice is astray please advise me and I may purchase what you might suggest later on. "Ideals," "New Humanity," "What Young Need to Know," "Economics of Anarchy" and "Sanctity of Marriage" and any others to amount of the \$2.00 I send.

Frederick Brown, Lincoln, Neb.—While in Chicago two weeks ago, I tried to find you on Congress St., but was told that you had moved. I have been in Europe (Germany) engaged in study, for over a year, and have lost track of you. I hope in study, for over a year, and have lost track of you. I hope you will resume sending *Lucifer* to my address. I missed it very much. Would you also kindly send me the addresses of anarchistic journals published in English, Spanish and French? I am studying at State University of Nebraska this year and my expenses are high, but will assist you financially just as far as I possibly can, and to a greater degree next year when I begin to teach again. With best wishes for your health and success.

[The easiest way for friends from out of town to find us, is to take a Lake St. elevated train (which is near all railway stations,) and come on it to Sheldon St. station. Walk north two blocks to Carroll Ave. and west a block and a half to 507. We are always sorry when our friends fail to find us. "Liberty," Box 1312, N. Y. City, is the organ of the Individualist Anarchists, and "Free Society," 43 Sheridan St., San Francisco, the organ of the Communist Anarchists.]

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff, Morrisville, Pa.—A company of ten persons are engaged in intellectual conversation. They are

talking animatedly and informally and yet only one speaks at a time. Each turns his eyes toward the one to whom he is making response. This is politeness. There is one ill-mannered fellow, however, who looks into vacant space when taking up the thread of the discourse as dropped by another, or, worse still, when he responds to A's remarks, he addresses B, a most exasperating form of incivility.

We see something like this sometimes in weekly papers. For example, see *Lucifer* of Aug. 5, page 234, second column, lines seventeen and eighteen, in fact the whole paragraph. Also, *Lucifer* of Sept. 2, page 265, second column, lines twenty to fifty, both in articles of C. L. James. This is no reflection upon Mr. James, who no doubt would have turned his head politely toward the one to whose observations he was offering rejoinder if it had not been for certain journalistic rules. This is no reflection upon *Lucifer* either, for editors get so tired of the frequent exhibitions of resentment by people not cut out for discussion that they feel like making cast-iron rules for all.

Fannie Wooten Hanson, Aurora, Ill.—Enclosed you will find fifty cents to apply on H. C. Hanson's subscription which expired with No. 773. I like *Lucifer* very much, and would not be without it for anything. I have a little girl five months old and have named her Virna for your little girl. I hope they may both grow up to be as useful to the world as you are. I notice your correspondent, Mrs. M. E. W., of Montgomery, thinks the negroes in the South are treated kindly by the white people. I have lived in the South all my life until the past four years and according to my way of thinking they are not treated kindly. They are kept in poverty and ignorance by the white people, and so long as this condition exists there will be criminals among them. I have often wondered that there were not more crimes committed when I saw how they were treated. In the country districts very few own any land, nearly all being renters. In some instances, the renter, after a hard year's work, and a scanty living is, according to the landlord's books, in debt. I knew a case in Kentucky of a negro family consisting of man and wife, the man working hard all the year living on poor food, wearing cheap clothes, and at the end of the year when the landlord sold the crop and took out what was due him according to his books, the negro got \$2.50. This is only a sample case. Is that good treatment?

### AZTEC CALENDAR.

Sends 25 cents to C. A. Higgins, A. G. F. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry, Great Northern Bldg., Chicago, for copy of Aztec Calendar, July to December. Contains six separate reproductions in color (8 x 11 inches) of Burbank's Pueblo Indian portraits—the season's art sensation. Also engraved cover representing ancient Aztec calendar stone. A handsome and unique souvenir; edition limited—order early.

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**Free Society** is an advocate of Anarchist Communism, and in its advocacy of liberty in all things does not overlook sexual liberty. It is an eight-page weekly published at 50 cents a year. A specimen copy will be cheerfully furnished upon request. We also publish a monthly Anarchist library. If you want two good treatises on our theories send in cents for Kropotkin's "Law and Authority" and Malatesta's "Talk About Anarchist Communism." Nos. 1 and 2 of our new monthly. Free Society, 10 Oak Grove Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

782.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

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A Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women.  
By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Here are a few of the page-headings of this remarkable work: "Economic environment; The dependence of women; No inherent disability of sex; Marriage not a partnership; House service as a livelihood; Motherhood and economic production; Modification to maternity; The usefulness of sex; Differentiation of sex; Sex and humanity; The peacock's tail; Sex distinctions; The eternal feminine; unreasoning devotion; Women as persons; Race-attributes and sex-attribute; The normal child; Personal profit and sex-relations; The influence of heredity; The young man and the young woman; The effect of custom; The sex relation personal; Innocence and ignorance; Marriage with independence; The increasing difficulty of marriage; Supporting one's family; Virtue and vice; The results of repression; The harm that women do; The development of love; The hope for the future; The martyr and the pioneer; The dropping of the bars; The meaning of the new woman; Motherhood in education; A criminal failure; Marriage and the family; Love's young dream; The heart and the stomach; Socializing the household industries; The stomach as a family tie; The servant wife; World-servants and house-servants; A wider maternity; Between the old and the new; "The vices of the slave;" The outgrown stronghold. Printed on strong, heavy paper; 350 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50. For sale by M. Harman, 507 Carroll ave., Chicago.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 40.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCT. 14, E. M. 239. [C. B. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 783

### For the Right.

There are brighter things in this world than gold—  
There are nobler things in this world than name;  
To silently do with your deeds untold,  
To silently die, unnoticed to fame.  
Then forth to fight, unshamed and alone;  
Let us lead the world to its destined height;  
Enough to know, if but this be known,  
We live and we die for the right!

—Joseph Miller.

### "Women Talk About Men."

Under this title the "New York Times" of October 6th gives a somewhat extended report of a meeting of "The Society for the Study of Life," "an organization of women," presumably of New York City. "This society boasts among its members," says the "Times," "women physicians, preachers and teachers. Men are excluded from the ordinary meetings."

At the meeting reported by the "Times" about forty members were present to hear a paper on "Heredity and Regeneration," by Dr. M. A. Stewart, a part of which is here reproduced:

"That heredity," said Dr. Stewart, "is the vital law through which the life elements transmit characteristics and tendencies from generation to generation in the physical realm, is accepted by all students of biology. The moral and physical are co-related factors in the life of the human race that are equally transmissible through successive generations. There is in human nature and experience a great moral condemnation or curse upon the source of human life—a curse made manifest by the spirit of irreverence and the sense of shame which rest upon active generation. This condition is so deep-seated and unholy that theologians have rightly named it 'total depravity.'"

"Woman," continued the lecturer, "is the central figure in the tragedy of the fall of man in the garden of Eden; and in the history of womankind down through the ages we see the pitiless fulfilling of her curse: 'I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.' Every child born into the world is born under that curse which was due to the subordination of motherhood to the will of man. This blight upon woman which through her motherhood rests upon the whole race, is an arbitrary decree of an offended God, but the inevitable effect of perverting the order of the Creator in the source of human life. The subordination of motherhood in marriage is the forbidden fruit—the original sin; the sense of shame is the fall of man."

Summing up her address and the criticisms that followed, the "Times" proceeds to say:

"The speaker went on to talk about the subjection of woman in the Church, the State and the home, which she said is simply a form of paganism, and the spirit that holds her subject is the same Satanic influence that worked such evil at the world's beginning. 'We have had the Christian religion or world's beginning,' she said, 'but Christian marriage has yet to

come. Salvation can mean no more nor less than freedom from prevailing conditions and tendencies, and regeneration means making us the parents of those whose tendencies shall be upward. It is impossible for the ignorant to sin so deliberately, so disastrously, as those who are educated.'

"Dr. Stewart expressed the opinion that mankind had reached the utmost limit of advance in vice, and that the ebb tide had set in that would sweep us down to chaos unless something were done to avert it; and, in this connection she referred to what she called the 'moral obliquity of the French people today as shown in their family life.'

"Mrs. Hensley, the President, observed that the paper was a radical one, but it was through the discussion of such radical views that they were going to accomplish the purpose for which the society was established.

"Mrs. Bender wanted to know how the regeneration of mankind was to be brought about and man made more spiritual.

"I don't think it is possible to regenerate men!" exclaimed Dr. Stewart.

"Dr. Stewart went on to say that the question was whether woman would stand by man and bring children into the world under the curse, or leave him rather than do so.

"Mrs. Burnham ventured the view that 'most men have a better nature.'

"Mrs. Leroy thought the right way to regenerate mankind was to begin with the boys.

"Mrs. Riggs thought Dr. Stewart had taken a most depressing view of the situation, of marriage and of human nature. 'She speaks as though woman were a victim and man her oppressor,' continued the speaker warmly. 'Now, I haven't found this to be so in the majority of cases that have come under my observation. There should be but one basis upon which girls should choose their husbands. That is spiritual affinity; or, in other words, love. Girls ought to marry, not for a home or dress and hat, but the man they love, and would be willing to die for. No man ever inspired that feeling who was not worthy of it. I don't think we need laws of any kind nearly so much as love.'

### Criticisms and Comments.

BY C. F. HUNT.

President Hyde of Bowdoin College declared that "to tie up the teachings of an educational institution to an ancient creed is simply outrageous." Some of his hearers in the Congregational Council said, not that he had said anything wrong, but that he had "gone too far," which being interpreted means: Let us not knock our own game.

McKinley did not want even the core of the New York festivities, probably because he was afraid "there wasn't a goin' to be no core."

"When you have been very good, or when you have done a

bit of work that makes mamma glad, do you think in your heart, 'I am very good,' or, 'I can work as well as big people?' That is not the right way to think, for God only is good, and we could not be good of ourselves, nor could we do a good work, for he says, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' It is the holy spirit of God flowing down to us from heaven that helps us to think and speak and act right. And we must not call it our own goodness, for that would do us harm."—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

The above was read to Willie and Walter on Sunday. On Monday little Willie, having been "licked" by Walter, ran to his mother crying: "Ma, you'd better pray. The flow has stopped on Wal."

Many good people still seem to think the Malthusian theory needs a "solution." The idea has no standing in logic or fact, as any one will realize on considering the following:

1. Show a logical connection between the alleged "checks" and overpopulation; for instance, how does possible future overpopulation cause war, unless men fight directly for food, or pestilence, unless future want causes present disease.

2. Name an available food plant or animal that does not increase many times faster than man increases. If there be none, how can there be want so long as there remains vacant land to yield food?

We understand Capt. Dreyfus will reside in London. Any mention of "dossier" or "bordereau" in the captain's presence will be as dangerous as "snipe hunting" uttered in the hearing of the two street car conductors who held a large sack till one A. M. at the mouth of a ravine on the north shore recently, waiting for other conductors to drive in the snipes.

A monument to sycophancy may be seen in the ornaments placed upon the elevated railroad structures of Chicago at the boulevard crossings, where plain iron and wooden ties would offend the sight of a noble in his carriage. Organized labor should rise in its might and—not tear off the ornaments, but insist upon ornaments over common streets where organized labor's brothers the grocery man and the ice man wend their weary ways; and even also at alleys where the rag and iron broker and the banana man—labor's second cousins at least—mete and vend their wares.

### Freedom of Thought and Action.

George E. Macdonald, in *The Truth Seeker*.

For the reason that I have said, were I a member of a co-operative colony, I would not allow such issues as free love and anarchy to break it up, as happened to Ruskin, an Oregon paper gets the idea that "the Macdonalds have but little objection to free love and anarchy."

Now, that is a fond thing vainly imagined. It is not deducible from what I said. In my previous remarks I should perhaps have explained more fully that my belief is stronger than my dissent; that is, that I would not depart from my chosen course in order to show my disapproval of the belief of some other person. As a member of a co-operative association, I could ask only that my fellow member should be a true co-operator, and not that he should be orthodox in religion, politics or morals. And, on the other hand, were the society a religious, political, or ethical one, and I a member of it, I could not object to another member, so long as he was faithful to the purposes of the organization, were he a fanatical co-operator. It does not in the least modify my mistrust of Christian truths to know that free lovers and anarchists often doubt them, and I should still believe in Freethought though I were convinced by an argument derived from observation, experiment and ratiocination that it leads directly to the conclusions reached by those thinkers. When a man is satisfied that he is on the right track, nothing but the discovery that he is mistaken should cause him to shy. I admire the devotion of Paul, who, having chosen his

course, said he was persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, should be able to separate him from the same. My trust in Freethought is of the unflinching kind that enabled the apostle to defy a whole bunch of things, confident that they could not make shipwreck of his faith. Therefore I do not get rattled if the consequences of free thinking are sometimes different from what I expected. If we knew beforehand the outcome of Freethought we should have no use for it. There is nothing to be learned by exploring a road if you know where it leads to. There may be some gentlemen in the West who can state with certainty the final word of Freethought on political economy and the sex question, but I ask to be pardoned for doubting it. Besides, the fellow that knows it all is a nuisance, like the garrulous and obtrusive individual who insists on telling you in advance of the author how a story you are reading turns out.

### Sociologic Lessons.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

NO. 89. (To be added; Lucifer No. 777.) An essential element in financial independence is that the minimum of subsistence shall be irrevocable. The member devotes to objects of immediate usefulness means which he would otherwise reserve for future needs, in consideration of the pledge of the association; and it is not only an equitable but a legal consideration. Those to whom it is once promised cannot thereafter be honestly deprived of it even by the dissolution of the association.

NO. 93. THE FINAL AWARD. At the end of the year each member will have been credited with a certain number of franks, determined in the mode described in No. 86. This amount of labor performed, irrespective of payments in franks on account, furnishes the basis of the annual award to labor. The association will take account of stock, and ascertain the profits for the year, to be distributed to labor and capital, according to the original agreement. It should be the aim to establish such a scale of prices for the products of the association that the final distribution independent of the fixed percentage paid to capital, and the fixed payments to labor in the redemption of franks, shall be as small as practicable, without risk of loss. Low prices would be in themselves an award to members as consumers, and would promote commercial exchanges.

NO. 94. CURRENCY AND TAXATION. The frank will be a convenient standard currency, to be issued by the association. It will be redeemable in two ways, at the option of the holder; first, in gold, or other basis employed outside of the association, enabling members to purchase freely in the markets of the world; second, in products furnished by the association, at prices fixed by the association. The fixing of the prices includes the element of taxation for expenses; and the rate at which the frank is redeemed in gold, also includes indirect taxation. There is therefore no occasion for any other taxation.

It is important that the frank should state upon its face the rate at which it will be redeemed by the association in gold; for it would be a breach of contract to vary the rate after the franks are issued. It is unnecessary to explain the circumstances connected with the change of the rate in a new issue.

NO. 95. THE ISSUE OF BONDS. Money will be needed for the purchase of materials and tools, for payments for labor, especially to non-members, and for other transient needs. Instead of providing for this by increasing the capital stock, I think it is better to borrow it upon bonds redeemable at a fixed time, and to be sold to the highest bidder. No representation should be allowed to the holders of bonds as such. These bonds would afford temporary investments for money saved; and could be readily converted into money without material loss. They would also assist in fixing the market value of the frank and keeping it uniform. They would assist in fixing an equitable rate for the use of capital, and thus enable individuals to borrow when it would be for their advantage. When money can be



readily obtained for useful purposes, there will be no opportunity for speculation in the money market.

No. 96. UNINVASIVE INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY. The details which have been given in these Lessons have been almost exclusively with regard to financial consideration, for the reason that they have been written for those who are already in full sympathy with the doctrine of uninvincible individual sovereignty, and who only need to learn how to prevent invasion, and it is from the financial interdependence of men that invasion is most likely to arise. The principle of the minimum of subsistence, which can be withdrawn from those who infringe the rights of others will enable each association to protect its members. Those who are not in harmony with the rules laid down in one association may seek elsewhere for associations more congenial to them, and need not sacrifice their modes of life unless they are such as necessarily to make them objectionable everywhere; in which case they must choose between adapting themselves to society or excluding themselves from society. The financial principles I have laid down will give equal freedom to all, and open the way for progress in all departments of life.

### "The Duty of Parents to Children."

Elia Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.

"Honor thy father and mother" is a good commandment.

"Make thyself worthy the honor of thy children" should be its modern supplement.

A tie of blood—an accident of birth—does not make it possible for a thinking child to respect and honor a person who is in no other way deserving of either emotion.

It is all very well to talk about the duty of children to their parents. It is true in a measure, and is always a good rule for children to observe. The youth who feels he owes a duty to his parents will be far more likely to be true to his best self than one who ignores the thought.

But much greater than the duty of child to parent is the duty of parent to child. No child ever called his father to become his parent. Every parent is responsible for his child's existence.

Having brought a child into the world a father and mother should feel the tremendous duty they owe that offspring.

They owe it good care, but not too much physical coddling.

They owe it fair opportunities, but they need to leave it room to grow in its own way without too much help.

They owe it a happy home first and foremost of all considerations. No blight is more lasting and cruel than the memory of an unhappy, discordant home in childhood.

In order to be worthy of their children's respect, parents must control their tempers, and overcome their selfishness.

They must keep pace with the march of time, and keep in sympathy with their children's expanding minds and growing needs.

### A Spiritualistic View.

The following paragraphs, from a little book entitled "Godism," give what seems to be a spiritualistic explanation of the origin of woman's enslavement. Whatever may be thought of the spiritualistic hypothesis in general, it must be conceded that many of its leading teachers are doing much to destroy the old theological myths and traditions which, in all the past, have held the minds and bodies of mankind in bondage.

"Your kings and priests on that side [the earth plane] became the Gods on this side, and like Abraham and Lot in the fabled story, they divided the land between them. Finally, a mighty spirit—one who had drunk of the life force of thousands of women, and had grown wonderfully magnetic, became intoxicated with the flavor of his own power, and conceived the idea of universal dominion; so he called his courtiers around him—those who made it a business to flatter him to gain their own ends, and laid the idea before them. He pointed out abuses that existed in the domain of some of his compeers, and urged the welfare of this your material plane of life, as one of the

reasons for consolidated power—used all possible argument to induce them to join with him in the attempt to subdue the whole earth; and there is where your one-God-idea came from.

"This spirit had learned that power—strong magnetic attraction and executive ability always went with a strong sex life; and regarding man as superior he looked upon women as especially made to gratify man and bear children. This for the common people, the rank and file of humanity; and the first step toward the dominion sought was to formulate a sex morality that would keep women in subjection, and make it her highest honor to be faithful to her husband. This as we say, for the masses. But those in power, those who were needed to fill positions of command, were not held to this kind of morality. Kings, bishops, popes, rich men who could support them, could have as many victims, could drink up the life and soul of as many women as they pleased.

"We mean it; 'The life and soul,' the very identity of women have been absorbed by men, making them stronger, while their victims have passed out into spirit life. The marriage law as it exists in your sphere today, is a part of your individual Godism, and gives women no identity. But humanity has grown in spite of this dwarfing method. The only way to keep people subject, is to keep them ignorant. Hence the effort to confine the knowledge of life's finer forces, of the sciences, and all that tends to elevate the race; hence the effort to confine these things to the few. 'The tree of knowledge of good and evil' is, and has been forbidden fruit, and we here say to woman: that which has been counted your shame shall yet be your highest glory. Eat; we say eat! and continue to eat of the fruit of this tree! eat and give to your children, for knowledge is power.

"Humanity has grown in spite of this Godism that has hung over it like the pall of night. Man thinks, questions, even when buried in dungeons, stretched on the rack, burned at the stake, passing through the thousand forms of torture that have been meted out by those who claimed that the end justified the means. That end, consolidated power, with 'kings and priests unto God forever,' as the promised heritage of obedience, in spite of all this, there has been a slow, steady growth; even till reason and science are today disputing the idea of there being a God, or a throne for one to sit upon. Light from the spirit world has penetrated a few brains within the earth sphere; and by that light they are gathering the material for the fire which is to consume Godism, both root and branch. For ages the spirit world to which you have had access, has been ruled by this self appointed God and his priesthood, and those who dared to question, either upon the earth plane or in the spirit life, have been martyred, set aside, kept back; and finally the priesthood took charge of the avenues of communication between this and your sphere, and declared that all outside intercourse was of the devil, and worthy of death.

"Think of the millions called witches who have been sacrificed upon the altar of Godism! and mostly women; because being more susceptible to spirit influence, and of the tender mother heart sphere, the dreadful walls of terror erected to keep the surging hosts of progress from unseating God, were in danger of being broken down if she got hold of the lines of power. Oh! if we could make women see what we see, how they would rally to the support of every out-spoken, determined woman. Fashion, man's idea of womanhood, the line he has laid down for her to go by, all this would be laid aside, and the pressure that now rests upon such workers would be divided."

The author of the pamphlet from which we quote is Mrs. Jessie K. Folsom of Springfield, Mo., of whom copies may be ordered. Price, twenty-five cents each. M. H.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION. The annual convention of the N. S. A. will be held in America Auditorium Hall, 77-79 31st St., Chicago, Oct. 17, 18, 19 and 20. While we of Lucifer's office may not be able to attend at all the sessions we shall be glad to meet all our friends who may come from a distance to attend this convention. Also will be glad to have them call upon us at our office. Take Lake St. "L." to Sheldon, walk north two blocks to Carroll Ave., then west to No. 507.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason  
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and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—  
for Justice against Privilege.

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## Personal and Impersonal.

"We live in deeds not years."

The custom of celebrating anniversaries of birth, national or personal, may be one that is "honored more in the breach than in the observance," and yet it may not be without interest to some of our readers to know that on the day that this issue of *Lucifer* goes to press its editor enters upon the seventieth year of his earthly pilgrimage. "Three-score years and ten!"

Advancing years and the "often infirmities" for which Paul advised Timothy to "drink no longer water but use a little wine," admonish me that the time is coming, in the course of nature, when I must lay down the pen and surrender to other hands the helm of the paper—now well advanced in its twentieth year, for whose existence and working policy I have been chiefly responsible since its first issue. This new reminder of the fact that "men may come and men may go"—must go, makes me all the more anxious for the welfare of the child of my declining years—*Lucifer*—"Herald of the Dawn," and therefore our friends and helpers will please bear with me if I should make this birthday anniversary the occasion for a brief but very earnest appeal for a little more of their active co-operation.

How, or in what shape this co-operation shall come, if at all, must be left entirely to each reader, but if a suggestion is in order, then I would say that the most welcome as well as effective and lasting aid is doubtless that which comes in the shape of new subscribers, and orders for books in the line of *Lucifer's* work. Some of our friends have long been in the habit of sending the names of those to whom, in their opinion a trial subscription to *Lucifer* would be welcome and helpful, accompanied with the money for the same. If any others feel that they can afford to do likewise the favor would be greatly appreciated, by the publishers, and, judging from past experience, would be very thankfully received by many of those to whom the paper is, by this means, introduced.

In next issue a more detailed plan for the fall and winter campaign will probably be outlined in these columns.

Mrs. Riggs in her reply to Dr. Stewart's lecture on "Heredity and Regeneration," in the article "Women Talk about Men," is certainly in the right when she says, "I don't think we need laws of any kind nearly so much as love."

I think she would have been quite justified in making her assertion a little more sweeping—like this: "The only law we need is the law of love"—in the sex relations of women and men.

But when she says, "No man ever inspired that feeling [love] who was not worthy of it," I think she is in the wrong. That women love unworthy men is a fact of every day observation. Perhaps it is due to ignorance; perhaps to the fact that women clothe men with ideal virtues—virtues they do not possess, and then "fall in love" with that ideal. In any case the remedy is liberty to correct our mistakes and to profit by experience.

Susan Patton, see "Various Voices," takes exception to one of *Lucifer's* adopted mottoes, "Woman must rescue herself and assume all responsibility of maternity on behalf of the children,"

and says, "If the relationship held by two produce a certain result, it seems one-sided logic to assume that only one of them shall bear the responsibility," etc.

If it were true that the relationship [to the child] held by mother and father were equally important to the life, endowment and welfare of that child, then the reasoning of our friend would be unimpeachable, but is this the fact? Is it true? Let us see.

To build a child to the point or period when it draws the breath of life requires, on the average let us say, nine months. Is the reciprocal relationship of father and child during all these months of gestation, as important to the life and development of that child as is the reciprocal relationship existing between mother and child? Granting that the parents are equal in volitional responsibility for the fact, the momentary fact, of conception—which I do not grant—how is it afterwards? Upon which of the parents falls, naturally and logically, the responsibility for the sustenance, the growth, the education—prenatal impressions—of that child during the nine months of gestation? Then, during the nine months, more or less, of lactation or nursing, are the functions, and therefore the responsibility, of the parents equal?

To ask such questions is to answer them. And when our correspondent says "That is the theory believed by men today"—i. e. that the responsibility should rest upon woman, I think she is equally in error. Both in law and custom man is held chiefly responsible for the generation, the support and education of the child, and because of this responsibility man claims, man arrogates to himself—and woman grants—that he should have control, not only of the child but of the mother also. To this fact, to this assumption of responsibility by man, is largely if not chiefly due the almost universal enslavement of woman to man in the sex relation, and also the flooding of the land with failures, with undesigned and undesired children; with children that should never have been born!

"But," it will be objected, "should man be relieved of all responsibility? Are there no responsibilities of fatherhood?" To this I answer, No and Yes. In the sense of ownership, or as giving authority, or as pay for fatherhood, man has no responsibility in the matter. *Woman* is the real owner, the real architect and builder, and is therefore the really responsible party—responsible to her child, to herself and to the race of which she is a part—for the quantity and quality of her work in child-building. But man is not thereby relieved of responsibility. Being relieved by nature of all the real labor, all the disabilities, all the pains and perils of race-reproduction, he is thereby left free to devote his time and his energies to altruistic labors—for the benefit of the woman he loves, and for the benefit of her children, and for the benefit of the race of which he is a part.

Man is not destitute of parental affection—often his love of children is greater than woman's, but in the order of nature, as I think, man's love for children is racial, rather than individualistic, and if he loves one child more than another, and if he wants to work for one child more than another it is chiefly because he loves the mother of that child more than he loves the mothers of other children.

Man's responsibility, then, is to the woman who elects him to be her co-operator, and to the race at large, including all the children of that race, rather than to the child or children of whom he may be the father, in the order of physical generation.

The subject is too large for the space allowed in this issue. If our readers wish to see the subject further elaborated I recommend for their perusal, "Motherhood in Freedom," a principal article in "Our New Humanity" No. V. Price, twenty-five cents.

MOSES HARMAN.

## Chicago Day.

Monday, October 9, was celebrated as Chicago Day. "The Inter-Ocean" of Tuesday opens its half-dozen pages of description in these words:

"A million spectators, 15,000 men in line, an imposing pageant, a great outburst of patriotism, and faultless weather



were the features of the Chicago day parade. Chicago again felt a thrill like those of World's Fair days. But there were deeper memories stirring than those of World's Fair days; the United States has been making much history since the White City astonished the world. Memories of war and the rejoicings of victory were in the air. William McKinley, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and standing for all that that army and navy have done and are yet to do, was here at the head of 'the men behind the guns.' And Chicago, having done her share in making that history, remembered and made glad and welcomed the Nation's heroes as only Chicago can."

The immediate cause or occasion of this enormous pageant was the placing of the "corner stone" of the new federal building in Chicago. Not that this federal building was just begun yesterday. It seems common and popular nowadays to put in corner stones when the building is well under way towards completion. So in this case; the frame work of the new two million dollar post office building seems to be nearly complete before the corner stone was laid—laid with great pomp and ceremony by the president of the United States, William McKinley.

That is to say, William McKinley gets the credit of laying the corner stone although his share of work was next to nothing. Here is the "Inter Ocean's" account of the "official" acts:

"At 11:15 o'clock yesterday morning President McKinley received a trowel from the hand of Architect Henry Ives Cobb, dipped it into a mortar box, and threw the mortar under the corner stone of the new government building. Five minutes later, after the stone had been lowered onto its bed, Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, stepped down from the raised platform on which the official party sat, and, tapping the stone with his gavel, formally declared the corner stone to be officially and finally laid."

Is not this scene typical of the relations of government with the governed? Of plutocracy with labor? Of the classes with the masses? That is to say, all the real work—the work of taking the stone from the quarry, of dressing it down to proper size and shape, of conveying it to the site of the new building, of chiselling the inscriptions thereon, of placing it in its destined position—all this was done by laboring men who are not invited to say a word when speeches are to be made.

Continuing, the report says:

"Grouped about the corner-stone were the representatives of organized labor who had presented the stone, and who did the technical work of laying it. From the windows of the adjoining buildings and the roofs thousands of people—not official or distinguished, but just the plain people—viewed the ceremonies and strained their ears to catch the words of the speakers."

Yes, "the plain people," the unofficial people are "not in it," to use a somewhat slangy phrase; but the "diplomatic representatives from many foreign governments of Europe and Asia, and men of national, state and local fame, together with their wives" held front seats at the entertainment. To prevent a rush of the common herd a cordon of policemen was drawn around the place, so that the "people who were not distinguished enough to gain admission to the grand stand or fortunate enough to have access to the surrounding buildings had to content themselves with a view of the broad backs of double rows of giant policemen."

In his speech at the banquet at the Auditorium, President McKinley recounted the increase, in population, wealth, and territory, of the American nation, and among other things, said, "The United States has never repudiated a national obligation, either to its creditors or to humanity. It never struck a blow except for civilization." "Our steps have been forward, not backward. From Plymouth Rock to the Philippines the grand, triumphal march of humanity has never paused. Freedom under the flag is more universal than when the Union was formed," and much more of similar tenor.

I leave it to the readers of Lucifer to say how much of truth there is in these utterances.

M. HARMAN.

## The Clifford Case.

The latest case of press censorship under the Comstock law is against J. R. Clifford, editor of "The Pioneer Press," a little paper published in Martinsburg, West Virginia, in the interest of the colored race. It is always the little papers that are attacked in this way, and it is most pitiful that the bigger and more influential papers do not put a stop to it.

Mr. Clifford was indicted October 4 for mailing alleged obscene matter. The inculpatory matter is an attack upon J. C. Newman, the justice or injustice of which we have no means of deciding upon, but it is very certain that by proceeding against Mr. Clifford in a court and under a law which preclude the possibility of a fair trial of the real issues, and which furnish opportunities for exciting the most violent prejudice, the presumption is fairly established that Mr. Clifford was right. At all events it is as necessary to protest against this new outrage as it was to protest against the persecution of Bennett, Heywood, or the editor of Lucifer. No case of this kind should go unrebuked.

## The Ingersoll Controversy.

In a recent number of "Free Society," San Francisco, T. P. Quinn of Chicago, makes a defense of the attitude of Robert G. Ingersoll towards the Chicago martyrs of 1887, that will be interesting to all lovers of justice, whether friendly to the memory of the "Great Agnostic" or not. Though somewhat long we gladly give place to the entire letter:

In your comment on Kate DePeant's eulogy of Robert G. Ingersoll, published August 6, you wrote: . . . "He (Ingersoll) believed in the innocence of the Chicago Anarchists and regarded their conviction and execution as a judicial murder, but would not defend them before the supreme court unless the stipulated sum of \$10,000—a sum too exorbitant for the poor defense committee—could be guaranteed."

I do not know where you got your information, but I am sure it is incorrect. The "defense association" as such never asked Ingersoll to get into the case, and to make sure of this point, I, a few days ago asked Mr. George A. Schilling, a member of the defense committee, the same man that went east and secured the services of Generals Butler and Pryor, if there was any foundation for the statement, and he assured me there was not.

The nearest approach to it was a request by Capt. Black to enter the case, but Ingersoll without any money consideration being mentioned, promptly and strongly advised the captain to secure a counsellor whose church orthodoxy was unquestioned. He believed and urged that his public advocacy of the Anarchists would only harm their case and he tenaciously clung to this policy to the last.

District Assembly 49 Knights of Labor appointed a committee to see and request representative men of New York to intercede with the governor of Illinois, and as a member of that committee I suggested Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Courtland Palmer and Patrick Ford of the "Irish World." Ingersoll refused for the reasons already given, but added: "I will tell you why I am with you in this thing and what I propose to do:

"Those men were not tried by a jury of their peers; every fellow on that jury was opposed to them and their doctrines and you may as well try me before a jury of orthodox clergymen for infidelity and expect my acquittal as to expect an impartial verdict from that jury for those men. My jury would hang me sky-high and their jury, at the command of capitalists want their blood. As a matter of self-defense I am on your side, but I cannot go to Illinois. I could not go to Jersey without being seen and known, so you see how impossible it would be to go to Illinois, and if the newspapers raised a cry—and they would—about the interests of Infidelity and Anarchy, every hope of saving the lives of your friends would be shattered.

"No, I'll not go, but I'll tell you what I intend to do. I'll sit down and write my reasons out fully why those men should not be hanged. I'll go as deeply as I can into the history of the

world, and I'll point out where every age had its martyr to progress, and as my daughter is on the best social terms with Oglesby's family and as she can go where she pleases without being followed by the newspaper fellows, she will gladly undertake the task, for she feels for the men as much as we do, and the effect will be much better. Oglesby is a large and tender-hearted man and if the pressure were not so great from the other side, it would be easy to deal with him when the lives of men are at stake, but remember, he is a politician, and all politicians are whores; if they can't get what they want, they'll take what they get. Oglesby wants to be vice-president; if he can't get this he'll take a governorship; if he can't get that, he'll want to go to congress; and if I went to Illinois and the newspapers raised a howl that would injure his political chances, — by God! he'd hang those men to prove that he was not under the influence of Ingersoll. You know Arthur insulted the man that raised him from the gutter and Oglesby is not above it.

"No, I'll not go, and if you want me to help those men, allow me to remain in the background. Don't get the preachers after you any hotter than they are!"

I am not going to discuss the other questions raised in your criticism, beyond suggesting that Ingersoll studiously avoided mixing up in the economic struggle. At Central Music Hall, Chicago, he said: "I know the remedy for this general distress, but I won't tell you—I don't propose to be a martyr." In 1886 he said to me: "Q—, the working people may be worth living and dying for in a thousand billion years from now, but the dirty set are not worth it today." In his address on Voltaire you will find that he eulogizes the French philosopher because the latter sold the product of his genius for the "highest price and lived like a prince," and Ingersoll followed his example. In 1887 he said to a few of us: "My life's work is to destroy the power of the priests, and if I can drive a dagger into the heart of that old whore—the church—I'll have made my contribution to the liberties of men."

District Assembly 49's committee was composed of the undersigned and James E. Quinn, at that time master workman of district 49, and while the conversation was general, I only seek to throw a little light on the canvas that others may be warned of the error. We must live in the truth.

T. P. QUINN.

Yes, let truth and justice be heard though the heavens fall. That Ingersoll was right, from his standpoint, in regard to helping the condemned Socialists, is very evident to some of us. Whether he was right in regard to the "working people" and the duty of reformers to try to help them, is a question upon which all will not be agreed. But admitting that Ingersoll was right in the opinion that the working people of today are not worth saving, what is the remedy? He said to Mr. Quinn that he knew the "remedy for this general distress" but would not tell him. Was it because he was not ready? Was it because he thought it would injure his central object—his work against the church?

This explanation, to me, seems probable. Then, when nearing what he believed to be the close of his career he felt that he could afford to give to the world his remedy, and he gave it in his address to the "Free Religious Association" of Boston, on the 2nd day of June last.

M. HARMAN.

### "Better Dead."

From time to time we see discussions in the papers in regard to the propriety of shortening human life—either by one's own hand or by the hand or advice of the physician, when from disease or old age life becomes a burden to its owner and to the friends of the hopelessly afflicted one, and now we read of a society in England called the "Society for Doing Without Some People," which in plainer language means a society for weeding out the surplus population by assassination.

J. M. Barrie, author of "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," etc., has written a history of this society. The story

is that a young Scotchman named Andrew Raich, well educated, talented and well recommended, came to London to find employment. After several months of fruitless effort he became desperate enough to join the society for limiting population by a method that would scarcely be sanctioned even by Malthus. After giving a thrillingly interesting account of the adventures of Mr. Raich the author tells us of a meeting of the society at which this young man reads a "thesis," or essay, giving his views in regard to the proper method of accomplishing the objects of the society. Here is the thesis:

Then Andrew began.

"The Society for Doing Without," he read, "has been tried and found wanting. It has now been in existence for some years, and its members have worked zealously, though unostentatiously.

"I am far from saying a word against them. They are patriots as true as ever petitioned against the Channel Tunnel."

"No compliments," whispered the president, warningly. Andrew hastily turned a page, and continued:

"But what have they done? Removed an individual here and there. That is the extent of it.

"You have been pursuing a half-hearted policy. You might go on for centuries at this rate before you made any perceptible difference in the streets.

"Have you ever seen a farmer thinning turnips? Gentlemen, here is an example for you. My proposal is that everybody should have to die on reaching the age of forty-five years.

"It has been the wish of this society to avoid the prejudices engendered of party strife. But though you are a social rather than a political organization, you cannot escape politics. You do not call yourselves Radicals, but you work for Radicalism. What is Radicalism? It is a desire to get a chance. This is an aspiration inherent in the human breast. It is felt most keenly by the poor.

"Make the poor rich, and the hovels, the misery, the immorality, and the crime of the East End disappear. It is infamous, say the socialists, that this is not done at once. Yes, but how is it to be done? Not, as they hold, by making the classes and the masses change places. Not on the lines on which the society has hitherto worked. There is only one way, and I make it my text tonight. Fortunately, it presents no considerable difficulties.

"It is well known in medicine that the simplest—in other words, the most natural—remedies may be the most efficacious.

"So it is in the social life. What shall we do, society asks, with our boys? I reply, Kill off the parents.

"There can be little doubt that forty-five years is long enough for a man to live. Parents must see that. Youth is the time to have your fling.

"Let us see how this plan would revolutionize the world. It would make statesmen hurry up. At present, they are nearly fifty before you hear of them. How can we expect the country to be properly governed by men in their dotage?

"Again, take the world of letters. Why does the literary aspirant have such a struggle? Simply because the profession is overstocked with seniors. I would like to know what Tennyson's age is, and Ruskin's, and Browning's. Every one of them is over seventy, and all writing away yet as lively as you like. It is a crying scandal.

"Things are the same in medicine, art, divinity, law—in short, in every profession and in every trade.

"Young ladies cry out that this is not a marrying age. How can it be a marrying age, with gray-headed parents everywhere? Give young men their chance, and they will marry younger than ever, if only to see their children grow up before they die.

"A word in conclusion. Looking around me, I cannot but see that most, if not all, of my hearers have passed what should plainly be the allotted span of life to man. You would have to go.



"But, gentlemen, you would do so feeling that you were setting a noble example. Younger, and—may I say?—more energetic men would fill your places and carry on your work. You would hardly be missed."

Evidently Mr. Raich and his society had not heard of the newer, more rational and more natural way of limiting population by freeing motherhood and putting it in the power of woman—of educated or enlightened womanhood—to limit reproduction and thereby prevent overcrowding in the great human hive.

M. HARMAN.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff, Morrisville, Pa.—I herewith enclose fifty cents for extra copies. Lucifer deserves the heartiest support, and if its friends cannot afford to help it financially they should at least avoid making any draft upon its resources.

J. Allen Evans, 210 E. Warren Ave., Cripple Creek, Colo.—I could write an interesting letter about this great gold producing district if Lucifer's space were not pre-empted by subjects of more importance from more able pens. I find every shade of belief represented here. The church, the Salvation Army street mission, even to the colored elder, hold forth on the public streets. There are many Spiritualists and the Christian Scientists have a church here. Saloons and many other places of business keep open Sundays and building goes on in some instances the same as on other days of the week. Several dance halls are in full blast where the finest dancing in the world may be witnessed every night. Sunday night is the favorite or opening night for traveling troupes at the Opera House. The courtesan elbows the upper ten on the crowded thoroughfares.

Labor unions rule all classes of labor and eight hours constitutes a day's work in all mechanical pursuits or in common labor. Wages range from \$2.50 per day for common labor and \$5.00 per day for brick laying and stone cutting. I have had the pleasure of meeting a few of my old friends whom I formerly knew in Aspen, Colo. Among them two or three Anarchists who received their first lessons in freedom from me. I shall make an effort to revive an interest in radical literature among my former comrades and to make a few new converts to the cause. I had a most enjoyable time with friends in Kansas City and spent nearly a week in Denver where I met Georgia Replogle, Lizzie M. and Wm. Holmes, Prof. W. S. Bell, Henry Cohen and Francis D. Tandy, author of "Free Socialism," and many more bright and genial comrades. I am once more in business for myself thanks to a loved comrade who is now well to do and whose eyes I first opened to the beauties of our philosophy. He has not been governed in his life by its teachings but has had and is still having cause to regret that he did not adhere to freedom especially in the realm of sex ethics. He is one of nature's noblemen but would gladly yield up half his fortune to be high and dry out of the legal matrimonial net into which in an unguarded moment he allowed himself to be drawn. I must say a loving good by to all friendly comrades and hope to meet or hear from any of them who may happen to live in or near Cripple Creek or Victor or other mining towns of this district.

Susan A. Patton, Philadelphia.—I am anxious to see Lucifer always successful and know it is the only paper dealing with the cause of our present low moral status, but I cannot understand how "woman assuming all responsibility for maternity" is going to benefit the race. If the relationship held by two individuals produces a result, it seems one sided logic to assume that only one of them shall bear the responsibility. That is the theory believed by men today, and woman is compelled to bear a much greater share of responsibility than the man. It seems to me that the help comes in decidedly the opposite teaching, that men shall consider it ignoble to refuse to be responsible for their own acts, as are the so-called lower forms of life, many birds and animals.

I would like to know what is the use of friend Brinkerhoff's beautiful wind up, "Let us pray that society will soon accord the blessing of freedom to all who desire to build homes of their own selection," if that same society permits that anti-social individualist the fellow who wants a piece of ground that he can leave to the next generation. That's like paying for a seat in a trolley car with the right to say who shall sit there forever after. It is worse—it is being "ruled by the tomb" on a big scale.

Oh! here is Geo. Brown, with his hobby of "concessions granted by man" and his statement that "woman has been and always will be inferior in strength and intellectuality to man," and says, "Since the time men did their courting with the club up till today, when he does it by quoting sentimental poetry." Why has man changed his tactics in courting woman? Has nature been perfecting man while the feminine element has stood still waiting for concessions, or has the feminine element been becoming more acute and the masculine been compelled to develop finer faculties to satisfy its own needs?

"Man moves along the line of least resistance" and if he can gain a woman by upholding a system which will necessitate her yielding to him he will not have to make such efforts to please, but where she is able to support herself he will have to make concessions in order to be able to continue his own existence. Concessions are only granted because they must be, just as the capitalist grants them because the workers "see the window and walk out." When woman will work her own way in the future as she has the past through the valley of suffering alone and man finds himself alone for the qualities he most desires in a consort then he very gladly will be courteous in the future as he sometimes has been in the past—for his own benefit.

Mr. Brown says, "May not the sentiment of solidarity be so developed to the point of no ownership? Then will woman be free." But how will this be accomplished? By those who have rights (the male portion) relinquishing those privileges? Did anyone ever see this done? Brown won't listen to this argument in economics; he knows that not till the exploited deny the rights of the exploiter can economic freedom come; and he argues like the capitalist when it comes to the sex question—woman must be gentle and yielding and then man will grant concessions—yes! as the traction company does. Give up your whole judgment into their hands, then they will tell you you have neither intelligence, strength, or moral courage, and point like the capitalist theologian to the facts of history. "The poor ye have always with you"—or like Brown, "Woman always has been dependent," although Geddes and Thompson in "The Evolution of Sex" show quite plainly that during the time Brown says "woman was dependent" she was really designing all the "peaceful arts."

Why did not Brown ring in his oft repeated sentence that "a woman has no right to change her opinion of the man she once loved under pain of excommunication to the ranks that the prostitute now holds, while the man ought to be true but may be 'frisky.'" I am very glad to see the article in print. The "Ladies' Liberal League" know this litany of Brown's almost by heart; but while in my opinion Brown has never formed a correct judgment of woman as a factor in human evolution he has done much to free the minds of the wage slaves from servility to their masters. I wonder if he remembers how courteously men pelted women with mud and eggs when studying as doctors in this city.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 41.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCT. 21, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 784

### Who Are Slaves?

They are slaves who dare not speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think:  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

### Ingersoll.

BY MAY CLIFFORD HURD.

Biography for many years has been pleasant reading for me; and sometimes I have found the "Life" of an author more interesting than his writings. There may be several causes for this, but I think one is that the biographer had a finer power of expression than had the author of whom he wrote, but I doubt if Ingersoll will ever have a biographer who will excel him in beauty of expression. Many articles have been written about him, since his death, describing and explaining him as a man and author, and I am not objecting to this. Of a man so loved and so hated it could not be otherwise. But to those who have seen and heard Ingersoll no description of his personality is necessary and it would be impossible to give a correct idea of it to those who have missed this privilege.

Knowledge of the man, Ingersoll, is the possession of the generation that knew him.

One writer has said recently, "Nothing that Ingersoll has written will live—" I cannot say that this man does not possess knowledge of the fate of our race that is denied me, but I hope he is mistaken. If our descendants go back to lower conditions he is mistaken. If our descendants go back to lower conditions of intellectual and emotional life, I presume they may not enjoy reading Ingersoll and other authors whom we consider great and good, but if our race goes on to higher mentality, until a greater than Ingersoll is produced he will be read with pleasure and profit.

I have heard Ingersoll many times, the last time at the thirty-second annual convention of the Free Religious Association held in the Hollis street Theatre, Boston, June 2nd 1899.

His lecture has been reported in part in some papers and magazines and printed in full in others but I have seen no quotation of a remark which seemed to me significant. "I have wanted to say this for years, and I say it for the first time to you," had reference to the last half of his lecture, his true brave words in regard to women and the race.

For many years I had been grateful to Ingersoll for the work he had done in tearing down the old superstitions, but so many times I had thought, if he would only use his eloquence and influence against the last and most harmful of all superstitions, the false modesty that shuts out light and prevents knowledge of the very source of all life, that causes the word "sex" to be considered by thousands of otherwise intelligent men and women a word of shame not to be spoken aloud, but I had come not to expect this from Ingersoll, and I did not blame him—for

it is not for me to tell another how, or when or where he shall do his work—and so the last half of his lecture on the second of June came to me as a glad surprise. I listened, hardly daring to breathe, lest I should lose one word, and at the close, the applause was grand.

I think every one in that great audience felt that Ingersoll had spoken true, brave words. Ingersoll had considered his subject well for years, and he did not wait too long. His last public words were spoken for the freedom of woman and the salvation of the race.

### Women and the Cook Stove.

An interesting discussion on this question is found in the editorial columns of the New York "Journal." In its issue of Oct. 3, the "Journal" prints a letter from H. Jones, of Lakewood, N. J., in which he says:

"Editor Evening 'Journal': I cannot help criticising your editorial in the Evening 'Journal' of today about 'Who Will Free the Slaves of the Cook Stove?' In the first place, it is ridiculous to put such a thing in the paper. It would be the means of bringing women up perfect fools. Of what use to a workingman is a woman who cannot cook a dinner? A woman who is too lazy to cook a dinner for her husband is a disgrace to her race. How can you expect the men to do the cooking, as you say in your editorial? Don't you think it is sufficient for a man to earn the food without cooking it?"

To this criticism the editor replies, in part, as follows:

"We call your attention to the fact that different races and different types of men take very different views of what woman should be and do. The higher a man's conception of woman's proper position, the higher the man.

"You say: 'What is the use of a woman who can't cook?' You are superior to the North American savage.

"He says: 'What is the use of a squaw who can't carry the tent and plant the corn and nurse the baby and do all the work, while I sit in the sun?'

"The North American savage is higher morally than some other savages, described by the great Reclus. When they first marry a woman, they put her head against the trunk of a tree and knock out two of her front teeth with a stone. Those savages would say:

"'What is the use of a woman, if you can't knock out her front teeth?'

"Of course, you mean well. You are probably a hard-working man, and you think that your wife should enjoy being a hard-working woman. So she ought, if it is necessary for you and her children that she should be.

"Incidentally, we have noticed that women are only too willing to work hard for their husbands and children when they have to. In fact, the trouble with them is that they work too hard and let too much be taken for granted.

"But, while a woman should willingly do what she may have to do, is it wrong for her to aspire better conditions? Is

it wrong for a newspaper to endeavor to improve her condition?

"As a workingman, Mr. Jones is doubtless always looking out for better pay, with shorter hours, and for a class of work with as little drudgery as possible about it.

"If a newspaper helps you in these directions, you praise it; you think it is a very fine newspaper; you pat it on the back.

"Why don't you praise a newspaper that wants to take women away from hot stoves, if it can be done?

"The editorial which you denounce was not part of a conspiracy to starve you to death or make you cook your own dinner. It said simply: Better for a hundred men to do the cooking for ten thousand women than to have ten thousand women working over ten thousand separate cooking stoves. Our idea contemplated among other things a reduction in the actual cost of your dinner. Co-operation and combination always mean economy.

"A few years ago, and every woman in city or country had to haul her own water in heavy pails. If in those days we had advocated one great reservoir, instead of ten thousand wells, you would probably have said:

"What good is a woman who is not willing to haul water upstairs?"

"But you probably have no objection now to the tap in your kitchen which gives you water as you want it without perceptible cost—and without making your wife a beast of burden.

"The time will come when woman will be rid of her present kitchen drudgery, just as she is now rid of the drudgery of hauling water. You, perhaps, had never thought about that. That is just why we write about it."

Such discussions as this, in papers of such enormous circulation and influence as the New York "Journal" possesses and wields, may be counted among the most hopeful signs of the times. "The higher a man's conception of woman's proper position the higher the man," is a noble utterance, and one that does honor to the man who wrote it and to the columns of the paper in which it appears.

"The ascent of life is the ascent of ideals," is true, in this matter of kitchen work, as in all other departments of associative human life. The prediction that "The time will come when woman will be rid of her present kitchen drudgery" is in line with the ideals outlined in "Hilda's Home," "Cityless and Countryless World," and other epoch-making books that have appeared in the world of letters within the last few years.

M. H.

### Rights of Fathers.

BY LILLIE D. WHITE.

In these iconoclastic days, when our institutions are tottering, our idols falling—in the turmoil and confusion of a better adjustment of our domestic arrangements—the question of mothers', fathers' and children's rights is a most important one.

None of us who are working for human liberty will deny the injustice of laws and customs that grant the father absolute control and ownership of children. But under the new dispensation when woman's and mother's rights are being recognized and she is granted absolute control and ownership of children (in case of a legal separation) there is as great danger of injustice being done to the father and children as there is when the mother and children are the victims of the father's legal rights.

The spectacle of a man thrashing his child to stifle its cries and prevent its eager endeavor to reach its mother's arms for a few minutes enjoyment with her on the occasion of a rare visit—would be one to make gods and angels weep. It would meet the disapproval of every one possessing a spark of human feeling or sense of justice. It would furnish a text for innumerable dissertations by emancipators of woman from sex slavery to express their wrath and indignation over the outrage. Yet just such a circumstance lately came under my immediate observation, except that it was a mother instead of a "brutal father."

that had the power, legal and physical to prevent a few hours visit between the child and its father, it being an occasion other than the time specified and permitted by law.

Is the wrong and injustice of such an act any less when committed by a woman, and a man and his children the sufferers? Has a father no parental affection worthy of respect or consideration? Is it right that his relation to his sons and daughters shall be totally ignored and trampled upon by a narrow, selfish woman who presumes on her "superior rights of motherhood"? Injustice appears equally unjust to me whether the victims are men or women. Rachel weeping for her children is no more pathetic than is the anguish of grief-stricken David wailing for his son Absalom.

The solution of what shall be done about children in case of a separation of the father and mother is really a simple one. A thorough application of individual liberty will settle the question as it will every human relation. From the moment a child recognizes the tender solicitude and affection of its mother or the interest and hearty comradeship of its father or the absence of either, there is no person living more competent to decide the matter of association than the child itself. A fair acquaintance with both parents, freedom of choice, liberty to come and go, to visit or stay, will always be found most convenient and effective in adjusting these relations. The association or intimate companionship of any two people that is maintained solely by the authority, the legal power of one over the other or is enforced by whips and ropes has a very insecure foundation and is sure to be disrupted sooner or later.

I rejoice over every step that woman has taken toward liberty and individuality, toward self-poise, independence and equal rights with men, but when she assumes superior rights and becomes the tyrant and invader the sum of human happiness is not increased nor is wrong lessened.

When I see as, I often do, a broad-minded, generous man harassed and watched and tyrannized over by a little, selfish, narrow-minded woman who enforces her legal and social claims by her very weakness and helplessness—I feel as though the emancipators of woman from sex slavery have done their work too well, and will be obliged to reverse their batteries.

I see in the future a possibility of a deep felt want in the literary field for a journal that will advocate the emancipation of men from the tyranny of little women and also recognize the rights of fathers; one that will aim to develop and cultivate the comparatively weak parental instinct in man instead of discouraging and ignoring it.

The maternal instinct needs to grow and broaden into a fuller, nobler, more unselfish human love; a love that considers the highest maternal duty to be the recognition of her children's relations to others as well as to herself. A selfish, greedy, monopolistic, devouring, tigerish maternal feeling is often mistaken for an excess of mother love. Real mother love will consider that the tastes, desires, inclinations and rights of her children are more important in shaping their lives than her own authority or affection.

### "An Experiment in Marriage."

Thousands if not millions of readers, in both hemispheres of the earth, have read with delight and doubtless with profit the book called "Looking Backward," written by Edward Bellamy. Few of *Lucifer's* readers need to be told that the revolution outlined in that book is one that pertains mainly to economics, or to our industrial system. The social system of the present time, or that part of it that relates to the conjugal or marital relations of women and men, was not disturbed to any great extent. Another book, by another Bellamy—Charles J.—seems to have been written to supply what its author probably considered a serious defect, or omission in the world famous work of his relative Edward. This later effort to outline an ideal life for human beings is called an "Experiment in Marriage."

Unlike his namesake, Charles J. Bellamy does not propose to wait a hundred years for the realization of his ideals. He



believes that communities might now be formed that could practicalize the newer and higher ideals in conjugal life. He begins by telling us of the existence of a socialistic community called "Grape Valley," in which all are equal in rights and privileges, and so nearly free from governmental interference of any sort that each individual can without expense or obloquy, make as many experiments in marriage as her or his nature seems to call for; that is, without the difficulties and drawbacks that make marriage and divorce such blighting and often crime-breeding features of our social life today.

It will be impossible in this synopsis to give more than the barest outline of this very cleverly written and very entertaining book. In the following paragraphs Mr. Ward, a new comer, is represented as giving some of his objections to the institutions of "Grape Valley," as he finds them:

"You are destroying those feminine qualities which have been most admired. The woman of Grape Valley cannot long remain timid, shrinking, ingenuous. She must lose the quality of self-effacement for the sake of her dear ones. She must become self-assertive, forward; shall I say immodest? In our old world, which you so despise, the maiden is shy, innocent, unsuspecting, the wickedness of the world. The wife feels that her hopes, her dreams, her possibilities, are limited to her own home. She thinks, struggles and suffers only for her husband, and thus shows the full glory of womanhood. Under your system the distinctive feminine qualities will soon disappear. Our system intensifies and perpetuates them. As I close let me say that your industrial system I wholly approve. By it you insure to each individual satisfaction of his necessities and a certain modicum of pleasure. Men fight no longer for the privilege of doing a piece of work, but are all working together peacefully to perform it for the common benefit. If you had but preserved what seems to me the natural relations of the sexes, making marriage a permanent bond, and restoring the home, I should only have words of approval and good speed for you."

This is part of a debate at the public hall. When Mr. Ward had sat down and the applause had subsided, Mr. Vinton, an old friend and comrade in the outside world, but who had then been for some years an inhabitant of "Grape Valley" rose and said, in part:

"I am the more encouraged to expect his confession [of his error] because without assistance from me he has reached the point that he wholly approves the industrial system of Grape Valley. He approves the system which makes all adults equal sharers in the product of their joint labor. He admits that he approves of a system which makes women as materially independent as men. Now, it is this very system which permits and calls for new institutions of marriage. Women may naturally decline to be subject to men unless the men have a material basis for the authority they wish to exert. For countless years women have been dependent for their fate on attracting some man's favor, and thus securing a marriage which would relieve fathers or more remote relatives of the burden of their support, or in lack of relatives, would alone secure them against poverty. So, after marriage, came the necessity of clinging to that husband through good and ill report, of enduring everything at his hands, even although he might be morally repulsive or physically disgusting. If she parted from him there came the blasting of the lives of children, the loss of home and comforts, the deprivation of the very food her poor body required, and the ruin to protect her from the cold."

"The whole legal and moral force of society was accordingly exerted to make perpetual the marriage tie, to protect the home as it was called. Poets, novelists, preachers innumerable, have all built up a mighty wall of tradition about this marriage. All other considerations are as nothing in the eye of the moral teacher of civilization compared to the maintenance of the inviolability of the marriage bond. That most marriages take place on insufficient acquaintance, and that the young and ardent are far more likely to make a mistake than a judicious choice, is of no account; that accident and not suitability are the causes

of most marriages, and hence that love wanes with the honeymoon, and the marriage relation becomes, very commonly, a union for convenience, a mere friendly companionship, or a daily scourge. Marriage was the very foundation of the old order, and must be preserved as nominally perpetual long after every good or true element in the relation might have disappeared."

"At last we are shown a system of society where marriage can be regarded as a means for the intimacy of the sexes, as a relation which can double each soul's life and joy. Friendship does not enable us to overleap the bars which seclude the individual life. It is only through sex that perfect sympathy becomes possible, only through sex that one being can enter into the life and share the experiences and profit by the knowledge of another. But the forced intimacy of the sexes where the fullest form of love does not exist is the real offense against honor and chastity. The Grape Valley institutions make it possible for a man and woman to meet and know each other without fear or favor, without diffidence on her side for she has no cause to be ashamed, without patronage on his side, for he has no more to bestow than she. She is no longer a timid creature first to be captured like a shy bird and then held forever in the toils. Her sex is rehabilitated. Its place in progress and civilization, as a power for the spiritual development and intellectual culture of the world, is assured. The time has forever passed when shyness and shamefacedness must be considered her crowning attributes. Her longings for a union capable of perfecting her nature need no longer be concealed."

Of the many books that have been written to show a way out of the wilderness of old time traditions and superstitions in regard to the conjugal relations of women and men "An Experiment in Marriage" is one of the best, and deserves a wider circulation and better appreciation than it appears as yet to have received.

M. H.

### The Negro Problem.

BY R. E. KERR.

Several southern persons have lately commented on the negro problem in *Lucifer*, but what they say is poor-pooped on the ground that they are prejudiced. It seems to be taken for granted that a person who has lived among negroes all his life is incapable of forming an opinion about them, and that the only people worth listening to are those who know nothing about the subject. As I possess this qualification to perfection, I am sure that the readers of *Lucifer* will be delighted to hear what I have to say.

I have the great advantage of coming from the only important country in the world which is absolutely free from anything worth calling race antipathy. In the British Isles a negro can go to any school or college frequented by whites of his own social position, and be treated by all without a suggestion of inequality. An adult negro of education can marry an English lady of equal education without creating scandal, if she cares to have him. As Miss Elizabeth Banks points out in the "Nineteenth Century" for September, an English servant girl has no objection to have a negress as a fellow servant, and to sleep with her at night. Negro prostitutes are preferred to those of all other races. Jews, Chinese and natives of India, are regarded with equal freedom from all antipathy.

All other important nations have some race hatred, but they differ widely in their dislikes. The Georgians abhor a negro; the French a Jew; the Californians a Chinaman. All agree in thinking one another's antipathies very unreasonable.

Do I therefore think that all these race antipathies are mere prejudices? On the contrary, I believe that they are all well-grounded, because they exist. I know from experience that there are good reasons for the anti-Chinese feeling on the Pacific coast, and I am slow to believe that vast populations on every continent in the world are unanimously deceived about the facts of their daily experience.

(Concluded on page 326.)

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## Personal and Impersonal.

I have lately been somewhat pointedly criticized for saying with emphasis, in a recent *Lucifer*, that "in more ways than one, woman is the race." This utterance to be fully understood should be quoted fully. In our issue No. 776, in reply to a criticism I said:

"Only in the perversion of this fact [the fact of sex] is there or can there be degradation of womanhood. And through the degradation of womanhood follows necessarily the degradation of the race, since, as we see it, in more ways than one, WOMAN IS THE RACE! As the mothers so are the sons and daughters. Woman is often spoken of as 'the sex.' 'Sex contains all,' says Whitman. Sex reform contains all reforms, says *Lucifer*."

Since penning these words I have seen no reason for recantation or for serious modification thereof. If there be somewhat of the hyperbolic—exaggerative, in this statement, it is because all axiomatic statements are more or less hyperbolic. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" is true only in the sense that the mother influence upon the child is the earliest and most lasting. As the home life, so is the national life, and woman is the central magnet of the home. There can be no home without the mother element. "There never was a great man who did not have a great mother," is another axiomatic saying the truth of which is not seriously questioned.

In line with this teaching is that of the editor of the New York "Journal," quoted in this issue—see article "Woman and the Cook Stove"—when he says "The higher a man's conception of woman's proper position the higher the man." But where does man get his conception of woman's proper position? Does he not get it where he gets all his earliest and most lasting impressions—from his mother? And if this be true, how important that women should take for themselves the highest, truest position possible for them to take? Some years ago a lady teacher among the Indians of Minnesota reported that when she reproved an Indian mother for doing all the work of the household, including carrying the water from a distant spring while her grown son was doing nothing at all—

"What do you mean?" asked the mother in great surprise. "Would you have my son disgrace himself?"

Whose fault was it that the young "brave" did not voluntarily take the heavy pail and bring the water for his mother? His earliest impression of his mother was that of a patient burden bearer, a household drudge, and for this impression the mother herself was responsible. She accepted this position as her fate because her mother had done so before her, and the son accepted his mother's view of what was proper and "respectable" for him to do, because to him there was no higher authority. Who can blame him? He did not want to disgrace himself and his mother also by doing what she had taught him was not proper for him to do. She had taught him that only war and the chase were honorable occupations for men. He was what his mother made him.

And what is true of the savage is equally true of the so-called civilized races. Why is war so popular as it is today, in America, in England, everywhere in fact? Is it not because

women—who suffer most from wars—give the highest honors to the returning warrior? In Kansas we are told that an association of women has been formed who pledge themselves not to marry any man who has not enlisted as a soldier. What made the ancient Spartans for ages invincible in war? When sending her son to war the Spartan mother gave to him his shield with the parting injunction, "With this or upon this." That is, "Bring back your shield as a token of victory, or let it bear your lifeless body back to me." It is well known that the southern women were much harder to "reconstruct"—that it took much longer to make the wives and daughters of the "Confederacy" reconciled to the conditions of final surrender at Appomattox than it did the men who had fought the battle to the "last ditch."

Let the women of today say the word, and let them show by their treatment of men that they mean what they say, and the era of war and bloodshed would forever be at an end.

President McKinley said at Iowa Falls the other day: "It is no longer a question of expansion with us; we have expanded. If there is any question at all it is a question of contraction; and who is going to contract?"

If the Filipinos, the Chinese or any foreign people had taken San Francisco and claimed sovereignty over the whole of California, saying "We have expanded, and who is going to contract?" What would McKinley say and do? Would he not say, "The sooner you 'contract' the better for your health," and if the command were not immediately obeyed he would summon the army and navy of the United States to compel the intruder to contract. It is the old fable of the lawyer and the farmer over again.

But our wise chief magistrate is not to be caught so easily. In the same speech he says, "We will not withdraw it, [the flag] because the territory over which it floats is ours by every tenet of international law." That is to say, it is ours by right of purchase from Spain.

It was Blackstone, I think, the great English jurist, who advised his friends not to pry too curiously into the origin of their land titles lest they should find, at last, that they held their lands by no better title than robbery and murder. Does Mr. McKinley need to be told that Spain's right to the Philippines has no better basis than robbery and murder?

Again, our chief ruler says he "has no policy against the will of the people." This is probably true. He looks for the drift of popular opinion. If he thought the people of the United States were opposed to expansion, opposed to holding the Philippines by conquest or by purchase, he would at once withdraw our forces and end the war. But wherever he goes McKinley meets with the evidence that the war is popular, and he has doubtless read American history well enough to know that every great political party that ever opposed war in this country and advocated peace, has been defeated at the polls.

McKinley is a politician of the politicians, and Ingersoll told the simple truth when he said, "All politicians are prostitutes." They have no moral standard for their conduct except political success, and political success means simply the votes of the unthinking mob which is swayed by passion and prejudice and not at all by reason or by enlightened humanitarian principles.

I shall be sorry to part company with so good a man as I believe Brother Beeson to be. See his letter in the "Voices" department. But the best of friends part, sometimes, and as Abraham said to Lot, the world is wide enough for us both. A word or two, however, in explanation, and in reply to the charge that Brother Beeson makes against the "management" of *Lucifer*.

Speaking for myself alone I can say with no twinges of conscience that my prejudices are and have been by no means wholly in favor of the "abolitionists" of the north and against the people of the south. I was born south of Mason and Dixon's line, was educated at a Southern Methodist college, was for a



time an official member of that church, lived almost wholly in slave-holding states until long after the close of the civil war and have traveled somewhat extensively in four or five of these states, and therefore feel that I can speak understandingly and without sectional bias, of the matters touched upon by our evidently honest and sincere correspondent.

First, then, let me say, in regard to the much vexed and much vexing race problem. As to real human sympathy for and with the negro race I think there is much more of this to be found among the white people of the south than among the white people of the north. But this human sympathy is extended to the negro by the southern white people just so long, only so long, as he "keeps his place." To illustrate this I will relate the substance of a conversation with a very intelligent young Mississippian, a student in the State University of that state, while traveling in the south, only a few months ago.

Said he, "The people of the north seem utterly unable to understand us, of the south, and our attitude toward the colored race. We cherish no race hatred towards the negroes because of their color, but we know them, far better than the northern people can know them, and we know that they are not fit for social and political equality with white people. Intellectually and morally they are an inferior race and to admit them to political and social equality is doing an injury to both races. So long as the negro is a slave or a hired servant he is commonly well-behaved, industrious, honest and reliable, but when clothed with citizenship and his own master he becomes lazy, unreliable, dishonest, insolent, vain and misbehaved generally. Hence we do what we can to make the negro know his place and keep it, and while he does this we let him know that we are his best friends."

My observation in the south convinces me that this young man is quite honest in his views, and that he voices the popular feeling of the vast majority of the southern white race towards the colored people. This is why separate waiting rooms are provided for the negroes at all railway stations; this is why they are not allowed to travel in the same coaches with white people—except perhaps in the "smoker"—unless in the capacity of a servant; this is why the negroes are not permitted to attend the same schools or the same churches with white people, etc.

That there are other reasons for drawing the "color line" is perhaps true, though not so apparent to the average observer. One of these is doubtless the former condition of servitude of the black race. All men hate those they have injured, and most men despise those who have not the courage to maintain their liberty, or to die in the attempt. This explains why the American Indian—another inferior race, and certainly one quite as lazy and more filthy in his habits than is the negro—is treated with so much more respect than his darker colored brother.

Replying briefly to Friend Beeson's charge that *Lucifer's* writers have been unfair in treating of the outrages upon the colored men, north and south, I certainly fail to see it in that light. Proper mention may not have been made in our columns of shooting of negroes at Cartersville, Ind., but my accuser should remember that I have been absent on sick furlough, most of the time for many months last past; and he should also remember that the shooting of working men, white and black, at the behest of our plutocratic masters, has become so common of late years as to be regarded almost as a thing to be expected of the hence scarcely worthy of special mention. So long as the oppressed masses uphold by their votes the present industrial system, including the land and money system, we may expect such wholesale butcheries of workmen to continue. Perhaps it is even best that they do continue,—as object lesson to show the stupid workers that no mere palliative measures will suffice to cure the evils and secure justice to all.

As to the lynchings that have startled and shocked thinking people everywhere, Friend Beeson must admit, if he lays aside sectional prejudice, that in proportion to population, black and

white, these blotches upon our boasted civilization have occurred far more frequently south than north of Mason and Dixon's line. He must admit, too, that burning and torture, and that, too, sanctioned by nearly the entire white population, has not been witnessed (so far as I now recall) north of said line, as they have been known to occur in the south, for many years. The main cause of this difference is not hard to find. It is doubtless chiefly owing to the fear of negro domination, and the desire to show to the world that he is a brutal, sensual savage, utterly unfit for political and social equality with the white race.

By this I mean to say that many if not most of the victims of the lynchings are innocent of the alleged crime. This is a serious charge to make against my white brethren, but I believe a careful examination of the facts will convince any fair-minded person of its truth.

The "Negro Question" has occupied considerable space in our columns for some months, and it is hoped that if Friend Beeson, Mrs. "M. E. W." or others wish to continue it further they will remember that our space is quite limited and that the race question, or the color line, is a side issue rather than a principal one in our work. I will also ask all who wish to use our columns to remember that epithets are not arguments, and that their frequent use weakens rather than strengthens the cause of truth.

L. D. White makes some very good points in her article in this issue and it may be my fault or my misfortune that I do not see that her points are all good. As my reply to Mrs. Patton in last *Lucifer* covers most of the ground whereon I am inclined to differ from Mrs. White I shall not repeat the argument so soon. Only in regard to one paragraph of hers I venture to ask whether she is really in earnest,—and that is when she speaks of the "broad-minded [and presumably broad-shouldered], generous man, harassed and watched and tyrannized over by a little, selfish, narrow-minded woman," etc. Mrs. W. had spoken in a previous paragraph of a spectacle that should make "gods and angels weep." It seems to me this other supposed spectacle would be one for "gods and men to howl at!" That is, to howl with laughter and derision. That any man could be "broad," in any sense who, would submit to such treatment, whether from a "little" or big woman, would seem to involve a glaring contradiction of some sort. I would recommend to any such man—and to any such woman—to read an "Experiment in Marriage," notice of which appears in this issue.

M. HARMAN.

#### Book Notices.

The monopoly of money—based as it is upon a government privilege whereby a few men are enabled to rob the producing masses by controlling the volume of legal tender money, the debt-paying, interest-paying and tax-paying money of the country—is one of the very worst of all the monopolies, combines and trusts, that now curse this falsely called "land of equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

There seems now to be a growing revolt against this government protected money trust. Hence the tremendous efforts put forth by those whose interest it is to preserve the integrity of this trust, to keep the people amused, or rather blinded, by the war question, by public pageants and by every scheme that diplomacy or statecraft can devise, whereby the masses can be kept quiet while this devilish monopoly sucks their life-blood.

Among the many books put forth in the interest of this revolt against the money trust is one by James Adelman, L.L.D., and entitled "The Importance of Honest Money." This book of 330 pages professes to champion the "Rights of the Masses against the Privileges of the Classes," and aims to give a "Simple, Scientific and Invariable Standard of Price."

In the chapter upon "Political Parties" and the responsibility of these parties in fastening the present money system upon the people, the author says, in part.

"We all know that about the year 1858 the Whig party

assumed the name Republican party. It changed its name, but not, on the whole, its principles. It was born in class legislation, and, with a few exceptions, it still promulgates these same pernicious doctrines. The Republican party of that early day is the same Republican party with which the masses are tussling today. The same Republican party that is today defending the gold standard for the interest of the classes against the interest of the masses. The same Republican party that passed the infamous class law in 1873, suspending the free and unlimited coinage of silver, which act contracted the volume of primary money nearly one-half, and thereby greatly appreciated the dollar, which is principally owned and controlled by the classes, and correspondingly reduced the price of all other property of the masses far below its former price. By the enactment of this infamous monopolistic law the Republican party enormously enriched the classes and correspondingly impoverished the masses. Hence it believes in the privileges of the classes. It is the same Republican party that enacted a high protective tariff in such a manner as to vastly swell the fortunes of the rich manufacturers and compel every purchaser of their products to pay a monopolistic price in a bloated market for the goods they manufacture.

"It is the same Republican party that passed the National Bank Act in such a manner as to greatly enrich the bankers to the injury of millions of others. It would be superfluous to give the details of this class legislation, for nearly every person is acquainted with the history of it. It is the same Republican party that passed the monopolistic laws by which the Standard Oil Trust is today amassing its fabulous fortune to the detriment of every citizen in the land. It is the same Republican party that legislated in favor of the Sugar Trust, so that this corporation gobbled about \$25,000,000 of the people's money in a few days. It is the same Republican party that in 1878 authorized an express stipulation in a contract to be made, so that the debt must be paid in gold, instead of leaving it payable in any legal tender money of the United States, at the option of the debtor, and this express stipulation is one of the foulest, one of the most unscrupulous legislative acts that the class party has forced upon the masses for a number of centuries. It is the same Republican party that tries to make us believe today that the dear gold dollar, which is mostly in the possession of the classes, and which the masses cannot get, is such a boon for the unprosperous masses. Thus we see that the present Republican party is eminently the party of the classes. It is the child of the Whig party; the grandchild of the Federal party; the great-grandchild of the Tory party, which was on the side of King George III. when the American colonies struggled for independence more than a century ago."

I have not had time as yet to read the book entire, but from a hasty examination am convinced that it contains a mine of facts and figures that would be very useful to any one who wishes to be well informed upon this vastly important subject. It may be ordered through this office. Price in paper 50cts.

#### "CULTIVATION OF PERSONAL MAGNETISM."

A book of one hundred and eight pages with the above title has been issued by LeRoy Berrier of Minneapolis, Minn. It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mr. Berrier was prosecuted in the federal court and imprisoned—sentenced to two years hard labor in the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn., on the charge of sending "obscene literature" through the mail, the indicted matter being a little book called "Sexuality and its Functions." Mr. Berrier served one year of his sentence and was then released, pardoned by President McKinley. Since his release Mr. Berrier has published this little work on "Personal Magnetism." From a somewhat hasty examination of the contents I am impressed with the conviction that it is a work that will pay a careful perusal. The following paragraph will give the reader some idea of the author's style and methods:

"The great man or woman is the man or woman who has

something to give all along some one line or more—the more, the greater. Greatness is influence. If a person can be positive to all, that person will attract all, for the negative is attracted and influenced by the positive. If one is a speaker and has not something to give to his auditors which they have not and can receive, he will not influence them pleasantly; he will be uninteresting to them. It will be said that he has no personal magnetism. The ability to influence, as stated in the chapter on "The Primal Law of Life," is eagerly sought by the large class who are possessed with a desire to rise above heredity and acquire originality. The great question of this class is, how can magnetism and the accompanying positiveness, which gives the ability to influence, be acquired? The answer is, "Through the development of the nerves and brain, which will be accompanied by muscular development." The first great essential in such development, and the acquirement of personal magnetism, is self-control. Alas, how few of us realize this fact! We think that we should be able to control others before we can control ourselves. The great singer magnetizes her audience through the self-control of her vocal organs. Self-control must be purchased with unceasing effort. We do not mean self-control in great matters alone, but in the small matters which, if combined, make up the greater part of life's doings. It is shown in other pages how pleasurable sensations assist in developing and unifying the nerve centers, thus making possible the power of concentration and self-control. Self-control is secured through conscious effort, and in securing it the nerves and their centers are developed. Through self-control the waste of personal magnetism is stopped. Thus with development of the nerves and their centers—the brain—and with no leakage and waste of personal magnetism, which occupies the nerves and brain, a person becomes magnetic. The majority of men create sufficient personal netism to make them superior beings did they not waste it. It is agreed by all who have given this matter careful attention that the greatest source of waste is through excessive sexual indulgence."

The price of the book, well bound in cloth, is \$1.

#### The Negro Problem.

(Concluded from page 323.)

But there is certainly no need to carry things to such extremes as they have reached in Georgia. In Jamaica, Cape Colony, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, we see a small minority of whites living among a great majority of blacks. Yet in none of these countries do we ever hear of a white woman being ravished by a negro, or of lynching, or of any person being burnt at the stake. I have met many mining men from South Africa, and they all agreed that such things were quite unnecessary. But none of the places I have named pretend to regard the negro as the equal of the white man. They do not let him vote, and they govern him pretty vigorously without his consent. They sometimes even beat him when he is lazy, but they draw the line at burning him.

The great trouble in the United States is the preposterous doctrine of the North that all men are equal. We know from Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the instability of the homogeneous that no two men could possibly be equal, and that differences of race and sex must go on increasing from age to age. Every test we can apply shows that the negro is inferior to the white man. He has been as long in the world as the white man, but he has left considerably fewer footprints on the sands of time. In many countries the negroes have a majority over the whites, but in all of them the white man rules, without regard to numbers.

One needs only to look at a negro to see that he is not built on the best modern plan. His stomach was all right for the hunting stage of evolution, when he might have to go for days between meals. His sexuality was all right for the tropics, where children needed little care and came early to maturity, and only needed to be produced in overwhelming numbers to be cut down by the scythe of war. But modern civilization demands just



sufficient stomach to carry us in comfort to the next regular meal; just sufficient sexuality to produce as many children as we can carry through a long youth to a vigorous maturity; and all the will and intellect of which we are capable. The negro has a bullet head, and all anthropologists consider the long-headed type the higher one. One has only to compare the picture of any negro with one of Edison or Roosevelt to see how grievously the negro falls short of the modern standard of efficiency.

As for brotherhood, the negro is certainly the white man's brother in the same sense that the chimpanzee is his cousin. All three are descended from a common ancestor, but the chimpanzee diverged from our family stock sooner than the negro. Let us be as brotherly to the one as we can, and as cousinly to the other. But let us clear our minds of cant.

The people of the South might settle the race question by permitting indiscriminate cohabitation, and reducing the whole South to the level of Hayti. But no race will commit voluntary suicide. Straight is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth unto pure heredity. Weismann has taught us that even the purest races have an inherent tendency to degenerate, which can only be checked by the natural selection of war and starvation, or by secret artificial selection and rejection. The United States census of 1890 shows that there is not much interbreeding in the South. Virginia had more mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons than any other state, yet it had only 122,000 of these classes, as against 621,000 pure negroes.

As for the people of the North, I advise them to burn the Declaration of Independence and read the "Descent of Man." We are so near the twentieth century that it is time to get out of the eighteenth.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

A. W. Frankenberg, Columbus, O.—I see by the number on the wrapper that my subscription has expired. Enclosed find one dollar for which continue my subscription. *Lucifer* is always a welcome visitor to me, but when I get done reading it I give it away or send it to a friend in the hope that it may do some good.

J. M. Hadley, DeSoto, Kan.—I have received a sample copy of your paper. I am not well informed as to the line of thought and teachings of your paper but I judge by the sample copy that it is mainly in the line of the book advertised on page 320 under the title "Women and Economics" by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Find \$2.00 enclosed for that book and "Health Hints" and "The Social Question."

Albina L. Washburn, Collins, Colo.—I see by No. 777 you print a list of members of the Mutual Employment Association which I hailed at first as another "Co-operative Exchange" but was obliged to conclude it only a feature of the rebate system so often tried, cheapening goods and services instead of, on principle, making labor and products dear, thereby cheapening the money or the medium of exchange as should be done. Let the M. E. A. try the other tack. Raise prices which are too low (some unnecessary labor is too high) issue its own cheap money and taboo legal tender.

Frank J. Stiles, Cambridgeport, Mass.—I send you herewith \$1, which please apply to my subscription account. *Lucifer* is helping me not a little, and I hope before long to have the privilege of meeting, at its home, some of those brave souls who through its columns are doing so much to enlighten the present generation. Some time ago I requested that notice of meetings be sent to me. The subscription of friends of the movement in Boston be sent me. The subsequent disruption of my firm disarranged my mail for a time, and I fancy that word may have been sent me and not received. [Possibly information regarding meetings could be obtained by communicating with C. L. Swartz, Wellesley, Mass.]

A. J. Krueger, Chicago.—Having noticed the frequent requests in *Lucifer* for names and addresses for trial copies I hereby take the privilege of sending you a few. I agree with the statements in several issues past regarding *Lucifer* falling in the hands of those that have never seen or read a paper that dares to speak the truth as some people can not digest the truth, therefore it would do no good. No. 39 is a gem. I would be very much pleased if you would send a copy to each of the below addresses.

I was at Lake Geneva last spring and becoming acquainted I distributed copies of *Lucifer* and other radical papers.

E. T. Daniels, Kiowa, Kan.—I believe my subscription expires with the next number. I do not have the money now to renew, yet we do not feel like quitting the Light Bearer just now, and if you will continue it to us we will send the pay later. I wish to say that I agree with you and Markland as to the colonization problem. I have watched for the sequel of your Thayer letter and have no doubt but that region has many advantages and think liberals who are in reach of that country might do well there. But there are scattered over this western country liberals who would like to join a group of those who believe in co-operation, who do not feel like going so far.

Moreover they would feel better satisfied in a country where there is at least some prairie. I am credibly informed that about one year from this fall there will be opened to settlers a reservation in southern Oklahoma, directly south of this place. I am also told it contains much very fine country, that it is about half and half prairie and timber, that it is well supplied with springs of good water and running streams. I believe it would make an admirable location for western liberals to colonize. I hope to go and see it for myself soon.

James Beeson, Hytop, Ala.—In a few weeks my paid up time on subscription will expire, and I feel in honor bound to the cause of equal chances for all engaged in reform work to have my name erased from the book. I have been a subscriber for fourteen years or more and have found much in the Light Bearer to praise, but of late I find much to condemn; chief among which is the prejudice held by the management and contributors against the southern people, growing out of a war that has now been ended nearly thirty-five years. People who can hold prejudice against others that long will never accomplish much for the cause of humanity, more especially when they are guilty of the offenses they charge against the objects of their hatred. The appearance of articles headed "Southern Barbarism," "The Brutal Treatment of the Negro Race at the South," etc., etc., comes in bad taste at least from people who lynch negroes for the very same crimes as readily as the southern people do. No where in the south have negroes been shot to death like so many sheep-killing dogs simply because they asked for a chance to work for a living like they were at Cartersville, Ind., and many other places in the northern states, and not one word has *Lucifer's* management or contributors to say about it. But when Mrs. M. E. W. of Montgomery, Ala., remonstrated in a very mild manner, even for a woman, it brought down all the odium of anti-bellum abolitionism. Even such champions of equal rights as C. L. James lends the aid of his pen in farther degrading—or at least trying to degrade—the south. He calls the attention of the public to the fact that he discontinued his support of free-thought publications many years ago because they had fallen in line with conventionalism and respectability, and had therefore ceased to exert any influence for the reform movement, etc. Well, I quit them about the same time and for the same cause and will now quit *Lucifer* and its supporters on the same principles, although it will go harder with me than quitting infidel papers when they became popular and courted favors from the "powers that be." Twenty five years ago I gave up the love and esteem of an aged mother, brothers and sisters and entered the free-thought ranks to battle for the right of every individual

## 784.

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to think and act as his or her conscience dictated what was right and proper for them to do. I have been losing friends and money ever since, but I have sacrificed, and will continue to sacrifice, all for what I think is right, well knowing that a few more short years at most will settle the whole matter so far as I am concerned.

With the love that I have long cherished for suffering humanity, and nothing but good will and friendship for all concerned, adieu.

## WOMEN and ECONOMICS,

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 42.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCT. 28, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE NO. 785

### For the Future.

As not as now forever shall the eyes of Hope be dimmed  
For Freedom's fruitless endeavor, and Labor despoiled and unhymned,  
For lo! even now a glimmer athwart the heavens above!  
And hate and fear grow dimmer in the crescent light of love.

James M. Frye.

### Keep It From the Girls.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

"What an immoral paper! I would not have my girls read it for anything. It's terrible!" said a sharp visaged, frigid Mrs. Grundy on reading a very moderate article on marriage in *Lucifer*, and then added with a significant scowl that would have done credit to Torquemada, "And worst of all it is true, but don't let the girls know it."

O, yes that is in accordance with Christian morals to let the joyous, beautiful girls go on in ignorant dreaming that marriage is nothing but a tender, decorous, formality. Help them off on a bridal tour with glowing anticipations without knowing a single fundamental principle of Love.

Ignorance with such parents is morality and bliss, ultimately they often learn that they have sown the seeds of anguish and despair.

Mark the shade of anxiety and pain on the face of the bride on their return. As the toiling, struggling years roll on the pain grows into a dark, dismal shadow that never entirely leaves the sorrow-woe-begone face once so beautiful, and full of benignant smiles.

A few years ago I met a woman of rare talent and refinement in one of the numerous thriving cities of New York State. She had been married thirty years, and was the mother of several intelligent, beautiful children. She told me with calm, gentle dignity and firm convictions that could she have done so and retained the respect of the community she would "have severed the marriage bond curse in two days after that Christian marriage ceremony." Yet public opinion—blind, barbarous, cruel Custom, the effete old hag—had held her in chains all those thirty years.

In those days there was no "Canada" for married women to flee to as now. Our laws and customs, bad as they are, have greatly improved in the last forty years through the constant and persistent agitation of such papers as *Lucifer* and its editors and writers.

"Each human thing can something do  
To help the world along;  
Nature hears the chirp of the cricket  
As it hears the angel's song."

Public disgrace has for centuries been held over women in place of a rod of iron. A world-weary and eminently respectable wife said in my presence as a friend remonstrated with her for permitting her health to be broken and her spirits crushed—"I must submit. He says if I do not he will seek some one that will, and I would rather die than have that disgrace." Many women live similar lives of "respectable," obedient torture,

mentally and physically, and in consequence welcome their departure from this life with sweet relief from "woman's natural protector(?)" endowed by "Christian holy matrimony."

The joyous, happy innocent girls must not hear a word of criticism. "Keep it from the girls" is the shibboleth of church and state. Don't utter a word of the real facts lest these degrading and barbarous immoralities of the pet institution be exposed.

Those Christian moralists remind me of what Sam Wilkinson said to his sister-in-law, the illustrious and noble Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the autumn of 1872 regarding the Beecher-Tilton scandal. He told her he knew of Henry Ward Beecher's derelictions, but said he—"It must not get out, I am interested in 'The Christian Union,' in Mr. Beecher's books and particularly in his *Life of Christ*. If this scandal should get out it would knock the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite."

The scandal did get out notwithstanding the immense religious efforts to suppress it, and did "knock the Life of Christ higher than a kite," as he had so truly prophesied. It was knocked so high that it never came down, and the publisher failed in consequence financially.

And if these suppressors of natural morality would allow the *Light-Bearer* to turn its full rays of intelligence and progress it would "knock" many more degrading, brutal practices of mental slavery now held sacred, higher than any kite that ever flew.

The time is coming (it is already here in some localities) when women will not glide ignorantly and blindly into marriage under priestly and state tyranny. Women in all lands are beginning to understand, and act on that understanding, that they have individual rights irrespective of husbands or imaginary gods or devils. Thanks, a thousands thanks to the Fanny Wrights, Mary Wollstonecrafts, Mrs. Stantons, Lucretia Motts, and a long list of men and women reformers among spiritualists and freethinkers who have bowed no knee to gold and tyrannical customs. Thanks also to *Lucifer* and other papers that have espoused the cause of human rights regardless of creeds, ecclesiastical formalities, color or sex, and have not been afraid to face prison walls and speak what seemed to them true and for the good of the race, even if it did seem "horrible" to some timid minds steeped in the iniquitous practices engendered by the rack and inquisition.

### Lucifer, or the Light Bearer—Which?

BY H. B. MONROE.

As the end of the nineteenth century draws near the time seems ripe for a more aggressive, more concerted and broader campaign in the interest of the new humanity—the humanity which shall be in accord with the march of progress, which shall aim towards the production of a fitter race, toward the elimination of obstacles that stand in the way of race evolution, toward the solution of social problems, the abolition of war,

the dethroning of superstition, the promotion of a universal sisterhood and brotherhood, and the establishment of freedom of thought, speech, and deed so far as is consistent with the idea of non-invasion.

The platform on which such a campaign must be conducted should be broad enough to be accepted by women and men of all races and of all shades of political and religious belief, so long as their desire is for the welfare of the human race. The central and basic problem of all the social problems is the sex problem. The twentieth century should see woman freed from the bondage of sex superstition and given her rightful place as the equal of man in all human rights and opportunities.

Whether woman is man's physical equal need not be discussed. It may even be admitted that she is not. In fact it would hardly be in accord with the known facts of evolution to expect her to be so after hundreds of centuries of sexual enslavement to man. But granting that her powers and capacity are so great as to make a claim for her equality a disputed point—which it certainly is—who can tell to what degree of physical and mental stature she might attain if the obstacles to her evolution, due to false education and tyrannical social customs, were removed?

All persons who have given the problem of humanity any careful study must agree, then, that the enfranchisement of woman from the domination of man is absolutely necessary for the natural and unhindered evolution of the human race. This then must be the basic principle of the fight that must be made for the normal development of humanity. All others are subsidiary and of minor importance.

In this connection I wish to make a suggestion which I earnestly believe will, if adopted, increase the power and usefulness of the paper. It is that the name Lucifer be dropped with the beginning of the year 1900 and that the paper be called The Light Bearer hereafter, and I ask all readers to give a kindly consideration to my reasons for favoring the proposed change.

1. The name Lucifer is Latin and its real significance is not understood by thousands of persons into whose hands the paper may come. It is true that thousands of Latin words are in daily use in our language, but it must be admitted that it would be hard to find another Latin word in common use among English-speaking people which is so generally, so commonly, misunderstood as the word Lucifer.

2. To the uneducated person—and it is the uneducated who are doing the most toward populating the earth—the word Lucifer signifies the devil. It suggests to them the principle of evil—all that is antagonistic to good.

3. It is futile to expect people to give support, or even fair consideration to a paper which they believe is antagonistic to what they believe is good.

4. By retaining a name so generally misunderstood the cause which it advocates is injured, because, in the eyes of those who think Lucifer is merely a name for the devil, the very name of the paper prejudices them against its doctrines. Many of them, after a hasty glance at it, throw it away or consign it to the flames with the remark that it "is appropriately named, for it teaches a devilish doctrine."

5. In recent issues of this paper the editor has run an article explaining the meaning of its name. This, apparently, is an admission that the name is frequently misunderstood. Else why the necessity for an explanation of the name when the space used for that purpose might be utilized in explaining the importance of the cause which the paper advocates?

6. To the objection that the misunderstanding of the name is due to ignorance, I would answer that it is the ignorant that the paper is seeking to enlighten—not in etymology and the translation of Latin, but in the desirability of removing obstacles to the evolution of the human race.

7. To the objection that the paper has made its struggle for existence and has accomplished much good under the name of Lucifer I would answer that the struggle might have not been so hard and better results might have been achieved if its name had not prejudiced the powers of ignorance against it.

8. To the objection that to abandon the name of Lucifer would be a surrender to the ignorant who have blindly opposed it because of its name, I would answer that the change of name to The Light Bearer is merely a translation of the name Lucifer into English and that it would deprive the great majority of the ignorant of their strongest ground of opposition to the paper.

9. To the objection that, because of the old association of the paper's present name with the cause of a new and better humanity, to drop it would be unwise and will cause many of the readers to feel that they have lost an old friend, I would give the answer that radicals commonly give to conservatives who cling to old customs and beliefs, namely: that "age makes nothing sacred." This is an age of progress. Friends of progress can not afford to be "ruled by the tomb," no not even the tomb of the Latin language from which the word Lucifer is an exhumed and galvanized corpse with the smell of the grave clothes of a long buried goddess upon it. The Light Bearer, on the other hand, is a living, breathing name; a name that he who runs may not only read, but understand also.

10. We want to teach the living truth to a living people; not to a dead race. Let us do it under a living name. We want to reach the people who are NOW on earth. Let us be up to date and not attempt to rally the hosts of progress under the banner of a forgotten goddess, a creature of the ignorant superstition of the benighted past.

I will not take space to enumerate further reasons why I favor abandoning the name of Lucifer, but I would suggest that the editor open his columns to those who wish to give any reason for retaining the name which I have not answered. But it is reasons that should be given—not merely expressions of preference.

#### Woman in Prof. Peck's Crucible.

ANNE E. LEBETH CHERRY in Springfield, Mass. Republican, Oct. 15.

From time immemorial men have fought about women with swords, cutlasses, pistols and tongues. They have spilled blood and venom to some purpose, no doubt, though the contest waxed hotter as the years march on. Today a queer battle presents itself in the shape of a pen-battle between a man and a woman in one of the great magazines of New York, he reiterating the hackneyed doctrines which he claims are eternal law, and she declaring for a new Bible, a new gospel and a heretofore unused principle, which shall present woman to the world in the guise of an individual, with a well defined purpose and a positive aim.

We propose mainly to deal in this article with some few propositions laid down by Prof. H. T. Peck in the *Cosmopolitan* of June in his manly contest with Charlotte Perkins Stetson, striving to look at his claim with unprejudiced eyes rather than from a woman's, for this question is many-sided, and there are laws and laws and laws, which may perhaps become to us as working hypotheses, whether we understand the almighty law of them or not.

Prof. Peck in his "Woman of Today and of Tomorrow," drives home some self-evident truths, and after having reinstated them where they belong, proceeds to unveil them before the astonished eyes of those who know them so thoroughly that they might as well have not been known at all. In fact, they are like the air we breathe and the water we drink, so common that they are practically forgotten or ignored.

A would-be modern Jeffrey, Prof. Peck bares his mental muscles and enters the ring to fight for the rights of men, pummeling right and left at an invisible foe, punishing something which he alone sees, and completely worsting this dangerous phantom in the few first rounds.

Man, he claims, "is the finest and noblest and most godlike figure in the world wherein we live, the earth, indeed, has been given to him—it is his own." And then, in rhapsody of admiration of man's superiority and mastership, he spends himself in a profound eulogy upon the divine brotherhood, from which of



course, are excluded those "spineless" gentlemen who sit on the platform of lady lecturers and listen to the "pow-wow" of female harangues.

Truly this was all self-evident before he wrote it. No one in his sane senses denies that man builds the railroads, spans the rivers, stretches the telegraph wires, binds together the continents or belts the globe. He maketh the desert to blossom as the rose and rocks of granite to gush with liquid sound. His engines of speed snort across the country in a proud, imperious way, and cut through the rebellious foam of ocean with haughty impetuosity, going straight to port as though a wave were but an incident, and a 5000 mile stretch of water the merest bagatelle—he is mighty, no doubt.

His brain fiber is sinuous and tough, and his brawn hard like granite. Moreover, he is projectile, not only with the bullet, but with thought. He can strike true at the target of a Filipino's heart with a well aimed ball, or hit the brain of the prince of Wales with the dynamic impulse of an idea, aided by the invisible wire of ether or faith; and yet this man with his X-ray eye, is obliged to look out for his rights, which are somewhat endangered because of his sixteenth century gallantry and inherent good will.

Furthermore, man has not only conquered that feminine thing called Earth, but the place for woman has been marked out by him also—as though God had nothing to do with the matter—and in this place "she is bound to stay," says Prof. Peck, "because best for him,"—man—"and it may be added for her as well." We should judge from this argument that her past outlines her future, that what she has been implies what she will be. But this line of reasoning, it would seem, is somewhat fallacious. For centuries, indeed for all previous time, things were not as they are now, at least as written history reveals. An inventor readjusts something and lo! the face of earth and humanity changes. Permanency is manifested only in the immutable laws themselves but even they modify each other, and man who was once paralyzed by electricity in the form of lightning, has become somehow equal to the task of making it his abject slave, in spite of a far-back ancestor who protested against the blasphemy of such impudence toward Deity.

Woman as woman must always be true to the negative pole of being for which she stands, but woman as an individual is another question. Indeed she has an interrogation mark stamped upon her already, and the future alone can answer the challenge. So, then, if she were only woman, a sort of negative mushroom ordained to bring forth her kind, we should agree with Prof. Peck absolutely. In muscle, certainly, she is no match for man, nor can her endurance be in any way compared to his. She would present a sorry figure running up the rigging of a ship if a hurricane were blowing on the high seas of the Atlantic, her breath frozen on her cheek, and her clothes rattling with ice on her limbs. Nor would she look well at work on the canal of Nicaragua, in a panama hat, stripped to the waist, dripping with sweat, striving to wrench South America away from the North with the steel of her arm. Nor is she exactly pretty stoking coal in the room of the engine, covered with soot. Nor desirable perched on a ladder perilously close to the eaves of a three story house, cutting away at the gargoyles that grin maliciously at her in their combined endeavor to scare her to death. No, no! the law of adaptation establishes her very certainly where she best fits; in fact the question is self-settling,—she will do "what she can do and what she can't she won't."

Nevertheless, she has recently discovered that she is an individual, all objections to the contrary notwithstanding. And even majestic man will find it hard to wipe out this new creature that has come to stay. Why? you ask—he is stronger than she, he is master in spite of her, and if the all-enduring, good-willed lion chooses to stretch himself and rise—what then? Nothing, simply nothing. To be sure, we admit that there is a not much to hinder (if men should harmoniously combine) a wholesale incarceration of women, a beastly taking of her by

force, and a perpetual maternity thereby entailed which would reduce her to the level of the savage, nay more, of the things that crawl. But let us see.

Prof. Peck implies in his article that it is love and companionship, and beauty and charm that man demands. If this be so we hereby declare, in spite of his assertion that when man will stand "no farther nonsense" he forces her to his own sweet will, and that "the shock acts as a tonic to her nerves, the note of mastery, of domination, thrills her through and through and she becomes again serene and soothed and wholly charming"—in spite of this we say, in the name of all educated, refined, companionable, beautiful women—it cannot be. Love and beauty can no more be bribed, ordered or whipped into honest manifestation than can a law be annihilated. Woman through her cowardice may simulate these qualities when man coerces her, but the real thing he fails to get, and thus by his very brute power cheats himself of the coveted prize. He may force her to become the mother of a degenerate race, but it will be bred in hell and reared in hate. This position, it seems to us, should mankind elect to take it, would be somewhat like "cutting off the nose to spite the face."

We entirely agree with Prof. Peck that the law of sex is eternal, in fact, a basic principle which no new movement nor series of movements can destroy; but we also assert that there is another law, namely of individuality, which is also immutable and divine. We have come then to a battle of principles, and as there is no such thing as destruction on such a field, the most we can expect is a modification and readjustment.

Sex and sentiment go hand in hand and will assert themselves forever and ever. All the glory and glamour, beauty and fascination of life are born from this incomparable pair. But the individual also is a majestic being, standing cold, and hard-thinking, erect, among the flowers of a sex paradise, as rises the aspiring mountain amid the charms of a Kashmiran vale, unique incontrovertible, unrivaled,—and this individual called woman has come on earth to stay.

So, then, all this controversy, in one sense, amounts to nothing except perhaps to tickle man with his own conceit, and woman with her own vanity. "Principles are eternal,"—this is an old saw, but it strikes home. The individual cannot be annihilated; neither can sex; the question will settle itself, and while He may imprison and abuse an entity, he can no more destroy it than can She turn spring into winter or fire into ice.

### The Psychology of Sex.

Charles Bolyard in "An Experiment in Marriage."

Miss Barden: Let me tell you something about that man and woman. They are both considerably past middle life. Both have been married more than once before, and have been the parents of children. Now, for the first time, they are happy. They are all in all to each other.

Mr. Vinton: What was their attraction for each other?

Miss Barden: It would take an unerring psychologist to say why any man and woman should or should not fall in love with each other. Certain qualities are in themselves attractive—beauty and grace, sweetness of temper; and first marriages are contracted most commonly in consequence of these qualities. Awkwardness, inharmonious features, obstinate or sullen tempers are in themselves repelling. Still love stays or goes without reference to outward attractions. The plainest women often, most often, it seems to me, are the objects of the most passionate devotion. Men with unattractive features are among the most irresistible with our sex. Perhaps it is a matter of magnetic currents. Perhaps it is a matter of spiritual insight, the groping of the soul for that other nature which will enable it to complete itself. Perhaps the nature is dual, as in so many plants, male and female. Its halves are separated, and ever reaching out for the union which is their perfection, a union, spiritual, intellectual, and physical. This reaching out for completion is called desire. This perfect union, when attained, is perfect love. The more or less perfect, and more or less lasting give us taste of love. Love, in perfection, comes only with the perfect union.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## A Plan of Campaign.

Once more the shortening days and lengthening nights admonish us that winter will soon be here. In the order of nature winter is the season of repose, the season of recuperation, of reinvigoration; also of reflection, of investigation and of mental improvement. How to make the most of this season of reflection and of comparative leisure, is, or should be, a question for earnest thought for us all.

To the narrowly selfish,—to the egoist, or to one who makes personal advantage, personal gratification, self-aggrandizement, the chief aim in life, the question of how to spend the winter months will involve motives and considerations very different from those that appeal with greatest force to the altruistically selfish person. The motives and the acts of the first named class spring primarily from the instinct of self-preservation while the motives and the acts of the second class are traceable to the instinct of race-preservation.

That both these instincts, and the motives that spring from them, are necessary and right, when properly directed by reason, will probably be denied by very few, and these few are those who maintain that all human acts and motives are egoistic, and that altruism is a fraud, a misnomer, a delusion. To the writer of these lines, however, the highest and best selfishness is that which embraces the entire race of human kind, if not the whole of animated nature, and believing that the readers of *Lucifer* substantially agree with me in this view, I proceed to ask how can we spend the winter months to best advantage for the benefit of our fellow human beings.

Looking beyond the narrow confines of our own domiciles we find much to cause pain to the sympathetic heart and mind; much that we would gladly change had we the power to do so. We see evidence of want—of deprivation or lack of common necessities and comforts of life, in the midst of enormous accumulations or surplus of these necessities and comforts. We see evidence that a large proportion of our fellow human beings are over-worked and under-fed, while their neighbors do not work at all, and have more of life's material blessings than they can possibly use or enjoy in any natural or rational way, and who are therefore compelled to invent artificial or unnatural ways of consuming or destroying.

We see the strong, the so-called civilized and more enlightened nations invading, robbing and murdering their less powerful and less civilized brethren, in the name of patriotism, of humanity and religion. We find hatreds based upon differences in color, in race, in religious opinions, in economics, in politics, in social or moral habits and customs. We see the results of these hatreds in the shooting of hungry working men in some sections of the country, and in the hanging and burning of passion crazed victims of ignorance and oppression in other sections. Everywhere we see evidence of man's inhumanity to man. Even in the so-called charitable institutions,—of church, of state or of municipal origin, we see abundant evidence that narrow selfishness—greed or vanity—is the impelling motive either in the founding or in the management of these institutions.

"But what of your plan of campaign?" some of our readers are perhaps asking: "All these things we knew before you

spoke of them. What is your remedy? What have you to offer that has not already been tried?"

Ah, yes! What or where is the remedy, is the main question. The symptoms of disease are patent enough. He who runs may read the symptoms; who of us that reads the symptoms is wise enough to look for the causes—the underlying hidden causes of the evils that afflict us? Is there not too much reason to believe that our doctors, our reformers, are mere charlatans, mere empirics? Is it not true that we all are working too much in the realm of effects, instead of trying to find and remove the producing causes? trying to lop off the branches while the root remains intact?

Some of us have reached this conclusion, many years ago, and for our insistence in looking for basic causes we have been ostracised, prosecuted and persecuted—called all sorts of bad names, or names considered bad by the unthinking and passion-swayed multitude; imprisoned—robbed of liberty and property and almost robbed of life.

But amid all the discouragements we have had much to encourage us. A small but resolute band of workers have remained faithful and true. They have had the courage of their convictions. With Lowell they have felt, said, and acted:

I honor the man who is willing to sink  
Half his present reputation for the freedom to think,  
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,  
Will sink 't'other half for the freedom to speak;  
Not caring what vengeance the mob has in store—  
Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower.

And now, at last, near the close of the cycle, the trend of popular opinion seems to be setting our way. Popular authors, poets, orators—those who sway the multitudes, have spoken in favor of looking for primary or bed rock causes. Among popular poets we name Gerald Massey, whose utterance, "We must begin in the creatory if we would benefit the race," etc.—is already well known to our readers. Among popular orators we are glad to be able to claim the name of the world-famous agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll. As already stated in these columns this prince of modern orators, in the very last of his published lectures, planted himself squarely and unmistakably upon the platform for many years occupied by the writers for *Lucifer*.

This, then, in as few words as possible, is our plan of campaign, namely, to arouse, by every means in our power, the sluggish public conscience to a recognition of what we believe to be the most important of all ethical facts or principles, that "Science must make woman the owner, the mistress, of herself. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to say whether she will or will not become a mother." With Ingersoll, whose language we are quoting, we believe that "this is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman," and when woman is free the race will be free, and not till then."

That is to say, if science frees woman then woman will be no longer ignorant, and when no longer ignorant she will choose none but the wise to co-operate with her in creating a new race. Then will be incarnated the trinity.

FREEDOM, LOVE, WISDOM.

and these three will redeem the race from the hell of Slavery, Hate and Ignorance.

Reader: are you willing to be a soldier in this campaign? If so we ask you to write us at once, and let us know how you can co-operate with us, and how we can co-operate with you.

## Shall We Change Our Name?

The question of the name of the paper, which is discussed by H. B. Monroe in another column, is one which has often been considered both in and out of *Lucifer's* columns. Some of *Lucifer's* friends are very strongly attached to the name; while others are as strongly convinced that the name is an injury to the paper. I think that nearly all will agree that in itself, aside from the demoniacal significance with which it has been burdened, *Lucifer* is a euphonious, a beautiful name, and one which means exactly the idea which we wish to convey—that of a herald of the dawn of a better day.



But the question arises: Is it wise to expend much of our force in the mere effort to make our name understood? Is it true, even, that much force is expended in that way? This is the question that the friends of Lucifer can answer better than we here in the office can possibly do.

Lucifer has many warm friends who have taken it for many years, and who, seemingly, would make almost any sacrifice for its welfare. And yet many of these have told us they dare not let their friends, and sometimes not even members of their families, know that they receive such a paper. Now what we want to know is whether it is the name of the paper, or the ideas advocated therein, that makes them fear to let it be seen.

If the name should prove to be an obstacle to the usefulness of the paper, it could be changed; though for many reasons its relinquishment would cause regret. But as long as we think as we do at present, we could not change the central ideas of the paper even if by doing so we could quadruple the subscription list. Yet to increase the circulation and influence of the paper is an object which we would strive very earnestly to attain at any cost except the sacrifice of principle. For this purpose I shall ask a few questions, and I hope that all who feel interested in this work will answer them.

1. Do you find, in introducing Lucifer to your friends, that the name prejudices them against the paper?

2. If so, do you believe that, were the name Lucifer dropped, they would be equally shocked by the ideas advocated therein?

3. If the name should be dropped at the first of the year, and the Light-Bearer retained, or some other substituted, how many yearly subscriptions, at the rate of three for \$2, or five for \$3, can you guarantee for the year 1900, provided such change is made?

4. Do you believe that the name Lucifer is an aid in interesting people in the paper and in the work?

5. Would you feel less interest in it, if the name were dropped, and would you feel that such action was retrogression?

6. If you favor the retention of the name Lucifer, how many subscriptions at the rate given in query 3, can you guarantee for the year 1900, on condition that the name is retained?

Please answer queries by number. If you answer by simple "Yes" and "No," a postal card will do; though we shall be glad to have your reasons for thinking as you do, if you feel inclined to give them.

We hope that many of Lucifer's friends will see their way clear to extend its power by sending us subscribers at the very low rate here given. But we want your opinion, anyway, even though unaccompanied by promises of subscriptions.

#### WHAT OF THE FORM?

It may not be out of place to say here that we have under consideration the change of form of Lucifer to magazine size, the pages being just half the size of the present. We should like to publish sixteen pages, with cover, or twenty-four pages, if we do not add cover. The reduction of the size of pages three years ago, gave almost universal satisfaction; but we receive many complaints that the pages are not yet small enough to make a book of convenient size when bound. We should be glad to make the change if we could see our way clear to do so. It would, however, involve a considerable extra expense which we would scarcely be justified in assuming unless we could know that the friends of Lucifer would help to bear it, and the best way in which to give this aid is in extending the subscription list. Will those who favor the suggested change please let us hear from them, and also let us know how much aid they can give toward making it?

We hope that all interested in the welfare of Lucifer will let us hear from them at once. It is probable that this is the last time that the question of the change of name will come up for discussion. If the name is not changed with the first of the year, it is likely that Lucifer it will be to the end of the chapter—or at any rate, as long as the name Harman remains on its editorial pages. As to the change of form, it is absolutely necessary, for

the purpose of binding that the change, if change there be, shall be made at the first of the year.

What shall the answer be?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

#### Plagiarism.

From Santa Ana, Calif., her present address, Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker writes us as follows:

"I am very much astonished to find in Lucifer, No. 783 under the heading of 'A Spiritualistic View,' an article taken bodily from my 'Folly of Worship, or the Curse of Godism' and ascribed to Mrs. Josie K. Folsom, Springfield, Mo. Will you please explain? I published 1100 while at Clinton, Iowa, and many of them were sold from your office. The article is word for word mine, and justice to me demands that you should say so."

Not having a copy of "The Folly of Worship, or Curse of Godism," to refer to, I take Mrs. Waisbrooker's word that the selection I made from Mrs. Folsom's pamphlet is a plagiarism. Yes, we sold quite a considerable number of the pamphlet of which Mrs. W. speaks, and regret that it is out of print. Having met Mrs. Folsom at the Clinton, Iowa, camp in August last and having heard her speak and "give tests" from the platform I am loth to think that she would knowingly appropriate and claim as her own the words as well as the ideas of another. If I recollect rightly Mrs. Folsom and her husband stated that the pamphlet "Godism" from which I quoted, was written automatically by the hand of Mrs. Folsom while her eyes were bandaged to exclude the light,—when under medical treatment for inflammation of the eyes. Can it be that her "spirit control" is responsible for the plagiarism? And who knows but that Mrs. Waisbrooker herself was under "control" when she wrote her pamphlet on the same subject, and that that control plagiarized from some previously written book or pamphlet?

In all seriousness, is it not a grave question whether there is any such thing as originality in literature? Even so original a poet as Edgar A. Poe is seriously charged with being a plagiarist; that his most famous poem "The Raven" is largely a reproduction of Albert Pike's "Isadore."

It is doubtless true, as stated by literary critics that there is, and can be, little if any originality in ideas, but to copy, not only the ideas, but the exact language of another without giving credit is usually considered a serious breach of decorum, not to say of moral honesty. We shall be glad to hear Mrs. Folsom's explanation of the matter, but must decline extended controversy over the question of priority of utterance of any particular thought or any particular grouping of ideas.

M. H.

#### The Emancipated Horses.

BY R. D. KERR.

The outlying parts of Russia are remarkable for all kinds of humane movements. It is not generally known, however, that there is a large community in Siberia in which horses have for many years had equal rights with men. This reform now works extremely well, but at first the emancipation of horses led to some extraordinary exhibitions of folly. Perhaps the worst was the formation of the Equine Union, to regulate the relations between men and horses.

The object of the Equine Union was to guarantee support for life to every horse. As the numbers of men and horses were about equal, the Union thought to accomplish its end by making the following rules:

1. That each horse should only be allowed to be ridden by one particular man, and vice versa.

2. That no man should be allowed to ride a horse, without first undertaking to maintain it for life.

Any horse which broke the above rules was to be an outcast from equinity, and no other horse was to have anything to do with it.

Unfortunately, the rules of the Equine Union led to a very

different result from the one anticipated. In the first place, many men said that they would not have a horse on such terms and would rather walk. That led at once to a glut of horses, and severe competition for employment. Many horses, were reduced to extreme straits, and some of them broke away from the rules of the Union rather than be left out in the cold. They were promptly cast out from equinity, but that did not mend matters, for it only made them desperate. They hired themselves out to men very cheaply and the rule about life maintenance soon became more honored in the breach than the observance. Never, in fact, had horse flesh been so cheap.

This turn of events was very hard on the strict-minded horses, who would not disobey the rules of the Union. For a great many of them there was no demand whatever, and the equus intactus, or horse which had never been ridden, soon became a familiar figure in equinity. To make matters worse, the equus intactus, although enormously admired when young, entirely lost respect in middle life and old age, and was actually derided for his intact condition.

As for the horses that got life maintenance, even they were not all satisfied. Some of them complained that they had cruel riders, who wounded them with whip and spur, and they began to envy their neighbors who were more fortunate, and to think that the life maintenance rule was a piece of humbug. Altogether there was a great unrest and loud murmuring throughout the ranks of equinity.

A great meeting of horses was held to consider the crisis. The first speaker was a black race-horse called the "Duke of Somerset," who declared that the life maintenance rule was the foundation of all equine welfare, but unfortunately it had not been enforced with sufficient rigor. What was needed was a more vigorous outcasting of scabs, and these ought not only to be cast out but also punished by law. This speech was responded to by enthusiastic neighing.

The opposite opinion, however, was advocated with great vigor by a chestnut mare, called the "Lily of Chicago." She maintained that the Union rules had only led to results diametrically opposed to those aimed at. Even in the old days of slavery, she said, when men rode horses without their consent, nearly every horse could live, and most were fairly happy. Even in those days most owners maintained their horses and fed them well both in youth and old age, without any union at all. The Union rules, instead of removing any evil had merely created evils previously unheard of. Consequently the best way was at once to abolish the rules and dissolve the Equine Union.

This speech created an extraordinary commotion, snorting and angry neighing being heard on every side. When the report of it got abroad, all equinity was scandalized, and the "Lily of Chicago" was shut up in a stable for several months. Nevertheless, her advice was eventually followed, and ever since then the horses of that part of Siberia have been supplied with all comforts, and have never lacked employment.

#### The Proper Discipline of Wives According to Kalevala.

The Finnish epic poem called the "Kalevala," the oldest portions of which were probably composed three thousand years ago, throws interesting light upon the primitive social and marriage customs of the Finns. The three chief characters of the "Kalevala" are the minstrel, Wainamoinen, Ilmarinen, the magic blacksmith, and Lemminkainen, the wizard. The blacksmith pays court to the Daughter of the Rainbow, who is called "the fairest daughter of the Northland." An account of their bridal, and of some of the amenities of married life in those days, is thus given by a writer in a late number of the New York "Times":

"The wedding feast prepared, the beer brewed, the guests feasted, Osmotar, daughter of Osmo, gives the Rainbow bride advice:

"Thou must acquire new habits,  
Must forget thy former customs.  
Like the mouse, have ears for hearing,  
Like the hare, have feet for running."

"But the quick ears and the nimble feet are for the service of her husband and his family. The 'Bride of Beauty' must rise early, light the morning fire, fill the bucket from the 'crystal river flowing,' feed the kine and flocks 'with pleasure'; gather fagots from the woodland, bake the barley-bread and honey-cakes, wash the birchen platters clean, amuse the sister's baby, entertain the stranger, 'tend well the sacred sorb-tree' and other vegetation; spin, weave, make clothes, beer, 'lend the needed service' when the 'father of my hero husband' bathes. The week ended, she 'must give the house a thorough cleaning.' And all the while she must wear the 'whitest linen' and 'tidy fur shoes' for her hero husband's glory. And she must not gossip in the village, tell of neglect or ill-treatment, to bring shame to her kindred and disgrace to her husband's household. Osmotar, daughter of Osmo, counsels the bridegroom also:

"Never cause the Bride of Beauty  
To regret the day of marriage;  
Never make her shed a teardrop,  
Never fill her cup with sorrow."

But strict marital discipline must be maintained. Those were the days when there were no women's clubs, but clubs for women.

"To thy young wife give instruction,  
Kindly teach thy bride in secret,  
In the long and dreary evenings,  
When thou sittest at the fireside;  
Teach one year in words of kindness,  
Teach with eyes of love a second;  
In the third year teach her with firmness;  
If she should not heed thy teaching,  
Should not bear thy kindly counsel  
After three long years of effort,  
Cut a reed upon the lowlands,  
Cut a nettle from the border,  
Teach thy wife with harder measures.  
In the fourth year, if she heed not,  
Threaten her with sternest treatment,  
With the stalks of rougher edges,  
Use not yet the thongs of leather,  
Do not touch her with the birch whip.  
If she does not heed this warning,  
Should she pay thee no attention,  
Cut a rod upon the mountains,  
Or a willow in the valleys;  
Hide it underneath thy mantle,  
That the stranger may not see it;  
Show it to thy wife in secret,  
Shame her thus to do her duty;  
Strike not yet, the disobeying,  
Should she disregard this warning,  
Still refuse to heed thy wishes,  
Then instruct her with the willow,  
Use the birch rod from the mountains,  
In the closet of thy dwelling,  
In the attic of thy mansion."

#### Our Heritage of Shame.

In reviewing the "Sapphic Verses" Ann Reeve Aldrich for the "Sewanee Review," (New York,) G. B. Rose tells some truths which are certainly worthy of reproduction in Lucifer.

"Although in prose the rights and relations of the sexes have finally attained to a position where they can demand some attention from thinking minds, the reviewer still turns in scorn," says Mr. Rose, "from every poem that shows a sign of the 'erotic taint,' especially if it be from a woman." Yet he says:

"Of all the passions, love is the one to which woman is most susceptible, and the one about which, at least in modern times, she displays the greatest reticence. This is due in some measure to the modesty of her sex, still more to the restraint of public opinion. It has been the rule from time immemorial that woman should not court, but be courted; that her love should not be uttered, but confessed. Her heart must be a hidden garden into which one alone can gaze. Pale lilies of fancy, passionate blood red roses of desire may blossom there, but they must bud and bloom and wither all unseen, or seen by but a single eye. The woman who tears down the barrier that the ages have built around her, and exposes the garden of her soul to the public gaze, is despised of men and execrated by her sex. A few of the Bohemian race, like George Sand, may do so, but the vast majority shrink from the exposure of their hearts as they would from an exposure of their persons. Many of them write, but



instead of uttering their own thoughts and sentiments, they write as the world expects they should feel and think. There is no more seething volcano than a woman's breast, but its fires must smolder concealed beneath the snow. Consequently female authors are generally tame and insipid to the last degree. Forbidden by public opinion to utter plainly and intensely what they feel, and restrained by innate modesty from revealing the secrets of their hearts, they generally devote their writings to photographic reproductions of the commonplace, to ethical disquisitions that are a weariness to the flesh, to works of sentimental unreality, or something of the kind.

"One reason of this insipidity observed in most feminine writing is," says Mr. Rose, that "her heart and senses have been so cramped by the training that she and her ancestors have received that she has little to express." Some of the most important and vitalizing elements of her nature have been atrophied and rendered as non-existent and useless as the foot of the high-caste Chinese woman which has been tightly bandaged since earliest childhood. As Mr. Rose poetically expresses it, "in the pale Gothic gardens the blood-red roses of Lesbos have turned to a pallid pink, and their intoxicating odor has become a delicate perfume." Yet Mr. Rose thinks that it is apparent to all observers that a change is coming in the ideals of women. In the wholesomer out-of-door life of the modern day, the medieval conception of womanhood is passing away, and the naturalness, purity, and sane beauty of the Greek statue is returning. This amelioration and emancipation from the one-sided and moribund spiritual ideals of medievalism is shown in the great change in woman's reading in recent years.

Several years ago I read in a paper—I believe it was "The Christian Advocate"—a statement by Anthony Comstock to the effect that the nude statues and paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art tend to demoralize the people and that no decent man should visit the museum. As there is no statue at the museum representing the saintly figure of Anthony Comstock, I do not see how any one can lose his purity by visiting the museum, but if there is anything at the museum which can demoralize the people, it is not the nude figures, but the fig leaves.

Verily, modesty is a great word; it is indeed so great that it is difficult to define what it really is; but let us be grateful that we have in this country at least one great man (Anthony Comstock) who can tell us all about it.—*Common Sense*.

A little Chicago girl prayed as follows: "And please, O Lord, take care of yourself too; if anything should happen to you we wouldn't have anyone but McKinley to depend on and he isn't doing as well as pa expected.—*Ex*."

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Adeline Champney, Northampton, Mass.—I inclose a dollar on subscription. I wish it were more. Your comments on the case of J. N. Lee, in 781, are good. I know nothing of this particular case, but if the defendants dared not try to defend their own language, naturally they bring disrepute on the cause. A man will write vulgarly if his mind is vulgar, whether he is a believer in freedom or a worshiper of Grandy. However, private letters should be private, and the right to such privacy is in no wise affected by the character of the particular letters. It is an outrage on individuality when a private letter is molested, and, as such, is a wrong done to every man and woman in the country. When Comstockism can lay its tyrannical finger, not only on the printed page, but on the private message, the word from one mind to another, then it is time every man who loves freedom should rouse himself to see what canker is eating out the very heart of our liberty.

E. J. H., Alliance, Neb.—Find enclosed \$1.25 in settlement of enclosed bills against H. W. B. and myself. Please stop the pa-

per. We each of us sent for trial subscription supposing that it would stop when subscription run out, and of course you understand it would have been too much trouble to write and tell you to stop it. We enjoy reading your paper very much and are in full sympathy with the movement for sex freedom, but we are state socialists and in our opinion it will be necessary to secure economic independence for women before sex freedom can be brought about. Under the circumstances we feel it to be our duty to use what money and time we have in helping that doctrine along. We trust that you will prosper and continue to spread the light in your particular line.

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L. H.]

Louis A. DuBois, Arsenal, Governor's Island, N. Y.—As theologians have apparently settled regarding a future life, at least to their own satisfaction, attention is now being turned to the possibility and probability of prior existences. A singular instance in my own life has led me to ask the opinion of readers of *Lucifer* in regard to this matter, and to invite the expression or relation of similar experiences.

The village in Michigan where I passed the greater part of my growing boyhood was so small as to contain, within my memory, but one professed prostitute, who was soon drummed out. I can still recall the solemnity with which, a little later, I was called aside upon the rumor that a young girl of about my own age had begun promiscuous association, and the warning of the dreadful consequences of such association or of any association outside of marriage.

With the example of treatment accorded to, and the popular opinion regarding the one illegitimate child in the village known to be such, knowing the scorn and contumely under which both his mother and himself labored; with years of teaching through childhood and the yet more powerful force of custom to back it—the one dear wish of my young life was that I might discover myself to have been a natural—a "love child." I can still see the look of conservation and dismay upon the face of my rigorously chaste mother when I finally questioned her regarding the facts concerning my own parentage; and the sinfulness of physical association with the other sex, a thing so wrong, so vulgar and sinful that even the sacred institution of marriage was scarce holy enough to make it permissible and then only on rare occasions. But despite advice and teaching my sympathies have always been with those poor unfortunates and outcasts of our present social system and many and heartfelt have been the wishes that I might do something to lighten the burden of their condition.

The question is this: How did such opinions—nay, convictions—reach me in a place where every influence was directly opposed? Was it the result, the throbbing, half memory of another life in which my condition had been that of those with whom I sympathized? Who can account for it; and how?

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WHOLE No. 786.

### The Lost Game.

Came the big children to the little ones,  
And unto them full pleasantly did say,  
"Lo! we have spread for you a merry game,  
And ye shall be winners at the same,  
Come now and play!"

Great is the game they enter in,—  
Houge et Noir on a giant scale,—  
Red with blood and black with sin,  
Where many must lose and few may win,  
And the players never fall!

Said the strong children to the weaker ones,  
"Nay, ye are many, and we are but few!  
The mass of all the counters ye divide,  
But few remain to shake upon our side,  
Play—as ye do!"

Strange is the game they enter in,—  
Houge et Noir on a field of pain!  
And the silver white and the yellow gold  
Pile and pile in the victor's hand,  
While the many play in vain!

Said the weak children to the stronger ones,  
"See now, howe'er it fall, we lose our share!  
And play we well or ill we always lose;  
While ye gain always more than ye can use,  
Bethink ye—is it fair?"

Strange is the game they enter in,—  
Houge et Noir, and the bank is strong!  
Play they well or play they wide  
The gold is still on the banker's side,  
And the game endeth long.

Said the strong children, each aside to each,  
"The game is slow—our gains are all too small!"  
Play we together now, 'gainst them apart;  
Shall these dull ones lose it from the start,  
And we shall gain it all!"

Strange is the game that now they win,—  
Houge et Noir with a new design!  
What can the many players do  
Whose wits are weak and counters few  
When the power and the gold combine?

Said the weak children to the stronger ones,  
"We care not for the game!  
For play as we may our chance is small,  
And play as ye may ye have it all,  
The end's the same!"

Strange is the game the world doth play,—  
Houge et Noir, with the counters gold,  
Red with blood and black with sin;  
As the ages pass untold.

Said the strong children to the weaker ones,  
"Ye lose in earnest; ye lose in sleep!  
Play faster now and make the counters spin!  
Play well, as we, and yeid time shall win!  
Play fast! Play deep!"

Strange is the game of Houge et Noir,—  
Never a point save the little ones woo,  
The winners are strong and flushed with gain,  
The losers are weak with want and pain,  
And still the game goes on.

But those rich players grew so very few,  
So many grew the poor ones, that one day  
They rose up from that table, side by side,  
Cold, countless, terrible—they rose and cried  
In one great voice that shook the heavens wide,  
"WE WILL NOT PLAY!"

Where is the game of Houge et Noir?  
Where is the wealth of yesterday?  
What availeth the power ye tell,  
And the skill in the game ye play so well?  
If the players will not play!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### Notes and Queries.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York "Journal," speaks of girls of twenty-five marrying well-preserved men of sixty, and another writer mentions girls of thirty summers. These authors are making themselves popular with the elderly ladies. Next in order comes the young girl of forty years, and enterprising writers will introduce us to the sixty-year old girl. They would apply the same term to the eighty-year olds if it were not for fear of conveying the idea of second childhood instead of first.

When land is withheld from use or from a high form of use, the development of the neighbors is retarded and individuals are injured. Bequeathment is one of the ways in which a person comes into possession of more land than he wishes to use. From this standpoint such a community may be said to be ruled by the tomb. But when an old man who has occupied and used a little piece of ground, say an eighth of an acre in a city or an acre in a village or five acres in a suburban locality or fifty acres of mountainous grazing land, sees that the end is approaching and calls in a son or other relative or friends to be in possession at the last moment, surely we cannot say that the community is ruled by the tomb in any obnoxious sense. If the growth of the vicinity has been so great that the holding is larger than juries are disposed to allow, the court can divide the land between the devisee and the first new comer to set up the claim.

Free motherhood is a grand ideal, but when there is urged the freedom of the mother to select the father of her child a half truth only is expressed. Fathers would rather select than be selected, and they have it in their power to offer irresistible inducements. Men can win a greater total wage from the business world, as they can work about twice as many years. Mothers ought to be free to select, but will they select? Or, will they weigh the maintenance offered by one against the high physical and mental qualities offered by another and be determined in great part by the inducement of wealth? Possibly they would do their children a disfavor to spurn the wealth, for poverty is not always a good environment for the well-born.

Race hatred in the south is not alone responsible for the lynching of negroes, for white men have been dealt with in the same way for the same offense. Religious superstition and a thirst for blood must share in the blame for these disgraceful interferences with the regular course of the law. Negatively, these lynchings are encouraged by the neglect to enforce those

provisions of the federal constitution which guarantee a republican form of government in each state and the right of trial by jury. The church-members of the Southern States should be forced to be civilized to the extent of refraining from taking human life without due process of law, even if a United States army must be sent in to apprehend the lynchers and bring them to trial in their turn. Even if acquitted by a Southern jury the effect would be to put a stop to lynching. Outside interference is always justified in establishing freedom in place of home rule. But there are true race and caste problems in that section. Miscegenation promises little in the way of solution as mixed races are unprogressive. Also, just as Spanish blood died out in Cuba, leaving the modern Cuban not a mixture of Spanish and Berber, as were the first settlers three hundred years ago but Berber alone, so will the white blood and character disappear in the descendants of the mulattoes.

"The woman who sells herself to one man is on a moral level with the woman who sells herself to a hundred." These words are from "Puck." That paper is to be congratulated upon its courage in discussing this subject, but it happens that the above statement has not a particle of truth in it. Assuming that the woman who sells herself to one man is on a low moral level, will "Puck" seriously contend that the woman who sells herself to a hundred is not still lower? Or, assuming that the woman who sells herself to one man is on a high moral level, can the opinion be entertained for one moment that the woman who sells herself to a hundred maintains an equally high moral level? Whichever way you take it, the statement is false. What "Puck" meant to say but did not say, was that wives who sell themselves to their husbands violate the same principle of morality as the women who sell themselves to a hundred. Whether this is true or not the latter violate several principles in addition to the one violated by the wife. And it is an interesting question how much of the wife's degradation comes from the mere act of selling and how much of it comes from the fact that the purchaser assumes the role of slave-master. A book-keeper may sell his services to a humane employer without degradation. And, again, he becomes more and more degraded the longer he keeps books for an employer who insists upon twenty hours of duty per diem.

A wife who knows how to cook will take ten cents' worth of food and make it worth twenty cents. One who does not know this art will take ten cents' worth of food and make it worth five cents. Wives would do better cooking if the law would permit their discharge for not using intelligence in the preparation of meals. Much of the outcry against the home arises from the disgust occasioned by the cooking done by wives whose job is just as secure whether they attend properly to household duties or not.

In case of the separation of parents, the mother should take the small children. Older children might be allowed to choose between the parents, provided that they are allowed to reverse their decision at any time after. However, it would generally be unfortunate for the children to decide in favor of the father, for how would he take care of them in business hours? Would a hiring care for them as well as a mother? And how about that step-mother? Let them go with the mother; a step-father will not be half so bad, for he is away most of the day and the time is not far off when neither fathers nor step-fathers will rule the house.

Kitchen drudgery is nearly a thing of the past. Turn a thumb-screw and the electrical stove will be ready for immediate use whether in city or country just as gas stoves are now available in cities. No ashes, no coal, no trouble. In a little while prepared foods will be just as cheap as home-cooked articles. The house-wife's part will only be to open the packages and place the viands upon the table. But while kitchen drudgery is bound to soon disappear, so much can not be said of

the kitchen itself, which will always be a necessary adjunct to every well-regulated household. No possible degree of development in manufacturing can ever take the place of the home-kitchen. There will always be something that the housekeeper will desire to prepare from time to time if not daily and she must have a well-appointed room in which to do this work, and we call this room a kitchen.

Little, mean women tyrannize over broad-minded, generous men and the latter do not laugh but weep with vexation, for the former have the law on their side and the broad-minded man cannot make a move that would not harm the children. In fact each home contains two potential slave-masters and two possible slaves. Each is slave to the other if the other desires to be a slave master. Divorce is not free enough to be available.

Vast populations are everywhere unanimously deceived about facts of their daily experience. Swaddling clothes were so beneficial to French infants that Rousseau must flee for his life for venturing to question in regard to the matter. Spelling-books are so educative to American youth that American pedagogues dare not burn them up, which is all they are good for. Stone idols have answered so many prayers that the natives are astonished when the white man does not fall dead after smiting one on its face.

All men are not equal in every respect, but a man is a man for all that. So long as they are non-invasive themselves, it is expedient to consider all men equally deserving of freedom from aggression by others.

The negro has a long head in common with the Arab, the Mediterranean and the Teuton. Anthropologists have not been able to discover whether superiority of intellect lies with this dolichocephalic race or with the brachycephalic, or broad-headed peoples, as the true Celts of mountainous Europe and the Slavs. Morrisville, Pa., Oct., 26, 1899.

### Volitional Responsibility and Other Matters.

BY SUSAN PATTON.

I know Lucifer's space is limited but I would like to have an answer to some more questions. I know there are many books that can be bought by those who have the cash, but some folks have very little of the latter, so a paper like Lucifer is taxed with questions that the questioners do not feel able to answer themselves.

You speak of "volitional responsibility" not being equal. Can you mean that the woman has more volition than the man in this relation? If so why is it that knowing the torture that awaits her she becomes an illegitimate mother? I often wonder at this fact, and sometimes feel that nature is very cruel in enforcing this expression more imperatively on the female regardless of consequences to her individual self. You will answer this from the noblest thought life; that is why I ask it.

Though the child is more intimately related to the mother than to the father, for a certain period, that does not to my mind prove her the most responsible party to the race or to the child, for the child may resemble the father in disposition and appearance, being often an exact reproduction of him, taking very few faculties from the mother; and this is where a loose life on the part of the male members of the community produces that sad spectacle, the girl who would rather be a lazy "mistress" than take her part in the economic struggle. This is why I think, such men dread daughters. They are afraid of a clip on the old block. But a son—oh! it's only wild oats! And for a man to permit the woman to bear the responsibility of the child alone is to acknowledge himself a social pauper; for some one had to take care of him, and the only way to pay back what he owes to society is to help take care of the weak. This, aside from the great pleasure gained from the association with the child.



People make a great fuss over an artist who mixes colors and paints beautiful pictures, but I often wonder, does the artist gain the pleasure in his work that the care bestowed on children gives? If so, the artist is well repaid. I, too, have seen the jealousy of women that the child should love the father, but I believe if men moved among children's affections more their lives would become those of the superior race. Indeed, whether black or white they would not then find their mark of superiority in demanding sex prostitution of the black women as a mark of superiority of white males.

Is it any wonder that the blacks who never commit rape among themselves or on the whites in other countries are degraded to that crime under the above supremacy business? If I believed in lynching I would not take innocent blacks. I would find guilty whites and blacks; and I would not spare Roosevelt whose career of murder is only exceeded by his rant against men who never threw a bomb.

I know something of English people, and I know none who would associate with a white woman who married a negro, nor would they as servants occupy the same bed with a negro. The southern people and other white races have been very prone to beat their slaves, white and black, for being "lazy," but it's one of the prerogatives of the white race to be lazy. But I notice that unless the white and black producers slave fast enough to bear the burdens created by Roosevelt et al., they are beaten, jailed, shot and hung.

The "footprints on the sands of time" have not been made by the white race alone. They have been aided everywhere by the dusky races who have been looted and robbed in return—see Filipinos. It is only a repetition of the same old game. The human race in all its grades and conditions contributed its mite to development, but conquerors always assume superiority. But it is claimed "that the south by permitting indiscriminate cohabitation would sink to the level of Hayti." The poor white trash who can't get positions to support themselves are below the negro servants in capabilities, and it seems rather late to talk of indiscriminate cohabitation when white men of their own volition prefer negro prostitutes, and very late to preach sexual ethics to black men when the superior race live in such debauchery. The whole argument is much like Van Eric makes in his book—Superiority of white and inferiority of black race. It is an old fossil, but shows what rabid accusations the abolitionists had to endure from those practicing what they imputed to others.

I often wonder if the southern people will ever grasp the idea that the producer owns his product, therefore the negro owns the product of the south, and has no right to be driven to support his lazy white master who brought him here to slave for him, as the lazy masters of the north bring whites from other countries. I am surprised that Mrs. M. E. W. is so concerned over the victorious white man who is so anxious to debauch the negro (being so superior you know) and it is so refreshing that those born since the war have enough back bone to give trouble to their oppressors. The economic freedom to the race demands co-operation of producers. This can only come by the co-operation of woman—black—white—for pure sexual life. No demand for prostitutes. Those making the demand to be removed as parasites.

### Sexual Laws and Discussions.

BY JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

In all the discussions of sexual questions in *Lucifer* one important fact seems to have been overlooked. There is no reason why the association of persons of different sex should be subjected to suppression or regulation by law or by public opinion, any more than between persons of the same sex, except the fact that women under the age of about forty-five or fifty are liable to become mothers, and society is interested to protect their offspring from neglect and enforce

the obligations of both parents. It is reasonable that fathers should be required to recognize their relation publicly and perform their part in protecting and rearing offspring.

But when women are beyond the child-bearing age there is no longer any pretext whatever either for laws or for a meddling public opinion interfering in any way whatever to regulate the association of the sexes. Women fifty years of age should assert their absolute freedom in this matter and be sustained by public opinion.

The beneficial influence of free association between the sexes is shown by the superior virtue of the married over the unmarried, and our social conditions will be greatly improved whenever this free association of the mature is recognized as proper.

Our hereditary superstitions on this subject spring from the basest elements of human nature—from that low grade of sentiment which regards the sexual union to which we are all indebted for our existence as an act so base and disgusting as to make castration a virtuous act to prevent so foul a crime. That this base sentiment is due entirely to the influence of the church and is based upon its unhistorical bible, is clear to all who have studied the question. Biblical religion has substituted the barbarian ideas of twenty centuries ago for the results of scientific investigation, and has sanctified this barbarian ignorance as a matter that must not be discussed. Hence the free thought which reveals the fraudulent origin of the Biblical church is a necessary ally in all investigations of social questions.

It is difficult to approach these questions without feeling an intense disgust for the foul grossness of mind, the universal hypocrisy and the coarse intolerance of public opinion.

What more profound and shameless hypocrisy can we imagine than the attempt to expel Mr. Roberts from congress, because suspected of associating honestly with too many women, while the men who would expel him to please Madam Grundy are themselves more extensively engaged in unlawful but secret association than Mormons have been, among whom prostitution was unknown until introduced by their opponents whose purity consisted only in their nocturnal secrecy.

### Persistent Devilry.

"Advertisers' Guide."

The Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," Oct. 17, 1899, outlines a revision of postal laws and regulations now being prepared for submission to the next session of Congress. According to the Post's correspondent the revisers have used a free hand in dealing with the law, and instead of contenting themselves with presenting the law as it stands at present they have extended its scope and practically formulated entirely new law.

The especially dangerous feature of this presumptuous work is the persistently vicious effort manifested to accomplish a purpose which has been several times defeated, that of making the infamous Comstock law more stringent and oppressive. The changes proposed would expose to prosecution any writer whose mail matter failed to conform to the most correct literary standard.

The expectation undoubtedly is that this revision will go through on its face, presenting such a fair and attractive exterior that the over-busy legislators will take it for granted and overlook both its interior evil principle and its ulterior pernicious consequences.

If this revision is approved in the point to which we refer we may expect to see a considerable increase in the already too long list of prosecutions instigated by personal malice, political revenge, religious fanaticism or sheer blackmail.

We call upon the press to scrutinize the work of the revisors and to be alert for the preservation of the liberty of unlicensed printing.

Can't you speak a good word for the Light Bearer to your neighbor who needs education along the lines of race culture?

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

How about dropping the name of Lucifer? We want your opinion.

Get us a new subscriber to whom we will send the paper until Jan. 1, 1901 for one dollar.

If the Light Bearer has done you good, it may do your neighbor good. Say a good word for it.

You cannot make a better investment of 25 cents than to subscribe for the Light Bearer for three months for some friend who has never seen it, but who needs it.

The Light Bearer's friends are deserving of all the good we can say of them. But they should remember that many of their acquaintances need the light of truth. Show them the paper. Get them to subscribe for it.

Here is a cash proposition for you. If you are a paid up subscriber send us the names of two more subscribers for one year with two dollars for their subscriptions and we will return you one dollar for your trouble.

Help spread the light. You certainly see persons of your acquaintance who are suffering because of their superstitious reverence for the tyrannous beliefs of their ancestors. Talk to them. Reason with them. Show them the Light Bearer.

We want to double our subscription list within the next twelve months. In order to do so we will authorize any person who has paid for subscription in advance to Jan. 1, 1901, to take additional subscription at fifty cents a year. Those in arrears can take advantage of this offer by paying up their own subscription.

## Personal and Impersonal.

Acting upon the advice of friends whose past helpfulness to Lucifer and its work entitle their opinions to careful consideration I have decided to spend the coming winter in a warmer climate, provided the necessary arrangements can be made. The improvement in my health while in the south last winter and spring encourages me to hope that a repetition of the remedy will go far towards removing entirely my chronic ailments.

Last week H. B. Monroe and Lillian Harman had something to say in regard to a proposed change of name and change of form for Lucifer. As editor and publisher I preferred to say nothing until others had had their say. Lucifer has never been the mouthpiece of one man or of one woman, but rather the vehicle of communication between many women and men, and to get the candid earnest thought of all I have encouraged the freest possible expression of thought from all who work for the success of the central propaganda to which the paper is devoted.

If any reader should ask the old conundrum, "What's in a name?" and should repeat the time-worn adage, "A rose with any other name would smell as sweet," I would reply that the discussion of the name Lucifer involves the discussion of the ages-old conflict between Science and Superstition, and is therefore never out of order in a paper devoted to the cause of Science—knowledge—in its conflicts with the mists and darkness of Ignorance and of its eldest born child—Superstition.

It is understood, then, that in this interchange of thought in

regard to name and form each writer speaks for herself and himself alone, and not for the management of the paper. I would simply suggest, and remind all who care to say a word on these questions of change of name and form that they should confine themselves to as few words as possible.

Grant Allen is dead. The man who wrote "Woman Who Did," "British Barbarians," "The Great Taboo," and many other reformatory or rather revolutionary books, has passed into the realm of silence—at least so far as our mortal senses are concerned. Whether like John Brown's his "soul goes marching on" is a question upon which I prefer not to venture an opinion. But however this may be we know that "though dead he yet speaketh," through his world-famous books.

Though still a young man, only fifty-one when he passed away, we can truly say that Grant Allen's is one of the "few immortal names that were not born to die."

The following very suggestive bit of news I find going the rounds, and credited to the Chicago "Chronicle." If true, and I see no reason to doubt its substantial correctness, what a sermon, or what a lesson is herein contained for the consideration of the American people who are now spending about a million of dollars a day in the effort to force government upon a people whose only crime is that they want to manage their own affairs in their own way:

"The city of Greentown, Ind., is, perhaps, the least governed city of its size in America. Although it has 3,000 inhabitants the town has no mayor, marshal, policeman or other peace officer, not even a constable. The town is governed by a board of trustees who meet once a month to allow electric light bills, gas, water and other claims. A justice of the peace, residing in the suburbs, resigned a few weeks ago, having no official business. The city charter provides for no mayor or policeman, and the duties of a marshal are performed when required, which is very seldom, by the street commissioner. A regular marshal was elected a year ago, but resigned because there was nothing for him to do. The street commissioner was then engaged, without any additional compensation over his salary as street commissioner, to act as marshal whenever occasion should require. The jail was sold years ago for a stable, and there is absolutely no place in which an arrested person could be confined pending trial. There are three saloons in the place, and they do a good business in beer and ale, but sell very little spirituous liquor. The worst offense that has occurred in the town in years is the hilarity consequent upon too liberal beer drinking. The offender is never locked up nor even fined. He is escorted home and never fails to go in a quiet and peaceable manner. The oldest inhabitant does not remember of an arrest having occurred in the town. The present street commissioner, however, denies this soft impeachment. He says he did arrest a man once. It was for an attempted assault that took place in the country, and when the man was brought to trial he proved his innocence. After all, this is not a blot on Greentown's fair escutcheon."

The experience of the people of Greentown corroborates the statement of a leading banker of Lexington, Mo., who testified that the only community in which he ever knew wherein there were absolutely no crimes was one which there was absolutely no form of government.

As a good illustration of how government encourages honesty, or, more correctly speaking, how it discourages honesty and truthfulness, take the following, credited to a "Chicago dispatch":

Professor Herman E. Von Hoist, a noted authority on the constitution and head of the department of history in the Chicago university, has written a letter to the board of review in which he holds it does not pay to be honest. He filed a schedule of his personal property and now asks that his schedule of \$37,547 be withdrawn.



If his declaration stands, he writes, he will be taxed not only twice but ten and twenty times as high as many hundreds if not thousands who are notoriously and demonstrably in much more affluent circumstances. The assertion, he says, he could readily prove at any moment to everybody's satisfaction, though his circle of acquaintances is but small. He could point out scores of men who live in mansions, keep one or more carriages, have a butler, footman, costly objects of art, etc., and yet have declared much less personal property, many of them not as much as one-fourth.

He ventures to hope for a favorable consideration of his petition, because he is a man of sixty years, and his ability to earn anything is likely to be very soon terminated.

The board will hold the professor to his first schedule and declaration.

In this week's issue is given a quotation, under the head, the "Power of Integrity," from a late work that seems to be attracting considerable attention among those who take interest in "Occultism." This book is called "Force-Massing Methods," and consists of "Seven Essays, Showing how to Use Occult Forces, etc., in All Business and Art," by Ernest Loomis, Chicago. Ernest Loomis and Co., publishers. The book is dedicated "to that unchanging interior force creating law of thought, on which these methods are founded, and which unflinchingly lends its omnipotence, to the extent that we co-operate with its principles."

Few writers of modern times have left a greater and more permanent impress upon the world of thought than did Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe. One of the least known but probably one of the very best of his many books is called "Elective Affinities," from which a selection is made in this issue, under the head "The Natural Vs. the Conventional." This book deserves a wider circulation and a more general reading than has hitherto been accorded it by social reformers.

M. HARMAN.

### "A Conquest of Poverty."

This is the title of a small volume—171 small pages—issued by the "International Scientific Association," Sea Breeze, Florida. This book is written by Helen Wilmans, one of the chief apostles or exponents of "Mental Science," in the modern or technical sense of that phrase. Of the woman writers of today few if any have made her own personality felt and appreciated more widely than has the writer of this little book. That she has done much good by inducing people to substitute mental healing for drug treatment there can be little if any doubt. And the fact that she has received much money for her "Mental Science Lessons," and by her method of treating the sick, does not necessarily show that she is in the business simply for the money consideration, any more than the fact that Col. Ingersoll received much money for his lectures shows that he was of a mercenary bent of mind and cared nothing for the welfare of others.

Having conquered poverty for herself she proposes in this book to show others how to do the same. The following paragraphs will give a fair idea of the scope and animus of the book:

"He who heals a patient of disease must recognize that nothing in the shape of disease exists; that life and health are omnipresent, filling all space, to the utter exclusion of disease. He must recognize that disease is simply a state of ignorance concerning the great truth that life and health are omnipresent. As all conditions are mental, disease is a mental condition, in which the diseased person fails to perceive the truth; he is in error concerning the truth. . . .

"This fact is no less true of that ignorant state of mind called 'poverty,' than of disease. There is no poverty. Men simply believe there is, and being mental creatures what they believe shows forth in their persons and surroundings. Oh, if I believe shows forth in their persons and surroundings. Oh, if I could only give the people the faintest idea of the opulence that

abounds, what would I not give? But they will not listen. They pinch the dimes with straining fingers, fearing to let go lest no more will come. And indeed no more will come so long as they are ignorant of the fact that opulence is a part of the universal Law of Life."

Like all enthusiasts Mrs. Wilmans lacks a good deal of being consistent in her talk; in another place she says:

"Poverty shakes his skeleton wand at me without producing a tremor. I am his master; not because I have houses and money in banks, but because I have the self-confidence—fully tested—that enables me to evolve the positive thought and to speak the positive word which externalizes my demand."

Right here, as I see it, whether consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Wilmans reveals the secret of her success. Hers is the master mind that lays all others under tribute. She annihilates poverty for herself by her psychologic power to compel others to give up their wealth to her. An instance of this is given in telling how she secured the money to take her to San Francisco, after she had left her former husband and struck out for herself. She tells us that she had in vain tried dozens of people who had professed friendship for her, asking for a loan of ten dollars. Then as a last resort she went to a shoemaker and told him and his wife what she wanted, saying to them: "I know you are going to lend it to me." Without a word the man shambled off to his room and came back with the money. Speaking of her success in this case she says, "I know he did not let me have it; I took it by mental force." This man "died two years later," she tells us naively enough, of "softening of the brain," and hopes her "night attack upon his coffers was not the means of bringing it on."

I hope no reader will think that I accuse Mrs. Wilmans of being simply an intellectual brigand—one who holds up and robs her victims by using her superior mental power in much the same way, and for similar ends, as is done by the ordinary highwayman to extort money from his victims. I think Mrs. Wilmans means to give an equivalent for all she takes from others. Whether she does this is a question I am not prepared to solve.

If the perusal of the book, "Conquest of Poverty," should have the effect of inspiring the reader with a little of the energy, the persistence and the will power shown by its author the fifty cents expended in its purchase would be a paying investment.

M. H.

### New Books Received.

The Proletarian Revolt. A history of the Paris Commune of 1871, by C. B. Benham. An excellent work for those who desire a short, comprehensive account of the Commune. Bound in paper, nearly 350 pages; price 25 cents. Received from the Commonwealth Co., 28 Lafayette Pl., N. Y. at this office.

Moribund Society and Anarchy, translated from the French of Jean Grave, by Voltairine DeCleyre. Free Society Library, San Francisco, Cal. Bound in paper; 175 large pages printed in large, clear, type; price 25 cents. For sale at this office. The chapter on "Militarism" in this book so offended the virtuous French Army that the book was suppressed by the French government and its author was imprisoned for two years. In her preface to the American edition of the book, which has just been issued, the translator says:

"That we have entered upon the manifest destiny of civilized nations; now that our government has resorted to the same tactics of colonization, protection, subjugation, and conquest; now that our standing army has been increased four-fold, and military place-hunting is the ambition of the hour; now that our workmen are seizing the opportunity to barter their 'free citizenship in the greatest country on earth' for the abject service of man-killing on foreign soils at the rate of \$15.60 per month and keep, this proscribed Chapter XIII comes with its own note—a most discordant one indeed—into the war-chorus at present holding the public ear. And the translator devoutly

prays that as in France the great sin was its distribution among the soldiery, the like offense may be repeated here, where the army is still in a nascent condition and the man not yet buried under the uniform. Look in the glass and see how you like the reflection, soldiers!"

### The Natural vs. the Conventional.

Goethe in "Elective Affinities."

"It is a melancholy thing," Charlotte said, "when we fancy our absent friends are finally settled, when we believe persons very dear to us to be provided for for life, suddenly to bear that their fortunes are cast loose once more; that they hope to strike into a fresh path of life, and very likely a most insecure one."

"Indeed, my dear friend," the count answered, "it is our own fault if we allow ourselves to be surprised at such things. We please ourselves with imagining matters of this earth, and particularly matrimonial connections, as very enduring; and, as concerns this last point, the plays which we see over and over again help to mislead us; being as they are, so untrue to the course of the world. In a comedy we see a marriage as the last aim of a desire which is hindered and crossed through a number of acts; and at the instant when it is reached the curtain falls, and the momentary satisfaction continues to ring on in her ears. But in the world it is very different. The play goes on still behind the scenes; and, when the curtain rises again, we may see and hear, perhaps, little enough of the marriage."

"It cannot be so very bad, however," said Charlotte, smiling. "We see people who have gone off the boards of the theater, ready enough to undertake a part upon them again."

"There is nothing to be said against that," said the count. "In a new character a man may readily venture on a second trial; and, when we know the world, we see clearly that it is only this positive, eternal duration of marriage in a world where every thing is in motion, which has anything unbecoming about it. A friend of mine, whose good humor shone forth principally in suggestions of new laws, maintained that every marriage should be concluded only for five years. Five, he said, was a sacred number,—pretty and uneven. Such a period would be long enough for people to learn one another's character, bring a child or two into the world, quarrel, separate, and, what was best, get reconciled again. He would often exclaim, 'How happily the first part of the time would pass away!' Two or three years, at least, would be perfect bliss. On one or the other, there would not fail to be a wish to have the relation continue longer; and the amiability would increase, the nearer they got to the time of parting. The indifferent, even the dissatisfied, party, would be softened and gained over by such behavior; they would forget, as in pleasant company the hours pass always unobserved, how the time went by, and would be delightfully surprised when, after the term had run out, they had unknowingly prolonged it."

"The same friend," he went on, "has another law to propose. A marriage is to be held indissoluble, only either when both parties, or at least one, enter into it for the third time. Such persons must be supposed to acknowledge beyond a doubt that they find marriage indispensable for themselves; of knowing how they conducted themselves in their earlier unions; whether they have any peculiarities of temper, which are a more frequent cause of separation than bad dispositions. People would then observe one another more closely; they would pay as much attention to the married as to the unmarried, no one being able to tell how things may turn out."

"That would add no little to the interest of society," said Edward. "As things are now, when a man is married, nobody cares any more, either for his virtues or for his vices."

"Under this arrangement," the baroness rejoined, smiling, "our dear hosts have passed successfully two stages, and may make themselves ready for their third."

"Things have gone happily with them," said the count. "In their case, death has done with a good grace what in other cases the consistorial courts do with a very bad one."

"Alas! that in such cases," said the baroness, with a suppressed sigh, "happiness is only bought with the sacrifice of our fairest years."

"Yes, indeed," answered the count; "and it might drive us to despair, if it were not the same with every thing in this world. Nothing goes as we hope. Children do not fulfill what they promise; young people very seldom; and, if they do, the world does not."

"We must try," Charlotte said, "to make up for what we then allowed to slip from us."

"Ay, and you must keep to that," said the count; "your first marriages," he continued, with some vehemence, "were exactly marriages of the true detestable sort. And, unhappily, marriages generally, even the best, have (forgive me for using a strong expression) something awkward about them. They destroy the delicacy of the relation: everything is made to rest on the broad certainty out of which one side or other, at least, is too apt to make their own advantage. It is all a matter of course; and they seem only to have got themselves tied together, that one or the other, or both, may go their own way the more easily."

### Coercive Authority.

John H. Kelso, in "Government Analyzed."

"There was an utter want of all coercive authority in the Continental congress to carry into effect any of their constitutional measures. They may make and conclude treaties, but can only recommend the observance of them. They may appoint ambassadors, but cannot defray even the expenses of their tables. They may borrow money in their own name on the faith of the union, but cannot pay a dollar. They may coin money, but they can not purchase an ounce of bullion. They may make war, and determine what number of troops are necessary, but can not raise a single soldier. In short, they may declare every thing, and do nothing."—Townsend's Analysis of Civil Government.

"Coercive authority," is authority backed by physical force sufficient to compel the people, or any portion of them to do certain prescribed things which, if left to follow the dictates of their own judgment and their own conscience, they would not do; and to compel them to refrain from doing certain other prescribed things which, if left to follow the dictates of their own judgment and their own conscience, they would do. In other words, it is authority, backed by physical force, sufficient to practically nullify the judgment and the conscience of the people, and to reduce them to mere machines, having neither judgment nor conscience. If this form of authority were always fully exercised, it would always produce this deplorable result. The fact that the people are not thus fully degraded is entirely due to the fact that, in regard to many things, even under the most despotic forms of government, the people are permitted to exercise their own judgment and their own conscience. In regard to all those things in which they are fully controlled by coercive authority, they are thus fully degraded. Concerning these things, they either can not, or dare not reason.

But how much physical force is necessary to enable this coercive authority to produce among the people the required degree of docile degradation? Enough, in all cases, to inflict death. And this much is employed by every government which, by coercive authority, collects taxes of any kind from the people. But all governments do thus collect taxes. Otherwise they could not exist. All governments, therefore, of necessity, rest upon sufficient physical force to inflict death upon an indefinite number of individuals. The ultimate of every governmental action is, of necessity—murder. Every governmental law involves a threat of murder. The highwayman, called the tax collector, calls out to his proposed victims, "Your money or your life!" True, he does not usually say this in actual words. He does not need to do this. The laws, the coercive authority, virtually does this for him. It gives us to understand that any resistance to him on our part will be promptly overcome, and



if necessary, at the cost of our lives. So, when undertaking to make an arrest, the sheriff or other creature of the government virtually cries out, "Your liberty or your life!" We know that, in either of these cases, any persistent resistance on our part—any brave and determined defence of our inalienable right to our property or our liberty, will cost us our lives. And so of every other act of coercive authority. As I have already stated, its ultimate is, of necessity—murder.

### The New Marriage on Trial.

Charles Bellamy, in "An Experiment in Marriage."

Married life in Grape Valley was very different from married life in civilization. The wife was not here expected to devote her whole life to serve and please her husband, any more than the husband was expected to limit all his friendly relations with women to his wife. It was not the theory in Grape Valley that when a woman married, she resigned all active interests except those of her husband, and henceforth it should be enough for her to make herself agreeable to him; that the opinion of other men was henceforth to be of no account to her. Nor was it the unwritten law here that the husband should confine his interest to his wife. They were both believed to be fitting themselves to be worthy companions, by making the most of the social intimacy with both sexes encouraged in Grape Valley. In civilization each wife watches her husband in his relation with those of the opposite sex with jealousy, and the husband reciprocates in kind. In civilization, too, there are weighty reasons for this distrust. Feeling sure that his wife is his, bound and fettered by law, the husband usually takes little pains to keep the admiration she cherished for him in the courtship which she never ceased to regret. He does little to entertain her. He no longer treats her with his earlier tenderness, or makes her happy with praises as of old. With other women he is quite a different creature, seeing which it is small wonder she distrusts him. But, she, too, is a very much changed woman from the sweetheart he used to think so dainty in her pretty clothes, so winning in her manner, so irresistibly gentle, so thrillingly responsive. If another man pays her some little attention, she is something like her old self again. But to her husband in his own home she is usually as indifferent in her manner as if his opinion had ceased to concern her. She keeps in the closet her bright dresses when he alone is to see her, and even arranges her hair in the most unattractive fashion when he only is with her, as if he had ceased to have eyes after marriage, as if the qualities and graces which made her seem beautiful and charming to him when they were lovers, were now of no account. The married man and woman in civilization are quite too sure of each other, legally, to give them motive enough to keep themselves attractive. Thus they leave each other exposed without armor to the charms of others, and may well be fearful of results, though they seldom think of causes.

In Grape Valley, however, as much is expected by society of the man and woman after marriage as before. It is not believed here that marriage is a ban, condemning the husband and wife to seclusion, and society to the deprivation of their activity. If a husband and wife are properly mated, they will love each other not the less, but rather the more if they continue to meet others in the unrestrained social intercourse by which development and education are continued after marriage. While aiding the whole community with whatever good judgment, inspired thought, poetical ideas, witty satire, keen criticism, they may be especially able to give, they are also rendered better companions to each other.

### The Power of Integrity.

Ernest Loomis in "Force Mastering Methods."

One of the compensations of strict honesty is that it carries with it its own methods of expression. As you persist in its habit your very countenance will beam more and more with its spirit and with your sincerity of purpose. It is that that the most skeptical person will be led to finally believe in you and to help you in outward ways as the opportunities thus made

are offered. The thought currents thus created will also bring forces, things and events which can be of almost incalculable value to you. The only way to attract such thought currents is to earn them by living in their realities.

There is no chance for humbuggery or dishonesty in dealing with the spiritual realities which underlie things, and it is with these realities that all are forever dealing, whether they are conscious of the fact or not. All things in life go according to their self-created interior affinities, with the same fidelity that the elements of a chemical compound go according to their affinities.

If your surrounding affinities of the present do not suit you, you have only yourself to blame, because they are but the effects of your own interior causal soul acts during a past which covers countless ages. If you want other surroundings and conditions you can get them, but only by earning them through the application of those spiritual laws on which your very being is founded.

The highest condition of heavenly order and harmony which you have the mental ability to crave is within your reach, and as soon as you earn it by establishing throughout your individuality the harmony and order which always prevail at the center of your being.

All the powers of the universe are inherent within you, but "all things evolve from within outwards," and you should adhere strictly to that method of developing those powers, and of building for yourself the right external conditions. It is all right for you to try to "set the world aright," providing you go about it by first establishing the requisite order and harmony within. When you have thus set right your interior conditions, you will no longer see anything in the external world that cannot be set right through the action of the optimism of its own nature. You will then understand that the best and only method by which you can stimulate into action that optimism in external things is to first develop and then use its occult forces within yourself.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

C. G. Baylor, Providence, R. I.:—Lucifer of Oct. 7 is to hand your article entitled "Crime of Government," including Kelso's analysis of the crime of 1789 is fine and surely this is a fitting subject of discussion for such a paper as Lucifer.

F. C. Keineth, Lacon, Ill.:—I have tried to get trial subscribers for Lucifer but failed. One lady remarked that she liked the paper but she did not want her friends to know that she read such a radical paper. Wishing you and your daughter success in your noble work; I trust that I may be able to help in a moral way.

Mrs. B., Big Rapids, Mich.:—I find that the paid up time of the following five subscribers to Lucifer has expired. The writer subscribed for them all as she wanted some of the papers to send out when she took a notion. The notion took last week and she sent out forty or more. [This was an excellent "notion" to possess or be possessed by. Would that more of our subscribers would take a similar notion.]

Mary M. S., Moore, Okla.:—Enclosed you will find stamps to help up arrears on the Light-Bearer. Have you a subscriber by the name of Charley N. Stroup? If you have, please send me his address. You will greatly oblige his mother if you will be so kind. I received "What the Young Need to Know," and like it very much.

[Perhaps some one of the readers of Lucifer will be able to give this mother the desired information.]

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOV. 11, E. M. 299. [C. E., 1899.]

WHOLE No. 787

### Life's Strife.

Side by side with the river of life  
Flows that turbulent stream of strife—  
Strife for life—a life of strife.

With never a token of ending;  
Wedded together as husband and wife,  
Are joyous life and remorseless strife;  
Together forever blending.

Of the sexes two, are life and strife,  
Wedded together as man and wife,  
Breeding that entity,—human life;  
Breeding with never an ending.  
There cannot be life without the strife,  
There cannot be strife without the life,  
Wedded with links as man and wife;  
Links past human ending.

Oh! why was life on this earth so rife,  
As to make for the whole eternal strife?  
Strife and life, as man and wife;  
Marriage that knows no ending.  
Strife for bread; strife for name;  
Strife for riches, honor, fame;  
With never a sign of mending.

From worm to man by this wonderful plan;  
Think of it; scan it; defend it who can!  
Come life and strife, since the world began,  
With never a sign of ending  
Strife for liberty's noble goal,  
Strife to enslave our neighbor's soul,  
Strife that embraces of life the whole,  
Strife without end or mending.

Strife for brute, as well as for man;  
Strife for all, by this terrible plan;  
Strife for life, since the world began,  
With never a token of ending.  
Strife of brute for life and food,  
Strife of man for man's greatest good,  
Strife that is always misunderstood,  
Strife of Nature's sending.

Life is the pleasure; strife is the pain;  
Linked together—sunshine and rain.  
Who shall divorce the two again?  
Or who can force an ending?  
Life is the sum of all human joy,  
Strife is its pain without alloy;  
Linked together as maid and boy,  
Linked with no token of ending.

Life is eternal. Eternity springs  
From the lotos of the always present, and sings  
The song of eternal succession; that brings  
No token nor sign of an ending.  
Strife is its equal; together they blend  
In embraces no forces can ever rend;  
Life and strife for time without end  
Are facts of nature's sending.

Life without strife. How grand is the dream!  
Its joyous pulses would almost seem  
To tell of an angel poet's theme,  
Design with designer blending,  
But Nature neither smiles nor weeps;  
Its lone, stern vigil ever keeps,  
And coldly views the slain in hope,  
Nor sinful fate suspending.

—J. A. Rollins.

If the Light Bearer has done you good, it may do your neighbor good. Say a good word for it.

### The Deserving Horses

From "Even as You and I," by Bolton Hall.

A herd of Horses grazed on a great plain, and because grass was easy to get, they would work for no one but themselves.

The Riders began to put fences about the best pastures (in order to preserve the country). Then the Horses were willing to work for the Riders, but only if they could get corn to eat. Therefore the Riders passed laws to regulate the hire of Horses, and the Horses jumped the fences, and would work for little less than before.

The Riders made an outcry that wolves were coming, so that the Horses huddled together. Then the fences were extended around the whole herd. When the Horses wished to run against the fences to break them, the Riders cried: "Stand by us, and we will protect you." Nevertheless, when the wolves did come the Riders only drove out some of the Horses to trample upon them. And they made the fences strong and high.

The Horses starved in the pens, and the charitable among the Riders began to consider the Condition of Society. Said they: "The rate of mortality among Work Horses is frightful."

"That," said a noted Driver, "is because their habits are filthy. Look at that pen!"

"I think rather," said a Ring Master, "because they are ignorant. These Horses do not even know how to act, else I would mount them and care for them."

"No," said a Horse Doctor, "it is because it is their nature to crowd together."

Said a Teamster: "The Horses are lazy."

"It is drinking too much," said a Farrier, "that makes them hungry!"

"They are improvident," said a Horse Dealer.

"Right," said a Huntsman. "Now look at this horse of mine. He used to break the fence, so I took him and fed him well. Any Horse might improve his condition that way."

"The Horses are all right," said a Horse Breeder, "except for inherent badness. They should be content with the condition in which Providence, and we, for our own wise purposes, have placed them."

Many of the Horses died, and their bodies began to breed a plague. "This," said the Riders, "is intolerable. Something must be done." So they bought scent bottles for themselves.

They established a day nursery to care for young Colts while their Mothers were tilling the Riders' fields, and the Horses were looking for work.

They made a Hospital where sick Horses were experimented upon, and their corpses dissected gratis; and the diseased and ricketty Horses, instead of dying off, produced offspring still more miserable.

They established a Fresh Air Fund to take the Colts (for a week) from the fetid pen. This looked rather inadequate, yet what saving of life it made still further overcrowded the pen.

They built model stables. These seemed to take up still

more room. They established charitable employment bureaus, and taught the Colts to do Horses' work.

They gave them salt at cost, and Horse labor became cheaper yet. They gave free food. Then some of the Horses said, "If we can live without working, why should we work at all?" These they called tramps.

And, seeing that some Horses, being hungry, would steal, and being tormented, become vicious, they made prisons so fine that all the Horses wanted to escape into prison.

They made Sanatoriums and Solariums. They helped the helpless, which then became more helpless still. Finally a cry was raised that the Horses were being Pauperized.

Said the Master of a Pen at Detroit: "We should let each deserving Horse use a vacant lot, so that Horses can get their own fresh air and food. They will live cleanly on the land. Do not bring the hay to them, but let them gather for themselves, and care for their own colts."

The riders said that would be an interesting Experiment—if on a small scale—and appointed them the Association for Improving the Condition of the Horses, a Committee on the Cultivation of Vacant Lots by the Unemployed.

### "Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses."

This is the title of a new pamphlet by E. C. Walker—a work which is a valuable addition to the literature of Social Radicalism. The following is an extract from its pages:

#### SOCIAL RADICALS AND PARENTAGE.

"This world is no place for radical children. Never put 'new wine into old bottles.' There is no place here for children, born of radical parents, to live. I do not believe in being cruel to children, and I have learned that the world is not ready for radical children; there is no ease or comfort for them. It will be hundreds of years before women will really be free to have children in comfort. The way things are now, one must either be a *lie* to one's self or a *lie* to the world or be looked upon as an outcast. The conditions are too unsettled, anyway; the radical people themselves are unsettled; it is no time for women of new thought to have children—if they have children, they are sure to suffer, and they will say in the end, 'it was not worth the bother.'—*From a Letter.*"

I should be the last to urge women to have children if they do not desire them or if they think the probable cost would be too great, but I believe the free woman will wish for children and will have a reasonable number, so many as she thinks she can bear without injury to herself or to them and can care for properly. She will find, in all probability, that this is needful for her health and full development. Certainly, this is not the best imaginable world for children born of radical parents, nor, for that matter, is it an ideal place for the children of conservative and reactionary parents, for radical adults, or for merely ordinary adults. But, despite all the anti-naturalists, it is improving decidedly, in some respects, and today the man or the woman who fails to conform has a score of friendly neighbors, near or within occasional reach, where his or her predecessor of twenty-five or thirty-five years ago was fortunate if there were one. "Bastard" and its less rough congener, "illegitimate," have lost much of their venom in the more progressive parts of the country, and in some of the heavily populated sections our young folks are sufficiently numerous to provide their own society in so far as they care to be by themselves.

In the evolution of society in this age of general literary knowledge and easy and rapid communication and travel, the new wine must go into the old bottles, the new thought must enter into the old society, both in principle and practice, and gradually remold it into something "nearer to the heart's desire." The world is now too small to permit a new society to be slowly developed along new lines in some nook or corner, beyond the influence and interference of the old society. The bottles are here and the wine is here, and here the filling will be done. Women will bear children in comfort "some hundreds of years hence," if and only as men and women of the present and

the intervening ages continue to strive to live free lives, with all their non-invasive instincts, including that of parentage, gratified; and that is just what they are going to do, just what they are and will be self-compelled to do. This is the way in which the units, men and women, and the aggregate, society, are really changed—cataclysmic upheavings and overturnings of the effect, society, do not often carry salutary change permanently forward, for they rarely, very rarely, make deep and lasting good impressions on the mental and emotional faculties of the masses, men and women.

As to social ostracism, well, it is a trivial obstacle. It is a mere bagatelle when weighed in the scales against one's convictions. It is the breath of life to the nostril of the earnest and strong searcher for the better, for he knows that it is a hundred to one that if the masses condemn, thinking persons will commend. Better far the approval of one frank and reasoning man or woman than that of a thousand hypocrites or monkey-like imitators of one another. The man who ostracizes me because of our differences of opinion, does not have any opinion of me for which I care the snap of my finger. The radical who is as anxious for the smiles of "society" as for the respect of his fellow investigators, has no just cause for complaint if his is the usual fate of the sinner on two stools. Social ostracism is worthy of serious notice only when it ceases to be such simply and becomes mob or legal violence, or can prevent bread-earning.

Both social and business ostracism are as nothing when set over against the perils that assailed the religious and race outcasts of the past. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Moors, men of science, alike faced confiscation, attainder, imprisonment, torture in all shapes, stake, and scaffold. But the children still came, and we, their heirs, are in abject terror of ostracism!

The work comprises various essays, some of which have never before appeared in print; others are republished in revised and enlarged form. One of the most noteworthy of the latter is "Love and the Law." The table of contents is as follows:

Love and the Law; The Moloch of the Monogamic Ideal; The Continuity of Race-Life; and Tyranny; Food and Sex Fallacies, a criticism; When Men and Women Are and When They Are Not Varietists; The New Woman: What is she? What will she be? The State Hiding Behind Its Own Mistakes; Bishop Potter's Opinion of Divorce; Love: Its Attractions and Expression; Is she an Honest Girl? Lloyd, Platt, and the Pitiful Facts; Social Radicals and Parentage. Appendix: Anthropology and Monogamy; Love and Trust versus Fear; Reflections upon Reading William Platt's "Women, Love and Life."

Price 15 cents, for sale at this office.

### What is Religion?

We have received numerous inquiries regarding this last, and in some respects, greatest lecture by R. G. Ingersoll. It is the lecture delivered before the "Free Religious Association" in Boston, last June. In it he affirms, unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly, that the only salvation for the race lies in making woman "the owner, the mistress of herself." The lecture is issued in neat pamphlet form by the Investigator Company. A fine portrait of Ingersoll adorns the title page. We will, in future, keep this valuable address for sale. Price, 10 cents a copy.

### Memorial Meeting in St. Louis.

The twelfth anniversary of the legal murder of the Chicago labor martyrs, Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel, Ling, will be held at Druid's Hall, Saturday, Nov. 18, 1899, Ninth and Market Sts., St. Louis, at 8 p. m. English oration by Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, of Philadelphia. German oration by Mr. John Most, of New York. Admission, ten cents.

Help spread the light. You certainly see persons of your acquaintance who are suffering because of their superstitious reverence for the tyrannous beliefs of their ancestors. Talk to them. Reason with them. Show them the Light Bearer.



## As to the Change of Name.

BY HENRY E. ALLEN.

For about ten years I have been an interested reader of *Lucifer*, and expect to remain on its subscription list as long as I live and the paper continues under its present, able management. I tell my friends it is the nearest my ideal of a radical, free-thought paper that I have ever found. *Lucifer's* editors seem to fill my definition of a true liberal viz: "one who is willing that every person shall enjoy the same rights he demands for himself under similar circumstances." If every human being were this kind of a liberal the sex or marriage problem would be solved. But *Lucifer* will have a mission perhaps for a long time to come.

What I started out to say is this: I have for years felt that the name *Lucifer* was at least unfortunate, and many times I have been convinced that the paper would have received a more respectful and unprejudiced reading under some other name with parties to whom I have given copies.

For these reasons I read Bro. Monroe's letter in last issue with much interest, and heartily concur in almost all that he said. However I do not like the name, "Light-Bearer." It seems to me it is not quite up-to-date—not sufficiently suggestive for a paper with the broad, humanitarian principles upon which *Lucifer* is conducted.

As Editor Harman has said, the world is turning our way in these closing days of the century—and there is no mistake about it. Now, what is needed is a name broad enough and comprehensive enough to stand for the reforms this paper has so long and so ably championed. What name can be given that will meet these requirements? Why would not this do?

## BETTER CONDITIONS.

*An exponent of Sex Ethics and Race Culture.*

This paper has not only been a fearless advocate of the abolition of sex slavery but has also championed many other vital reforms. In fact it has for years demanded "Better Conditions," in all that goes to make up the sum total of human happiness and welfare.

This name would frighten or prejudice no one, while its application practically covers the entire field of reform. In regard to the sixteen page form I am inclined to believe it would be an advantage. It would be a more convenient form for preserving and carrying and the cost would not be materially increased. I am ready to aid to the full extent of my ability. While on this subject I want to say a word in regard to *Lucifer's* patronage.

The "Appeal to Reason," a socialistic, six column folio, published at Girard, Kan., has just completed a fund of \$3,125 "to educate editors." This amount has been raised by dollar subscriptions mostly from its subscribers, within the past two months, to send the Appeal to every editor in the United States and Canada for one year. There are 17,800 of them. Now, contrast the enterprise shown by these socialists to that shown by the readers of *Lucifer*,—is it creditable to us? Here we are with a list that should number thousands instead of hundreds. If we honestly believe in these reforms why continue this half-hearted warfare? Why not strike out as these indefatigable socialists have done and are doing every day? Perhaps we might do better, with a better name—why not try it?

## A Memorial Meeting

In honor of the twelfth anniversary of the judicial murder of Albert R. Parsons, Louis Lingg, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and August Spies, will be held under the auspices of the Labor Martyrs' Memorial Association, on Saturday, November 11, 1899, 8 p. m. sharp, West Twelfth St. Turner Hall, between Halsted and Union Sts.

Speakers—in English: Voltairine de Cleyre, of Philadelphia. In German: Carl Nold. Musical exercises. Admission free.

## A Cry for Help.

BY A. MANN.

By all means drop the name: *Lucifer*. I am tired of explaining its meaning and refuse to do so longer. After it is explained the meaning is found in the sub-title and we have in reality: *Light Bearer, the Light Bearer*.

A name will be needed for a new emancipator—for those big, lusty men who are ruled over by small women in a way that makes gods and angels laugh. What should these men do to head off the hilarity? Rule by force? *Lucifer* has been teaching too well, and now we need an antidote or else deal with man as bees do the drones. Mrs. Freeman in "The Land of Nod" tells of a race of women which hopes to do away with man entirely. American women are already growing taller than the men. A word to the wise is sufficient. As yet the cause of down trodden man is without an exponent. Help! Help!

## Advance Notice.

Voltairine de Cleyre, of Philadelphia, will deliver the following four lectures:

Sunday, November 12th, 2 p. m., for the Social Science Club of Chicago, Hall 913, Masonic Temple, cor. State and Randolph Sts. Subject, "Expansion to Bursting."

Monday, November 13th, 8 p. m., for the Hull House, cor. Halsted and Polk Sts. Subject, "The Poetry of Reform."

Tuesday, November 14th, 8 p. m. for the Chicago Commons, 140 North Union St., two doors east of Milwaukee Ave. Subject, "The Evils of Impersonal Rule."

Friday, November 17th, 8 p. m., for the Single Tax Club, Handel Hall, 40 East Randolph St. Subject, "A Comparison of the English and American Radical Movements."

Discussion invited.

"In New York they have a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. Last year the officers of the society got \$35,000 in salaries, and cared for an average of forty children. It took \$2,250 to care for each child—this is a sample of long-faced charity. In Baltimore a similar society makes its report for 1898. In it we find salaries to officers \$5.00, incidentals \$2,000. After taking these from total receipts it is found that the poor children got only \$46.30. Verily, the shepherds sheared the sheep. The 'heathen take' is another pious fraud to shear the innocent lambs. The tears that have been shed over the poor heathen would float a navy and the money begged to convert them would sink it. The fellow who gave a dollar to the 'heathen fund,' specifying that he gave one cent to the heathen and ninety-nine cents to take it to them was a close observer of the usual methods of sheep shearing. Charity is made the cloak for robbery very often, and rascals, too lazy to work, find a fat living preying on the gullible."

Natural phenomena can only be accounted for by a careful and repeated attention to them. Our knowledge of the properties of matter and mind depends entirely on the permanency and stability of the order of Nature, and on that constitution of the human mind by which our ideas are associated. The harmony of the order of Nature implies, that every preceding circumstance being the same, every following circumstance will be the same.—*Common Sense*.

We are receiving many expressions of opinion regarding the question of the elimination of the word *Lucifer* from our title. We should be glad to hear from every subscriber who has the welfare of the paper at heart. The question is, does the name *Lucifer* interfere with the spread of the light? Would the substitution of *Light Bearer* for *Lucifer* cause a diminution of interest in the paper?

You cannot make a better investment of 25 cents than to subscribe for the *Light Bearer* for three months for some friend who has never seen it, but who needs it.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

PUBLISHED AT 507 CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

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Scotland.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper in it has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents

## For the "Sunny South."

Before this edition of our Morning Star can shine upon its more distant patrons—scattered as these patrons are over both hemispheres of earth's surface—its editor will probably have taken up his winter quarters in a warmer and sunnier climate than that endured in winter by the denizens of the great city located on the shore of Lake Michigan. The cause or occasion of this winter outing is explained in a circular letter, or rather in two circular letters, printed in this issue.

For a week or two past we have been sending out copies of these circular letters, to old friends and to some new ones, but finding it troublesome as well as expensive to send them to each we now print them in Lucifer, and will respectfully ask that each reader will kindly consider herself and himself personally addressed, and that they will respond in the way that seems right and good to them.

To those who have already responded to these letters I wish in this public manner, to return heartiest thanks—inasmuch as it seems hard to write my thanks to each personally—for the aid and encouragement they are giving to Lucifer, its invalid editor and its editor protem, Lillian Harman.

And now, once more, in view of another prolonged absence from the work of the office I respectfully but earnestly ask all who feel that Lucifer's work is their work, to do that which lies nearest to them in the way of keeping the educational ball rolling. Hopefully,  
M. HARMAN.

## Do You Want the Autobiography of Moses Harman?

Last March I sent out a few circulars—less than a hundred—containing the following statement. The responses received were quite encouraging; but before we carried out the plans then formulated the editor decided to return to the office for the summer. As the details of office work occupies all the time he can devote to work while here, the question of the book had to be postponed to a more favorable season. He has spent some considerable time away from the office during the last summer, and his health was considerably benefited thereby. On his return to the office we hoped he would be able to remain here this winter; but his strength seemed not equal to the strain, and it seemed, on the whole, best that he should leave before the break down occurred instead of after, as last winter. But he is not incapacitated for labor; he is able to work moderately, and desires to do so. It would seem that now is the time, if ever, for him to write the proposed book.

Two hundred and forty-four copies of this book have been subscribed for up to the time of writing these lines. Here are the circulars to which reference has been made: L. H.

## THE LIFE OF MOSES HARMAN.

To you whom I regard as an earnest friend of Lucifer and its founder, I desire to say a few words. Can you spare me a few minutes of your time for the perusal of this letter and consideration of its subject?

For several years friends have urged Moses Harman to write a book. They have insisted that the lesson of his life, of his experience in various lines of reform, of his memories of more than sixty years should not be lost to the world. Up to

the present he has not had the time apart from his other work to undertake the task. Now, however, the time seems favorable. He is gaining in strength and might without injury to himself, put in a few hours a day in writing. In fact, this would be the best thing for him, for the reason that he cannot long continue idle, while if he soon returns to the office work he may again collapse under the worry of it. He is willing to undertake the work, but one possibility must not be overlooked—the possibility that but few people will want such a book.

He has given me permission to ask the advice of a few of his friends. Whether the matter ever goes further will depend on the opinion of the readers of these lines.

1. Do you think that such a book should be written and published?

2. If published should it appear (a) in whole or (b) in part in Lucifer, or (c) only in the book form?

3. How many copies of the book will you take? It will be about 400 pages, bound in cloth, with portrait of the author, and the price will be \$1. Any suggestions as to size, style, price, or anything else you may think of will be gratefully considered.

The money pledged will be due when the book is ready for delivery. If, however, there are any subscribers who are able to advance a part of their subscription before the book is published it will help the author to live where he chooses—in the south or elsewhere—while writing the book.

I hope and believe that this book, if published, will be of great interest and value—Moses Harman's prison experience, alone, would constitute an important volume. And I feel that now, if ever, is the time for its production. We may, we must, hope for the best, but the day will come when the hand of Moses Harman can no longer guide the pen. Though he has written a great deal, but little is in lasting form.

Am I right in thinking that a record of his life and work should be preserved—that it is worth the necessary effort now? What think you? Earnestly yours, LILLIAN HARMAN.

The following from the author of "A Physician in the House" will explain, in part at least, why I send this personal letter to you:

50 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 1899.

DEAR MR. HARMAN:—

In my opinion you need rest. An extended trip to the south during cold weather will do much to restore your health.

Insomnia, indigestion and nervous prostration require change of climate and mental quietude.

I would strongly advise that you spend the winter in the south.

Yours truly,  
DR. J. H. GREER.

By the advice of this same physician and of others I spent most of last winter and spring in the south, with much benefit to my general health—as I fully believe. The local symptoms however,—the gastric and cardiac trouble, attended with insomnia and nervous irritability, are by no means cured, and are always aggravated by the worry and confinement of office work, in the city.

If our publication office were a paying institution this personal letter to you would not be written; but unfortunately such is not the case. With the time and labor of myself and daughter practically thrown in, the receipts of the office scarcely pay expenses from year to year. The chief object, then, of this letter is to ask if you feel able and willing to help to bear the increased expense that will have to be met, in some way, if I leave the office for the winter. More help will have to be hired and travelling expenses paid.

I do not ask for donations, as such. I much prefer that help should come—if it comes—in the shape of new subscri-



bers to Lucifer or orders for books in our line,—including orders for a book to be written by myself, if life and health permit, while on my proposed winter vacation. This book is to be partly biographical but mainly a recital of the prolonged struggle made by Lucifer and its friends for freedom of speech, of press and of mails, and for the emancipation of womanhood and motherhood from the thralldom of sex-slavery through conventional and canonical marriage, and for the right of children to be born well.

With this letter I send you a copy of a circular issued during my absence from office, explaining more specifically the purpose of the proposed book. To this circular quite a number of encouraging responses were received. More than one hundred copies of the book were subscribed for and some money paid in advance. Materials have been collected for the book and it is believed that a few months of quiet and undivided attention to the work thereon will put it in shape for the printer.

My object, then in leaving Chicago for the winter is two-fold: First, health; second, leisure and opportunity to write the proposed book. If sufficient responses come in to enable me to do so I will leave Chicago before winter sets in—which in this climate often occurs early in November.

Yours Fraternally,

MOSES HARMAN.

The following are a few of the letters which have been received in response:

Sara C. Campbell, Roodhouse, Ill.:—It has been a long time since anything has occurred that gave me so much pleasure as the assurance that Moses Harman is going to write a book. In answer to question (1) I will say most emphatically, I do. (2) Let it appear only in the book form. (3) The enclosed one dollar is for one copy. After reading it, if it is what I anticipate, I will take as many as I can sell.

F. W. F., New York:—I have received your circular letter respecting a contemplated life of your revered father. I certainly think it would be of great benefit to the human race if such a life were written, and earnestly hope that it will be. I will take ten copies if the price is one dollar, and will send you the whole of my subscription in advance. Replying to your second inquiry, I should say it would be best if the life were to appear in part in Lucifer.

G. W., Sioux City, Ia.:—I am very much interested in the success of the book you contemplate publishing giving a history of your noble father. I am also very much interested in your philosophy of the rights, freedom and relation of women and the sex question. You are and have been doing great good for the human family; you have caused man to pause and think. I will take five copies of the life of Moses Harman, at one dollar each; one for my own library and four to distribute among friends.

Col. James Freeman, Bloomington, Ill.:—An autobiography of your father would be to me almost priceless, and I should suppose, to thousands of others. I hope the book will be written and published, and I think, a few specimen chapters should be published in Lucifer. Cannot say now how many copies I will take, but as many as consistent. If the book is as good as I have the best of reasons to believe it will be, I shall want a number of copies. Will now say five—but will not limit myself to that number if there be more copies published than are ordered in advance.

T. B. Wakeman, New York:—I have your favor asking whether your father should write "The Life of Moses Harman" before he leaves us? I answer decidedly, Yes! Let it be his "Life and Times" as fully and honestly set forth as is now pos-

sible in a one dollar volume. Some of it which may be of present interest could appear in Lucifer with good effect, and help to keep up interest in him and his work. Make a good substantial and interesting work, which will live as a part of the record of our time in our libraries, public and private, when he is gone. If in a state of pecunious vitality I will take a copy when it appears.

Henry Bool, Ithaca, N. Y.:—Although I take more of an interest in another branch of the libertarian movement I honor your father and his work too much not to readily respond to your invitation this day to hand. If you so desire you can enter my name for ten volumes.

As regards the name—I think on the whole "Light Bearer" would fill the bill. I don't object to Lucifer in the least but am sure it strikes some folks awry, therefore, to get the wedge entered, it may be better to change its form to that extent. \$10 enclosed for the "Life of Moses Harman."

Mrs. M. J. Robson, Weir City, Kan.:—Received your letter. I am sorry to inform you that father (Wm. Humble) was killed in the mines Sept. 19 while following his employment. He was an earnest friend of Lucifer and its founder and often wondered why you did not write your life. We will take two copies of the life of Moses Harman when published. Will inclose two dollars for them. We hope you will see your way to take a vacation and that it will fully restore your health.

[William Humble was a subscriber to Lucifer for fourteen years or thereabouts, and many cheering words have been received from him. We regret exceedingly to learn of his departure from this sphere of action. But we are glad to know that his family are also interested in the work which was so important to him. L. H.]

[We do not feel quite at liberty to give the name of the writer of the following letter. He is a very earnest worker for what he believes is right:]

My being a "natural child" called my early attention to your philosophy and some natural aptitude armed me mentally to combat superstition. In attacking one superstition I soon found it had a twin and next a triplet head until it finally became a hydra, and had I means to furnish literature I would develop into a new Hercules. However there are many small investigators who are riveting attention to the mountain of social evil and out of the many laboratories will be developed a crystal of truth, the purity of which will yet dazzle the world.

[As my figures of speech seem to be getting mixed I think I had better get off here and change cars for another route.]

In regard to your proposition to "take stock" in the new work by your father I can only say that I am in so many things today that I fear to positively declare myself, or agree further to do something. I think you could count on me for ten dollars but I might not be able to give as soon as you may want it. Yet I may or may not be able to send it at any time. If this will be of service in this way you can count me pledged.

I am already a subscriber in a necessarily very meagre way to so many issues that my family feels somewhat justly that it interferes with their comfort.

When I state the Social Democrats thrust the honor of standard bearer (for governor of state) upon me, being a cause to which I am devoted—not so blindly but that I can help a little the cause of free society and see many beauties of it—while also an admirer of woman's suffrage, and a reader of the populists, (against whom I have no grudge). I love all tending towards truth and I know so much that my ignorance is more manifest! You can imagine I am poor.

Ed. Secrest, Randolph, Kan.:—I am sorry that your health is such that you are again obliged to seek a milder climate and more favorable environments. On the other hand I am glad that you have concluded to give us your autobiography; as it would be a pity, indeed, if a life like yours with its scores of

rounded out years unselfishly devoted to the uplifting of your fellow men, should be lost to the world. Posterity will eventually acknowledge your heroic struggle for the elevation of our race, and your steady blows in behalf of the rights of the down-trodden everywhere, and especially those of our wives, and mothers and daughters. The reading public is flooded with ponderous volumes biographical and autobiographical of men and women not a tithe as deserving of the world's notice as yourself and daughter: bold, fearless champions of free speech-free press, free soil, free men and free women.

Your incarceration in a Kansas prison will remain a foul blot on the otherwise fair and inspiring escutcheon, whose motto: "To the stars through difficulties," you faithfully and conscientiously tried to follow in your writing and speaking.

But no prophetic gift is needed to predict that the day is dawning when a more enlightened sentiment both here in Kansas and elsewhere will appreciate your now thankless work and bless your memory.

If I were so lucky as to be a dweller in the balmy Southland the latching of my home should hang out perpetually for you and yours; and under my roof-tree hospitable hands and hearts should greet and meet you; and under my vine and fig tree you should write the stirring events of a long life, as an inspiration for other brave spirits to imitate, with none to molest you, or make you afraid. But as these things cannot be, I can do the next best thing along with others. I enclose five dollars; one dollar for a copy of your book; one dollar for *Lucifer*, and the remaining three toward starting you cheerily on your south bound trip.

C. C., New Glarus, Wis.—In regard to the book I will say that I should be glad to see it written, for it cannot help being a valuable chapter in that large volume which records the great and heroic struggle for human freedom. My means are limited and my obligations many, but if nothing occurs to upset present prospects, I will take five copies at one dollar each and will advance one half of it any time you will say so. My circle of liberal friends is not large, and so I hardly know to whom to send many copies of *Lucifer* even if I could pay for them. I will enclose a dollar and you may send the paper to inclosed address for one year.

In regard to a change of name, as I have but lately come into your circle of readers I cannot expect my opinion or wish to have much weight, but I will say that I think the name *Lucifer*, because of its use in connection with his Satanic majesty, has an antagonizing effect upon many people when it is first brought to their notice, and therefore I think that *Light Bearer* or some other appropriate name would be better for it. I have no doubt, however, that many of your subscribers and readers who have been with you through the days of severe trial would prefer to retain the old name.

Should you decide to go south I trust your health will be good and that you will be able to prosecute your literary work to your fullest satisfaction.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.—It may be well to drop the name *Lucifer*. "The Investigator" once had "an infidel paper" at its mast head and finally had to take it out. It is so *misunderstood*; before one reads the paper it biases against it.

John A. Lant, Tarrytown, N. Y.—Your issue of Nov. 4th, is well edited and well printed. You should not have two names for a small paper. Your defense of *Lucifer* is conclusive, but let *Light-Bearer* suffice for a name. You can extol and explain the former in paragraphs, but for a head it will not be understood for one hundred years.

James S. Freeman, Bloomington, Ill.—In regard to the changes proposed in number 785 I have no choice; it is a matter

of indifference to me. The matter contained is the all important point. The name or form is to me of less moment. Whether or not any change is made it will be just as dear to me, and I shall labor just as faithfully for its success and shall hope to do more for it during the coming winter than ever before.

Joseph O. Hatten, M. D. St. Louis, Mo.—That our many friends may know why they have not heard from us of late I wish to say that our dearly loved girl, Julia, passed away, in the bloom of life and young womanhood, Thursday night, Oct. 26. The body was cremated Saturday the 28th. It was very hard for us to give her up. Her mother Dr. Ella Slater, is nearly heart broken; her health has suffered a severe strain.

E. A. Diaper, Providence, R. I.—I think Mr. Monroe gives some very good reasons for changing the name of *Lucifer* to *Light Bearer*. The name of *Lucifer*, to a great many, does not mean what it did to people hundreds of years ago. It now suggests something bad instead of good, and I think it is apt to give people a prejudice against the paper and to interfere with its being appreciated. We want a name that all will understand and so save time and energy spent in defining and explaining. Hope to see the name changed by Jan. 1900.

J. H. Kallmyer, New Florence, Mo.—When my attention was first called to *Lucifer* I said, "The name is just suited," for it needs a rather vigorous devil to rebel against orthodox conventionalities. But I am not wedded to the name so much that I should vote to continue it if I were convinced that it stood in the way of its usefulness. Am rather of the opinion that people who object to the name on account of its diabolical significance would also reject the contents of the paper on the same ground.

Ama friend of *Lucifer* and expect to continue to be, whatever the title under which it makes its weekly visits. Hope for it a long life of usefulness. Should like to see a change in form so that the pages would be about half the present size—advertisements so placed that they can be detached if the paper is bound.

J. P. Borthwick, Ontario, Cal.—My answers to your questions regarding change of name are as follow:

1. Yes.
2. The present name is a shock in itself to many.
3. I cannot guarantee anything, but will agree to mail my copy to those who are not likely to know of the paper's existence.
4. The present name is not an aid. It is a hindrance.
5. The change would increase my interest, and I would regard it as wise and progressive.

Mr. H. B. Monroe's reasons are so well expressed that I have nothing to add to them. I have thought as he does for many years. Will be pleased if the change is made. For the success of the paper and the furtherance of its ideals of right and justice "The *Light Bearer*" is appropriate and beautiful.

E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., New York—I think there would be some advantage in not using *Lucifer* as a name, though it is just right in meaning—*Light Bearer*—but it is indelibly associated in all minds with something devilish and bad, and so makes it a little hard to make new friends for it. Perhaps *Light Bearer* alone would do better, unless there is some other one word meaning about the same.

As for size and shape, I like the paper as it is, and think the magazine form is being overdone. It is not in bad shape even for binding—for magazine form would make a year's lot too fat; while now twenty-six or fifty-two numbers bunch very well. Maybe I am getting old foggy ways and perhaps I am too prone to "let well enough alone," but I have seen many changes made that were not of advantage. However I doubt that *Lucifer* would lose any friends by dropping first name, and maybe it would have less tide to swim against.



Lois Waisbrooker, Santa Ana, Calif.—The pamphlet "The Polly of Worship or the Curse of Godism" was written in June 1886 under the following circumstances. I went one evening to listen to a labor lecture in which the speaker kept making appeals to God. A strong influence took hold of me and at the close I went up to her and said loudly enough for all to hear: "The workers will never get their rights till they let go of God and take hold of themselves."

This influence held me till the pamphlet was written, and I have in my paper, "Foundation Principles," the first part of it before me under date of June 20th, '86. I never claimed that it was anything else but inspirational, and did not even put my name to it. I have often sensed when writing, a presence that seemed to quicken my brain, but in this case it was so strong that I wrote as though it was another that was speaking and not myself, the only time I have ever done so. I did not know who it was but have reason to believe it was Victor Hugo.

About eighteen months ago I felt a strong desire to republish the pamphlet but could not raise the means. If the pamphlet "Godism" was written since then, it may be possible that the control, under that disappointment, took me in the astral to one who could publish, I acting as amanuensis. In that case the wording would be nearly or quite the same. This would be no more strange than that I should go out in my astral body and be seen by a medium 3,000 miles away lecturing to an audience of spirits, women who had been crushed out of life by prostitution, and two years afterward when we met for the first time, be recognized by that medium because of what she had before seen, which occurred more than twenty years ago.

I am much interested in the letter in last Lucifer from Governor's Island, N. Y. for if reincarnation is a truth I have certainly lived where conditions made me exceedingly interested in the emancipation of woman from sex bondage.

James Beeson, Hytop, Ala.—I have read my article in Lucifer No. 784 and your reply thereto. I have only a few lines to write in reply, and if you will kindly give space in Lucifer's columns you can make any reply to it that suits you without anything more from me. First, I used one Latin phrase and I am sure I wrote *ante bellum*, but the type makes me say *anti bellum*, which ruins the meaning of my article and renders it ridiculous in the eyes of the literary public. I do not want to accuse any one of doing it on purpose, but it is so easy for a typo to change one letter without being detected in it that I will just use negro language and only ask you to tote fair with me this time. You say very truly that you make a grave charge against the southern lynchmen when you accuse them of burning negroes who had committed no crimes at all. Indeed I look at it that way and if you will prove one case of such lynching I will freely take back everything I said and make apologies to you and Lucifer's readers and in any reasonable way. That, I think, would be fair but I make one more fair proposition;—if you will prove that the negro miners at Cartersville, Ind., had committed any crime I will then take back all and apologize. You again very truly say that the shooting of laboring men has become so common that scarcely any notice is taken of it. But I suppose you forgot to tell your readers that the plutocrats, that cause all the shooting are not all southern barbarians—an omission you certainly ought not to have made. You also said "people hate those they injured," which is true, and I suppose is one reason the northern people so bitterly hate their southern subjects. You may, while you are about it, just tell one reason the negroes outrage southern white women, is because the Union soldiers told them it would be right to ravish "secc. h" women, and set a few examples of that soldierly feat themselves.

Once more, for fear of being accused of defending lynch law, I will just say that I am opposed to any kind of law by force, and have spoken and written against lynchmen and lynching ever and since the practice commenced. I would, if I had leisure time, and a paper whose business it was to publish such articles, give my views on the race problem, but I hate a quarrel of any kind and will now close this question.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOV. 18, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 788.

### A Man's a Man For A' That.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,  
 "For a' that and a' that."  
 But though the song be clear and strong,  
 It lacks a note for a' that.  
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,  
 And claim his wage and a' that,  
 Or beg when he might earn his bread,  
 Is not a man for a' that.

If all who "dine on homely fare"  
 Were true and brave and a' that,  
 And none whose garb is "hadden gray"  
 Was a foot or a knave or a' that,  
 The vice and crime that shame our time  
 Would disappear and a' that,  
 And plowmen be as good as kings,  
 And church as early for a' that.

But 'tis not so; for brawny fool  
 Who swaggers, swears and a' that,  
 And thinks because his strong right arm  
 Might fell an ox and a' that,  
 That he's as noble, man for man,  
 As duke and lord and a' that,  
 Is but an animal at best,  
 And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,  
 Have palace, park, and a' that,  
 And not for birth but honest worth,  
 Be thrice a man for a' that;  
 And Donald, herding on the moor,  
 Who beats his wife and a' that,  
 Is nothing but a brutal boor,  
 Nor he a' man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,  
 The truth is old and a' that,  
 "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,"  
 The man's the gowd for a' that;  
 And though you'd put the self-same mark  
 On copper, brass, and a' that,  
 The life is gross, the cheat is plain,  
 And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,  
 'Tis soul and heart and a' that  
 That makes the king a gentleman,  
 And not his crown and a' that;  
 And whether he be rich or poor,  
 The best is he for a' that  
 Who stands erect in self respect  
 And sets the man for a' that.

Charles Mackay.

### Aspasia.

BY C. L. JAMES.

The most famous woman of the classic Grecian period is commonly described as a courtesan (in Greek *hetaira*); but both the English title and the attempts which have been made to vindicate her against its justice, suggest no great knowledge of Greek customs. In Greece, no less than everywhere else, prostitution was the oldest of positive institutions—the state of the woman before marriage originated, in capture; as attested by the myth of Proserpine, and her mother's designation, Demeter Thesmophorus. The Greek brothels (*dicteria*), of

the earliest recorded period, were, however, occupied only by slaves. The *hetairæ* were quite a different class, never confounded by a Greek writer with the *dicteria*. "Adventuress" would be a better modern term for a person of this kind than courtesan. One or two, among them the famous *Lais*, had been slaves: but the idea which "hetaira" conveyed to a Greek mind was that of a free woman who, having no dowry, or for some other reason not being eligible as a wife, remained single, and relied on her attractions. It is evident the definition might include all degrees of goodness and badness from highest to lowest; and that it actually did so appears to be the case.

The account of the *hetaira* Theodota, given by Xenophon, leaves no doubt that she was a prostitute in the strict sense of that unsavory word. *Lais* is said to have died a broken-down street-walker. An epigram by Martial attributes, in horrible detail, the same fate to Catullus' *Lesbia*, a *hetaira* of Rome, whose name indicates Greek origin. On the other hand, the Greek writers are loud in praise of the intelligence, benevolence, public spirit, fascinating manners, and even modesty of many celebrated *hetairæ*. Among them were Diotima, the teacher of Socrates; and *Læna*, the martyr of Athenian liberty. Increase in the number and importance of *hetairæ* measured the growth of wealth and culture in their respective states. Their number was augmented by laws against the marriage of citizens to any except native women; their importance by the seclusion of Grecian wives, which was almost Oriental, and allowed the *hetaira*, as the only truly free woman, an unlimited opportunity to outshine her respectable rivals by frequenting these public resorts—the forum, the lyceum, the studio and the theater—which, in that age of few books and no printing, were the chief instruments of culture.

At Corinth, the *hetairæ*, as early as the Persian war, were numerous enough to distinguish themselves by their patriotism. But at Athens, whose commercial importance is later, *Aspasia* was the first of any note except *Læna*. She makes her earliest recorded appearance in this city as the common law wife of the famous Pericles, who himself had introduced that bill which rendered their union illegal, since she was a native of Miletus. He, however, divorced his lawful wife, by whom he had two sons—this was an easy matter at Athens—he provided for his first family, and henceforth lived with *Aspasia*, who also bore him a son. It is only through her connection with Pericles that we come to have any information about *Aspasia*, and that information, when we have sifted out the fabulous matter, is so little that her fame would seem unwarranted but for the side light cast upon her position and character, and, above all, permanent influence. Her lover holds a place unique in history. Pericles is the first of those great republican statesmen who during the life of a generation have exercised as good as regal powers with no other means of doing so than ability to persuade the voters. That constitution which he thus swayed to his own purposes was his own creation. It was he whose political arts overthrew, without bloodshed, the power of that aristocracy in

which he himself was a subordinate member, and made Athens a pure democracy. Of course, he had many enemies. Their mouthpiece was the comic drama, very largely a creature of his own, but which, like the stage in all ages, pleased the people by consulting their conservative instincts, as Pericles, on the rostrum, swayed them by radical appeals to their interest. To Aristophanes and his compeers we are indebted for most of our original data about the domestic life of Pericles and Aspasia; and while these dramatists are unreliable enough in detail, they give us a certain general picture quite beyond their own invention. They cast unlimited aspersions on the measures, morals, and honesty, of Pericles; but they fully admit his versatile greatness. Orator, politician and general, he is compared to Olympian Jove hurling thunder and lightning; to an athlete who, even though down, can throw any adversary; to the conqueror of Troy, as one who surpassed his heroic model. The playwrights also fully intimate that the life-long companion of such a man was no ordinary woman. They say that Aspasia wrote or inspired the speeches of Pericles. Among these famous orations, only one has come down to us. But though our authority, Thucydides, cannot always be trusted for the genuineness of those speeches he gives his characters, this has a great appearance of being correctly reported; and though Aspasia's furnishing Pericles with words or ideas is not too well attested, the speech harmonizes with all we know of her sentiments. It is an elaborate comparison between Athens and Sparta (they were at war); in which, under color of exalting Athens at expense of Sparta, the orator praises the new Athens, the seat of wealth, luxury, art, pleasure and philosophy, at expense of the old, which was more like Sparta, and whose surviving representatives, his own conservative opponents, continually held up Sparta as a model for their countrymen to follow.

The comic libelers, while thus attributing Pericles' thoughts to Aspasia, in the same breath represent her as the clog upon his greatness. They call her Hera, Deianeira and Omphale, which is as if a modern writer should say Eve, Delilah and Miriam; but the comparisons are singularly unlucky. Deianeira destroyed her husband through her jealousy, of which, we shall see, there is no reason to accuse Aspasia: Hera tyrannized over Zeus, which no one says Aspasia did or could do to Pericles: Omphale made Hercules a woman; and, if we may believe the comedians themselves, Aspasia had done much to make Pericles a man. She, however, as a foreigner and hetaira, was fair game for all insinuations, however inconsistent; and it is through her the enemies of Pericles especially aimed at him.

The superior intelligence of the hetaira excited a spirit of rivalry in the respectable women; which was encouraged by men of the new Athens, like Pericles, Socrates and Phidias, who by no means thought it desirable that their wives and daughters should be fools. Aspasia, as the most talented and perhaps the least reproachable of hetairae, so far overcame the prejudice against her foreign birth and irregular life that her salon was frequented by the most distinguished ladies of Athens, among them the notable Xantippe, whose virtue we may imagine was above suspicion. It is inferred from certain plays of Aristophanes—the "Ecclesiazusae," the "Ecclesiazusae" and the "Thesmophoriazusaë"—that there had sprung up something like a woman's rights agitation—a movement for education, independence in financial matters, and participation in politics, among other women than the hetairae. It is also in evidence that some of them sat for models to artists like Phidias and sometimes received valuable considerations for doing so; a fact on which scandal could easily be founded.

Towards the end of Pericles' life, his fortunes were under a

\* Among the many examples attributed to Aristophanes, one deserves a word of notice because there is grave doubt whether he intended it. Among causes of the Peloponnesian war was the flight of Athenian slaves to Megara. A line of Aristophanes has been cited a hundred times to show that some of these slaves were girls whom Aspasia kept for hire. Such a charge against Aspasia, when she had many years been the wife of a man like Pericles, would be too absurd, even if it were in Aristophanes; but the single passage on which it rests is something more than ambiguous.

partial eclipse. His conservative attitude in the Peloponnesian war was unpopular; and the very democracy which he had created produced a new sort of opposition. Pericles, though not rich for a noble, was, like all the Athenian politicians before him, a man of independent estate. We now begin to hear of popular leaders like Cleon the tanner, who appealed to the people on the ground that they were plain business men. These demagogues, in the usual cowardly fashion, assailed Pericles through his friends, whom he could not always protect. Phidias was accused of embezzlement on the public works which he executed, and also of profanely representing Pericles and himself in the character of Olympian gods. He is said to have died in prison. The philosopher Anaxagoras, one of the same society, had to fly from Athens. Finally, Aspasia was indicted on the charge of teaching irreligion to the Athenian women, and also acting as intermediary between them and Pericles. What seems to have given this last a shade of plausibility is that he is said to have had other mistresses who were of better standing than herself.\* Pericles undertook her defense. It was the most tragic moment of his life. Trial on indefinite charges, with a chance of the death penalty, was the opprobrium of Attic jurisprudence. The cases were heard by a body of about five hundred common citizens; a majority, of course, could convict; and their vote was final. They were used to being addressed by the defendants with vehement supplications and tears. They were mostly, we may be sure, very much prejudiced against the hetaira. Pericles, who had never been so unpopular before, and who stood virtually on trial himself, was noted for cold and disdainful manners little likely to conciliate. But when the aged magistrate, whose long administration was so deeply identified with the glory and freedom of Athens, forgot his reserve, and addressed the jury in the impassioned manner to which they had been accustomed, weeping and trembling for Aspasia, as nothing could have made him do for himself, they were overcome. With the acquittal of Aspasia, the attack on Pericles terminated in ignominious failure. He was soon restored to his usual office, which he had lost just before; and a special act was passed to legalize his marriage with Aspasia, thus making him, like Cromwell, an exception to one of his own laws. Nothing more strongly marks the record of Aspasia's prosecution upon its originators. Pericles did not live much longer, and this is the last we really know about Aspasia. She is said to have married Lysicles, one of the new merchant politicians, but this is very doubtful, for there is evidence that he died within a year after Pericles.

The feud between the old and new Athens went on to the judicial murder of Socrates; in the reaction following which the ideas represented by Pericles and Aspasia may be said to have triumphed. If now we inquire why Aspasia has been so celebrated and popular a character during all the ages which have elapsed since then, the answer appears to be threefold. She was the typical hetaira—the most famous in her own time. The hetaira exercised an influence on the minds of men and on the standing of their sex which has been perpetuated to the present day, and has still an unpredictable future. In her charm, though we know it only by the effect in the tempest of slander and persecution which she encountered, and in her victory, she remains a perpetual type of a social, moral, and intellectual tendency seldom so presented as to excite equal sympathy. The immortal literary embodiment of this tendency is "Plato's Dialogues." In "Plato's Republic," the "Utopia" of antiquity, authority belongs to the philosophers (men and women), who are to have their possessions in common, and be exempt from the obligations of marriage. But those who have studied Plato and Greek history know that in all this he was not imagining what

\* One of them was Elpinice, sister of his early rival Cimon, whose reconciliation with Pericles she effected. Our constant but unreliable authorities, the playwrights, ascribe her also of incest with Cimon, a practice quite as contrary to contemporary feeling as modern. Such slanders on persons so distinguished are worthy reproduction for exactly one reason—they show how boundless was that license of personal abuse indulged by writers whom we are so often invited to trust as we are Aristophanes.



we understand by an Utopia. His Republic is the "Idea," i. e. the typical type, of such a Greek city as he knew, with its Pythagorean brotherhoods and free cultivated women like Aspasia. Every school girl has heard of Platonic love, and knows vaguely that it means emancipation of affection intensified by sex from convention, from jealousy, and from those excesses of passion which like jealousy, are nurtured by arbitrary laws. This is what Plato would call the "idea" of love, the perfection to which it tends, and which it will attain when delivered from those accidents whose basis is an instituted code of false morality. Whence did Plato get this idea? From lives like those of Diotima, Socrates, Pericles, and Aspasia. But lives like these have in them as he reasoned, the assurance of immortality. The "idea" is eternal, the accident only earthly. The whole Christian and Spiritualistic conception of heaven as a state where reason and sentiment attain their perfection in a life of ideal beauty, is derived from Plato, not the Bible, for in the latter it cannot be found. Shall we not appreciate Aspasia's claim to immortal praise when we have realized what Platonism is, and also that she was understood to express in human form what Plato could only put on paper?

### Women and Work.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson in "Cosmopolitan" for October.

Accustomed for many years to see women working mainly for their own children, we have grown to consider the work of women as a part of motherhood.

We do not call it "work," and therein we are right, as work involves other interests than those of maternity; but when the woman does "work"—i. e., specialize her labor and exchange with others—this seems to us an alienation of mother-love from its object, and a neglect of the child. To care for one's own children directly is not "work;" it is but the fulfillment of the primal instinct of the parent, and involves no social relation whatever.

The father might personally do things for his children at home, and we should not call it working; indeed, we should consider it rather a waste of time. He best cares for his children by "working" for others, and giving to his children part of the greatly multiplied common product. It is not neglect, but the best paternal care. He enters the social relation of economic intercourse and exchange, and his children profit by it. But the mother is held to neglect her family if she "works;" and this gives us a strong specific prejudice against the industrial advance of women. Following this and closely allied to it is the mental effect of the second stage of woman's labor, the service of the husband.

The wild-beast mother serves her young, but is of no economic advantage to her mate. Very early in savagery, however, the industry value of the woman was recognized, and wife and slave were practically synonymous terms. The wives served as slaves unless the common master could amass enough women to discriminate somewhat; and the slaves served as wives in an equally felicitous manner.

This habit is slow in passing, and has associated women's work with wifely fealty, so that the wife who works in an extra-domestic relation is vaguely held as disloyal.

She may work for her husband if driven by necessity, but to want to work, to wish to develop special talents and use them for the common good, this is deemed quite false to the ideal of womanhood. Her purposes and methods are all measured by the family relation; and any desire for social relation is thought to smack of some questionable feeling.

This adds the marital prejudice to the maternal prejudice—a heavy combination. But there is a third, more general still.

The economic processes by which humanity exists and civilization develops have been thus far carried on almost exclusively by men.

By the law of associate ideas we have grown to consider those processes as peculiar to men—as being masculine functions.

Therefore, it was most natural that we should consider the

entrance of women upon this field of action as an assumption of masculine function; and so as revolting and wrong.

When analyzed by a clear thinker who is able to detach one idea from another and judge them separately, there is seen to be no logical basis for this feeling.

When men taught school and women did not, "teacher" was a masculine noun, now it stands next to one feminine in America. "Doctor" Smith no longer conveys instant assurance of masculinity. We are learning by continued contact with established facts to recognize that racial functions are one thing, and sex functions quite another; and that the essential activities of organized society are Human—and neither male nor female.

But while the facts are working their slow way through the resisting mind, prejudice remains in full action long after its foundations are removed; and woman's work rests under no stronger deterrent force than this deep-seated conviction that "work" is masculine.

Thus, we see how natural it is that work is so radically misunderstood by the world in general and by women in particular; that such misunderstanding is not only excusable, but inevitable.

We require fearless and honest thought and careful study of this basic social relation; and the power to recognize and suppress ancestral prejudices. We require a new conception of the nature of the work, and of our right attitude toward it; a clear perception of the main lines of error in our thought is a safeguard on that side; and the proof of the new view lies ready to hand—the sure test of practical experiment.

We all see something of the value of work in its material products; but that value rises immeasurably as we study the effect of our material environment upon human character and progress. We all see something of the good effect of true work upon the worker, the ill effect of wrong work, or overwork, but we do not begin to see how closely our personal happiness, health and growth depend on our doing our own right work.

But the dominant fact, the organic social nature of work, we have scarcely more than dreamed of, that it is an essential function of social life and progress, and that not to work is not to be a member of society.

We have not seen the full force of the deep seated social impulse that calls the human being to his special place in society; and the world is full of thwarted, wasted lives where "the round peg is in the square hole," to the misery of the peg and a dead loss to society.

Most of all we have not seen that this applies to woman as to man; that she too is a member of the social organism, and must fill her place therein to know the full joy and power of life.

Held back by all these age-long errors, she in turn holds back the wheels of progress, and the economic confusion and unrest of this time marks a period which the later sociologist will see to be largely due to this one fact—that half the world is doing its half of the work under the most primitive ignorance.

Recognition of the true nature of work by all of us, and most especially by women, with a glad acceptance of its noble responsibilities, will lift us fast and far out of these discreditable difficulties.

### The Non-Sectarian.

I have no creed—  
Goodness is my only rule.  
For what else live we? □  
Fame?  
It turns to ashes in the grasp.  
Riches?  
They corrode the soul and bring only care.  
Knowledge?  
Alas too oft a babble of words.  
But Love—Truth—Goodness—  
These are the verities.  
These are eternal:  
These make life worth the living.

Emma Seabury.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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On Sunday, Nov. 19, 8 p. m., Lillian Harman will read a paper before the Ohio Liberal Society, G. A. R. Hall, 35 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O. Subject, "Marriage and Morality." She hopes to see many of Lucifer's friends.

"When the holidays are over I hope to be able to buy more books; but the extra expenses of the season will take all my spare money until then," is what one of Lucifer's best friends wrote, recently. Many similar expressions have been received. So as a large proportion of holiday presents are in the form of books, we decided to try the experiment of asking our friends to place some of their orders with us. In this issue we print a small list of standard works suitable for holiday presents. We will probably increase the list if there should be a demand for such books. If you do not see what you want in the list, perhaps we will be able to supply it on application.

## The Right of Contract.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

One of the prerogatives of an individual sovereign is the right to make such contracts as he pleases. It strikes me as surprising that Lucifer should quote with seeming approval the assertion, No. 784, page 326, that to acknowledge or to grant that right, is "one of the foulest, one of the most unscrupulous legislative acts that the class party has forced upon the masses for a number of centuries." This refers to the statement that in 1878 the Republican party authorized an express stipulation in a contract to be thereafter made, that one of the contracting parties should deliver to the other a certain amount of gold. A farmer cannot sell wheat without contracting to deliver wheat; a gold miner cannot sell gold without contracting to deliver gold. To deprive the gold miner, or any other person who possesses or expects to possess gold, of the right to sell it, or to enact that when he has sold it he shall not be required to deliver it, would be an invasion of the right of contract, and an attempt to outlaw one of the mineral productions of this country.

Yet from another point of view I consider the legislation referred to indefensible, in that it at least seems to imply the right upon the part of Congress to regulate private contracts and to interfere with commerce within the states. If the permission of Congress to make a certain private contract has any validity whatever, it would seem that Congress might forbid a private contract. The enactment as quoted merely recapitulates the right of the individual: if the enactment had been the reverse, forbidding express stipulations in a contract, it would have been an infringement upon individual rights, and an attempt to regulate Congress within the states, over which Congress has no delegated power.

REPLY.

The quotation that surprises Friend Parkhurst is taken from a book called the "Importance of Honest Money," and is not sufficiently stated by him to give the reader a clear conception of the author's meaning. As it is possible that some of our readers may not have No. 784 at hand I will give more fully the paragraph referred to:

"It is the same Republican party that in 1878 authorized

an express stipulation in a contract that to be made, so that the debt must be paid in gold, instead of leaving it payable in any legal tender money of the United States, at the option of the debtor, and this stipulation is one of the foulest, one of the most unscrupulous legislative acts that the class party has forced upon the masses for a number of centuries. It is the same Republican party that tries to make us believe today that the dear gold dollar, which is mostly in possession of the classes, and which the masses cannot get, is such a boon to the unprosperous masses."

An elaborate article on "Freedom of Contract" might be written upon the text given by our friendly critic. Perhaps the author of the book under consideration could give, in few words, the answer. It should not be expected that a "Book Notice" should endorse everything that is quoted in giving the style and animus of an author. But I would simply ask our old-time friend who thus sits in judgment upon the writer of the book and upon Lucifer's editor,

(1) Is freedom of contract possible, in business transactions, when the "party of the first part" requires the party of the second part to deliver as payment a commodity controlled by said party of the first part?

(2) Why should it be necessary for the Republican party to enact any such law, if contract is meant to be free? Does it require a law of congress to make valid a contract to deliver wheat, or cotton, or salt, or lead, or apples, or pumpkins?

(3) Is it not clear as the sun in a cloudless sky that the enactment in question is unadulterated class legislation?—legislation in the interest of the class that owns or controls gold?

(4) If all commodities were put upon an equal basis before the law—if all commodities could be monetized as gold is now monetized, could or would such legislation as that of 1878 ever be thought of?

Paul said, "When Moses and the prophets are read a veil is before their eyes"—speaking of the Hebrews and their "law." Does not this saying apply to most of us when "the law" in regard to "legal tender" is being discussed? I once heard a popular Republican orator say, from the platform,

"God made gold and silver to be money, or the basis of money, and no legislative device of man can subvert God's law."

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians" was once the party slogan. "God is great," says the Arab sheik, "and Mohammed is the prophet of God." "Great is Gold," says the modern class legislator, and many are the prophets of gold, even among social reformers.

In regard to what Friend Parkhurst says in his second paragraph I reply yes, certainly; this law implies the "right of Congress to regulate private contracts," and is "indefensible," not only from this "point of view" but from all points of view.

M. HARMAN.

## In the Southland.

Leaving Chicago Tuesday eve, Nov. 7, via the Illinois Central Railway, in company with Mrs. Elizabeth H. Russell of Cleveland, Ohio—one of Lucifer's most faithful and most generous helpers, who expects to winter in the south—I came direct to this place, distance by rail just eight hundred miles; time, about twenty-three hours. At the station we were met by another earnest friend and helper, Mrs. S. A. Fogg, at whose home I now expect to spend some weeks if not longer, in the work outlined in last issue of the Light Bringer.

On leaving Chicago the weather was damp, cold and disagreeable—typical November weather for the region of the great lakes. When day dawned upon us next morning we found ourselves in Tennessee, some four hundred miles or more from the "Windy City," and under atmospheric conditions very different from those we had so lately left behind. The sky was clear, the air dry, balmy and pleasant—typical "Indian Summer" weather, or such as is common in the north middle states in September and October, and such it continued through the day, or until we reached Southern Mississippi. Here we were met by a



change not quite so agreeable. Forest fires were raging in the piney woods around Thayer, burning up not only leaves, grass, fences, cordwood and dead timber generally but even in some instances green pine trees. As might readily be imagined the smoke and heat and smell of burning pine timber are by no means pleasant.

The destructiveness of these fires was or is due mainly to the fact that there has been no rain here, to speak of, for near two months—something almost unprecedented in this region, so we are told. I am glad to report, at this writing, that the worst seems over. Fortunately there has been little or no wind, else barns, crops, farm houses and even whole villages would have been swept by the flames, in a manner similar to what is sometimes known in the piney woods of Wisconsin and Michigan. Am glad to report also that our health seems not to have been injured by this unlooked for experience.

At Chicago we were told that Mississippi was under quarantine regulations on account of "yellow fever," and that if we expected to travel in that state we would have to get a "certificate" from the "health department" before starting. This precaution proved unnecessary, however. Our certificate was not called for. A sharp frost throughout the state seems to have banished all fear of the much dreaded but seldom seen invasion of "Yellow Jack." In this country, Lincoln, it is claimed there has never been a case of the disease. The worst annoyance to which we have hitherto been subjected, since starting, was the temporary loss of Mrs. Russell's trunk. Owing to some blunder not yet fully explained the trunk failed to put in an appearance at the right time and place. After two days of waiting and search, however, the trunk was recovered late last evening, and the owner made happy.

With best wishes for the health and prosperity of all who labor and wait for the good time coming, I remain yours,

M. HARMAN.

Thayer, Miss., Saturday, Nov. 10, '99.

### Olga Nethersole's Radical Views.

While playing "Sapho" in Chicago last week, Olga Nethersole was interviewed regarding the morals of the women whose characters she delineates. The reporter was startled by the unconventional views of the actress. The following paragraphs are taken from the interview:

"Do you know what I call an immoral woman?" queried the actress, with the inscrutable look in her eyes; "it is the woman who passes her life with a man she doesn't love; it is the woman who is never true to herself, to her own instincts, and who consequently never can be true to others. What sanctity does a marriage license and a marriage service give to a union where the essential element of sanctity is lacking?"

"As I said for eight years I have studied women of doubtful—no, not doubtful, say, rather, of unmistakable character. It is my opinion that any of these are better than the man or the woman who marries without love. Do you remember the saying of Robert Ingersoll's (what a grand man that was!) 'Now, let's be honest! For God's sake let's be honest!' Honesty is the greatest religion in the world, and honesty with ones self comes first!"

Miss Nethersole off the stage is very much like Miss Nethersole on the stage, impulsive, vehement, confidential.

"We won't talk of judgment days—and all that," she continued, leaning forward and emphasizing her talk with a slender, white forefinger. "We won't talk of judgment days a long way off, nobody knows where, nobody knows when—but of the time that comes to everybody in this world, when they ask themselves, 'Have I been true and honest with myself?' Self is the first thing to be thought of, because the first duty of all for a woman is not to her children, not to her kinsfolk and her friends, but just to herself. Now that sort of woman, has violated the custom of the country, I admit. Often, in spite of it all, and in the teeth of everything, she has at least loved and been true to herself!"

"But how can the public ever in the least, without a revolu-

tion, condone the offenses of your Fannie Le Grands and your Carmens and Camilles? You know, that in every state here we have a law, for example, which forbids persons driving over a country bridge at a trot."

"Yes, I understand," nodded the actress with amusement in her eyes.

"Now, driving over a bridge beyond a walk is not per se a crime; legally, it is. This is often the nature of the offense in that sort of a woman, is it not?"

"Yes, quite right," assented Miss Nethersole. "As I say, she violates the custom of the country."

"But," queried the reporter, "will it ever do for the public to find that out; to believe it thoroughly?"

"That is the great question," said the creator of Sapho, "and it can't be disposed of in a short talk. Briefly, the solution of it is civilization and education. Life will not be guided then by passion, but by brain and heart, and brain and heart are the same thing, ethically speaking. There will come a time when men and women both will be honest, will be moral; not because they are afraid not to be, but because they will choose it as the best. There will come a time when the worst crime will be to sin against oneself, and to go out of the world leaving behind a child miserable and crippled and deformed. It is a terrible thing to feel that the misery of the world is more because one has lived in the world."

"But your scarlet women, Miss Nethersole, you make them fascinating, beautiful. Your audience does not condemn this; it sympathizes with them."

"But is an audience the worse," she retorted, "because it recognizes that these poor women are human, that they suffer? And, for the conventional people, and we must admit that there are a good many of them," she smiled, "what stronger, what more vividly lighted moral could they ask than the moral of Carmen, of Camille, of Paula Ray? Death! 'The wages of sin is death!'"

"But—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted quickly, laughingly. "I don't think Carmen deserved it. I merely gave that for the people who believe that she did. But to me the great lesson in all of these is 'educate,' 'civilize.' What a nature was Carmen's! She had the courage of a Napoleon, the intuition of a Talleyrand. Rightly trained she would have been a wonderful woman, and the most powerful presentation of that fact is in the play."

### Secular and Religious Relics.

J. B. Elliot, in "Truth Seeker."

The sale of the books and autographs of the late Col. Thomas Donaldson, author and expert agent of the Indian Bureau, a friend of Grant, Lincoln, Ingersoll, and Whitman, which took place in Philadelphia, Oct. 26, disposed of one of the largest collections that has been sold for some time. Among the relics were the chairs used by Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield, and the inkstand used by Walt Whitman. It will be interesting to note the prices of secular relics over the religious. Here is a brief list:

Draft of Ingersoll's speech nominating Blaine, with letters from Ingersoll	\$20.00
Letter from Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia	05
Letter of Cardinal Newman	10
Letter of George Francis Train	25
Letter of Cardinal Wiseman	1.25
Letter of Walt Whitman	4.50
Letter of Cardinal Manning	10
King James Bible	10
Mormon Bible	1.50
Whitfield's sermons	10
Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary	1.80
Holy Bible, 1791	25
Age of Reason, 1791, first French edition	5.00
Letter of Benedict Arnold	10.00
Letter of Abraham Lincoln	25.00
Letter of Governor John Wise of Virginia, who hung John Brown	05
Letter of John Brown	18.00

A good letter from Thomas Paine will always bring from \$8 to \$15.

In the sale was a catalogue of the sale of George Washington's private library, Philadelphia, 1876, with the prices brought by the books marked in the margin by Colonel Donaldson. From this catalogue, which went for fifty cents, I make the following extracts:

Rights of Man, Thomas Paine, with Washington's autograph	\$13.00
Volney's Ruins, with Washington's autograph	11.00
Volney's travels	6.00
Erasmus's Poems	13.00
Oracles of Reason (by Ethan Allen), published at Bennington, Vt.	9.00
Paine's letter to Washington	7.00
Notes on Virginia, by Thomas Jefferson.	16.00

If a man is to be judged by the books he reads, Washington was not orthodox. This may be of interest to Christians as well as Freethinkers.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

J. A. W., Amesbury, Mass.:—I hope you will change the name of your paper, or rather, drop a part of it so that it will be simply *The Light Bearer*. I think it sounds better and is more comprehensive than *Lucifer*. My interest will be the same as long as it sticks to its principles.

J. E., Tufts College, Mass.:—I will agree with pleasure to take two copies of the account of your life which you propose to write. Other responsibilities make it impossible for me to undertake to do more, but I hope an average of two copies may be taken by all your subscribers, and that the receipts may warrant you in carrying out the project as now entertained. I enclose one dollar in advance.

Cyrus W. Coolidge, 85 East 116th Street, New York:—It is very seldom that I find in *Lucifer* anything of an amusing nature, but in No. 785 I came across something which, to me, was very amusing. The piece in question is found on page 335 and credited to "Common Sense." Well, to the best of my knowledge it is an extract from an article written by your humble servant and published in *Lucifer* two or three years ago. I have not sent it to any other paper. Do you see now where the amusement comes in?

Jay Chappel, Palmetto, Fla.:—I would like name changed to *Light Bearer* or some other characteristic of your noble work. I will guarantee three names for \$2 for 1900 any way. *Lucifer* is a good name but most people are prejudiced against it. I would feel no less interest in the paper if the name was changed and I can't see that it would be retrogression to change the name. I will at all times use all efforts to extend its circulation just so long as it advocates its present high tone. No man or woman with the meager brain-power that I have could feel more sad than I if it should stop.

C. M. H., Chicago, Ill.:—As opinions in regard to changing the name of *Lucifer* are in order, I will say that to change the name now, seems to me, to be a sort of concession to conservatism. *Lucifer* has always stood for radical reforms, and if it has survived all these years of persecution, and reached a plane of, at least, partial recognition, I say stand by *Lucifer*, or as we hear from our patriots every day—"Don't haul down the flag." True the name is not fully understood by many, but it at least possesses the quality of arousing curiosity, and we know that when we become curious, investigation is likely to follow. The name *Lucifer* is unique and inasmuch as the *Light-Bearer* holds a prominent place on the page, it is manifestly unnecessary to explain its meaning. I am in favor of retaining the name *Lucifer*.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.:—I want to call your

attention to "The Temperance Gazette," the organ of the Young People's Freethought Temperance Society. Temperance societies, temperance songs, temperance lectures and temperance law are all old stories. But a new era is dawning and we are slowly realizing that intemperance is a disease and all the old plans to eradicate it were failures because based on the idea that men were willful drunkards and could sign the pledge and stop if only sufficiently argued with. Now it is realized that the only safety is in not forming the habit, resolving when young to let all intoxicants alone. I hope you will send three cents to Roy Miller, Alma Center, Wis., for a sample copy of the "Gazette" or better still forty cents for a year's subscription. I am sure it will be money well invested and you will never regret it.

The Markland Family, Sherwood, Tenn.:—If no calamity occurs to us, will send you five dollars by the 20th, and repeat later if possible. The proposed autobiography is a happy idea, and we will want three copies,—one for each of our children. May you live to complete it.

This is a corner of Egypt and we can do nothing to help *Lucifer*. Would be glad to receive you if a dry mountain climate was suitable for you. Mamma and the girls would regard it as a pleasure to care for you. No doubt many hands will beckon you to a more balmy clime. As to dropping the title *Lucifer*, it seems to me that a person so ignorant and bigoted as to be affected by it would be beyond salvation. Again, perhaps, curiosity would induce as many to read as would reject. To me the word *Lucifer* is beautiful and I can wish for another son, to give him the name. However, if the consensus thinks it objectionable let it go. Let us have the book by all means. It is important, as history, and desirable, as a monument hewn by your own hands.

A. E. K. Parkhurst, 173 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.:—The form of the paper is immaterial, perhaps the name also. It's the nature, scope and effect of the work which counts. I know though I should feel grieved, and as though some dear friend had died, were *Lucifer* to change its name, though it is "none of my business." I will not close without telling you what I feel you will want to know, since it is. Since last Wednesday night Nov. 1st, Mr. Parkhurst has been lying in a very critical, semi-conscious condition from a fall he got in his observatory, and no one but the doctor and self have been in the room. He struck on his head, bruised and cut left side of his head and face; bled freely. Concussion of brain, severe shock, but I have the very best surgical and medical attendance obtainable, and am nursing him myself. So am trying to hope for his recovery. He is doing as well as possible, the wonder is he is alive. Has no recollection of accident, sleeps most of time, and has occasionally gleams of consciousness yesterday and this morning. Do not know how long he had been lying helpless, when I found him at midnight; about four hours at least.

Wm. Fretz, Trenton, N. J.:—I was much interested in the article of H. B. Monroe advocating a change of name for *Lucifer* to *Light Bearer* or some other appropriate name. For years I have believed the name was a millstone around the neck of the paper and have so expressed myself to headquarters, but the consensus of opinion then seemed to be that the name was all right. But it is a fact that the great mass of the people whether liberal or orthodox to whom the paper is first shown take exception to the name. Several persons that I have shown the paper to, gazed at the heading and remarked "that must be a hell of a paper." Many people laugh when you explain that *Lucifer* is a symbol for a brighter era, for they have been taught for ages that the name represents devil and darkness. But Mr. Monroe has so well elucidated the matter that I will not enlarge. Had the name been changed ten years ago I believe the circulation would be double or treble today. The prejudice against the name keeps people from even reading it; but when people read they will also think, and from thinking will go to



acting. The form is immaterial to me as I send nearly all Lucifers by mail to liberal friends that I think do not take it.

Dora F. Kerr, Greenwood, B. C.:—I was so glad to hear from you, and that you were thinking of wintering in the South which would be so good for you, and good for others too, especially if you can then write the autobiographical book. We think the book a most admirable project. It should not, we think, appear in Lucifer at all before being published as a whole. I send subscription for five copies.

I do not feel able to make any suggestion on the proposed change of name, the arguments being on both sides so good. Personally I like the old name; but the matter should be decided by those able to do propaganda work in suitable circles. I am inclined to believe that the experience of propagandists would prove that the name Lucifer is some hindrance to the work. In England, the extraordinary reticence and sensitiveness in regard to sex is such a very strong national characteristic, that though probably the great majority of educated and progressive people are prepared to accept advanced views intellectually, they shrink from any connection with the open expression of them. I do not see sufficient reason to reduce the size of the page.

Dr. Andrews, Chicago, Ill.:—I see so much in your valuable paper interesting and useful; but always on one side. A letter sometimes on the other side would be a relief to read—and perhaps it might be a set-off.

In a medical communication a friend says: "A gentleman says a hundred legal rapes are committed in our city every night, the husband claiming he has the legal right." We see such sentiments constantly in medical literature, but no one has ever yet had the courage to say a word for the numerous men who have wives that make sexual demands beyond reason, and leading on to ill health and debility if he is so foolish and obliging as to attempt to comply. These cases are much greater in number than generally supposed. But it is usually taken for granted that the women are all angels and the men quite otherwise.

In regard to change of name, I am in favor of it. Lucifer has gone as far as it can, and accomplished all it could under that title. It is too suggestive of Satan and very many have a wholesome dread of him. There is no telling what the paper might achieve with the name "Light," or "Light-Bearer," or "Light Bringer." It would be a change at least, and in my opinion, for the better.

E. B. B., N. Y.:—I consider Lucifer objectionable, chiefly, because to half the people who see it, it has no specific meaning, in fact no meaning at all; or if it suggests an idea it is one associated with the "Prince of Darkness," and its teachings therefore they think must be akin to the Black Art and something to be shunned. If induced to read, it is with this prejudice and they read evil into what is good, and which they might recognize as good if the ideas introduced were heralded by the unmistakable title of "Light-Bearer," in large type with "Lucifer" omitted. Of course the name Lucifer is distinctive and dear to its long time readers; but I think the aim of the friends of woman's liberation should be to make converts to the cause by every lawful and attractive means; and not to hinder, by their own special preferences, and express individualities, those who have a desire to enter these pastures new. If the change is made I will be responsible for five dollars to be taken out as I may hereafter decide. With regard to the editor, what he needs is perfect rest, preferably in a sanitarium. At his age people do not get well; but life may be prolonged by ease, and a little work be done occasionally. His memoirs should be written, and I will take a copy; but its preparation will interfere with the perfect rest he needs, and traveling will do him no good but keep up irritation. Three and one-half years of invalidism emboldens me to pass judgment.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 46.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOV. 25, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 789.

### Let Us Alone.

Many—and yet our fate is one,  
And little after all we crave—  
Enjoyment of the common sun,  
Fair passage to the common grave;  
Our bread and fire, our plain attire,  
The free possession of our own,  
Rulers, be wise! and kings and chieftains,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

The world is the abode of men,  
And not of demons stark and blind;  
And Eden's self might bloom again,  
If men did justice to mankind.  
We want no more of Nature's store  
Than Nature meant to be our own,  
Masters, and regents of the earth,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

Your meddling brought us grief and care,  
And added misery day by day;  
We're not so foolish as we were,  
Nor fashion'd of such ductile clay;  
Your petty jars, your wicked wars,  
Have lost their charm, the gilding's gone;  
Victorious marshals, vaulting steeds,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

Thou' dwellers in a little vale,  
We bear no hate to other lands.  
And think that Peace on earth might smile  
If we and others join'd our hands,  
In Reason's spite why should we fight?  
We'll war no more—we're wiser grown,  
Quibblers and stirrers up of hate,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

White man or black, to us alike;  
Foesmen of no men we will live,  
We will not lift our hands to strike,  
Or evil for advantage give,  
Our hands are free to earn their fee,  
Our tongues to let the truth be known,  
No despots, knives, and foes of right,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

Great are our destinies; our task,  
Long since begun, shall never end  
While suffering has a boon to ask,  
Or truth needs spokesmen to defend;  
While vice or crime pollute the time,  
While nations bleed, or patriots groan,  
Rulers, be wise! and meddling fools,  
Let us alone—let us alone.

Charles Mackay.

### Notes and Queries.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

If there were no other way to ensure the protection of offspring from neglect, there would be more reason in the proposition to bring collective pressure to bear to require fathers to recognize their relation publicly and perform their part in supporting the children. But there is a better way. Allow freedom to womankind; they will see that fathers perform their part in the maintenance of the young. The individual is more powerful for good than the collectivity. If the state will refrain from inducing the habit of helplessness, individuals will learn to look

out for themselves. The human female is actually master of the situation. She has it in her power to force the man to provide support for his children before they are born. The state can not possibly be made so strong as this.

President Harrison was reported in the newspapers as having a very pretty way with the little misses ten or twelve years of age at social functions in the White House. Everybody was pleased with this exhibition of high art except the elderly ladies. The query arises. Whence comes the antipathy for young girls that the close observer can always detect in older women?

Lucifer should retain its present name, but the title page should contain under the inscription a brief quotation from some standard writer affording at once explanation of and authority for the sense in which the word is used. If thought necessary change the type so that "Lucifer" shall appear in small letters and "Light-Bearer" in large type.

It is not in the quality of selfishness that the altruist and the narrowly selfish differ, but their common egoism leads to two different forms of action because one is perhaps enlightened and the other narrow. All motive is necessarily selfish. Educate a man and his selfishness seeks new channels, but he is none the less selfish. Altruism as a philosophy is a failure because it takes no cognizance of the most fundamental trait of human nature. The altruist is not so bad as his philosophy, for he is bound to be egoistic and cannot possibly follow altruistic principles. Where altruism hurts him is in blinding him to some truths that he might otherwise perceive.

Reformers must make up their minds to work out their reforms under the eyes of the existing governments, not apart from general society. The Mormons did not locate far enough away, nor did the Boers succeed in getting out of reach. In a little while not a square foot of earth will remain undivided among the great states. If reform colonies will operate within the limits of such civilization as we have, they will save themselves much inconvenience and while sharing in the advantages of our semi-civilization they will be learning how to have their own way in spite of the disapproval of the general public.

Women cannot be said always to be incapable of self-support during pregnancy, although if their occupation were school-teaching the income would be likely to be cut off. In many cases the total earnings of this period may be assumed to be sufficient to cover the expenses of the whole period. But this is not the greatest difficulty that women have to contend with in the attempt to be self-maintaining. The two years of lactation are harder to get over and for many years a single child should receive much of the mother's time and attention, to say nothing of more children and other seasons of lactation. After child-bearing once begins, it seems harsh to expect a woman to earn

a living for herself and children through ordinary business channels. That it can be done admits of no doubt, but who will claim that it can be well done except in rare cases? If this is the price that must be paid for the honor of being a new woman, let us go back to the old woman until some way is found to induce men to support the children voluntarily and yet without charity.

Among radicals, including Robert G. Ingersoll, there is substantial unanimity as to the supreme importance of freedom for the mothers of the race of human kind. The collectivists have gone so far as to mature a plan for securing to women both sexual freedom and physical comfort. Libertarians approve these aims but have no faith in the means proposed by which to attain the desired ends. And yet what individualist can give a good account of himself when asked what he proposes in place of state control of sexual-economic relations? The best answer so far given by this wing of radicalism is that liberty is to be trusted and a way will be found under free conditions to provide support for the children. But as libertarians have taken the trouble to work out the solution of land and money problems through freedom in banking and land tenure, why should they not also endeavor to trace out a definite explanation of the process by which the economic wants of children will be supplied under a system which subjects no non-invasive individual to the will of any other person?

What to eat is a puzzling question. A special objection is urged against each kind of meat. Exception is taken to all flesh and blood; if cooked the albumen is rendered indigestible, if raw the germs are injurious and dangerous. Milk is a disease producer. Butter is filthy under the microscope. Cheese is constipating. Eggs cause cystitis. Vegetables are innutritious and indigestible. Grain foods are too starchy for the ordinary stomach; if predigested they are still objectionable as they make the digestive organs more and more unable to deal with natural food. Nuts raw are too firm in texture, and cooked are innutritive on account of the interpenetration of the oil. Fruits are the one food that no one used to say aught against, but they too are a menace to health. Apples contain too much potash pears and prunes prevent healthy intestinal digestion by their laxative effect; berries are woody; and so on down the list. All northern fruits are ruled out as unfit to form a considerable portion of one's diet. Tropical fruits are picked green and do not ripen naturally enough. Truly diet presents an unsolved problem. Not a single food article can be mentioned that has not been condemned by licensed physicians. Doctors disagree with one another quite as much as foods disagree with those who venture to eat.

Morrisville, Pa., Nov. 15, 1899.

### About the Name.

BY J. P. ROBINSON.

It seems from the general experience and observation of nearly all our friends who have expressed themselves, that it would be advisable to drop the name Lucifer, for the reasons given.

It seems that the prophet Isaiah, in his poetical way, addressed the Babylonian King as the "Morning Star," and jollied him on his fall. And the early christian writers, taking it very seriously, imagined that the poet had reference to the fall of Satan, hence the error. Now for us to stop and waste our efforts in trying to correct this mistake, reminds me of another Persian King, who started out with an immense army, bent on "expansion," but while encamped in a river bottom, the stream suddenly rose out of its banks and drowned several thousand of his horse and foot soldiers. Instead of moving to higher ground, as Otis would have done, or swimming the flood and going on about his business, as Funston did, he stopped right there and made war on the river, and in an effort to drain it, as a punishment for interfering with his plans, so frittered away his army

and his resources, that he was compelled to abandon the whole expedition.

If the people want to think that the Devil and Lucifer are identical, why let them think so. It won't materially harm the people, nor us, nor Lucifer, nor the Devil. The purpose of our paper is of vastly more importance than all this.

So far as I have observed, all the letters have been of an iconoclastic tendency, and so to vary the monotony, I want to make a suggestion. Call the paper, or magazine, for I like that form best, "Aurora." What could be more beautiful, or appropriate? We are everlastingly tired of the deities. The father and son are probably both male, though judging from the mathematics of the Trinity, this is not absolutely certain, and the Holy Ghost is at best only a hermaphrodite. So let us, who believe in the emancipation and sacredness of woman, enshrine the beautiful goddess of the morning our tutelary deity. According to Roman mythology, Aurora was represented as drawn in a rosy-colored chariot by two horses, and appeared scattering flowers, as the forerunner of the sun.

"Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn,"  
Pope: *Homer's Odyssey*.

"The morning planet told the approach of light,  
And fast behind Aurora's warmer ray  
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day,"  
Pope: *Homer's Iliad*.

"His bosom of the blue  
With which Aurora decks the skies,  
When piping winds shall soon arise  
To sweep away the dew,"  
Cooper.

"Leaves and running rills, Aurora's fan,"  
Milton.

The word, according to its Greek derivation, means; to give light, to shine, and so may be regarded as the feminine of Lucifer with all the beautiful, poetic imagery of the morning star, without the least smell of sulphur.

Our present head, which we have all learned to love, would be appropriate. All that would be necessary would be to change the word *Lucifer* to *Aurora*. What say you, and our readers?

### Shall Name be Changed?

BY MAX.

If I have a correct idea of the matter the name of Lucifer, and the line of work it represents are the product of the mind of Moses Harman. Whatever of success, or of failure has attended his labors is pre-eminently his own. If, after so many years of effort, conditions now point to failure, are the anxious friends quite sure their choice of name will insure success?

Would it not be more just, as well as more complimentary, to allow the editor to judge for himself as to what name best represents his purpose and ideas? What assurance do these friends offer that a change in name will not be followed by an effort on their part for a change all along the present lines of work? and that Moses Harman will be editor in name only? a mere cipher, as it were, at the head of his paper?

In a late issue of Lucifer the editor states that he is sixty-nine years of age. If his friends detect evidence of mental decay it were kind—even commendable, perhaps, to initiate a plan by which the editor should gradually be relieved from all care-burdening responsibilities, both mental and physical.

In his "upward climb towards heights sublime," the editor planted his standard on the crest of the Mountain of Progress; and proclaimed the "Freedom of Motherhood!" He stood alone. The world, startled and awed, forgot to chide. Slowly and painfully a few brave souls struggled to the crest and took their stand beside the editor of Lucifer. In the bleak, chilly air, these interped champions of human liberty held aloft the luminous banner—"The Star of the Dawn."

And now the world is electrified anew by the proclamation, "Freedom of Motherhood." All eyes are turned toward the mountain crest, and lo! beside the editor of Lucifer stands the form of the beloved, the idolized Ingersoll.

The intellectual giants of the age are fast turning their faces



towards the glorious banner of "The Light-Bearer." But alas! the way is long, and the steep, perilous, and the hearts of many grow faint; and in sympathy for those who may not be able to surmount all difficulties of the "upward climb," the cry is sent to those above—"These weaklings need your presence and guidance more than all others. All you need to do to them is to come down a little nearer to them."

Mistaken—though perhaps, well meant advice! Below this stratum of human life is another still lower, still weaker, and of far greater magnitude. Should Lucifer turn on a downward course it will not require a *savant* to see where it must ultimately land.

The power of *example*—the example of the popular and the wealthy; the force of *fashion*—these sway the judgment, the opinions, in morals as in religion and in politics. Scientists know, only too well, that the great suffering masses cannot be reached by logic. Hence, those whose hearts are so tender towards the great strata of dense ignorance represented by the masses of suffering humanity, can reach these more directly by turning their own energies towards interesting the more intellectual, the already well informed; the refined, the popular and the wealthy. These not only pay up, subscribe the second year, but sometimes in their farewell remembrances, help to speed along the car of progress.

### The Philosophy of Happiness

From "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations," by Karl Heussen.

Let me call attention to two notable personages of most modern times. The philosopher Schopenhauer was a woman-hater. An apostle of his, von Hartmann, a blasé Berliozian, and son of a general, is a despiser of woman, who would grant man the privilege of ending his so-called love with the satisfaction of his sensual desire, to which the loving woman must of course submit. And what is the meaning, the moral, the logical outcome of the "pessimistic" philosophy of these two woman haters? In a word, the hopeless doctrine that it were better if the world did not exist at all; that really life is not worth living. Of course, life is not worth preservation, if we cannot appreciate its most beautiful part, or trample it underfoot, as the brutality or satiety of men has hitherto done, in spite of all the poems and romances of love. Every philosophy of the world and of life which results in despair must be unsound, unnatural and false, since a contradiction, justifying such despair and its consequence, the self-destruction of that part of the world-life which we represent, is inconceivable. Everything that we, as thinking products of the world, require, must be attainable by the spot upon which we have been placed by its development. All phantasies about a heaven and another life are done away with for us. Outside of humanity there are for us no motives, no hopes, no future, no ideals. Here upon this planet our being must run its course, and our contentment be found. But where and with whom shall we find it but in living with our fellow-beings? and what nobler and more complete contentment could this life and all nature offer to man but the true love of man and woman? In this relationship must the aspirations and the outcomes of the reforms of the future find their sublime culmination, and their most beautiful success. To educate humanity not only for knowing and thinking, for working and creating, but also for loving, which our present groveling life seems designed to destroy, that will be the most beautiful and most profitable task of future society. But by education for love I do not mean instruction in the "art of loving," as was given by the frivolous Ovid, but an education which, beginning in youth, strives to secure all the conditions for true marriage, which will free love from all narrow-minded prejudices and hypocrisies, but will lead the free virgin into the arms of the uncorrupted man, and teach both to find their most beautiful destiny and their only true happiness in an intimate and lasting union. What we are now reforming and striving for will some time lead us to such an end, however distant its future may be, and however meager the hope that we ourselves may live to see

it. That will neither discourage us nor weaken our interest. In the realm of ideas is it not always the better future that we anticipate in thought which inspires and sustains our reformatory efforts? Do not the highest aims toward which the mind strives always lie beyond the grave? And has the striving, on that account, less of charm and of value? Where we ourselves live to see the accomplishment of that for which we have struggled, the reality always falls short of our expectations, and the residue that remains must then serve as an incentive to further aspiration; not only that which we experience in thought, either by retrospection or prevision, do we experience wholly, undefiled and unobscured.

### Is She An Honest Girl?

E. C. Walker in "Our Worship of Primitive Guesses."

When you hear the question, "Is he an honest boy?" you understand that the inquirer wishes to know if the boy indicated is honest as regards the property of other persons. The honest boy does not steal, and, giving a little broader meaning to the word honest, he does not lie. The honest boy keeps his hands off the effects of his neighbors and he keeps his word. But when you hear the question, "Is she an honest girl?" your experience tells you that the inquirer wishes to know if the girl asked about is still taboo. "Honest" has been transformed. It no longer refers to what may be called commercial integrity; applied to the girl, it means that she has never failed to conform. The honest girl does not love until she has received a license from an official. She may and does get a license to love, but she is still honest. In this she again differs from the boy. He is an honest boy, even if he does love without a license. But he cannot get a license to steal or to lie, and even if he could he would be a thief and a liar if he stole and lied. Odd, is it not, that a strong and rugged word like "honest" can be bent and twisted out of all resemblance to itself in the skinny and gnarled fingers of the imbecile Madam Grundy! What manikins we are!

The woman, having no property but her sex, had no use for commercial integrity, and so it came about that we say, "She is honest," when we mean that she will not sell her sex (except legally) and will not use it without a license from man, who, having property, has use for common honesty but never thinks of calling himself dishonest when he loves without a license. The freethinker who asks, "Is she honest?" meaning, is she still taboo? fails to see that he is doing what he can to perpetuate the Christian sociology, which deprived women of her property rights and left her nothing but her sex with which to play at honesty. This is a vicious distinction which makes "honest" mean one thing in the case of a man and something entirely different in the case of a woman.

### The Way Out.

From "Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses," by E. C. Walker.

In a case decided not long ago in Pennsylvania it was held that a woman who claimed property rights was not the legal widow of the decedent, her alleged marriage to him being unlawful because of the fact that he was a co-respondent with her in a divorce suit brought by her (first) husband, although several children and a grandchild survive her union with the decedent. As will be perceived, the state here claims that its own act in joining this man and woman was unlawful because it had charged the woman with committing an illegal act prior to its uniting the two persons. That is, while recognizing the right of children to inherit from their parents, it nullifies this principle by its own unwarranted interference with the ante-nuptial affairs of the parents. In other words, it makes its first crime the excuse for the commission of a second.

What is the way out? Accept the principle that sex-association gives no property rights to either partner, put business contracts between men and women on the same basis (ignoring all thoughts of actual or possible sex-relations) as are business contracts between men and men and women and women, and let inheritance, in the absence of a will, be determined by the fact of parentage, without reference to the form or duration of the mating of the father and mother.

We can trust the natural love and solicitude of free women and men for their offspring to do substantial justice in a vastly greater proportion of cases than such justice is done under the existing servile system. I would that all men had more trust in themselves.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

The decision of the editor in regard to the name of our paper, has been received; but too late for this issue—It will appear next week.

We hope soon to be able to publish a prospectus of Moses Harman's autobiography. There is no longer a doubt that there is a demand for it by his friends. Three hundred and eighty copies have been subscribed for; and I do not think it unreasonable to expect that at least a thousand copies will be ordered by the time it is ready for delivery.

## Current Comment.

BY EVA HARRIMAN.

"I have a curiosity here," a friend said to me to-day, and he showed me a copy of a St. Louis, Mo., newspaper of the year 1860 which contained several advertisements of runaway slaves.

"How strange it would seem to see such notices in newspapers now!" he added.

"Not so strange," I replied. "Here is one in the Chicago 'Inter-Ocean' of last Sunday," and I showed him the following telegram which was printed under the headline: "Flee with a Preacher."

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 18.—The Rev. William Cramer and Mrs. Esie Campbell, wife of W. L. Campbell of Greenville, have fled from Greenville to parts unknown, taking two children of Cramer, who is a widower, and two infants of Mrs. Campbell, one three months old. Cramer is a Baptist preacher, who had made his home with the Campbells for eighteen months. The husband says he has had the utmost confidence in both his wife and Cramer. Mrs. Campbell in her fifteen years of married life, has borne nine children.

If Mrs. Campbell had borne nine children she certainly was old enough to decide for herself whether she wished to remain with Campbell. If she was not a slave she was free to leave him and go with a man she liked better. If she bore nine children in fifteen years because she wanted them, it is hardly likely that she would have desired to leave their father who had "the utmost confidence" in her. If she bore them unwillingly, I do not blame her for leaving the man who compelled her to do so.

A midwife is under arrest in St. Louis, Mo., on a charge of murdering many children and their mothers by malpractice. The details which have been published in the daily papers are horrible. But it should be remembered that such a creature as this midwife is said to be is a product of the hideously immoral social doctrine which makes maternity a shameful thing unless it has the sanction of church or state. The atrocious law which forbids the publication of any information as to how conception can be prevented and the unjust stigma put upon unmarried mothers by society are the two whips which drive unfortunate women to the shambles of the abortionist. The lives sacrificed in this manner are the fearful price which ignorance pays to the stupidity of the immoral fanatics who by legislation seek to make a shameful thing of a natural function which is inherently no more shameful than building a barn or painting a fence.

A divorce was granted without a trial last week to the pastor of a Methodist Church in Colorado. Another minister presented a signed statement that he had had illicit correspond-

ence with the complainant's wife, and the wife formally renounced all claim to alimony. On this showing the court granted the divorce without the formality of a trial. This is a gratifying step in the direction of freedom. But, as the pastor and his wife desired to dissolve their marital partnership, why was any legal proceeding necessary, unless it might be that pertaining to alimony, which is strictly a commercial matter? Why should the second preacher be brought into the case, if it was not because of the theory that he had damaged the other man's property? Can a woman be the property of a man under the amendment to the federal constitution which prohibits involuntary slavery in the United States?

The Chicago "Tribune" announces that a scientist has succeeded in hatching unfertilized eggs of sea urchins by chemical means, without contact with the milt of the male urchin. The scientist infers from the success of his experiments that a way may eventually be discovered to fertilize the eggs of mammals by means of chemicals. If the assertion of this scientist regarding his discovery is true it seems to confirm the theory advanced by the editor of Lucifer, namely: the life principle is in the ovum. If the ovum can be fertilized by chemical means it is not a far flight of fancy to imagine a time when males will be unnecessary factors in reproduction.

"What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" is an old conundrum. The answer is: "Two pigs under a gate."

On the same principle it might be argued in defence of Congressman-Elect Roberts of Utah that if it is a good thing for a man to have one wife, it is three times as good for him to have three wives. Ergo, Brigham H. Roberts is three times as good a husband as any other member of congress and instead of being excluded from that body, he should be given the seat of honor. Q. E. D.

But, on the same principle again, those who oppose the marriage institution might say: "If it is bad for a man to own one wife it is three times as bad for him to own three wives." Strangely enough, however, this latter argument, or part of it, is used by the defenders of the marriage institution. Illogically they say "It is good for a man to own one woman, but it is terribly bad for him to own three."

Laying aside superstitious reverence for custom, it would seem to be far more reasonable and far more just to say that if three or more women voluntarily choose to live with one man it is right for them to do so, but if they are compelled to live with him it is unjust and immoral. When a public statement is made by one or more of Brigham H. Roberts' alleged wives that her or their relationship to him is compulsory it will be time to denounce the alleged polygamist as an immoral man.

Two men have been hanged in Chicago within the last two weeks for wife murder. In each instance the murder was committed because the man wished to marry another woman. Marriage gave the wives a claim of ownership which cost them their lives. In the case of Becker there had never been any marriage ceremony, but a common law marriage was established which he regarded as binding. When he tired of the tie he killed his wife. A few years ago George Painter was hanged in Chicago for killing a woman with whom he lived, but who was not his wife. The woman was Painter's degraded slave and supported him with money which she gained by selling her favors to others. Painter's victim chose to retain her degraded position and forfeited her life as the penalty, but the cases of Rolinger and Becker clearly show that marriage affords women no protection from such brutal men.

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## "The Savage Wars of Peace."

BY H. B. KERR.

No part of human evolution is more important than the unification of mankind by the passing of the family into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and the nation into the vast modern commonwealth.

When we go back to about 500 B. C., we find Greece, a little country about the size of West Virginia, divided into twenty or thirty petty states. All Europe was then subdivided in the same way, although Southern Asia was getting into a more advanced stage of evolution. After the loosely connected Roman Empire fell to pieces, we again find all Europe split up into little states and tribes. A thousand years ago England was divided into seven kingdoms, while Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were peopled by numberless tribes without any common bond. But during recent centuries the process of integration has gone on very fast. Europe is divided into something less than twenty states, of which one owns more than one half of the continent. North America, with the trifling exception of Mexico, is practically one nation, while in Australia we have a whole continent which has attained complete political unity.

This process of national unification has been accompanied by the continuous decline of militarism. In ancient Greece, every man was a soldier, and fought with some enemy almost every year of his life. It was the same in the middle ages. Gibbon tells us that "in the eleventh century every peasant was a soldier, and every village a fortification; each wood and valley was the scene of murder and rapine." Today every Frenchman and German has a short military training, but few of them ever see war. The English and Americans have paid armies, while the ordinary citizen has no connection with military matters during his whole life. Australia has no army at all, and Australians know nothing of warfare except when patriotism and animal spirits send some of them off to fight on another continent.

The decline of warfare, brought about by the gradual unification of mankind, has had the most momentous consequences. In the first place, it has made individual liberty possible. The ancient Greek had no idea of the individual as an entity which could be set up in opposition to the state. Discipline and individual subordination are essential to effective warfare, and effective warfare was always necessary in Greece to save both the state and the individual from extermination. It was much the same in the middle ages. The idea of an individual who might possibly be considered as having rights against the state is an extremely modern one. So modern that it would hardly be possible to find it in all the writings of Shakespeare and Bacon.

Moreover, the decline of warfare has brought about the great humanitarian movements of recent times, by introducing consideration for the weak. As Bagehot says, "the non-combatant population is sure to fare ill during the ages of combat." When men were killing each other every day, it was not likely that they would care much about the freedom of women, or the feelings of children and animals. Thus, as Herbert Spencer has told us, the greatest of the causes of the humanitarian movement has been the transition from the military to the industrial stage, and this transition has been mainly due to the substitution of large nations for small ones.

But how have these amalgamations been brought about? In all cases by war. So deep seated are the antipathies of different races towards each other, that there is no case on record of considerable peoples of different race and language being amalgamated together except by war. The fusion of mankind has been brought about by the fiery crucible of war. Thus Rudyard Kipling's phrase "the savage wars of peace" is not a mere poetic phrase, but a statement of one of the most important historical truths.

We have now advanced so far that the end of militarism is almost in sight. In Australia, war is defunct, and almost so in North America. Present events in South Africa can hardly fail to lead to the ultimate unification of that continent, while there

is little doubt that the fate of South America will be decided, as Cecil Rhodes predicts, within another century by the extension of the United States to Cape Horn. Asia can hardly fail to fall entirely into the hands of Russia, because Russia is the only important country which can get at her by land. Probably Europe will never be unified entirely, because the nations of Europe, having no more new worlds to conquer, and finding the game of conquering each other not worth the candle will some day enter into bonds of universal peace. Europe will then be the least endowed but the most picturesque of continents, the place to which the weary business man will retreat for a little novelty from a Pan-Russian Asia, and a Pan-English America, Africa and Australia. Thus will the world enjoy the blessings of universal peace.

## The Right of a Child to be Well Born.

Mabel MacCoy Irwin, in "The Arena."

We have indeed fallen upon great days when we are asked to consider, not the right of a people to be free, not the right of an individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, not the right in fact of anything that already is and by its existence is entitled to our consideration, but the right of something that as yet is *not*, save as it subsists potentially in the womb of the Infinite. . . .

There is always a veil of mystery or shame thrown between the growing child's mind and his own organs of reproduction. He is early taught that to know anything concerning them savors of immodesty and sin. I used to wonder at this—wonder why mothers and fathers should teach their sons and daughters all things save this most important one, leaving the child to learn on street-corner and in public playground those things that can only be properly taught by the hearth-stone and in the sanctity of the home. But it is plainer to me now. First of all, life itself is secret—a mystery hidden beyond the ken of man. . . .

The instinctive shrinking felt by the mother when talking to her child on matters of sex is natural. It is only because of false ideas that have crept in as the fruit of sin that it is a necessity. If children were well born—born of love—their innate sense of purity would be their infallible guide.

Another reason why parents are so silent on this matter is that few have any proper understanding of the sex function themselves. They have vague notions, but no clearly defined ideas. They have, alas! found too often in the marriage relation a way of pain and sorrow, and they cannot bear to speak to their innocent boy and girl of that which has proved so unsatisfactory to them. So they try to assure themselves that the longer the child remains in ignorance the longer it will likely stay in innocence; for it is bound to learn all too soon of the things they would gladly keep from it forever. . . .

It is only of recent years that the rights of children have to any great degree been considered at all. One needs only to look into literature of fifty years ago: Scarcely a book can be discovered to feed the hungry mind of the child; and when found, it relates almost wholly to religious teachings, and often of such a nature as well-nigh to take the joy of living out of its little heart by dire threats and catechismal questions asked and answered. Despite this, however, the child would revel in it because it was "almost a story," keeping it among her treasures to be read and re-read till she had it and the crude pictures it contained stamped indelibly on her memory.

But how changed it is now! Children's books fill our libraries, both public and private, till it seems as if every chord in the child's nature has been struck, bringing forth music that has enriched both it and the world of grown folks in which it lives. In fact, this may be called the child's age as well as woman's age; for mother and child are so closely connected that to advance the one is to find the other by its side.

This rapid advancement of women in the last decade has given rise to much solicitude on the part of the conservative minded. It seems to them as if the world is being turned

topsey-turvy; that man, who for so long a time has had things his own way, is being pushed largely to the wall in trade and business, if not in politics, and that *homes* will no longer be a necessity to our growing civilization. But there is little danger here. Swaddling clothes make even children of a larger growth appear awkward. In striking at random to be free they sometimes hurt both themselves and others. When they have grown a little larger, however, our women will better understand their rights and privileges.

It is well for the preachers of God to impress upon woman's mind the awfulness of child-murder in the womb. It is well for learned physicians to write treatises upon the duties and privileges of the mother as she carries her babe beneath her heart. It is well to tell her to be healthy, happy, and spiritually minded, in order that posterity may rise up and call her blessed. It is well to tell her that every fit of passion, every unkind thought or feeling, leaves an indelible impression, not only upon the disposition but upon the very face and form of her unborn child. It is well to tell her of the dignity of motherhood, and that in her hand rests the destiny of the race. It is well to tell her that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." For all these things are true. But if she has had no choice in becoming a mother; if the child was begotten by mistake while ministering to the selfish demands of him that promised to love and cherish; if in fact the child has been "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," as all such children are—whence shall spring her joy? How shall she be glad when she feels, not that she has "gotten a man from the Lord," but that the unborn babe is another proof of her sexual slavery?

Until we have considered conditions of conception, we have not reached the basis of the matter; we have not laid the axe at the root of the tree; we have not considered all the rights of the child that is to be born.

The crime against a child begins when it is conceived in anything less than mutual, holy love. And it is a breaking of the seventh commandment for a woman to enter into the sex relation unless it be to express her wifely love for the man she has chosen to be the husband of her heart and the father of her children.

The general belief of our women—which amounts to almost a religion—that the relation between husband and wife is a necessity on his part and a duty on hers, is the most false, the most pernicious, and the most far-reaching in its power to destroy health and happiness that has ever been conceived by the mind of man. It is an outrage upon her and a libel upon him. As if a man's necessity could be a woman's humiliation! This mistaken sense of duty on her part and necessity on his is the miserable serpent that enters into the Eden of marriage and poisons all things sweet and pure, driving the man and woman from out their garden, in which grew all things pleasant, to wander in the dry deserts of dissatisfaction, disappointment, and disgust. With their minds filled with these false notions, the newly married begin the making of a miniature world handicapped to failure from the start.

I do not mean to say, or even imply, that man alone is to blame for all these false conditions. I would not have the reader regard husbands as all at fault, while wives are blameless. No; they have been ignorant together. They have sinned together. And together they must walk the path of knowledge, and together lead holier lives. Man on his part has been quite as falsely taught as has woman on hers. And I am sure that he will follow where she leads, when she knows her rightful position, and, with sweet womanliness, takes it. The husband is quite as miserable over this state of affairs in married life as is the wife. And together they rise or fall.

To conclude, I know of no words so fitting as those of that queen of women, Frances Willard:

"A great new world looms into sight, like some splendid ship long waited for: the world of heredity and prenatal influence. Poor old humanity, so tugged by failure and weary with disaster, turns to the cradle at last and perceives that it has

been the Pandora's box of every ill and the Fortunatus, casket of every joy that life has known. When the mother learns the divine secret of her power; when she selects in the partner of her life the father of her child, and for its sake rejects him of unclean lips; . . . when man seeks life's highest sanctities in the relationship of husband and father; . . . then shall the blessed prophecy of the world's peace come true. The conquered lion of lust shall lie down at the feet of the white lamb of purity, and a little child shall lead them. . . . The greatest right of which we can conceive is being slowly, surely recognized—the right of a child to be well born.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff, Morrisville, Pa.:—I find that in *Lucifer* of Nov. 4, second page, at the end of "Notes and Queries," I mentioned Slavs as brachycephalic people, which is a mistake as the Slavonic race are descendants of the union of broad-head and long-headed races.

Edw. Hayes, New York:—I will take a copy of your book when you get it out. I would change the name but the principal thing is to stick to the main issue—the sex question. Men and women may say they are not, but everyone is interested, in the very nature of things.

N. H. Nye, Pender, Neb.:—I wish to endorse all that H. B. Monroe says in No. 785 in regard to changing the name of *Lucifer*. I never destroy a reform paper and I know that nine times out of ten the name makes a bad impression when received for the first time by the uninformed and I quit distributing *Lucifer* on that account.

A married woman writes—You may remember me, as I have written to you before, I want to again express my gratitude to your good father and yourself for your unselfish service to the greatest cause of the centuries. Inclosed you will find a list of names for *Lucifer*. These are given in strictest confidence, they are people who should read *Lucifer*. For \$1.00 inclosed please send me one copy of "Bar Sinister" and use the remaining 75cts for postage for sample copies.

Henry R. Thayer, Savannah, Ga.:—I am not holding up my end in supporting *Lucifer*, and am sorry to have to acknowledge it. Can only make the good resolution to try and do better in the future. *Lucifer's* work is my work. Many of its readers feel as I do, a kind of partnership in it, but I have been too willing to let others do the work, and furnish the funds, too. I hereby pledge myself to do my portion towards helping you take another trip south. You need it. We all need that you should do it.

J. W. Van Deventer, Sterling, Colo.:—Enclosed find a dollar to apply on subscription to *Lucifer*. Keep it coming. I could not do business without it. Regarding the proposed change of name I know not what to say. I should personally prefer *The Light Bearer*. As to its present form, I think it would improve it to change it to a magazine form. Regarding the publication of your father's life I think two or three editions of say 2,000 each ought to be sold in a year after its publication. I regard your paper as a true light bearer to American womanhood. We do not differ regarding the evils you are trying to crush, but only in the remedy.

B. F. Hyland, Corvallis, Ore.:—I want one of your books and here is the money. Now let two or three thousand more hand in a dollar apiece and if we never get the book we should never think of the dollar for sorrow for the man that was willing but not able to write. No man can live on faith until he produces a publication; therefore friends send on the dollars. I inclose \$2.60 for books. It astonishes me when I think of the changes of a part of one lifetime. For instance, sixty-five years



ago last spring, I played with little Indians on Lake Street (Chicago); no white boys in sight. Thirteen years later, the Indians were all gone, and I was herding cattle on the very spot where you live and for as far as you can possibly see from the highest eminence attainable. Let the good work go on.

Harry W. Boland, Philadelphia, Pa.:—The life of the editor of *Lucifer* should by all means be printed and published. The life of every man is unique. His life is especially unique and could not fail to be interesting and instructive. I believe that there has never been the real life of any real man. The man who can and will tell the entire truth regarding himself will have performed the greatest literary feat of the age. How interesting it is to read a biography and how much more interesting it is to read an autobiography. What a fascination there is in the blending of the individual and the universal. I have before me the autobiography of Whitman. Here is the first sentence: "If I do it at all I must delay no longer." When we have seen one laid in his grave who has occupied a prominent position in a circle, large or small, it is like contemplating a finished work of art. We see the soul like a beautiful painting. We get the impression which the artist has intended to convey; we note that shadows as well as lights have been needed to give the effect. Would we not listen with rapt attention if the artist were to review his work, telling us how a heart-throb has been in each touch of the brush? By all means let it be written, as near a real life as can be. It should be printed in such way as experience has taught would yield the best result. I think I could use at least five copies.

Harriet C. Garner, Chicago, Ill.:—The name *Lucifer* has always pleased me for I felt people need a shock sometimes before their attention can be obtained. However, it may be better to change the name. More Light to me would be better than Light Bearer, although a true light bearer is willing to bear all the light he can get. However much we know, there is always room for more light. Now we only have a little glimmer.

I was amused at what Henry E. Allen gave as a definition of a "true liberal," viz.: "One who is willing that every person shall enjoy the same rights he demands for himself under similar circumstances." I do not see the use of the clause "under similar circumstances." It seemed like setting limits to real liberty. A man must have "similar circumstances" before he could enjoy the "willing" of some one who thinks he knows it all.

In No. 784 "Woman and the Cook Stove," and the cry "who will free the slave of the cook stove?" is perhaps the cry of millions who are just beginning to realize something is wrong. I would say, "Woman free thyself." It is unnecessary that either man or woman be a slave to the cook stove. It is ignorance of the true laws of life pertaining to food substances, and how to "eat to live," instead of living to eat. When I see a woman standing over the red hot stove for hours preparing food, basting a dead carcass, spoiling delicious fruits by putting it between greasy crusts, with dyspepsia the inevitable result of such slavery to the appetite, I feel like turning away and saying: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone. But the cry has gone forth and I hope woman will awake to the truth of this important subject. We have a great many kinds of slavery in this world, and it will take a long time to find out the whole brood, so reformers have a work before them. We want more light on all subjects.

## RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN THE SEXUAL RELATIONS,

By Kari Heinzen. A new edition together with the startling letters of Louise Mayen on Men and Women. And a report of the Convention of German women at Frankfurt. A book of 200 pages, handsomely printed on good paper. It is more than twice the size of the original edition of "Rights of Women" alone and yet is sold at a lower price. Heinzen's great book is destined to become a classic and is sure to open the eyes of those who think women have their rights already. Its price is so low that every reader of this advertisement can afford to buy it, and no better book can be found to interest those who heretofore have given little or no thought to the necessity for the emancipation of women from ownership by men. Price paper bound, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

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## Books for the Holidays.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 47.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DEC. 2, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 790.

### My Brother's Keeper.

I called him faint of heart, in spirit poor.  
I said: "O brother for all such as thee  
The world is full of snares and subtlety!  
How little art thou fitted to endure  
The ill thy weakness brings! Let my strength be  
Thy constant shield! My vision swift and sure  
Shall pierce the darkest depths of every lure  
About our paths. I'd lead thee; lean on me!"  
But when with subtlest art temptation wove  
Round our unwary souls her fairest spell;  
When lust of power and wealth, and love as well,  
Their keenest shaft against dear life drove—  
When in her cause I and my brother strove—  
Behold! he conquered grandly—but I fell!

—Susan M. Spalding.

### Notes and Queries.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

If the southern whites desire to segregate themselves into a caste, free political institutions must allow them the right in respect to everything except political matters. When it comes to the administration of justice, the jury must be selected out of all the residents within the limits of the territorial unit; and this disposes of whatever dangerous element there may be in segregation. The white people of the south are to be commended for their desire to erect natural barriers between themselves and the inferior race; but when they go so far as to commit aggression upon the non-invasive, they lose the sympathy of all who object to governmental barriers between classes.

The freedom of woman without knowledge would promise little for the advancement of the race; but who says that woman has no knowledge? With freedom she will born better babies at once; she will add to her knowledge and each generation will see still better babies. It is folly to say that freedom alone would not produce better offspring, for "freedom alone" means that all other things will be added unto you in time. People that are always asking some gift in addition to freedom have a wrong understanding of it and are full of fear that liberty would lead to cut-throat competition.

All are ready to say a good word for high ideals, but many are prone to overlook the harm that may come from entertaining lower purposes. The woman who supports herself and children from her earnings in some general business occupation is guilty of lending sanction to a false ideal unless she does so under protest; for it is expedient that society accord to women and children the right to a part of the product of the labor of the men. When women allow it to appear that they are willing to forego this contribution from the men, they commit the same offense as does one who gives in charity.

Work in its best aspect is the greatest means of education. Work of this high nature is valuable for use, but seldom

possesses economic value. The term labor may be distinctively applied to those human activities that command economic reward. An excess of labor may be called drudgery. In ideal society women in common with men will be relieved of drudgery at one extreme and at the other will have opportunity to enter into the world's intellectual and moral work. But woman's relation to labor as defined above is ideally different from that of man's; for what is home without a woman? Women are in great demand as home-makers; their children demand them, their aged parents demand them, the men demand them. Women cannot afford to specialize their labor and exchange with others in the industrial world for the reason that home-keeping must ever offer far greater rewards. And, really, home duties in developed society will allow woman better opportunity to engage in the world's high moral and intellectual endeavor than would be afforded her while occupying a mere business position.

Does love between the sexes admit of degrees? Let free-thinkers examine themselves. Does each person regard a certain one of the opposite sex as his or her first preference, another as second choice, another as third, and so on down until he comes to those he hates? The question deserves careful consideration as much depends upon the answer.

Morrisville, Pa., Nov. 21, 1899.

### The Tropics and Freedom.

BY ARTHUR WASTALL.

I have been debarred for a considerable time the pleasure the perusal of *Lucifer* invariably affords me, and am only lately in receipt of the current year's back numbers. I am glad to note that while the editor was recently health-seeking in the south, he had in mind the desirability of establishing some sort of home or colony in which the readers of this journal, and sympathizers with its aims, might in divers degree co-operate; and that he consequently looked at the Gulf States through this pair of spectacles. Furthermore, lower Mississippi was mentioned as affording probably the likeliest site for such a project.

Now, since the importance of starting well has been so clearly and wisely recognized, it occurs to me that the brilliant originator of a somewhat analogous ideal might with profit be heard from as to that portion of the globe which would seem to offer the most advantages in regard to location. I refer to Dr. Theodor Hertaka, who made no little stir in Europe some eight or ten years back by the writing of "Freeland, a Social Anticipation." The book has not, I believe, been much read in America; and the fact that the attempt made to carry out its doctrines proved abortive, should not be allowed to detract from the soundness of all the views, at any rate, upon which they are based. The preliminary expedition, it will be remembered, owing entirely to incompetent leadership, never reached its destination.

\* The proposed site of "Freeland" was the Kikuyu plateau, a rich tableland 300 miles from the East African coast, freshened by the winds from the snow-

be the condition of mankind under such a regime? the following passage occurs:

"The original home of our race was evidently the hottest part of the earth; under the tropics, in our struggles with the world of animals, we gained our first victories, and developed ourselves into warlike cannibals; but against the forces of nature, which reign supreme in that hot zone, we in our childhood could do nothing. Production, and afterwards slavery could be carried on only outside of the tropics. On the other hand, it is quite as certain that man could not remove himself very far from the tropics so long as the productivity of his labor was comparatively small, and he could not compel nature to furnish him with much more than she offered voluntarily. It is no mere accident that civilization began and first flourished exclusively in that zone which is equally removed from the equator and the polar circle. In that temperate zone were found united all the conditions which protected the still infantile art of production from being crushed on the one hand or stunted on the other by the overwhelming power or parsimony of nature. But this mean temperature, still favorable to the second phase of evolution, proved itself altogether unfavorable to the last step towards perfect control over nature. As human labor met with a generous reward, there was nothing to stimulate man's inventiveness to compel nature to serve man by her own, instead of by human, forces. This could happen only when the civilization, which had acquired strength in the temperate zone, was transplanted into less friendly and colder regions, where human labor alone could no longer win from reluctant nature wealth enough to satisfy the claims of the ruling classes. Then first did necessity teach men how to employ the elemental forces in increasing the productivity of human labor; the moderately cold zone is the birthplace of man's dominion over nature.

"But when the third phase of evolution has found its close economic justice, there will be, apparently, yet another change of scene. It might be said, if we cared to look for analogies, that this change of scene will be of a double character, corresponding to the double character of the change in institutions. The perfected control over nature will be seen in the fact that the whole earth subjugated to man, has become man's own property; on the other hand, peace and freedom which in themselves represent nothing new to mankind, but are, as it were, merely the return to the primitive relation of man to man—will find their analogies in the return to the primitive home of our race, the tropical world. That vigorous nature, which had formerly to be left lest civilization should be killed in the very germ, can no longer be a hindrance, can only be a help to civilization now that man, awaked to freedom, has attained full control over those forces which can be made serviceable to him. It will probably be several centuries before the civilized nations, whose northern wanderings and experiences have made them strangers in their birthplace, have afresh thoroughly acclimatized themselves here. In the meantime the charming highlands which nature has placed—one might almost believe, in anticipation of our attempt—directly under the equator, offer the wanderers the desired dwelling places, and, at any rate, the agriculture of the now commencing epoch of civilization will have its headquarters here. Slowly but surely will man, who may henceforth freely choose his dwelling place wherever productivity and the charms of nature attract him, press towards the south, where merely to breathe and to behold is a delight beyond anything of the kind which the north has to offer. The notion that the torrid zone engenders stagnation of mind and body is a foolish fancy. There have been and there are strong and weak, vigorous and vigorous people in the north as well as in the south; and that civilization has celebrated its highest triumphs under ice and snow is

— capped Kenia range, the highest peak of which covers an area of many hundred square miles and rises to a height of nearly 20,000 feet. I am about to visit this magnificent glacier-world, which the Uganda Railway now tops, and shall be pleased to give information about the district to those who care to write for it. A. W.

not due to anything in chilly temperatures essentially and permanently conducive to progress, but simply to the temporary requirements of the transition from the second to the third epoch of civilization. In the future the centers of civilization will have to be sought in proximity to the equator; while those countries which, during the last centuries—a short span of time—have held up the banner of human progress will gradually lose their relative importance."

If the United States could boast an entirely frost-free region, I am aware of considerations which might make the balance of advantages dip in its favor, but such is not the case, and there fore it is scarcely the part of wisdom to locate where such enormous risks to horticulturists and planters generally are imminent. Then, the most barbarous lynching customs obtained in the southern states, and since the Mormons fall victims, how shall the advocates of free love escape? This, with the Comstock laws, would constitute a constant source of annoyance, and perhaps prove a serious obstacle to success. Climatic consideration apart, it would thus seem evident that freedom-seekers must now turn away rather than towards the United States as heretofore; and I submit that Mexico or British Guiana, to say naught of the fascinating African continent—which is perhaps too far off for you—offer far superior opportunities, as well from the viewpoint of non-interference as climatically.

Let it not be mistakenly argued that the ease with which one's material needs are met in the tropics will tend to paralyze effort and interfere with the stimulus to progress, for man has also intellectual needs and the less imperative the former the more powerfully should the latter make themselves felt. At any rate, I have yet to learn that the hunger of the intellect, which is unappeasable, is a less effective stimulus to effort than material hunger, which, as before said, in man's natural home is so readily provided for. Depend upon it, the "great orphan" (humanity) will ever stand in need of its Light Bearers to pierce the clouds of its mental darkness and herald the dawn of a brighter day.

### A Philosophical Parting.

BY THOMAS LEES.

I recently cut an item out of "Plain Dealer," thinking it would illustrate one phase of the marriage question. It was in reference to the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey. He was a boxer—policeman, and manager Turkish bath establishment. On the day of their separation he took a reporter to his home, introduced him to Mrs. Ramsey, and said:

"I just brought you round here to witness our parting, we've lived together as man and wife for fifteen years and got along much better than the average married folks. We find now we can't agree on many points—so we have agreed to part—there is no divorce business about this, we are just sawing off and parting good friends, ain't we my dear?"

"That's it," said Mrs. Ramsey, "he is going his way and I am going mine."

Just here the carriage arrived for her trunks. They wished each other good-bye, and off she went, saying:

"Come and see me sometimes, dear."

"I will," said he, and gone she was with a "loving smile."

Turning to the reporter Mr. Ramsey said, "There goes the finest woman in Ohio, and one of the very best women I ever met, if I'm any judge and I think I am."

"There," said he to the reporter, "Ain't that better than finishing up in a divorce court? You see, pard, we couldn't just agree sometimes, so we just sawed off, and that's all there is to it. Tell your readers, that Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey have separated and parted good friends" here a tear glistened in his eye, "that's all—just sawed off you know. Good bye."

It seems to me Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey showed themselves good philosophers. This common sense separation may prove a good object lesson, to inharmonious wives and husbands of this city, and others who hear of it.



# "Lucifer or Light-Bearer—Which?"

For some weeks past our pages have been the forum, the arena, upon which, or in which the question of name has been pretty freely discussed. The first, the longest and most elaborate article on the subject was written by H. B. Monroe, and was printed in number 785. Believing that this discussion would do no harm and might be productive of much good, I have encouraged it, partly by my own silence, and partly by a few words of approval.

And now, having, freely granted to others—especially to those who favor a change of cognomen—the right and privilege of saying their say in their own way, I presume there will be no protest if I should take my turn and occupy at least an equal share of space in giving my views upon this mooted question.

It has perhaps been noticed that most of those who have given voice to their thought have favored a change. Whether those opposing a change have refrained from speaking because they inferred by my silence or from the few editorial remarks, that the editor would himself prefer a change, I know not, but I think it probable that such is the case. More than one of those who have written against change have asked that their letters be not published.

Desiring above all things to be judicially fair and just to all I have tried, for the time, to put myself in the place of the various writers, and to consider that each is governed by no other motive than a sincere desire to help onward the work to which our paper has been mainly devoted ever since its first appearance in the journalistic field.

First, then, let me say: The name *Lucifer* is a scientific term, while the name *Light-Bearer* is not. The latter is simply a translation of a scientific term into the common vernacular.

2. By common consent of those who devote their lives to scientific pursuits, all, or nearly all scientific terms are drawn from the Latin language—or from the Greek, which is the mother of Latin. It is scarcely correct, then, to call the Latin a "dead" language, since without it the *live* sciences of to day would be without a nomenclature in which to clothe themselves.

3. To be consistent, those who object to *Lucifer* because it is a Latin term, should discard also nearly all the scientific terms in common use. The word *science* itself—*scientia*, with a very little change in spelling—is a purely Latin word. The same of the words philosophy, astronomy, religion, morality, socialism, rationalism, reason, nature, nation and thousands more that we would find it very hard to get along without. To my thinking it would be simple truth to say that Latin is the *body* of the English language, while Saxon, Celtic etc. are its *limbs*. Why then object to Latin, or call it a foreign or a dead language?

4. The objection that "*Lucifer* the *Light-Bearer*" is *tautological*, is a valid objection; and it has often occurred to me that it was about time to drop the vernacular definition, retaining only the scientific cognomen. The definition was tacked on at first only as a concession to popular ignorance. But after so many years of definition and explanation, is it not time to let the scientific cognomen stand alone? stand erect in conscious strength, without support from the vernacular, the unscientific synonym?

5. Science is "star-eyed." The light emanating from its radiant orbs pierces the mists and fogs of superstition and ignorance, in the moral, the psychic, as well as in the physical universe. Science pays no attention to passion or prejudice except to annihilate them by its cold and colorless rays.

6. Modern science is heir to all the treasures of the past, whether of terminology or of anything else, and science would simply stultify itself; it would deny its high and honorable pedigree; it would renounce its character and mission if it should now refuse or neglect to use any word, any name, simply because our ignorant and brutish ancestors had made an unwise, an unworthy use of such word or name.

7. Modern science takes all the facts, all the fancies, all the legends and fables, all the forms and images of the past—analyzes

them, resolves them into their component elements, and like a wise agriculturist, makes use of them all. When the friction match was invented science gave it the name "*Lucifer match*," because it brings light where darkness reigned, just as *Lucifer*—"Star of the Morning," brings, or heralds, the light of day.

8. Science shows that the names devil, demon, etc., convey bad thoughts only to ignorant minds, and it should be noted that these words themselves furnish the theme, the occasion for dispelling such ignorance. Thus: The "*Demon*" that Socrates tells us of was his best friend, warning him of danger ahead. Historical science shows that the word "*devil*" has in all the past been associated, (even in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious) with the idea of superior knowledge. Hence, when any man or woman became wiser than their fellows they were at once accused of being "in league with the devil,"—witness Roger Bacon, Faust, and many other benefactors of their race.

9. Historical science shows that even Eusebius, the Popes of Rome, John Milton and other ignorant bigoted, fear-dominated or fancy-crazed theologues, have not really tarnished or sullied the grand old name *Lucifer*. It shows that in adopting from astronomy the name *Lucifer*, as the cognomen of their chief hero,—the leader of revolt in heaven,—they gave him the honor of being the first reformer, the first revolutionist or rebel against the slavery of despotic authority, and that without the example and teaching of their "prince of devils" mankind might never have known "good and evil," might never have had the blessings of liberty, of progress, of civilization and enlightenment.

10. *Lucifer*, then, whether associated with a "demoniacal" history, or whether representing a purely astronomical idea—"Herald of the Dawn"—has always been the synonym of light against darkness; the symbol of the natural and reasonable as against the unnatural and unreasonable; of liberty against slavery; of science against tradition and superstition; of progress as against stagnation or retrogression, and therefore, as it seems to me, no better name than *Lucifer* can be found for a paper that champions liberty for all the inhabitants of earth, and especially liberty in that most important of all human relations, the reproductive, the love relation; a paper that champions the right of all to equal opportunity to use the blessings, the resources of mother earth, and that champions the right of all to equal opportunity to be born with the best endowment possible for bearing the burdens and fighting well the battles incident to this our mortal life.

It seems to me that just here the argument for the defense might rest the case, but there are other considerations that demand our attention.

I do not need to tell my readers that the power of association in ideas is very great. For the space of nearly two decades *Lucifer* has stood as the synonym, the embodiment, of freedom of speech, freedom of press, and for untrammelled intercommunication by means of the public mails, and especially for the freedom of woman to own herself—for the right to choose and to refuse in the domain or realm of creative energy. With these ideas *Lucifer* has become so closely identified, so nearly allied, that *divorce* seems now impossible. No other name, not even the weak dilution,—the second or third *infusion*.—The "*Light-Bearer*," can ever adequately represent to the mind of the reader what *Lucifer* now represents—what *Lucifer* stands sponsor for in the world's great arena of conflicting ideas. The battle for free womanhood and free motherhood without the name *Lucifer* would to my thinking be much like the "play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out!"

Again: I do not need to tell my readers that in every reform movement, every radical or revolutionary movement there are at least three distinct stages.

First, we have the iconoclastic stage; the fearless stage; the logical stage; the uncompromising stage; the stage of unselfish

(Continued on page 372.)

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

We have received a great many more replies to the question of the change of name than we could possibly print. Such evidences of interest in the welfare of the paper are more gratifying to us than we can express. The opinion of the editor will be found in this issue. The first part was written for last week's paper; but it reached us too late. Those who write in regard to his suggestion of a magazine Lucifer will favor us if they will write their opinions on sheets separate from other business. This request is made in order that regular business letters may be filed away and matter in regard to magazine may be forwarded to the editor. I hope that responses will be prompt as possible. The end of the year is swiftly approaching.

James P. Morton, Jr., will deliver an address on "What Liberty Means" at Workingmen's Hall, 368-370, West Twelfth St., on Friday evening, Dec. 1. On Sunday, Dec. 3., at 3 p. m., he will speak on "The Warfare for Religious Liberty" for the Social Science Club, 913 Masonic Temple. Mr. Morton will deliver other lectures during his stay in Chicago. Dates and subjects will be announced later. Mr. Morton is well qualified in every way for the promulgation of radical ideas. His communications for Lucifer, though few in number, have been thoughtful and valuable, and those who have heard him say his public speaking is up to the standard of his writing.

## PROSPECTUS

### Of the Life History of Moses Harman.

- I. Ancestry. Early Life and Struggles to get an Education.
- II. "Travels in Faith." From Methodism to Universalism and thence to Rationalism.
- III. Experiences as a Heretic and Abolitionist in a Slave State—Religion, War and Politics.
- IV. Experiences as Teacher, Preacher and Magistrate—or "Justice of the Peace."
- V. Experiences in Journalism—A Ten Years' Fight in the Courts. Reflections on our Judiciary, State and Federal.
- VI. Prison Experiences. A "Third Term." Letters from and to the Prisoner.
- VII. Reflections on Prison Discipline. "Crimes Against Criminals."
- VIII. The Movement for Freedom of Womanhood and Motherhood, and for the Right of Children to Be Born Well.
- IX. Relation of this Movement to All Other Reform Movements.
- X. Present Outlook for this Movement. "Duty of the Hour."

This book will comprise about four hundred pages; printed on good paper, new and clear type and good binding, with portrait of the author and of his daughter and helper, Lillian Harman. Price one dollar. Life and health permitting, the book will be ready for delivery to subscribers on or before June first, next. Subscriptions solicited, so that we may know how large an edition to issue.

"The Non-Sectarian," printed in No. 788, should have been credited to J. C. Buchanan instead of to Miss Seabury. We have had to make several such corrections, recently, owing to the matter having been sent to us with names other than the author's attached. We hope our friends will be more careful in the future.

## "Lucifer or The Light Bearer—Which?"

(Continued from page 371.)

sacrifice of expediency or of merely personal considerations to the good of the race at large; the stage or era of poverty, of obloquy, of persecution and of ostracism.

Then comes the stage or era of partial success, of compromise; the era when the reformers grow tired of conflict and long for peace—peace at almost any price. The era when success being reasonably certain, the temptation to hasten success by a little concession, a little yielding or bending of principle, become well nigh irresistible; in short, the era of pandering or catering to the conservative elements—the "respectable," the wealthy, the cultured elements of human society.

Then speedily comes the third stage, the era or stage of organization into a creed or sect; the era of respectability, the era of ossification; of atrophy; of conservatism; of reaction; of decay and death as a factor in the world's progressive thought.

Is it possible that the movement for freedom of womanhood and of motherhood has already reached the second of the stages just described? and is the demand for dropping the name Lucifer the first positive indication of that fact? Will not the change from an unpopular but scientific name to one more popular, more respectable, but less scientific, be so regarded? And if not so intended by the promoters of the change, will not such change insensibly have just that effect on the movement?

If a desire to enter the ranks of respectability lies at the bottom of this demand for change of name, and if the demand be yielded to, then we may as well let "Ichabod" be written upon our gates—"The glory of Israel has departed." Speaking for myself alone, I would much rather have the "smell of brimstone" on my garments than the slightest taint of "respectability"—in the common and popular sense of that word. For to me to be respectable is to be "law-abiding." To be law-abiding is to surrender independent manhood and womanhood and be governed by the opinions of others. To be respectable is to suppress one's convictions, one's innermost thoughts, for fear of what "they will say." It is now and always has been respectable for men and women—especially the latter—to prostitute their bodies in loveless marriage, rather than live a free, unconventional life, with no tie but that of love to bind. It is now and always has been respectable to prostitute one's mind or soul—in business, in politics, in religion, as well as in social or sexual life. It is now and always has been respectable to rob and murder, by wholesale, as in wars, and by retail, as in our treatment of the weak or misguided, called criminals, or of those in advance of the time,—providing that the robbery and murder is done according to laws made by the robbers and murderers themselves, or by their equally guilty ancestors.

It is respectable to worship gold; it is respectable to be a millionaire and to live in pomp and splendor upon the earnings of others. It is respectable to be "patriotic" and to be patriotic means to sanction and support government of man by his fellow man, and to deny the right to do as we will so long as we invade not the equal right of others. I therefore repeat and would continue to repeat the question, Has the movement for freedom of womanhood and motherhood reached the stage when it desires alliance with the respectable classes of human society?

Again: The demand for dropping the name Lucifer appears to be largely inspired by fear—fear either because of its probable effect upon the business or social standing of the person making the demand, or fear lest the name will repel others from subscribing or from accepting the teachings of the paper, and thereby injure the work to which it is devoted.

To this I would briefly reply by asking: Is fear a commendable motive or rule for human action, or non-action? The motto of the old world champions of "chivalry" was *sans peur et sans reproche*—"without fear and without reproach." Could a better motto than that be selected for the champions of the newer and better chivalry,—the real chivalry of which the old was only a prophecy, only a caricature?

"Hew to the line, let the chips fly where they will," is another good motto. The true reformer "is willing to sink."



not only half but all of his reputation,—his respectable standing—for the "freedom to think, and to speak" his innermost thoughts: "not caring what vengeance the mob has in store," whether that mob comes armed with clubs, with tar, feathers or fagots, or whether it comes armed with a sheriff's warrant or with court decisions and learned legal precedents.

Again: While a larger audience, or a wider hearing, is very desirable, a large paid-up subscription list for our paper is not the most important of considerations. A large army is often an element of weakness rather than of strength. The story of Gideon with his handful of men putting to flight the hosts of Midian, and the story of Leonidas, with his immortal three hundred, holding at bay for a whole day one of the largest armies ever seen on this planet—whether real history or simply "sun-god" myths, does not matter—these stories convey a lesson of deep significance to all who would change the currents of the world's thought.

Once more: I have avoided making my remarks personal, and prefer not to do so now, but inasmuch as Brother Monroe seems to lead the movement for dropping the name Lucifer, I will briefly allude to a few only of his points. In his first paragraph he says, "the time seems ripe for a more aggressive, more concerted and broader campaign in the interest of the new humanity." I fully agree with our good brother in this and because of this agreement I oppose dropping the name Lucifer. The change suggested by him, would to my thinking indicate that our campaign in the future is to be less aggressive than in the past, whereas dropping the definition Light-Bearer would indicate that we are to be more aggressive and less compromising. As to "broader," I would ask, what can possibly be broader or more comprehensive in significance than "Star of the Morning"—the Herald that ushers in the new day—the era of enlightenment—of real civilization, with all its imagined and unimagined possibilities? Compared with this emblem, the term Light-Bearer is narrow, is indefinite, is tame and uninspiring.

As to being "ruled by the tomb," and calling Lucifer a "galvanized corpse with the grave clothes of a long buried goddess upon it," the image thus conjured up is fantastical and wholly untrue—as I read history and mythology. Lucifer never was a fabled goddess, but was and is a live and real truth, as live and real now as in the days of the earliest astronomers who applied this name to the Morning Star. To associate Lucifer with Venus, a fanciful creation of a much later date in the world's history, is decidedly unscientific, as I view the matter.

As to the name Lucifer being "misunderstood by the uneducated"—the class we wish to reach—I reply first, there is no better text than Lucifer itself, no better way to educate the uneducated, than to show them how they have been deceived in regard to this word, by their theologic teachers. Show them that they have been the simple dupes of designing leaders, or that they have been blind and led by the blind.

As to the best way of reaching the uneducated masses, there is much honest difference of opinion. As some one has said, the masses do not think for themselves. They simply cannot think, logically and clearly. They must depend mainly on others to do their thinking for them. They can feel, but cannot reason. The best way then, is to reach them by the force of example. To do this we must appeal to those who are already out of the clutches of superstition sufficiently to think for themselves on the questions that Lucifer treats of. That is, we must make our main efforts with the educated, and partly emancipated, rather than with the uneducated masses.

In conclusion for this week, I wish to say that I thank all who have taken interest enough in Lucifer and its work to write to us in regard to the change of name, and hope they will not be discouraged by the great length of this article, but give it a careful and candid reading. Next week I hope to have something more to say on the same subject—in the way of a proposition, which, while not a compromise, as that word is commonly understood,—will, I hope, be satisfactory to all who have thought or spoken on this question of change of name.

MOSES HARMAN

## An Evolution—a Differentiation, an Adaptation Proposed

By way of recapitulation and for the information of those who have not seen what has been said on the name question in recent issues, I would say.

1. To me it seems much better to retain the scientific name, Lucifer, as the cognomen for our paper, and drop the vernacular term, Light Bearer, if either must be dropped.

2. To my mind, Lucifer stands—as no other word ever stood—for the "colorless light of truth," as against the murky light of creeds, of myths and of superstitions—our heritage from the ignorant and barbarous past. To me Lucifer stands, as no other word ever stood, as the personification of Freedom or Liberty; as the synonym, the embodiment, of Dauntless Courage; of high and noble daring; of unflinching or unswerving candor, the personification of love of truth for truth's sake, the synonym of naturalness and of progressive development or of evolutionary progress.

3. To my thinking, those who object to Lucifer do so because of ignorance, fear or prejudice, or because of all three of these. Not claiming to be free from these impediments to progress myself, I would respectfully ask all objectors to examine with me a book to be found in most public libraries, and even in some private collections, a book called "Webster's Dictionary of the English Language," Revision of 1864, Unabridged. This work is regarded as standard authority by many good and learned people, both radical and conservative, especially by the latter. Whatever objection can be raised against it, no one has ever accused Webster's Dictionary of favoring freethought, anarchism, socialism, sex-reform or any other modern heresy.

On page 792 of the aforesaid revision of Webster's Unabridged, speaking of a certain passage in Isaiah—xiv. 12,—the only verse in the Jewish and Christian scriptures in which the word Lucifer occurs, Commentator Henderson is thus quoted:

"The application of this passage to Satan and the fall of the apostate angels, is one of those gross perversions of sacred writ which so extensively obtain, and which are to be traced to a proneness to seek for more in a given passage than it really contains—a disposition to be influenced by sound rather than sense, and an implicit faith in received interpretations."

This stinging rebuke of ignorance and bigotry, as already intimated, was administered not by a radical or heretic of any sort, but by a well known Christian author, else it would never have found a place in the dictionary compiled by such eminent Christian scholars as Noah Webster, Rev. Chauncy Goodrich, Rev. Fiske Brewer, Rev. Charles Wheeler, Prof. Noah Porter and many other learned Christian professors including one priest of the order of Jesus—a Jesuit.

Again, on page 1573 of this eminently respectable and conservative authority, is found the following quotation from Commentator Yonge:

"Lucifer is, in fact, no profane or satanic title. It is the Latin *Luciferus*, the light-bringer, the morning star, equivalent to the Greek *phosphorus*, and was a Christian name in early times, borne even by one of the popes. It only acquired its present association from the apostrophe to the ruined king of Babylon, in Isaiah as a fallen star: 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.' Thence as this destruction was assuredly [or thought to be] a type of the fall of Satan, Milton took Lucifer as the title of his demon of pride, and this name of the pure, pale herald of daylight has become hateful to Christian ears."

It has often been remarked by scholars that the chief hero of "Paradise Lost" is one of the grandest of all the characters or conceptions in literature, ancient or modern; that there is nothing mean; nothing low, base or narrow; nothing malicious; nothing unworthy the highest and purest ambition, in this wonderful creation of poetic fancy. It is simply and purely a personification of noble and lofty ambition; of self-respecting independence. A personification of love of liberty, love of knowledge

and love of justice. Webster says: "Wierus makes him [Lucifer] the highest officer of justice in the infernal court or empire."

When we remember what kind of justice is dispensed by the so-called celestial "court or empire," when we recall that this court punishes the innocent for the alleged sins of others, and that countless millions of people are doomed by that court to eternal torment simply for an honest difference of opinion, or for failure to believe an absurd, an impossible dogma, we naturally infer that the court of justice in an empire the exact opposite of "celestial," would dispense justice upon a rational or common sense basis. And such seems to have been the poetic conception of that court, and of its highest officer, Lucifer.

When Christian authorities so thoroughly show up the absurdity of the prejudice against the name and character of Lucifer, is it not time for Free thinkers, Rationalists, Libertarians, Spiritualists, etc., to cease their opposition to the name given by ancient astronomers to the star apostrophized by them as the "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning"?

Can any mental concept, any image drawn from nature, from history, or from fable, be more beautiful, more inspiring, more full of hope and of promise than this?

And can there be a more fitting emblem, synonym or cognomen for a reform journal than this?

These are some of the causes, the reasons, that sixteen years ago, induced Mr. Edwin C. Walker—then my very efficient partner in business, now a reform writer and publisher of New York City—and myself to change the name of our paper from the inexpressive and very commonplace "Kansas Liberal" to "Lucifer the Light Bearer." And now, with the record of these sixteen years of storm and sunshine behind us—years of mortal conflict with the forces of reaction behind us, and with the possibilities of the slowly dawning Fourth Century of the Brunonian Era before us—with the "Era of Man," the "Era of Science," upon us,—shall we now so far deny our record as to sink the unique, the characteristic, the only really scientific name our paper has ever borne? sink the name that has been so thoroughly identified with our work in all these years of conflict? sink the name that has meant so much to thousands who have bravely and unselfishly helped us, all these years to hold aloft this noble, this eminently characteristic, this grandly beautiful, this purely scientific, this poetically inspiring battle flag? And shall we retain in its place only the unscientific, the commonplace, the unhistoric, the unpoetic, the vernacular *Light Bearer*?

Would not such change be accepted—even by ourselves, to say nothing of the unsympathetic or hostile on-lookers—as a sign of conscious weakening? a sign of a desire for compromise if not a token of incipient surrender? With some of the readers of Lucifer—friends as well as foes, would not such change be accepted as a sign of imbecility, of senility, or of near approaching dotage, on the part of the senior editor and publisher? Would it not be hailed by the opposition as a sure omen of coming defeat, of coming decay and disintegration of the movement for Freedom of Womanhood and Motherhood?

And now, good friends all!—having at considerable length, and at the expense of some repetitions, made clear, as I hope, my reasons for wishing to retain the name Lucifer, I ask the careful attention of my readers while I briefly unfold a plan by which it is sincerely hoped all can be suited, in the matter of name.

First, let me say that the proposed plan is not a compromise, as that word is commonly understood. Compromises are usually born of weakness or of cowardice. My plan is an evolution—an adaptation, a differentiation, taking the hint from Mother Nature herself. Thus:

Modern science—physiologic science, shows us that man, the *homo*, was once a bisexual animal; that is, having two genders in one body. This is justly regarded as an inferior condition, a provisional grade or step, in biologic development or evolution. In course of time the upward struggle toward perfection of

faculty and function made it necessary that each gender should have a separate body of its own. One of these is called the feminine, the other the masculine,—each with its distinguishing traits or characteristics; the masculine being naturally the more aggressive, the physically stronger, the more courageous, more destructive, more positive, more imperious, more severely logical and uncompromising, more materialistic and earthy.

The other, the feminine, is the more passive, more receptive, more conciliatory, more conservative or conventional, more submissive and yielding, more constructive, more intuitional, more emotional and inspirational, more spiritual and heavenly or angelic.

Hitherto in its development Lucifer The Light-Bearer has been bisexual, trying to combine all the foregoing traits or characteristics in one body. Is it not time to differentiate? to adapt itself to the demands of evolutionary progress and take to itself two bodies instead of one?

Here, then, as I think, is the solution of the difficulty in regard to name. While the human animal tried to be both masculine and feminine in one body it labored under many disadvantages, and was not a pronounced success, either as woman or man. Now with two bodies instead of one, incarnating different characters, each supplementing the other, division of labor makes success much more easy, and now human progress proceeds more rapidly, proceeds by leaps and bounds,—or at least it would do so if we would only make wise use of the lessons of experience.

So likewise, with Lucifer The Light Bearer. While trying to be both iconoclastic and constructive; both logical and intuitional or metaphysical; both aggressive and conciliatory, it has labored under many difficulties that would be largely removed if we had followed nature's teaching and adopted the unisexual form. I therefore respectfully recommend that from and after January next Lucifer and the Light Bearer take each a body to itself—each supplementing what the other lacks, each working harmoniously with the other, and both forming a perfect vehicle or agency for propaganda work along the lines of the greatest reform the world of progressive thought and action has ever known.

To this end I suggest that The Light Bearer appear weekly, as now—same size, form and price. It is large enough for a paper of short articles—easily understood by all, even the uncultured and unscientific. It is not too large to be enclosed with a short letter in a common envelope for a two cent stamp; hence very suitable for propaganda work with the uninitiated.

For longer and more elaborated articles, for learnedly scientific, and for fearlessly logical discussions, and for continued stories illustrating our principles, we need a *monthly magazine*; a magazine suitable for binding and for preservation in the library; suitable also for sale on the news stands and by the news boys on the railways.

In its evolved form, as a monthly magazine, let Lucifer—whole number seven hundred and ninety-four, say, or about the middle of January next, appear with a well assorted list of short and long articles—an illustrated title page and with attractive "table of contents." Let the number of pages at first be sixty-four, or perhaps forty-eight only, of reading matter, with sixteen pages of advertisements. Then let the number of reading pages be gradually increased to one hundred or more, as paying advertisements may justify—the price being kept at one dollar per year, or ten cents per number.

For the first issue we have a number of good articles waiting—articles too long and too elaborate to be suitable for the small weekly Light-Bearer.

What say our readers to this plan? Is it possible? Is it practicable? Is it desirable?

I am quite aware that objections may be raised. I will not anticipate these by offering answers in advance, but invite a full and free expression of opinion from all who feel a deep and abiding interest in our work. As the time is short—if the plan



is to be practicalized so early as next January I hope to have answers—short and to the point, soon. Hopefully always,  
Moses Harman.

Thayer, Miss., Nov. 25, '99.

### What is Your Reply?

If your subscription is not paid in advance you will confer a great favor on us by letting us know whether you want us to continue sending *Lucifer* to you during the ensuing year. We are willing to await the convenience of those who cannot renew promptly. Furthermore, we send free to those who want the paper and are actually too poor to pay for it. In which class do you belong—

1. Those who want *Lucifer* and will pay at some future time?
2. Those who want *Lucifer* but cannot pay at all?
3. Those who do not want *Lucifer* and who have no intention of ever paying?

If you belong in either of the first two named classes, is it too much to ask you to send us a card stating the fact? If in the third will you not inform us either by card or through your postmaster, that you no longer want the paper?

It is more than ever important that we know how to classify our subscribers, as we are transferring our lists to new books and the task is a heavy one. We do not wish to waste time and space in transferring the names of those who do not want *Lucifer*. Neither do we desire to drop the name of even one person to whom the weekly visits of *Lucifer* are welcome—Shall we hear from you?

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Annie E. K. Parkhurst, 173 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.:—I am receiving so many letters of kindly inquiry about Mr. Parkhurst since my letter appeared in last *Lucifer*, that I feel warranted in asking you to state in next issue that he is improving, and the indications are that he will regain his usual health in due time.

C. C. Fairchild, Stockton, Cal.:—I am heartily in accord with your desire to write your autobiography. I will subscribe for the same; paying fifty cents in advance. Find enclosed an additional dollar for which send me "A Cityless and Countryless World," by Henry Olerich. I hope the friends of *Lucifer* will subscribe freely to your proposed new book.

Mattie Day, Phila., Pa.:—Please send two copies of "Our New Humanity" in which is contained "Motherhood in Freedom." Will do all we can for *Lucifer*, and shall send subscription for autobiography shortly. As I grow older and more mature the importance of our work dawns on me more clearly, and it seems to me that the education of womanhood will settle most other vexed questions.

J. O'R., New York:—Please do not send any more sample copies or literature to Herbert O'R., New York. He is my son. As he is only two years old the contents of *Lucifer* are rather too strong for him just at present. Later on he may be able to decide for himself.

[We receive large lists of addresses to which we send sample copies. It is manifestly impracticable for us to write to each person whose name appears on the lists, asking permission to forward a copy of *Lucifer*. The writer of the foregoing letter is a subscriber; but occasionally we receive letters from people who are not only not subscribers but who strongly object to receiving even a sample copy. But such people may easily throw the paper away, or burn it, or return it to the postman.]

Martin Nordvedt, Laurium, Mich.:—Inclosed find twenty-five cents for which send me "Our Worship of Primitive Societies," by E. C. Walker, and "What is Religion?" by R. G. Quessens. I am very glad to learn that the editor has gone

south again and hope that he will find the health and rest he so well deserves. I am also glad to learn that he intends to write his autobiography and I will take one copy for myself. I will pay for the book in advance but am unable to do so until the "holidays are over." I cannot promise to get any new subscriber for next year, but will do this. If there is any one person who likes to read *Lucifer* and has not the means to pay for it, I will pay that person's subscription for a year.

Sada Bailey Fowler, Torresdale, Pa.:—I am delighted with the responses in regard to *The Life of Moses Harman*, he is the Wm. Lloyd Garrison of universal anti-slavery. And now, kind friends, allow me to give a word of cheer in regard to another forthcoming book so long delayed. The manuscript of a work which answers the questions promised in "Freedom Found" is now near completion. It becomes my duty to say that for private reasons, which may sometime be explained, reasons beyond my control, make it impossible to publish the sequel to *Irene* although it was written long ago and I hope one day will see the light. My indulgent friends who so long have inquired and waited, now welcome for a time at least, "One" in its stead. Yes, that simple word of three letters is the appropriate name of my new book and in its solution of the love and sex problem as well as all the social and industrial problems you will find the answers promised in the sequel to *Irene*. Those of you who receive the descriptive circular, will I am sure respond as soon as possible, as I must obtain five hundred subscribers to insure its publication. Our good Light Bearer shall receive commission for all obtained through its shining beams. Many of you in this way can send your Christmas and New Years gifts thus aiding *Lucifer* and Truth's cause, and cheering the heart of one who through severe toil and stern difficulties has, at last, the blest assurance of spiritual and financial success.

## WOMEN and ECONOMICS,

A Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women.  
By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Here are a few of the pageheadings of this remarkable work: "Economic environment; The dependence of women; No inherent disability of sex; Marriage not a partnership; House service as a livelihood; Motherhood and economic production; Modification to maternity; The usefulness of sex; Differentiation of sex; Sex and humanity; The peacock's tail; Sex distinctions; The eternal feminine; unreasoning devotion; Women as persons; Race-attributes and sex-attribute; The normal child; Personal profit and sex-relations; The influence of heredity; The young man and the young woman; The effect of custom; The sex relation personal; Innocence and ignorance; Marriage with independence; The increasing difficulty of marriage; Supporting one's family; Virtue and vice; The results of repression; The harm that women do; The development of love; The hope for the future; The martyr and the pioneer; The dropping of the bars; The meaning of the new woman; Motherhood in education; A criminal failure; Marriage and the family; Love's young dream; The heart and the stomach; Socializing the household industries; The stomach as a family tie; The servant wife; World-servants and house-servants; A wider maternity; Between the old and the new; "The vices of the slave;" The outgrown stronghold. Printed on strong, heavy paper; 350 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50. For sale by M. Harman, 507 Carroll ave., Chicago.

A NEW BOOK by Albert Chavannes, "Magnetism, its Relation to Health and Character," contains invaluable information upon the relation of the sexes. Price, 25 cents. Address, Albert Chavannes, 308 Fourth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

**The Sanctity of Marriage.** As viewed from a moral and sanitary standpoint. A solemn protest against the present demoralizing management of that institution, its effects upon offspring and its influence upon education. By Dr. Robert A. Greer. A valuable "opening wedge" in missionary work. Price reduced from 25 cents to 10 cents, for sale at this office.

## 790.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

## Books for the Holidays.

The publishers' price of the books in the following list is forty cents each. We bought them at a little less than half of that. The postage averages about four cents on each book. Half the publishers' price with postage added is twenty-four cents. We will send any book in the list, postage prepaid, for twenty-five cents, the extra cent going to pay for the work of wrapping and mailing. Send in your order at once if you want them before the holidays and the books will be sent promptly.

Every book in the list is handsomely bound in cloth and is printed in clear type on good paper. The number following the name of the book indicates the number of its pages:

- Bracebridge Hall, by Washington Irving. 288. With 110 illustrations designed by Randolph Caldecott.  
 Child's Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron, complete and unabridged. 270.  
 Crown of Wild Olives, by John Ruskin. 212. Consists of four lectures on work, traffic, war, and the future of England, with an interesting appendix.  
 Dolly Dialogues, by Anthony Hope. 202.  
 Dreams, by Olive Schreiner. 128.  
 Lilla Book, by Thomas Moore. 227. With copious notes.  
 Master and Man, by Tolstoy. 117.  
 Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle, (with notes and index.) 344.  
 Sketch Book, by Washington Irving. 484. This book contains the famous story of Rip Van Winkle.  
 Samanba at Saratoga, or Remin' After Fashion, by Josiah Allen's wife, (Maricetta Holly), profusely illustrated. 272.  
 Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 234.

## Readers of Lucifer

- are interested in all reform movements and will find the literature treating on science and the occult of vast interest and great advantage.
- |   |      |
|---|------|
| Occult Forces.  | 20   |
| Vital Magnetic Power, by Randall  | 100  |
| How to Meditate, by Coste   | 100  |
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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 48.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DEC. 9, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 791

### Always Someone Below.

On the lowest round of the ladder  
I firmly planted my feet,  
And looked up at the dim, vast distance  
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,  
I climbed till my brain was on fire;  
I planted each footstep with wisdom,  
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference  
And that one was glazed with scorn,  
And when I grasped firmly another  
I found under velvet a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,  
And my heart strength began to fail,  
And the flush of the morning's excitement  
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping  
Their hold on the last gained round,  
When my hopes, coming back from the future,  
Were sinking again to the ground.

One who had climbed near the summit  
Reached backward a helping hand,  
And refreshed, encouraged and strengthened,  
I took once more my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers  
Would never forget as they go  
That though weary may seem their climbing,  
There is always some one below.

—Ella Higgins, in *Journal of Education*.

### An Incident in Marriage.

From "Jude the Obscure," by Thomas Hardy.

"We are rather a sad family, don't you think, Jude?"

"She said we made bad husbands and wives. Certainly we make unhappy ones. At all events, I do, for one!"

She was silent. "Is it wrong, Jude," she said with a tentative tremor, "for a husband or wife to tell a third person that they are unhappy in their marriage? If a marriage ceremony is a religious thing, it is possibly wrong; but if it is only a sordid contract, based on material convenience in housekeeping, rating and taxing, and the inheritance of land and money by children, making it necessary that the male parent should be known—proclaim it seems to be—why surely a person may say, even proclaim upon the housetops, that it hurts and grieves him or her?"

"I have said so, anyhow, to you."

Presently she went on: "Are there many couples, do you think, where one dislikes the other for no definite fault?"

"Yes, I suppose. If either cares for another person, for instance."

"But even apart from that? Wouldn't the woman, for example, be very bad-natured if she didn't like to live with her husband; merely—her voice undiluted, and he guessed things—merely because she had a personal feeling against it—a physical objection—a fastidiousness, or whatever it may be called—although she might respect him and be grateful to him? I am

merely putting a case. Ought she to try to overcome her pruderies?"

Jude threw a troubled look at her. He said, looking away: "It would be just one of those cases in which my experience goes contrary to my dogmas. Speaking as an order-loving man which I hope I am, though I fear I am not—I should say yes. Speaking from experience and unbiased nature, I should say, no. . . . Sue, I believe you are not happy!"

"If I were unhappy it would be my fault, my wickedness; not that I should have a right to dislike him! He is considerate of me in everything, and he is very interesting, from the amount of general knowledge he has acquired by reading everything that comes in his way. . . . Do you think, Jude, that a man ought to marry a woman his own age, or one younger than himself—eighteen years—as I am than he?"

"It depends upon what they feel for each other."

He gave her no opportunity of self-satisfaction, and she had to go on unaided, which she did in a vanquished tone, verging on tears:

"I—I think I must be equally honest with you as you have been with me. Perhaps you have seen what it is I want to say?—that I like Mr. Phillotson as a friend, I don't like him—it is a torture to me to—live with him as a husband!—There, now I have let it out—I couldn't help it, although I have been—pretending I am happy. Now you'll have a contempt for me for ever, I suppose!" She bent down her face upon her hands as they lay upon the cloth, and silently sobbed in little jerks that made the fragile three-legged table quiver.

"I have only been married a month or two!" she went on, still remaining bent upon the table, and talking into her hands. "And it is said that what a woman shrinks from in the early days of her marriage—she shakes down to with comfortable indifference in half a dozen years. But that is much like saying that the amputation of a limb is no affliction, since a person gets comfortably accustomed to the use of a wooden leg or arm in the course of time!"

Jude could hardly speak, but he said, "I thought there was something wrong, Sue! O, I thought there was!"

"But it is not as you think!—there is nothing wrong except my own wickedness. I suppose you'd call it—a repugnance on my part, for a reason I cannot disclose, and what would not be admitted as one by the world in general! . . ."

What tortures me so much is the necessity of being responsive to this man whenever he wishes, good as he is morally!—the dreadful contract to feel in a particular way, in a matter whose essence is its voluntariness! . . . I wish he would beat me, or be faithless to me, or do some open thing that I could talk about as a justification for feeling as I do! But he has grown a little cold since he has found out how I feel. That's why he didn't come to the funeral. . . . Don't come near me Jude, because you mustn't."

But he had jumped up and put his face against hers—or rather against her ear, her face being inaccessible.

"I told you not to, Jude!"

"I know you did—I only wish to—console you! It all arose through my being married before we met, didn't it? You should have been my wife, Sue, wouldn't you, if it hadn't been for that?"

Instead of replying she rose quickly, and saying she was going to walk to her aunt's grave in the churchyard to recover herself, went out of the house. Jude did not follow her. Twenty minutes later he saw her cross the village green towards Mrs. Eldin's, and soon she sent a little girl to fetch her bag, and tell him she was too tired to see him again that night.

He was turning away when he saw a woman looking out of the open casement at a window on the ground floor of the adjacent cottage. "Jude!" said a voice timidly—Sue's voice. "It is you—is it not?"

"Yes, dear!"

"I haven't been able to sleep at all, and then I heard the rabbit, and couldn't help thinking of what it suffered, till I felt I must come down and kill it! But I am so glad you got there first. . . . They ought not to be allowed to set these steel traps, ought they?"

Jude had reached the window, which was quite a low one, so that she was visible down to her waist. She let go the casement-stay and put her hand upon his, her moonlit face regarding him wistfully.

"Did it keep you awake?" he said.

"No—I was awake."

"How was that?"

"O, you know—now! I know you, with your religious doctrines, think that a married woman in trouble of a kind like mine commits a mortal sin in making a man the confidant of it, as I did you. I wish I hadn't, now!"

"Don't wish it, dear," he said. "That may have been my view; but my doctrines and I begin to part company."

"I knew it—I knew it! And that's why I vowed I wouldn't disturb your beliefs. But—I am so glad to see you!—and, O, I didn't mean to see you again, now the last tie between us, Aunt Drusilla, is dead!"

Jude seized her hand and kissed it. "There is a stronger one left!" he said. "I'll never care about my doctrines or my religion any more! Let them go! Let me help you, even if I do love you, and even if you—"

"Don't say it—I know what you mean; but I can't admit so much as that. There! Guess what you like, but don't press me to answer questions!"

"I wish you were happy, whatever I may be!"

"I can't be! So few could enter into my feeling—they would say 'twas my fanciful fastidiousness, or something of that sort, and condemn me. . . . It is none of the natural tragedies of love that's love's usual tragedy in civilized life, but a tragedy artificially manufactured for people who in a natural state would find relief in parting! . . . It would have been wrong, perhaps, for me to tell my distress to you, if I had been able to tell it to anybody else. But I have nobody. And I must tell somebody! Jude, before I married him I had never thought out what marriage meant, even though I knew. It was idiotic of me—there is no excuse. I was old enough, and I thought I was very experienced. So I rushed on, when I got into that Training School scrape, with all the cocksureness of the fool that I was! . . . I am certain one ought to be allowed to undo what one has done so ignorantly! I daresay it happens to lots of women; only they submit, and I kick. . . . When people of a later age look back upon the barbarous customs and superstitions of the times that we have the unhappiness to live in, what will they say?"

"You are very bitter, darling Sue! How I wish—I wish—"

"You must go in, now!"

## What is "Scientific" Breeding?

In "Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses" E. C. Walker quotes from an article by Sophie Lepper, and comments as follows:

Miss Lepper continues: "Yet an ordinary farmer, unpossessed by any scientific knowledge, knows exactly how to produce the finest races of horses, cattle, pigs, etc. . . . Why should it not be possible to rear men and women on the same principles as prize animals?" Passing over, to economize time and space, the fallacious assumption that no scientific knowledge is required to produce domestic animals best adapted to conserve the interests of the stock-raiser, let us come directly to the core of the sophistry in this often-made comparison. The animals kept and "improved" by man are his property, his slaves: his desires, pleasures, and financial interests are uppermost in his thoughts; the desires and happiness of these slaves are considered by him only in so far as they affect his own. He is not concerned to produce types of animals which could survive in the struggle for existence in the uncultivated state—which would be fleet of foot to escape enemies, brave in temper and strong in body to resist aggressions, and which would give sirehood to the males best able by courage, beauty, and address to win it for themselves. In one word, for the sexual selection of the wild animals he substitutes the sexual selections of himself. The first produced organisms that survived and enjoyed for themselves; the second produces organisms that survive only to minister to his enjoyment. The difference is fundamental. To secure the results he wishes, neither females nor males are permitted to select their mates—the female may not choose the co-parent of her offspring; the male may not choose the co-parent of his offspring. Nearly all the males are emasculated; often many of the females are treated likewise, especially when it is desired to fatten them for market. Every department of every barnyard is a harem; polygamy is the only ethical and social system recognized by the stock-raiser. The lambs are deprived of their tails and the sheep of their wool; goats, cows, and, in some countries, mares are forced to yield their milk to their owners instead of to their offspring; cattle are deborned and branded; calves are at once taken from their mothers and fed on skimmed milk artificially warmed, being either made into veal in a few weeks or continued on the milk until they are able to subsist on other foods which it suits man's convenience to substitute for the food they would secure for themselves in the wild state; the emasculated male calves are as quickly as possible converted into beef for the slaughter-house, the success of the process being measured by the rapidity and consequent cheapness with which they take on encumbering flesh and fat; the emasculated male pigs and many of the females undergo a like transformation into porkers, consisting chiefly of thick layers of fat they never would have been burdened with had they or their ancestors been left in the untamed state; shifting for themselves instead of being made to minister solely to man; chickens are caponized and turkeys and other fowls are stuffed by hand; oxen, horses, and other chattels are forced to work for the common-slave master, and asses are crossed with mares to produce mules, infertile hybrids, more money-making slaves for man. And so on almost interminably. Yet Sophie Lepper asks, "Why should it not be possible to rear men and women on the same principles as prize animals?" Why, indeed! Nothing but some trifling sentiments stands in the way of the attainment of this highly desirable result. All Miss Lepper has to do is to find a few national stock-raisers sufficiently powerful to kill in the human race every aspiration for liberty, every desire for self-direction and fullest free growth, every atom of self-respect, and every impulse of sympathetic fellowship. Wanted! a score or so of autocrats equipped with all needful Draconian statutes, numberless rules and regulations, with managers and overseers and stable bosses, abundance of ropes and halters, nose-rings and harnesses for work and mutilation, the caustic and knives of scientific stirpicultural slavery. The herd is about to be "improved" by the application of the "same principles" by means of which other "prize animals" are

**WHAT THE YOUNG NEED TO KNOW.** A primer of Sexual Rationalism, by E. C. Walker. A valuable compendium on Sex Ethics. Startling and reliable. Price, 25 cents.



produced! And what evenly-poised, self-centered, and free beings these human hogs and mules, cattle and capons will be!

Miss Lepper says she found her health greatly improved by attention to food and the selection of that suited to her individual requirement. The avowal is perfectly credible. She adds that she came to the conclusion, after some experiments on herself and others, "that the desire for sex-union was caused by unsuitable food, and had absolutely nothing to do with love." Ergo, if the first human animals had eaten only suitable food there would have been no more human animals, the race would have stopped right there. The continuance and present existence of the race is due to the fact that it has always eaten "unsuitable food." This is the real logic of Sophie Lepper's assertion. Her first mistake consists in generalizing for everybody else from her personal experience, curiously forgetting that, as she states, she attained good health by adapting her regimen to her "individual requirements." That is essential in the case of each person. The inductive method is sound, but the conclusions reached thereby are valueless if our inductions are drawn from insufficient data. It is fatuous to make the experience of one or of a few the logic of life for all.

### "Marriage and Morality" in Cincinnati.

*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Lillian Harman who has been commonly referred to as "the free love lecturer," spoke at the meeting of the Ohio Liberal Society last night to a large audience. It is probable that many expected to hear something salacious, but they were disappointed. The speaker confined herself solely to a discussion of the marriage relation, and a demonstration from her view point of the belief that the marriage of a man and woman without going through a civil or ecclesiastical ceremony was legal and moral. She declared when a woman promised in the marriage to love, honor and obey, and the man to love and cherish the one they took as their companion, each made a promise they might be unable, sometime, because of some circumstances, to carry out. When the time came that they could not do so it was immoral for them to continue the relations they had assumed.

Her ideal of home was a place where liberty and peace and love abides, especially liberty and peace. Under the present prevailing belief, created and fostered by the laws relating to marriage, home was too often a place of suppression.

She declared that morality never came into being through marriage. She did not believe, she said, in a double standard of morality, either in or out of marriage. It was not necessary to do give a license to do what was right, and certainly not to do what was wrong, as was often the case when a marriage license was issued. This was true when a man was forced by some means to marry a woman he had wronged, and whom he would wrong again by deserting immediately after the marriage.

She told of her union with E. C. Walker, for which they were arrested. She said it was not a free love union, but a union by agreements made by each other as to the other's rights, among which were the retaining of the woman's maiden name, her property, her individuality and her absolute control over her person. She declared in regard to this union that the Court decided it was a marriage, but they must be punished for not getting married. Her declaration was really in line with what is known as a common law marriage, which Courts hold to be valid and binding, there being no ceremony.

The "Commercial Tribune" reporter said, among other things:

There were doubtless many present who expected that she would say something shocking, for she gave notice in advance that such would be disappointed, and certainly, however absurd or contrary her opinions might be, there was not a word said by her that could call for police interference, and no officer was present. Mrs. Harman also wanted it understood that the Liberal Society was in no way responsible for her opinions, which announcement seemed to please some of the members immensely.

The part of her address that she apologized for introducing was, curiously enough, the very portion that apparently interested the audience most. It referred to her "agreement" with Mr. Walker and their arrest the following day and subsequent imprisonment by a Kansas Judge. She scored the wicked newspapers for their accounts of the affair, and declared the learned Judge that sentenced her as a fool, as he almost in the same breath decided that they were married and then imposed a fine upon them because they were not married.

They had thought that they were abundantly able to make their own agreement without the aid of a priest or squire. Marriage, she said, was a personal matter, in which neither the church nor state had any business to interfere. She said her idea of home was liberty and peace rather than love. Love, she thought, had no fetters but its own, and as it freely came so freely did it go. Marriage was a mockery of morality, and at its altar she laid the burden of most of the sins of the age. There was no invariable standard of right, but acts were to be judged by their effects. Morality was a matter of circumstances, that conduct being wrong that tended to injure others or is detrimental to humanity.

At the conclusion of her remarks she was bombarded with questions, and then followed the usual open discussion. This latter was a capital mirth-provoking affair, in which gentlemen with decided accents largely participated. During the remarks of a Mr. Legowsky some one objected to his line of argument as foreign to the subject, when the speaker said that it was, and added the amiable observation that if the objector had not brains enough to see it he could leave.

### A Few Opinions of E. C. Walker's New Work.

"Social Guesses" is great.—C. L. Swartz.

It is strong, keen, logical.—J. William Lloyd.

I like "Guesses" very much.—James B. Elliott.

It is so cheap for the matter it contains that almost any one would buy it if he saw it.—Mattie Day.

Your pamphlet, "Social Guesses," set me thinking. The article on page 12 is a true pen picture of nature in man.—C. Hartshorne.

I thank you for sending me your excellent book. . . . Its cheapness and its dainty character should command a large sale for it.—F. W. Barry.

I have read with pleasure "Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses," and trust you may live long to benefit humanity by publishing the truth as you see it.—R. M. Robinson.

The book is sensible and full of interest and ought to sell well. Of course it is not Dianistic, but there is more than one side to all such questions, and one must read, judge and discriminate. They gave Sophie [Lepper] some hard rubs.—Elmina D. Slenker.

The essays in Mr. Walker's recently published pamphlet, "Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses," are, in my opinion, of great value, and Radicals should place the pamphlet in the hands of conservative persons. I am satisfied that no man would find fault with the presentation of the matter treated in Mr. Walker's essays, even if he would not agree with the author's view.—Cyrus W. Coolidge.

### Query.

To the Editor of Lucifer, DEAR SIR:—Can any of your readers tell me where "Walton Abbey" is? Is it in America? R. de Villiers in the "University Magazine," alleges of "Walton Abbey," that there has existed there for twenty years an institution for the study of child psychology, of which he is a trustee, jointly with "G. Astor Singer M. A." and another Singer, sons of the "late George Washington Singer." Is anything known in the flesh—in America—of "G. Astor Singer M. A."? Enquiries addressed to the editor of "Reynold's Newspaper" elicit no information, from correspondents or otherwise, respecting either "Walton Abbey" or "G. Astor Singer M. A." Your obedient servant,  
ASTOR WALTON.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper is it has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

Up to the time of going to press we have received no manuscript for publication from the editor. In private letters he says he is feeling fairly well, and is at work on his new book. We have received orders for 426 copies of this book, up to date, and hope those contemplating ordering will do so as soon as possible. It is not necessary for subscribers to pay before the book is ready for delivery, but we want to know how many to print.

In a private letter just received, M. Florence Johnson writes that she has several calls to come west, but is not sure she will have enough to justify her in undertaking a tour. Those desiring lectures on free thought or radical social subjects, or popular entertainments, should communicate with Mrs. Johnson. I am sure she will give satisfaction. Address M. Florence Johnson, 17 W. 99 St., N. Y. City.

James F. Morton, Jr., our talented young comrade from Boston, will address a meeting of Lucifer Circle at 507 Carroll Ave., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. Subject, "Why Marriage is a Failure." Admission free. Friends, and others who are interested in our work, cordially invited. Take Lake Street Elevated to Sheldon, walk north two blocks to Carroll, and a block and a half west to 507. The Paulina St. cars, (which run north and south on Ashland, a block and a half west of us), transfer to the east and west running surface cars.

"If your own subscription is paid for a year in advance you may retain fifty cents for each additional subscriber which you secure for us at the rate of \$1 a year." This offer has appeared in several issues of Lucifer. It was made in order to induce our friends to make an effort to send us new subscribers, we feeling confident that a large proportion of such new subscribers would continue taking the paper at the regular rate. But several people have thought the fifty cent rate applied to their own subscriptions, and have sent fifty cents as their renewal for the ensuing year. Some have sent in fifty cents as renewal for others. We are not prepared to lower the subscription price of Lucifer to fifty cents a year; but we will gladly pay liberally, either in premiums or in commissions, for new subscribers.

## PROSPECTUS

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X. Present Outlook for this Movement. "Duty of the Hour."

This book will comprise about four hundred pages; printed on good paper, new and clear type and good binding, with portrait of the author and of his daughter and helper, Lillian Harman. Price one dollar. Life and health permitting, the book will be ready for delivery to subscribers on or before June first, next. Subscriptions solicited, so that we may know how large an edition to issue.

"Once upon a time," long ago, a correspondent of Lucifer made a statement in which the clause "in spite of," was used. In a following number, another correspondent quoted him as saying *because of*. I inserted a foot note, pointing out the error in quotation, and expressing my opinion that "because of," and "in spite of," were directly opposing statements. I signed the foot note "Comp." as I was the compositor who set it, and I was not the editor. But the correspondent whose quotation was called in question, was very indignant, denying that there was any essential difference, and saying that the editor had taken a cowardly advantage in hiding behind the "Comp."

I am reminded of this incident of the past by the impression made on the Cincinnati reporters—and perhaps on others—by the personal portion of my paper on "Marriage and Morality," which I read before the Ohio Liberal Society, Nov. 19. Previous to my visit the "Post" had printed a "faked" interview with the Chief of Police in which he was reported to have said that he had "stopped that young woman once before" and would do so again; also, much was said in the same paper, and had been said in other Cincinnati papers, about my "free love union" with Mr. Walker. I object to personalities in the discussion of principles. But if my personal life is to be dragged into the public prints, I prefer that the people be told the truth rather than sensational stories. For that reason, I read to my Cincinnati audience the agreement entered into by E. C. Walker and myself, thirteen years ago. I gave it as history, not as propaganda. I explicitly said that the publicly announced relation is not my ideal, yet in spite of this, it is asserted that I uphold common law marriage.

In a like manner, I gave the decision of the judge as a matter of history. I made no comment whatever on his decision, but the reporter assumed I must think him a fool.

Time and space may perhaps be more profitably occupied than in calling attention to and correcting such misapprehensions. "Marriage and Morality" will soon be issued in pamphlet form; then those interested will have an opportunity to form their own conclusions.

L. H.

## December Lectures.

By James F. Morton, Jr., of Boston, Mass.  
Friday evenings for the Workingmen's Educational Circle.  
Workingmen's Hall, 368-370 W. 12th St., Cor. Waller St.  
Dec. 8. Subject, "Church and State in the Past and Present."

Dec. 15.—Subject, "The Right of Private Judgment."  
Dec. 22.—Subject, "Socialism; Authoritarian or Libertarian, Which?"

Sunday afternoons for the Social Science Club, Hall 913, Masonic Temple, Cor. State and Randolph Sts.

Dec. 10.—Subject, "The Battle for Free Speech."  
Dec. 17.—Subject, "Political Ideals."  
Dec. 24.—Subject, "The Unity of Being."

Monday, Dec. 11th, 8 p. m., for the Hull House, in the Auditorium, Cor. Halsted and Polk Sts.

Subject, "Decentralization, a Primary Factor in the Development of Modern Industry."

Tuesday, Dec. 19, 8 p. m., for the Chicago Commons, 140 North Union St., two doors off Milwaukee Ave.

Subject, "Ideal Anarchy."

Saturday, Dec. 16th, 8 p. m., for the Economic Club, at Nathan's Hall, 1565 Milwaukee Ave., near Western.



Subject, "The Hopelessness of Reform Through Legislation."

Admission Free. Discussion Invited.

For Hammond, Ind. On Saturday, Dec. 9th., 8 p. m., Mr. Morton will deliver a lecture on "The Church and State in the Past and Present." For particulars, as well as other meetings, watch the dailies.

### From the Filipino Viewpoint.

BY J. H. STEFFE.

Mr. Barrett, like every other intelligent man who has come into contact with Aguinaldo, pays the highest personal tribute to him as the popular leader. Most interesting of these many tributes is that by the young Filipino, Rodriguez, now living in New Orleans, a former schoolmate of Aguinaldo. His picture of the serious student who "used to literally turn day into night" in his studies of philosophy and law at the San Juan Seminary at Manila, but good-hearted, charitable to the poor, and liked by everybody, is the picture of the boy who was the natural father of the man described by Mr. Barrett. "It was at the college that he acquired his pronounced ideas on republicanism. When he was only ten years old he started a little paper, a boy's paper called 'La Republica.' There was the seed of the present struggle for independence. The most touching word of this Rodriguez is this: 'It cannot last a great while. The resources of the Filipinos are limited, and they will soon become exhausted. They are making a terrible mistake; but it is not due to wickedness. They are simply ignorant of this country, its resources and its policy. They imagine that the Americans want to drive them away and take their country. They are not used to dealing with honest people. You must remember they have never come in contact with anybody except the Spaniards.'

Oh, the terrible irony of it! What have we done that they should not think we wanted to dominate them? What have we done to make them feel that we were "honest people?" In what single point have we shown to them our superiority to the Spaniards whom we supplanted—going to them with the appeal to fear and not to love; refusing even to confer with them as political men and brothers; proposing to them simply "sovereignty" or ruin; slaughtering more of them in four months, when they refused dumb submission to our tyranny, than Spain had done in four decades?

But is it necessary to quote messages and letters and interviews? The language of the fact is all the language necessary. Aguinaldo went to Manila and organized an army to co-operate with us on the strength of some explicit arrangement with Commodore Dewey and Consul Pratt—at a time when such a policy as the present one toward the Filipinos had never been mentioned by our government, and the only policy apparent to us was that declared by congress toward Cuba. Is it reasonable to suppose that the promised arrangement was that which, when declared in January, Aguinaldo and his people instantly denounce and take arms against? It is not reasonable.

### Elective Affinities.

From "Marriage and Heredity."

How can we distinguish in a person of the opposite sex the moral qualities best fitted to make an advantageous blend with our own? The answer to this question, we imagine, is to be found in those manifestations of sympathy to which Goethe has found the name of *Wahlverwandtschaften*. It is customary to throw a little ridicule upon the term elective affinities, and to treat the sentiments so described as fanciful or unworthy of serious attention. The study of the subject has been left almost entirely to the poets and the novelists, who have acknowledged its importance without trying to explain it. Yet we have good reason to believe that the instinctive aversion or attraction felt by certain individuals for others is a fact of some importance in Nature's scheme. Let us see, first, what place the elective affinities have taken in literature. The most striking exposition of them is given by Goethe in his *Wahlverwandtschaften*,\* which

known to have been founded upon his own experience. Eduard and Charlotte had loved each other as boy and girl, but circumstances had parted them, and each made a *mariage de convenance*. Released from this by the death of their respective partners, the widower and the widow marry, in order to fulfill the dream of their youth. At the opening of the story they are happy enough, although a disparity in their natures prevents them from being entirely sympathetic. There is such a union as occurs every day. Eduard has a friend called the Captain whom he invites to live with him. This arrangement is at first opposed by Charlotte, who has a presentiment of evil, but she afterwards falls in with her husband's views, more especially as she desires that her adopted daughter Ottilie shall become a member of the household. Thus four individuals are brought together under one roof—Eduard and Charlotte, who are husband and wife, and the Captain and Ottilie, who are unmarried. Conventional propriety would suggest an engagement between the Captain and Ottilie, but the elective affinities of the two couples rule otherwise. Eduard and Ottilie are violently drawn to each other and so are the Captain and Charlotte, duty in each case being brought into conflict with passion. Goethe handles the subject with great moderation and delicacy. All the parties are restrained by social considerations, Eduard and Ottilie fretting under the tyranny of custom, and Charlotte and the Captain calmly sacrificing themselves to their sense of duty. Eduard wants a divorce, and Charlotte would gladly agree to such a step but for one unfortunate circumstance—she is pregnant for the first time. After the birth of the child matters go on as before, time exercising no healing effect upon these passion-racked natures until their bonds are broken by death.

### The Rights of the Unborn.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in "Freethought Magazine."

Alas for the children brought up at the hearthstone where the fires of love have all gone out.

A state of half orphanage outside the home is far better than the cold atmosphere of distrust and dissension. Locke, the English philosopher, said that "every child is born into the world like a piece of blank paper, and you may write thereon whatever you will." "Nay, nay," said Descartes, the French philosopher, "the child comes into the world with all its possibilities. You cannot add one power; you can simply develop what you find there." In parental education we decide the basis of future character. Every thought and feeling of the mother's soul, her companionship, her environments, are all indelibly impressed, for weal or woe, on the new being.

Man can only contribute to the perfection of this new life by making the surroundings of the great artist as perfect as possible. The intellectual, moral and spiritual altitude of the mother at that time decides the future status of the man. She is the great factor in race building, and in the full development of all her powers we lay the corner-stone of the new civilization. Whoever seeks to degrade the mother of the race, to destroy her self-respect and self-assertion, to limit her opportunities for higher education, more liberal thought and a broader sphere of action, limits man's development and blocks the wheels of progress for the entire race.

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These prices apply only to PAID UP new subscribers who send in the amount for both papers at the same time. If other papers, not in this list, are desired, please drop us a card and we will give clubbing rates with them.

\* "Elective Affinities." This work is for sale at Lucifer Office. Price 60 in cloth, fifty cents.

## The Old and the New.

Olive Schreiner in "Cosmopolitan."

There is indeed something pathetic in the attitude of the good old mother of the race, who having survived on here and there into the heart of our modern civilization, is sorely puzzled by the change in woman's duties and obligations. She may be found looking wistfully into the eyes of some ancient crone, who like herself has survived from a previous state of civilization, as if seeking there a confirmation of a view of life of which a troublesome doubt has crept even into her own soul.

"I," she cries, "always cure my own hams, and knit the socks, and have my daughters make up all the linen by hand—we always did it when we were girls—but they object." And her old crone answers her:

"Yes, we did it, it's no doubt the right thing to do—but it's so expensive now! It's so much cheaper to buy things ready made! But, of course, it's the right thing." And they shake their heads, and go their ways, feeling that the world is strangely out of joint, when duty is no more duty.

Such women are, in truth, like to some good mother-duck who, having for years led her ducklings to the same pond, when that pond has been drained and nothing is left in it but baked mud will still persist in bringing her younglings down to it, and walks about with flapping wings and anxious quack, trying to induce them to enter it. But the ducklings with fresh young instincts, bear far off the delicious drippings from the new iron tank which has been built to catch the water higher up, and they smell the chickweed and the long grass that is growing up beside it, and absolutely refuse to disport themselves on the baked mud and to pretend to seek for worms where no worms are; and they leave the ancient mother-quacking beside her pond and set out to seek for new pastures—perhaps to lose themselves upon the way, perhaps to find them. To the old mother one is inclined to say:

"Ah, good old mother-duck, canst thou not see the world has changed? Thou canst not bring the water back into thy dried-up pond! Mayhap it was better and pleasanter when it was there, but it has gone forever; and wouldst thou and thine swim again it must be in other waters." New machinery: new duties.

### What is Your Reply?

If your subscription is not paid in advance you will confer a great favor on us by letting us know whether you want us to continue sending *Lucifer* to you during the ensuing year. We are willing to await the convenience of those who cannot renew promptly. Furthermore, we send free to those who want the paper and are actually too poor to pay for it. In which class do you belong—

1. Those who want *Lucifer* and will pay at some future time?
2. Those who want *Lucifer* but cannot pay at all?
3. Those who do not want *Lucifer* and who have no intention of ever paying?

If you belong in either of the first two named classes, is it too much to ask you to send us a card stating the fact? If in the third will you not inform us either by card or through your postmaster, that you no longer want the paper?

It is more than ever important that we know how to classify our subscribers, as we are transferring our lists to new books and the task is a heavy one. We do not wish to waste time and space in transferring the names of those who do not want *Lucifer*. Neither do we desire to drop the name of even one person to whom the weekly visits of *Lucifer* are welcome—Shall we hear from you?

## VARIOUS VOICES.

T. B. Wakeman, Silverton, Ore.:—Mr. J. P. Robinson has hit the nail on the head—by all means change the name of your paper to "*Aurora*," not only a Light-Bearer, but the Light herself.

A. Wardall, Kansas City, Mo.:—Of course put us down for Moses Harman's book; and may be spared to make it a No. 1 work, a monument to his life and life work. Am glad to learn of his trip south and shall be glad to hear of his health and strength improving.

Thyrza Rathbun, San Andreas, Cal.:—The "*Cityless and Countryless World*" is one of the most interesting books I ever read on a new industrial and social system, in fact it is one of my Bibles, and my own copy that I bought of you is out somewhere, about all the time. I thought it would be a good one to help wake up some of my folks, who, (especially my father) think I am on the downward road, with my religious views, etc.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.:—I want to put in my vote for the name "*Aurora*." I like Robinson's plea for the name. I hope it will win. He don't quote the lines quite correctly (from Pope's *Homer*) they should be

"*Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn  
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn.*"

I hope the name "*Aurora*" will be accepted. I like *Lucifer* but am sure it injures the paper with those who are not in touch with it.

M. C. Wathena, Kan.:—Inclosed find fifty-five cents for two trial subscribers to our brave, fearless little *Lucifer*. I must write that dear old name once more, any way. I for one regret to see it changed, though I hope it may prove for the best, and that our beloved little weekly visitor will continue on its upward flight sublime, and that its editor may be blessed with health and crowned with success as he well deserves to be. I am glad he is going to have his life experiences in book form. I will take four copies of the book at one dollar each.

Susan Swaysgood, Healdsburg, Cal.:—In regard to changing the name would say, Yes, change is progress; old readers of the paper are supposed to be progressive, so they will not mind the title, but new ones, I know, wonder what sort of a paper it can be with "the devil" for a name. My financial condition does not allow of giving much help, but I take my copies of *Lucifer* and "Free Society" to our Public Library, in hope they may spread the light. If you write your biography I will take one copy at least, and it is a duty you owe to humanity to do so while you are able. Enclosed find \$2.50, \$1 to put my subscription ahead, the other \$1.50 for one copy of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's "*Women and Economics*."

F. C. Cotton, Olathe, Kan.:—Perhaps it will be of some interest to the readers of *Lucifer* to learn that a Labor Exchange Colony is being established in southeastern Kansas about seventeen miles northwest of Ft. Scott. We have an abundance of good coal, and good water, some natural gas and prospect of more—good land, building material close at hand, and market facilities convenient. The colony asks no questions in regard to any applicant's religion, politics or views on social and sexual subjects, it being understood that the association is purely an economic one. Our experience and observation in co-operation during several years of active work enable us to avoid mistakes that have occurred in the past; and to take precautions to insure the freedom of the individual. A terrible money famine threatens the nation in the near future and we are preparing a safe retreat for ourselves and friends where we can live within our own home resources until the storm is over. Don't some of you want to enter the ark before the deluge comes?

Edward C. Ranft, New Rochelle, N. Y.:—Enclosed please find \$1 for *Lucifer*, I will send some more in a short while. There seem to be good reasons for changing the name of the paper and I think the Light-Bearer would answer as well. The reduction of the size of the sheet to one-half of the present size would also be an improvement. I think the paper has improved the last year or so. No doubt the autobiography should be written and





## 791.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

## Books for the Holidays.

The publishers' price of the books in the following list is forty cents each. We bought them at a little less than half of that. The postage averages about four cents on each book. Half the publishers' price with postage added is twenty-four cents. We will send any book in the list, postage prepaid, for twenty-five cents, the extra cent going to pay for the work of wrapping and mailing. Send in your order at once if you want them before the holidays and the books will be sent promptly.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 49.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DEC. 16, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 792.

### The Birth of a Child.

It came with the threat of a waning moon,  
And the fall of an ebbing tide;  
But many a woman has lived for less,  
And many a man has died.  
For life upon life took hold and passed,  
Strong in a fate set free,  
Out of the deep, into the dark,  
On for the years to be.

Between the gloom of a waning moon,  
And the song of an ebbing tide;  
Chance upon chance of love and death  
Took wing for the world so wide.  
Leaf out of leaf is the way of the land.  
Wave out of wave of the sea;  
And who shall reckon what lives may live  
In the life that we bade to be?

—William E. Henley.

### Sick and in Prison.

"Oh for some lightening of these days of gloom!  
Is there no strife  
Where he who hates his life  
May cast it from him and make good his doom?"

Stilled, lethargic, in her prison of ease,  
The drooping soul  
Dreams of splendid goal  
Toward which the races pant, the wreath to seize.

Bound in strong fetters that herself hath wrought,  
She may not rise;  
Yet, restless, yearns and sighs  
For larger air, for stress of toil and thought.

Up through her window comes at times the sound  
Of marching men,  
Or joyous shout as when  
They laid the leader whom their hearts have found.

Then moans the soul, with feebly falling tears  
Of helpless woe,  
Longing to rise and go,  
But with no strength to burst the bonds of years.

Joy to the warrior struck down in the fight!  
Alas! for those  
Who strive not nor repose,  
Not their's the Day, nor their's the cool of Night!

—E. Ritchie, in *Conservator*.

### Notes and Queries.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

England, Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Italy and the United States have been called anarchists, but this is a mistake. They have always controlled one another informally, which is conduct as unbecoming an anarchist as formal government would be. Nor have the Great Powers altogether avoided formal government among themselves. The European Concert has not always confined itself to the restraint of the aggressor. Now that the Hague conference establishes a world's formal government that has come to stay, we shall hear no more of the analogy between independent governments and anarchists. When the powerful states shall have gobbled up the four quarters of the unappropriated earth, the chief cause of international

wars will be removed. The central congress will have no trouble in keeping peace among the states. National feeling will subside. National governments will not feel the necessity of naturalizing everything within reach as the Czar has begun to Russianize Finland. Industrialism will succeed militarism. Then what? A contest between labor and the capitalist class everywhere. One government will feel disposed to help another put down its labor class. Query. On which side will be found the federal governing power at The Hague?

It is an error to assume that each woman must necessarily be her own housekeeper, nurse-maid and wage-earner, at the same time. To get rid of wage-earning, she must allow a man to earn wages for her. To get rid of the duties of housekeeper or nurse-maid she may resort to co-operation. Several ways are open. A mother may club with others in taking a house together, some acting as housekeepers others as nurse-maids. Or she may hire. Or she may exchange services with members of her own family, assistants, cousins or aunts. Some of these methods smack of collectivism, others of individualism; but co-operation constitutes just as prominent a feature in each one as in any of the others.

The increase of insanity in some of the newer states has been laid at the door of woman suffrage. This ridiculous conclusion is only one more example of the habit of assuming to be a cause something which has none of the qualities of causality except priority in time. The corrective for this species of error is the scientific habit of mind. A systematic knowledge of nature at first hand leads to the power of reasoning from effects back to real causes. Our political and other social problems must be attacked from the standpoint of the scientist. Teach science in primary schools. As nothing can be expected from the public schools, water rising no higher than its source, repeal the laws against private schools and see what they can do.

The American people did an inappropriate thing in presenting Admiral Dewey with a home: for in the nature of things a home of one's own is a burden to a man. He cannot take care of it himself, and his wife becomes a mere servant if she assumes the management of what does not belong to her. The Admiral sensed this and gracefully transferred the property to the one he loved. If Mrs. Dewey had simply accepted the gift, the whole would have presented a beautiful transaction. The nation feels that there is something wrong, but it has not yet realized that the only inconsistent step taken was the last, when the home was put into the hands of Dewey's son. What has this young man to do with the victory of Manila? He is not even an infant needing the Admiral's support. He must either convey the house to his wife or give it back to his step-mother. Let him return it, and let givers of homes discern the impropriety of presenting a home to a man as they already perceive the incongruity of donating a factory or bank to a woman.

That the law regards a wife as worth her keep and that of the children seems to be indicated by the fact that it lays the burden of support upon the shoulders of the man. That men regard a wife as worth this price is evident when they voluntarily accept the burden. It is not difficult to account for this market price of wives. Services might command no price if there were no loss or injury to the performer, but cost or loss or injury does exist in the case of women who serve as wives. And note that, as market value is not determined by the cost or damage in each instance but by the loss or cost generally attending the performance of a service, so the price of a wife arises not from the losses or injuries in each particular case but at least in part from the general cost or injury to which women are liable when they perform the duties of wives. Carrying the application a little further, the query arises whether a woman who is intimate with a man is not improvident and irrational in hesitating to ask him for financial assistance, for though she may receive no injury yet women do generally receive injury. A physician cures his patients at very little immediate cost but he is entitled to a large fee because of the cost of preparing himself to be in readiness to serve patients. The price that wives bring in the market may also be accounted for in part by the excess of demand arising from the circumstances that men are more amorous than women. If maternity were no injury, women would still be sought for as wives, but the law would not fix so high a price.

Without ideals we do not know what to do next, and, if we leap, we leap in the dark. Whenever one has any reason to doubt the correctness of his ideal, let him stop and find out whether to amend it rather than risk a move in the wrong direction.

Morrisville, Pa.

#### Stick to Lucifer.

BY E. C. WALKER.

It seems to me that Mr. Harman's reasons for favoring the retention of the name, "Lucifer," are unanswerable. To change the name is to surrender, and it is to seriously lessen the value of the property. But to change the name of the weekly and keep Lucifer for only a monthly, which is not born, is no less surrender and would no less decrease the value of the good will of the publication. The weekly would still be the best-known representative of the firm, while the monthly Lucifer would be read chiefly if not wholly by the "seasoned" radicals who could afford to take two papers.

Besides, it is more than doubtful if there is money enough in the "movement" to keep two papers in one city afloat. You already have twice tried the experiment and failed. "Our New Humanity" went to the wall in less than two years (counting by issues) and the "Library" in much less time. Failures of that sort in due time begin to have accumulative bad effect and this bad effect would extend to the milk-and-water-designated weekly.

By all means retain "Lucifer" as the name of one strong paper. If you must find a place for certain long articles, issue a quarterly "Lucifer Library," which you will not be under any contract to keep to a certain size. Expand or contract its volume as your time and money or lack of time and money dictate. Or, better still, print supplements now and then, uniform in size with Lucifer and which can be bound in with it at the close of each year. You can print as large editions as you wish of each supplement.

One paper, "Lucifer," with uniform-size supplements as you can get them out; that is not surrender, it is not crippling business by changing trade-marks in mid-career, and it provides for the printing and preservation of good long articles.

Stick to "Lucifer." "In this sign conquer."

Instead of that insane cry of sham patriotism, "Our country right or wrong," Carl Schurz gives forth this wise watch-word of true patriotism: "Our country—when right to be kept right; when wrong to be put right."

#### Observations.

George MacDonald in "Truthseeker."

With a candor uncommon to authors, Monsieur Zola has told the father of a young person that he does not write books for girls. This is indeed unusual. Most literary men would defend their product as not only adapted to the uses of the female seminary but essential to the perfect happiness of all its inmates. I trust that Zola's bold stand may do something toward mitigating the tyranny of the June 6th, as girls are called in this country. She has too long been the censor of our reading matter. A great many people think that nothing should be printed or exposed for sale unless it fits the immature female person, as they fear she may read it to her detriment. No books are to be made in men's sizes. And yet tailors manufacture men's trousers and hang them in their windows, where they are permitted to remain, with no thought, save perchance in the mind of Mrs. Grannis, of the risk that some young thing susceptible to such influences may buy and wear them to the peril of her pudicity.

The editor of the "Torch of Reason" has made a discovery. He finds that people who do not wish him well are accustomed to employ against him the terms of detraction most effective with those whose ears they are addressed. To the pious he is represented by his opponents as an Infidel (and of this he cannot complain); while before the social conservatives he is held up as a free lover and before the friends of government as an anarchist. I can well believe this to be so. During all of the twenty-four years that have elapsed since I began taking observations of Liberal affairs the epithets "anarchist" and "free lover" have been kept in the air, projected thither by the enemies of progress, and having conspicuous Freethinkers for their target. Mr. Hosmer as the editor of an anti-religious paper and president of a Liberal University is bound to be a mark. At even so inconsequential a person as myself anarchist and free-lover were once directed, and I believe it was the "Torch of Reason" which aimed the fatal stab. That being the case, Mr. Hosmer should be able to analyze the motive of those by whom he is similarly soaked.

I am pleased to see, from Heston's picture this week, that he is awake to the dangers which threaten our institutions if Roberts is admitted to the House of Representatives. The issue, brethren, is between the wife singular and the wife plural. The voice of the American woman has said that one wife is enough, and the American man has often thought that it was too much.

Polygamy may fasten itself on our fair land for a time, but there are two reasons why it must ultimately perish. In the first place it is not customary (i. e., it is immoral), and in the second place it cannot stand competition with monogamy. As a business proposition, polygamy offers no advantages, and it imposes responsibilities that do not attend monogamic marriages. The men who are to unseat Roberts will do so believing that the man lacks ordinary horse sense. They will say to themselves: "When an honorable gentleman has a woman to keep his house and can find one in every port if he is away from home, what more does he want?" Think of the points Roberts could get from just a common scrub of a Methodist parson. And they will exclude that member from the house because they cannot understand him. And, for a fact, he is not easily comprehensible; since a system which gives several women a hold on a man has no chance against that which is satisfied when he acknowledges one of them. It was a polygamist in principle who said: "Do not put all of your eggs in a single basket," but Pudd'nhead Wilson came on earth to instruct us to assemble our whole stock inside one piece of wicker-work, and to watch that basket.

Under monogamy a member of Congress may have several women, but only one woman has him. Under polygamy they all have him. Can a member who is so reckless of his own liberty be fit to legislate for a free people? Roberts must go.



## Love in Freedom.

E. C. Walker, in "Our Primitive Social Gleanings."

Whatever may be called love, if it does not depend upon personal liberty, unbought choice, and mutual desire, is not love at all. Love perishes in the dense and poisonous atmosphere of force. Chains murder it. Inalienable individual initiative, i. e., perpetual freedom of choice, the opportunity to rectify mistakes, the absolute and undisputed right of woman to control her person—these are the chief affirmations of the Free Love declaration of principles. Motherhood is as honorable without as it is within marriage, but mothers and fathers alike are censurable if they bring into the world more children than they can support and educate properly; and no man or woman should become a parent when his or her physical condition is such as to render it probable that the child will not be dowered with health and mental vigor. But this by no means implies that it would be wise to put the selection of parents or the determination of the number of the children into the hands of specialists of any profession or municipal or state boards of any kind. On the contrary, such an attempt to solve social problems would plunge us still deeper into immediate practical difficulties, being simply the extension and intensification of existing methods of guesswork and invasion. It would lead to the grossest abuse of itself, itself an abuse of power, for no man nor no class of men can safely be trusted with such control of the happiness and lives of others. The custodians of authority never fail to magnify their office. It would disastrously ignore some of the most delicate and subtle yet most pervasive and powerful forces that make for human happiness and growth. What is needed is frank and fearless treatment of sexual matters, with economic comfort. With these, and liberty, the way is open for the coming of better and better children.

Liberty and responsibility are inseparable. Be honorable, be just, be kind. Depend upon yourself, not upon the law. It is your right to love all that to you is lovable, and your duty to bear the cost of your chosen actions. The cost principle is the rule of equity in love as in labor and trade.

These are "Love's commands to thee."

### A Fable.

"Land of Sunshoo."

A self-respecting person (and properly so, as he was a billionaire and of enormous muscular development,) seeing two newboys fighting on the street, felt a humane impulse to pull them apart. Having inherited the love of fair play, he took the bigger boy by the scruff of the neck and kicked him four blocks. But though a champion of the downtrodden, he was no fool. Having had a business training himself, and knowing that some other big boy might come along any minute and bully the poor little fellow again, he put the little fellow's pennies in his own pocket where they would be safe, and tied the little fellow, up in the doghouse, where he promised to educate him.

"Lemme go! I don't want to," cried the ungrateful brat. But the good man picked up a club and said soothingly, "Sh! Sonny! You don't know what's good for you. Under my enlightened rule you will enjoy a far larger measure of freedom than you could possibly have running around the streets by your own self. I will let you sell papers, and I will take care of your money for you; and if you are a very good little boy, maybe I'll adopt you some day."

Meantime the first bad boy was pulling the hair of another small fellow. The which being observed by the self-respecting person, he flew to the rescue. "Kick him, sonny!" he cried. "When I get there I'll teach him to Weyerize the helpless!" And he laid the bad boy out with a punch in the belt.

The small boy danced with glee crying: "Didn't we do him!" But his deliverer answered: "We nothing. I did it! It's my mission to relieve the oppressed. Here, let me take care of your papers for you."

The small one put his thumb up to see if his nose was still on, and threw a pebble at the good man, who thereupon sprang

at him and smote him, and kept smiting. About half who saw the scrap said: "Oh, let the kid go and play." But the self-respecting person had his temper with him.

"I don't like the job," he confessed, "for this brat is only 70 pounds and I'm at 240. But I owe a duty to humanity. There has not been a moment when I could have retired with honor. If I let him up, he'll think I'm afraid of him. Besides, he isn't fit to run around alone, and if I don't take care of him some unprincipled person will certainly hurt him and take away his hard earned pennies. I've got to pound him till he squeals, for I feel responsible to civilization for his safety."

This fable teaches how unwise it is to be smaller than your benefactor.

### From Their Point of View.

When ignorance reigns in society, and disorder in the minds of men, laws are multiplied; each fresh law being a miscalculation, men are continually led to demand from it what can proceed only from themselves, from their own education and morality.—*Dalloy*.

Rockefeller has donated about \$2,000,000 to the University of Chicago, and \$150,000 to a Baptist Theological Seminary in Rochester and at the same time fined the public two cents on every gallon of oil they use. Long will be Rockefeller's white robes when exalted to angelhood in heaven.—*Liberator*.

A mob in Kentucky last Tuesday blinded a negro murderer by filling his eyes with vitriol and red pepper, then they gouged his eyes out and then these refined creatures roasted him to death. And we are waging a war with the Filipinos for the purpose of introducing to them some of the beauties of our civilization.—*Liberator*.

Two Chicago labor notes remind us forcibly that "all that glitters is not gold." One states a recent issue of the Sunday "Tribune" contained nine solid columns of "situations wanted." The other tells of the police dispersing a mob which was engaged in tearing up wooden pavements in order to get fuel. A number of arrests were made. The fact is, the man out of work does not find employment easy to obtain.—*Cincinnati Chronicle*.

### Etiopathy, or Way of Life.

Is a volume of 640 pages, octavo, beautiful printed, bound in cloth and gold, and sold for \$5.00. It contains a fine portrait of the author, and a beautiful diagram of the human heart. The motto on the outside of the cover, "KNOW FOR THYSELF," warns the reader not to neglect the study of his own matchless form, nor the mind and soul that governs it. The book contains the New Physiology, Ontology, Special Therapeutics, and "Technics of Medicine." The latter was first published as "Key to Medicine," and contains 2,000 of the most common medical terms and plain definitions, hints and suggestions. (All drugs recommended, which are very few, are classed as Domestic Remedies; so that this system of medicine can be predicted in all quarters of the globe without legal interference.) It is practically a HEALTH EDUCATION, and well adapted to the new era that is dawning upon the world. The horoscope of medicine, as it is to be, may be plainly read in this volume. Descriptive circulars sent on application. Sent by us, postpaid, on receipt of \$4.

In a private letter from England a correspondent says: "Here the outlook at the moment is far from bright. This most damnable war is taking the people's attention from everything else. It is the old dodge of the rulers; an amusing diversion; bull-fight, man-fight, circus anything to keep the thought of the masses from their own concerns, their own happiness, and the consideration of the destiny of the race."

**HUMAN RIGHTS:** By J. Madison Hook. With an introduction by E. C. Walker. "Liberty is the guiding star of all lands, all races." Chapter I, Rights; Chapter II, Invasion; Chapter III, Co-operation; Chapter IV, Individualism; Chapter V, Liberty. Price, ten cts.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

## What's in a Name?

Much, very much, every way.

We think in words. Names are words.

All the treasures of knowledge—of science, art, literature, are bound up, encased in, embodied or incarnated, in words; and names are words.

For truth or falsehood, for good or ill, for progression or reaction and decay, all these treasures are irrevocably and irrevocably identified with words; and names are words.

Then let it no more be said, "there's nothing in a name."

To discuss names, intelligently, thoroughly, is to discuss the treasures of science, literature, art—the whole realm of human knowledge; the whole domain of human life.

Some one has said the history of words is the history of nations, the history of humanity. The history of words—including names as a chief part thereof, is the history of all things.

For these and other reasons I have welcomed the discussion of the name or names by which our little "white-winged messenger" has been known since August 1883, Gregorian calendar. From my retreat in the "Sunny Southland" I have watched the discussion, have read everything that has been published on the question of change and can thoroughly appreciate and sympathize with all the apparently conflicting views. As yet, however, I find little to unsettle the conviction expressed in No. 790, issue of Dec. 2., except it be that the substitution of the classic, the poetic, "Aurora,—Daughter of the Dawn," for the vernacular Light Bearer, might be an improvement. We would lose something in the way of recent association of ideas, but the fact that *Aurora* is the feminine counterpart of the masculine *Luciferus*, would make it a very suitable, a very appropriate name for the "running mate" of the Monthly *Lucifer*, if this twofold plan should meet the approbation of our readers.

*Aurora*—another Latin word, meaning "The Golden Hour;" Greek derivation, "The Morning Hour," has a most beautiful mythical history; see Webster's Dictionary.

"The goddess of the morning; or day break deified. The poets represented her as rising out of the ocean, in a chariot with rosy fingers dropping gentle dew."

Yes, next to *Lucifer* the peerless; next to the noble, the dauntless, the truth-and-justice-loving, the all-glorious *Luciferus*, of astronomy and fable, *Aurora* has, perhaps, the most beautiful and note-worthy of legends, or of mythologic histories.

If, then, the friends of the movement for Freedom of Womanhood and of Motherhood desire to see the beautifully poetic and inspiring name *Aurora* take the place of the vernacular, but yet not inexpressive Light-Bearer, and if they want to see a monthly *Lucifer*—or more correct, perhaps, a monthly *Luciferus*, to take the masculine role, the bravely iconoclastic role, in the work of demolishing old superstitions, and in clearing away the rubbish to enable the feminine evangel to get in her work, then these important changes can very speedily be made.

All that is needed is the "sinews of war"—the means of paying for raw material and press work. The rest can be done in the Light-Bearer office, and with but little addition to our present force—with the added help of volunteer writers who will furnish suitable "copy," for the pages of the proposed monthly. As already stated we have on hand a good supply of matter suitable for the first year of a monthly magazine.

Having taken so much space in a recent issue I prefer not to prolong this article but would like to briefly answer a few of the more popular objections to the name *Lucifer*.

First, that it "shocks" people. Physicians tell us that a shock to the physical system is often necessary to restoration to health. So of restoration to mental health. Emerson (I think it is) advises the timid to shock themselves out of bondage to fear. When people are being slowly but surely asphyxiated by poisonous gases it is sometimes necessary to shake them up very roughly in order to give them a sense of danger. And so of people who are perishing by the poison of superstitious beliefs. If *Lucifer* proves a galvanic battery to such, then give them *Lucifer*, in strong but intermittent doses.

2. While it may be true that some readers will be repelled and prevented from reading the paper because of the name, this same name has often attracted others because of its originality and its defiance of conventionality, and those who are thus attracted are far more apt to become earnest and generous helpers than are those who prefer a more conventional name. An instance of this is the case of an old German carpet weaver who discontinued "The Kansas Liberal" because the name smacked too much of conventionality and "respectability," but who immediately re-subscribed when the "Liberal" became *Lucifer*, and who has since remained one of its most faithful and generous patrons. Many more like instances might be given.

3. "C. F. H.," in *Lucifer* 791 says "Usage gives meaning to words. Shall we accept the meaning or twaddle about derivations?" etc. Certainly; usage gives meanings but whose usage and whose meanings shall we follow? I for one prefer to follow the usage of scholars, of men of science rather than the usage, the meanings given by the ignorant, the bigoted, the superstitious. C. F. H., seems to prefer to follow in the wake of the ignorant, the bigoted and superstitious for none but such give a sinister meaning to the grand old name *Lucifer*.

In closing for this time I would once more request all who want a monthly *Lucifer* to let us know without delay, as the time is very short, if the change is to be made next month.

Thayer, Miss.

M. HARMAN.

## The Dude and the Toiler.

Why do women smile upon and seek the companionship of the gay gallant, the dude, the man who apes the rich in their slothful habits, and in their demand to be served or waited upon by others? Why do women admire the man with soft, white hands and untanned faces, and who has but little except these and his fine clothes to recommend him?

And why, on the contrary, do women neglect, mistreat, misuse,—or use only when they want service such as the dude will not perform,—the men who do all the most useful work; who perform the hard manual labor of the world; the men who do not shrink from doing a manly share of the world's most disagreeable and yet most necessary tasks?

The answer seems plain enough. Women are not to blame for this. It is the unconscious impulse of nature, reaching outward and upward toward the refined, the esthetic, the aerial, the ethereal and the spiritual, and a turning away from what we sense as the crude, the rough, the uncouth and the grossly material or earthy; also the fixed and non progressive.

No; women are not to blame—that is, their unconscious creative instincts are not to blame for preferring the city dude or the fashionable fop instead of the uncouth, the slow-moving, the awkward, the unpolished and yet honest and sturdy farmer, hod-carrier or ditcher. Whether consciously or unconsciously our prospective mothers want other ideals than these upon which or from which to build the human structures of the future.

But there is room for discrimination on the part of the women, and for improvement on the part of the men. Let women learn to discriminate a little more, between the false and the true; let them learn to distinguish the true gentleman, strong and brave and honest as well as cultured, from him who has nothing but polish to recommend him; and let men remember to improve upon the saying of W. D. Howells:



"We cannot expect real elegance short of three removes from the soil, from which of course, all our best blood comes."

This may have been true in Holmes' time, but it need not be true today, with all the advantages that science and art have given us over the untamed forces and crude materials of nature's workshop.

M. HARMAN.

Thayer, Miss.

### For the Holidays.

We have received a set of Kipling's works, to be sold for the benefit of the editor's trip south. It is printed in large, clear type on fine paper, bound in green cloth; illustrated; 1422 pages in all. This set will make a handsome holiday present. The publisher's price is, we are informed, \$4.50. We will send it, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.50. Who wants it?

If you want a dainty and artistic, yet inexpensive gift book, you should bear in mind that "Songs of the Unblind Cupid" comprises all these qualities. It is an *édition de luxe*, in red and black, of a few hitherto unpublished poems by the liberal poet, J. Wm. Lloyd. The verses are printed from Kelmscott type upon deckle-edge, hand made paper of cerulean tint. Covers brown, with choice of silver or gold lettering.

Initial letters, ornaments and borders are in red, with an initial letter and sketch upon the opening page hand painted in water colors.

Mr. Lloyd, as author of "Wind Harp Songs" and the "Red Heart in a White World," needs no introduction to the liberal public. These few new poems of love, liberty and nature are here preserved in the highest style of the printers' art, and should find a place in the collection of every friend of freedom, every lover of poetry, and every admirer of choice and dainty publication. Edition limited to 650 copies. There will be no second edition. Price per copy, 30 cents.

We sell, also, the sumptuous and artistic presentation edition of "Paine's Age of Reason," published by the Truth Seeker Company.

Part I. of this edition of the "Age of Reason" is a reprint of what Dr. Moncre D. Conway calls a "strange and probably unique" copy of that book, the discovery of which enables the world to have, for the first time, Part I. of the "Age of Reason" exactly as Paine composed it.

Part II. of this edition is corrected by Dr. Conway's revision. All the matter of the original edition will be found in this, and, so far as completeness and accuracy go, this is as unique as the newly discovered one, for it contains matter previously unknown to any of Paine's friends, editors, or biographers, and the largest collection of portraits ever brought together.

This presentation edition of the "Age of Reason" is for the lovers of Paine for their own libraries and parlors, or to give to friends who will appreciate an artistic token of friendship. Religious friends, too, will preserve it for its own beauty.

The edition is from new plates made from new type, with large face. The book is 9x9½ inches in size, printed on antique wove paper, with special rough finish for this volume. The pictures are printed on the finest plate paper, inset and tissue. The cover design, also peculiar to this edition, is made by Bodfish, and is rich in colors and gold. To protect the exquisite cover the book is sent in a box, and wrapped besides in transparent wax paper, which keeps the dust away while enabling the title to be read.

This is the only edition with a full index, which has been so much missed by those who know that Paine has said something they would like to quote, but cannot find. It is the only volume, too, in which Paine's own account of his arrest in Paris appears. The Chronological Notes show in a brief form the important work Paine did, and will be highly valued by the reader.

The portraits include all authentic pictures of Paine. No other volume has the Jarvis picture, and the Pennsylvania pic-

tures are to be had nowhere else. The New Rochelle views were taken especially for this volume.

Price, postpaid, \$2. Descriptive circulars sent on application.

"A Persian Pearl," and other essays by Clarence S. Darrow. Any lover of the literature of freedom would be proud of such a present as this. The book comprises:

- 1—A Persian Pearl.
- 2—The Skeleton in the Closet.
- 3—Walt Whitman.
- 4—Realism in Art and Literature.
- 5—Robert Burns.

The publishers have given this work a dress in keeping with the high quality of the text. The book is printed on rough-surface English "Boxmoor" paper, rubricated side leaves and initials. Edition limited to 980 copies, each book numbered. Price, in boards, \$2. In limp green chambray, silk lined, \$2.40.

"Egoism" is sleeping; but it is to be hoped there will be a glorious resurrection one of these days. Georgia and Henry Replege are living in Denver. Georgia's health has greatly improved since she left California. They will soon issue a new work by "Tak Kak," due notice of which will be given in Lucifer, when it appears.

### PROSPECTUS

#### Of the Life History of Moses Harman.

- I. Ancestry. Early Life and Struggles to get an Education.
- II. "Travels in Faith." From Methodism to Universalism and thence to Rationalism.
- III. Experiences as a Heretic and Abolitionist in a Slave State—Religion, War and Politics.
- IV. Experiences as Teacher, Preacher and Magistrate—or "Justice of the Peace."
- V. Experiences in Journalism—A Ten Years' Fight in the Courts. Reflections on our Judiciary, State and Federal.
- VI. Prison Experiences. A "Third Term." Letters from and to the Prisoner.
- VII. Reflections on Prison Discipline. "Crimes Against Criminals."
- VIII. The Movement for Freedom of Womanhood and Motherhood, and for the Right of Children to Be Born Well.
- IX. Relation of this Movement to All Other Reform Movements.
- X. Present outlook for this Movement. "Duty of the Hour."

This book will comprise about four hundred pages; printed on good paper, new and clear type and good binding, with portrait of the author and of his daughter and helper, Lillian Harman. Price one dollar. Life and health permitting, the book will be ready for delivery to subscribers on or before June first, next. Subscriptions solicited, so that we may know how large an edition to issue.

A NEW BOOK by Albert Chavannes. "Magnetism, its Relation to Health and Character," contains invaluable information upon the relation of the sexes. Price, 25 cents. Address, Albert Chavannes, 308 Fourth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

### Lucifer's Clubbing List.

Truth Seeker, N. Y.	Retail Price	3.00	With Lucifer	5.25
" " England,	" "	50	" "	1.50
Free Society,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Appeal to Reason,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Coming Nation,	" "	1.00	" "	1.50
Suggester and Thinker,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Discontent,	" "	1.00	" "	1.75
Commonplace,	" "	1.50	" "	2.25
Youth's Companion,	" "	1.00	" "	1.50
Our Little Ones,	" "	4.00	" "	4.50
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## VARIOUS VOICES.

E. J. P., City:—I would say to C. F. H., that I do read Lucifer riding in the street cars and that I am very sorry for anyone who is shocked at the name. The mistakes of the masses never killed the truth. Love is free and always will be. So when I am called a free lover I accept the term and make no concessions to Madam Grundy. The fight for freedom is not to be won by being afraid of the dead cats which "respectability" always throws at progress.

W. R. Stokes, St. Paul, Minn.:—I suppose such organizations as the Ohio Liberal Society have some written or printed scheme of organization such as a constitution and by-laws, or rules and regulations of some sort or other. If anything of this kind is in your possession, and available for such use, kindly favor me with a copy of same. If not, please give me the address of some one who can supply me. Also, if you know of any such organization in this city or Minneapolis, kindly give me name and address of same.

W. G. Scott, Cincinnati, O.:—James F. Morton, Jr., was here and lectured Sunday night, his effort was splendid and was well received by about half, (or a little more,) as many as listened to you the week before. I was very much surprised at his ability and cleverness, both in his address and answers to questions and criticisms. I had expected from what I had heard, that he would mix Communism up with Anarchism but was agreeably disappointed. His reasoning is good and his mind is clear. I hope we shall have him again sometime.

William Platt, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.:—I shall be very glad to see Moses Harman's memoirs in print. I think it should be a fine book, and I shall be the first to take a copy when it is out. I think it ought to be absolutely in book form, permanent and not periodical. \$1 is a good handy price for the general public. As to the title of the journal Lucifer, I like the present title, it is crisp and bold and heretical, the suggested title "Light-Bearer" is far inferior I think; savors of the "Torch" and of the "goody-goody" style. Best wishes, and hopes for your father's good health.

E. D. W., Toledo, O.:—As to the matter of changing the name of Lucifer I heartily agree with all the reasons given by the first mover of the subject. I think it would be a great help. As to what it should be, others I think can tell better than myself. I cannot promise any difference in the subscription list in consequence of a change. I do not know anyone who is advanced enough to be at all interested in it who is not already a subscriber, but I will of my own motion pay for two or three copies to be sent about here and there as trials as may seem best at the time. I cannot personally see any need of a change of form but then I do not keep mine, I scatter them out wherever I think there is a chance of catching a stray interest.

W. G. Markland, Sherwood, Tenn.:—Two divinity students from the University of the South, of Sewanee, have just left me after a two hours chat on sexology, and with Lucifers and Merrie Buglands in their pockets. Mr.—and Mr.—who is Asst. Sergt. at Arms of the U. S. Senate. Mr.—requests correspondence as he goes to Washington soon. Mr.—wants Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man," from which I quoted. Can you tell me where it can be got, and price? I feel gleeful at starting a wedge in a theological school. I suggested that the students give us a lecture in turn on Sundays and it was well received and may induce action. Sewanee is twelve miles distant. They have Darwin among them and the professors know of it, and if they talk to me they'll get Harman also.

Emma Johnson, Duluth, Minn.:—In regard to the Life of Moses Harman, I think it would be something grand to read

the history of your father's life and of all the hardships he has gone through; for I have a hard task to even get some people to read any reform papers and they seem to think it is wrong to study the sex question. I hope they will not always think so. I will take one book and if I like it will try to take more. In regard to changing the name of the paper, it would be a good plan if there would be more subscribers, but for my part, what attracted my attention to your paper was I one day found just the top of it—the rest was torn off and I thought by the name it bore it must be something I had been looking for, so I wrote and got the paper and I have had it ever since.

J. B., Kansas:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which, in case the autobiography is published you will kindly send a copy to accompanying address. If never published let the dollar go into the good will fund. I never can repay Lucifer what it has done for me and I wish I had a million to put at its disposal. I seem to be everything that is unorthodox and unfashionable. There is something paradoxical about my family relationship, for I am the only unorthodox one in my own large and now grown up family, and strange as it may seem, not one of them even suspects my outlandishness. Let that go; I am now over the limit in years and must soon cross the divide and the best of it is I am ready at the drop to travel. Lucifer has been a light to my feet and a lamp to my path. It has brought me in contact with glorious souls.

M. E. W., Montgomery:—I feel incompetent to express my self in regard to the name of Lucifer. The liberal ideas that are expressed in the Light-Bearer of woman's freedom, I endorse, and am very much interested in the various letters that are published. It is less than one year since I first saw the paper and met the editor at Cassadaga Camp. I will take one book. I have tried to solicit subscribers for the paper but have not been successful. There are not many liberal people in our city, they are fifty years in the rear of the people in the north, in orthodoxy. You have a right to express yourself on the race question. I also. If you lived among the negro race, I think that you would change your views. I am a Wisconsin woman and once thought the negro an abused race. People that travel through the Northern states to solicit aid for the education of the negro, are working for their own support and will exaggerate their representations.

J. B. Elliott, 3515 Wallace St., Phila., Pa.:—It was Lucifer that first showed me the light. The first copy of the paper was placed in my hands by Voltairine de Cleyre, nearly twelve years ago and the light has grown brighter year by year. I shall take a copy of your life and work to keep company with the other reformers who have made sacrifices that the pathway of the coming generation might be made easier. The Roberts case in Congress is a fight on religious lines and the friends of religious freedom should stand by the constitution and sign all the petitions that are presented to them, in his favor. He is just as much a Christian as Isaac with his three wives, or David—but not so good as Solomon, in the matter of wives. If his wisdom was so valuable on some things why not on the wife question? Let Christians answer.

I have a copy (paper) of the "Woman who Dares," by Ursula Gesterfeld. Fifty cents by mail to any Lucifer reader, for the benefit of Lucifer. Send money to Lucifer, and postal with name to me. I will do the rest.

Allie Lindsay Lynch, Chicago:—Please enroll me for two copies of your father's "Life." Let me suggest that you run off a thousand or more copies of the Prospectus, in circular form, and mail several with next issue of Lucifer, while to those you know to do much writing you might send half a hundred copies or twice that number. I'll undertake to enclose in letters between now and June, a hundred of these notices of the book, and will often comment thereon; in this way many who never see Lucifer may gain knowledge of the worthy forth coming book.



I truly hope our Lucifer will not be eradicated, but continue to bear light until every mind unfolds through an unfettered reason—aided greatly by perusal of its pages—and the word becomes a synonym for an enlightenment that makes myths pass into obscurity, having been banished by the great destroyer of superstition—science.

The item sent to Lucifer by Thomas Lees, which shows up as "an object lesson,"—the good sense of the Ramsey's, who separated after fifteen years of married life, parting as friends, wishing each other well, and speaking in high praise, has so much similarity to my experience that I venture to make a few remarks of a personal nature.

Harry and I became more harmonious in lines of thought as I lost my religion. I walked away from "God" very gradually, for I had been reared in great fear of the "Devil." These two myths I have erased after much reflection. And I found there was more required, in my life, as producer of health and happiness, than just a good man's kindness and a line of pleasant conversation. I had needs this dear friend could not effect by his less demonstrative affectional nature. He ever was, and will remain, a splendid brother. I met another whose love has filled my life with more happiness than has come to any woman of my wide acquaintance, I think.

There was much talking, yes and grief; but our good sense led up to a parting, and a pledged Damon and Pythias friendship. Then came the years of joy-in-love—free love,—and now and then this grand brother's visit to the home of the writer and her noble E. E. H., who has been educated into all the radical lines of thought by the woman he loves.

I offer this to Lucifer, as a second realistic object lesson. And some day I will offer the book of my life's experiences, to the great reading public. This, and much of reform labor I am in the field to accomplish, much in line with the two Harmanes who ably instruct, and not alone through Lucifer's columns, but widely from free thought platforms.

Here's to you and your family, loyal Lucifer! And may the close of the XX Century find you many times enlarged and more active, with Mosses yet the head guardian angel!

E. S.,—Having but recently made the acquaintance of Lucifer I would like to send you a little token of my appreciation of its worth in the form of a year's subscription, and a few truthful remarks in behalf of the liberation of women from the bondage of legal marriage. When only an unformed girl of seventeen years, I was married to a man six years my senior whose only recommendation to my favor was a rather handsome face, and a chance to get my support. My father having died, leaving my mother to face the world with five children, and no money, I thought the best thing for me to do was to get married. Oh, how I shudder at the thought of what followed, and I well remember and never can forget, though it was more than thirty years ago, how rudely my dreams of love were dispelled. I do not think the man meant to be cruel, but he was ignorant, and no entreaties had any effect to deter him from asserting his "marital rights." I soon learned to despise him. For ten long weary years I endured a life of cruel outrages—thinking I was married I must submit and keep silent. You are my wife! was the answer I got when I ventured to remonstrate. Notwithstanding tears, cries, and agony, pleadings to God for death, and standing tears, cries, and agony, pleadings to God for death, and almost in my heart a murderer, I bore three children. One a girl, passed away in a few short months and the next girl lives, and is a comfort. The last one, my baby boy went away at the age of fourteen and to this day—now nearly twelve years—I have never heard from him. I have borne in my body and in my soul also the effects of man's injustice for these many years. I have succeeded with the aid of the law in separating from him, and to this day I can never think of that man without loathing and horror. At this writing I have no husband, and no one owns me, or ever shall again.

I would that the voice of every woman were raised in defence of her right to her own body, whether legally married or other-

wise. I feel that a monument should be raised whose gleaming shaft should ascend to the sky, to the memory of Moses Harman, and Lillian, those noble defenders of truth and equality, and hosts of others who have suffered martyrdom for the sake of the right. This subject of all others which should demand the hearing of the masses, is discussed the least upon our rostrums today. Millions of women are dying in sheer despair and millions more are writhing in agony longing to escape the cruel thralldom of man's lusts. Oh for a purer atmosphere; an atmosphere of love and freedom. Yes, thank God for a love that is free, for love without lust, for love that can neither be bought nor sold.

My soul is moved with pity for the bond slaves of the carnal passion of men. How long must such bondage be endured? Let one brave woman take the stand before the world that she will live a life in accordance with the highest promptings of her nature, and lo! how quickly is she ostracised by society or even thrust into dungeon cells with the veriest criminals.

What we need is more courage, and less fear of what Mother Grundy and her satellites may say. Let us boldly proclaim the glad tidings of justice and equality wherever we go and show to those around us that we live according to the light within us by our adherence to true, natural impulses, and not according to the shallow rules and regulations of church and state.

S. R. Shepherd, Leavenworth, Kan.:—"If 'Lucifer' must go, give us 'Light' or 'Morning-Light,' rather than 'Aurora.' 'Grasshopper-Falls' (the birth place of Lucifer) being offensive to some, our representative in the legislature, a very 'recherche' young man, sprung a surprise on us by having it changed to Sauterelle Falls, the French for grasshopper. A storm of protest and ridicule arose and the next legislature changed it to Valley Falls. An oil vender of this city had 'Fiat Lux' painted on each side of his wagon but four-fifths of the people hailed him as Mr. Fiatlux and he painted it out. 'Light of Truth' or 'Light and Truth' or 'Dawn' or 'Dawning Light' or 'Light and Liberty' would do. Aurora is so associated with 'borcalia' that many would instinctively utter the two. A word that necessitates a dictionary and requires constant explaining would be no improvement. The unclean birds of grundism would swear that Aurora mean' fornicubogery.

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false, the odium engendered by the charge is being used as a bar to shut out of Congress the representative chosen by the majority of the voters of Utah. Those who are the loudest in their professions of loyalty to the principle of majorityism are thus the first and the most eager to trample it in the mud of sectarianism when its results run counter to their religious and moral prejudices. As to that vaunted "compact," it is notorious that it was obtained by force, the overshadowing and overwhelming force of the federal government, and it is a well-known legal maxim that contracts secured by force or fraud are null and void. The "compact" is no more binding, in morals or real law, upon the people of Utah than is a leaf from last year's patent medicine almanac.

There are Secularists who favor the exclusion of Mr. Roberts because they fear the growing power of the Mormon hierarchy. But what of the hierarchies of Romanism and Protestantism? Is it a wise policy to help the two stronger ecclesiastical powers to crush the weaker ecclesiastical power? Why assist them in killing off their other foes so that they can the sooner devote all their kindly attentions to us? Why help them make the ropes to hang us? Even if there were no vital principle forbidding us to join in this outrageous hunt, the plainest injunctions of self-interest admonish us that the division of Christendom between Rome, Geneva, and Salt Lake City is better by far than the consolidation of Christendom under either Rome or Geneva. We are unfit to survive if we thus play into the hands of the strong against the weak. The Anti-Roberts cartoons of Watson Heston in the "Truth Seeker" are a disgrace to liberalism, reflecting alike upon its justice and its common sense.

I am not here to defend polygamy. Neither am I here to defend monogamy. "A plague upon both your houses," I say. Polygamy as a system of legal marriage and monogamy as a system of legal marriage are mates in iniquity. Each has certain advantages over the other but liberty has immeasurable advantages over both. So far as the material condition and the sexual condition of wives are concerned, polygamy seems to give monogamy large odds and yet win. If the speaker of the evening had passed along the streets of Salt Lake City—as he doubtless did—in the palmy days of Mormon rule, I doubt if, in the whole course of the walk, he would have had half so many mercenary endearments addressed to him as he would receive in walking from Fourth Avenue to Third Avenue, on his way to this hall, here in New York under the reign of monogamy. Certainly, the condition of the children under the rule of polygamy in Utah could not begin to compare in deplorableness with the condition of tens of thousands of children in this monogamic city and in other monogamic cities. Again: Is it not manifestly better for wives, in each case where a husband is inclined to force his attentions, regardless of times and conditions, that there be more than one wife? But, while such considerations should have great weight with believers in marriage, they are of less consequence to us, who would strike at the root of these evils by making all men and women sexually free and economically self-sustaining, thus eliminating prostitution within and without marriage, securing the care of all children, and ending marital and "free-union" rape.

The whole "Roberts case" is a struggle for and against investigation, experiment, and comparison in social science. It is first and on the surface a battle between two systems of marriage, but secondly and deep down it is a conflict between compulsory marriage itself and sexual freedom. The friends of liberty are confident that in the free atmosphere the best will survive, and all they ask is opportunity to observe the processes of growth. The cause of evil in any system of legal marriage is invasion, enforced union, bringing its train of physical, mental, and moral ills. Let the various systems compete with one another, let them all compete with individual liberty. Throw away the loaded dice of persecution. For a long time they may all exist side by side, for human tastes and needs are as various as human beings are different in external appearance.

Let Roberts into Congress. He is not so dangerous as the men who would deny to him or to any other man the equal

rights of the citizen, because of a difference of opinion. Finally, to quote the words of Eva Harriman in *Lucifer*.

"Laying aside superstitious reverence for custom, it would seem to be far more reasonable and far more just to say that if three or more women voluntarily choose to live with one man it is right for them to do so, but if they are *compelled* to live with him it is unjust and immoral. When a public statement is made by one or more of Brigham H. Roberts' alleged wives that her or their relationship to him is compulsory it will be time to denounce the alleged polygamist as an immoral man." And I would add that the same rule applies exactly in the case of the one wife of any other Congressman, or of a common citizen.

### How Man "Makes Believe."

Olive Schreiner, in "Cosmopolitan."

There is indeed an interesting analogous tendency on the part of the parasitic male, wherever found, to shield his true condition from his own eyes and those of the world by playing at the ancient ancestral forms of male labor. He is almost always found talking loudly of the protection he affords to helpless females and to society, though he is in truth himself protected through the exertion of soldiers, policemen, magistrates, and society generally; and he is almost invariably fond of dangling a sword or other weapon, and wearing a uniform, for the assumption of militarism without severe toil delights him. But it is in a degenerate travesty of the ancient labor of hunting (whereby at terrible risk to himself, and with endless fatigue, his ancestors supplied the race with meat and defended it from destruction by wild beasts) that he finds his greatest satisfaction; it serves to render the degradation and uselessness of his existence less obvious to himself and to others than if he passed his life reclining in an arm chair.

On Yorkshire moors, today, may be seen walls of sod behind which hide certain human males, while hard-laboring men are employed from early dawn in driving birds toward them. As the birds are driven up to him, the hero behind his wall raises his deadly weapon, and the bird, which it had taken so much human labor to rear and provide, falls dead at his feet; thereby greatly to the increase of the hunter's glory, when, the toils of the chase over, he returns to his city haunts to record his bag. One might almost fancy one saw arise from the heathery turf the shade of some ancient Teutonic ancestor, whose dust has long reposed there, pointing a finger of scorn at his degenerate descendant, as he leers out from behind the sod wall. During the later Roman empire, Commodus, in the degenerate days of Rome, at great expense had wild beasts brought from distant lands that he might have the glory of slaying them in the Roman circus; and medals representing himself as Hercules slaying the Nemean lion were struck at his order. We are not aware that any representation has yet been made in the region of plastic art of the hero of the sod wall; but history repeats itself—that also may come in time. It is to be noted that these hunters are not youths, but often ripe adult men, before whom all the lofty enjoyments and employments possible to the male in modern life, lie open.

### The Passing of Old Ideals.

From "When Love Is Liberty and Nature Law."

Having given up the absolute indissolubility and sacredness of marriage, as being too cruel, some dissolutions and rearrangements have to be allowed. But once allow the tie to be put aside in cases of gross cruelty, and you have the difficulty of defining what amount of cruelty is gross enough. Soon sympathy will be expressed for marital miseries where the injury of husband to wife (or the other way) is of kinds not allowed for in Acts; and, ultimately, the law has to be strained, literally, to let some captives go free. Then it becomes repugnant to our finer feelings to sanction any law that compels a man and woman to live together when the lives of one or both are made wretched in consequence. Contemplate a case. Put yourself in the place of a wife who either dreads her husband, or looks upon him with disgust; and you see that the possibility of such a



relationship being made permanent by law condemns the law.

The Clitheroe case is a sign in the right direction. Here the mere refusal of a woman to live with the man she had married, but found a dislike to, was considered by the courts sufficient ground for granting a separation. You see that, if you allow the happiness of the parties concerned to be the consideration of first importance, you relegate the legal marriage contract to a place of secondary importance. The growth of sympathy with suffering humanity abolishes the cast-iron rigidity of the law, and the list of "adequate causes" for divorce is extended. But where are you to draw the line? Once allow exceptions to the absoluteness and sacredness of the marriage tie, and there is no stopping place until every individual idiosyncrasy is satisfied, and the marriage law is as dead as a door nail. Or, what is the same thing, marriage becomes a ceremony which any couple may go through or not, as it pleases their sentimentalities; and those who elect to go through can have what ceremonies they like, from jumping over a broom-stick to the most gorgeous pagan and priestliness.

Readers of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" will recollect how young Mrs. Casaubon sticks faithfully to her husband, an elderly, peevish, ailing creature, whom she has married because of his erudition; and how she submits to martyrdom of the emotions from a sense of duty, born of the fact that she was lawfully the wife of her husband. Her side-affection for Will Ladislaw is an emotion to be smothered. At last she is released from her marriage vows by the timely death of the old man. But even then she hesitates to accept the penniless Will Ladislaw, although he cannot live happily without her, nor she without him. Her late husband had so willed his property that it would only go to his widow so long as she did not marry Will Ladislaw. A sense of duty to the dead man still holds Mrs. Casaubon, and it requires an immense deal of pressing on the part of Ladislaw to induce her to marry him. Ultimately she agrees to it, saying she will want no new clothes, will go in for domestic economy, and live on love and the beggary £700 a year she happens to have in her own right.

Count Tolstoy is bolder. His heroine, Anna Karenina, in somewhat an analogous predicament to that of Mrs. Casaubon, does not wait for the death of her husband, but gives herself up to Vronsky as only a passionate lover can. And on Vronsky's part, although, ere he saw Anna, he had got nearly up to the proposal point, with a young lady named Kitty, his meeting with Anna Karenina turned his love into a new channel, which he was powerless to resist. For Anna he gave up everything. Now, I apprehend that all this will shock those who believe in the sacredness of the marriage institution. But those who believe in the sacredness of the individual will judge Anna and Vronsky by natural, not legal, standards. If Anna was guilty of a crime, it must be for an aggression of some sort. But, in accepting the happiness that came to her by way of Vronsky, she aggressed upon nobody. Her body is her own, and, in bestowing her affections upon whom she pleases, she acts within her own rights—i. e., within the limits of equal freedom. One explanation, indeed, makes her conduct quite natural and inevitable. She had been married, when young, to Karenina, a cold-natured legislator, more as a matter of convenience than of love. But her emotional nature was starved under Karenina. Consequently, when she met Vronsky, in whom she found her needs satisfied, and for whom she was equally his requirement, their mutual attraction overcame all barriers. But it is not even necessary to know Anna's antecedents for a justification of her conduct, for she is accountable only to herself in the bestowal of her affections. If she has first to get the consent of parents, husband, the police, or God, then she is a slave. To proceed with the story. Karenin magnanimously forgives his wife for her infidelity towards himself while Anna, now living with Vronsky, undergoes such mental tortures, as the cumulative effect of many influences, that she ends her unhappiness with suicide.

The novel of Anna Karenina is good. No timely death of her husband is introduced like that which spoils George Eliot

"Middlemarch." Such a death can only be regarded as a sop and a sacrifice to popular superstition. It saves the respect for law and custom, and, at the same time, allows devoted lovers their satisfaction. But the novelist who is true to nature will depict the antagonism between man and the artificial trappings which bind him, without any reconciling artifice. If true love takes no cognizance of human laws and limitations, our sympathies will not be long in maintaining the latter at the expense of the former.

It must not be overlooked, however, that when a sense of right and wrong is implanted in the individual, on the basis of arbitrary priestly or legal authority, the conscience so formed will have great, if not insuperable, difficulty in reconciling the claims of nature to any kinds of happiness which have been condemned by theological or political creeds. Any giving way to natural impulse in contravention of such creeds is likely to be followed by a sense of shame and attempts at penance, unless the creeds themselves are thrown overboard from an enlightened conviction of their worthlessness.

With Anna Karenina her educational bias was so nearly balanced against her attraction to Vronsky that, whether love or duty was followed, she was doomed to unhappiness in the end. She had not been brought up under free conditions. Few, indeed, have. Also, it is possible that Tolstoy may have put into Anna's disposition some of his own ascetic yearnings. For Tolstoy, as you know, now decries all cohabitation and all other earthly desires, thinking that the extinction of sense, and, consequently, of mankind altogether, is the goal to make for.

I like the logicalness of Tolstoy's attitude. It is at least manlier than that of the moralising portion of the community, who tell you that sexual love is vicious without the sanction of Church or State, and holy with such sanction. Tolstoy at least recognizes that it is the thing itself that has to be considered on its merits, without the legal distinctions between tweedledum and tweedledee. Either sexual love is good in itself, or it is bad. If it is bad, then Tolstoy's attitude is the logical one to take; the most extremely ascetic conduct is to be inculcated, although it runs to annihilation.

But if the tender passion is good, the only points for discussion upon it are whether any given course of action leads to happiness. And, as the parties concerned must always be the final judges as to their own happiness requirements, the only field for outside interference is to stop aggression—such as when a woman is carried off against her will, or is compelled to live with a man against her will, or vice versa.

A farewell social in honor of James F. Morton, Jr., will take place on Sunday, Dec. 24, 7:30 p. m., at 105 Wells St. The friends of our work and the radical propaganda in general who desire to meet our guest socially will avail themselves of this opportunity. Supper will be served to those desiring it. Admission free. Supper 25 cents. Comrade Morton will deliver an address at 913 Masonic Temple, Sunday, Dec. 24, 3 p. m. It will be convenient for those attending the afternoon meeting to go thence to the Wells Street hall. All friends are cordially invited.

#### Lucifer's Clubbing List.

Truth Seeker, N. Y.	Retail Price	3.00	With Lucifer	3.24
" " England,	" "	50	" "	1.30
Free Society,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Appeal to Reason,	" "	50	" "	1.1
Coming Nation,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Suggester and Thinker,	" "	1.00	" "	1.60
Discontent,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Cosmopolitan,	" "	1.00	" "	1.75
Youth's Companion,	" "	1.50	" "	2.40
Our Little Ones,	" "	1.00	" "	1.50
Century Magazine,	" "	4.00	" "	4.50
Freedom, England,	" "	50	" "	1.30
Freedom, Washington,	" "	50	" "	1.25
Arms	" "	2.50	" "	2.25
Open Court	" "	1.00	" "	1.75

These prices apply only to PAID UP or new subscribers who send in the amount for both papers at the same time. If other papers, not in this list, are desired, please drop us a card and we will give clubbing rates with them.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Allied Superstitions.

The article of H. B. Monroe, entitled "Lucifer or the Light-Bearer, Which?"—No. 785, I think, has been the means of setting in motion thought-waves, thought-vibrations, such as he himself scarcely anticipated, perhaps. Only a small portion of what has been written on the subject of change of name, and of enlarging the work of our publishing house, has hitherto been printed by us. Many of the answers called out by the invitations, general and particular, came to us marked, "personal" "private," or "not for publication." The greater portion of those thus marked, have opposed change of name, so far as I now recall.

Among those marked "not for public but for you," is a long and carefully written letter from one to whose credit it may truthfully be said that comparatively few of our many helpers have earned better than he the right to speak their minds—fearlessly and openly on this or any other subject that concerns the work to which our publications have been devoted. Though not written for publication I opine the writer of this letter will not consider it a breach of editorial privilege, or of social comity, if I reproduce here a few paragraphs as illustrative of the way in which my long defense of our use of the name Lucifer has struck many, perhaps, of those who patiently read said defense. Among other points our friend, whom I shall call "D," has this to say:

"We have an Unabridged Webster's dictionary in the house, evidently not the edition you refer to. I open it to Lucifer and read.

"1. The planet Venus, so-called from its brightness."

"2. Satan—"And when he falls he falls like Lucifer never to hope again."—Shak."

Proceeding, our friend D. comments thus:

"It seems to me it was work enough for one man—or even two men, to undertake for a life job—to crush out sex slavery in the world, without also undertaking to change the world's use of an ancient word; especially when this use of the word was sanctioned by such authority as Shakespeare has been able to attain. The fact that your use of the word Lucifer is the original meaning, and that the common use is a perverted meaning, does not change the matter. You undertook at one time the accomplishment of two very heavy jobs, either one of them more than any two men should expect to accomplish in a life time. I believe that you would have accomplished a great deal more than you have towards the sexual freedom of woman had your work not been hampered by the Lucifer millstone."

Yes, Bro. D., I was aware that later editions of Webster's Unabridged had been "expurgated." This was to be expected. It is a prime necessity for the continued life of theologic superstition that the masses of people be kept in ignorance of what even theologians, of the more liberal and honorable sort, have said about popular errors. Noah Webster, though a Christian theologian during a large part of life, was not always such. His biographer, Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D., says:

"There was a period from the time of his leaving college, to the age of forty, when he had doubts as to some of those doctrines [the doctrines of his Puritan ancestors,] and rested in a different system."

Very probably it was when he rested in a different system,

the system that Andrew White and other modern investigators have shown to have always been in "conflict" with religion—the system that rests on the demonstrated facts of science—it was doubtless when he was more of a scientist than theologian that Webster decided to quote the authorities that show that ignorance and bigotry alone make Lucifer a name of the orthodox devil.

But now that neither Noah Webster nor his son William G., are alive to protest against the alteration,—the outrage—the later revisers of the greatest of American dictionaries have left out some of the more important testimony in favor of science and against theologic superstition.

I repeat, such eliminations, such expurgations, such outrages, are to be expected. So desperate have become the fortunes of the ambitious and power-loving hierarchies, in those days of "higher criticism," of skepticism within as well as without the churches, that those whose living depends upon the integrity of these hierarchies will probably not hesitate to rob the dead of his hard earned honors in the way of giving to the world a truthful and impartial lexicon, or book of authoritative definitions of all the words now in use.

I thoroughly agree with, or freely assent to also, the statement that the attempt to accomplish the destruction of sex slavery and theologic superstition in one life time is a heavy job, or rather "two very heavy jobs," as friend D. puts the case. But what does our good friend mean by "a life time?" Does he mean the ordinary life time of an individual person? or the life time of a people, a nation or of the human race? If all those who have worked for the good of their kind had looked no further than the life time of the generation in which they then lived, and had confined their efforts to the probable effects upon themselves and their contemporaries, the progress of the world, meager and unsatisfactory as it is, would doubtless have been more unsatisfactory still.

But speaking of the attempt to change "the world's use of the word Lucifer."—Is it really necessary that we attempt to do any such thing? What does Webster say?—mutilated as we now find the later editions? According to the definitions quoted by our friend, the first and principal definition given of the word Lucifer by Webster is not "devil" at all, but "the planet Venus, so-called from the brightness." And why so called from its brightness? Simply because the word itself means "light-bringing," as Webster's etymologic derivation shows.

If Webster, then, gives the first and principal meaning of Lucifer to be "Venus,"—the morning star, when it rises in the morning, what becomes of the statement that the world's use of Lucifer is something devilish or demoniacal? If this latter had been the world's use of the word, should not Webster have given the first and principal definition in accord with this fact?

But it is true, doubtless, that the ignorant and the superstitious world does take the secondary and acquired meaning, the corrupted meaning, to be the true meaning of the word, and that the comparative few, the cultured and the enlightened few, use the word in its original, its rightful sense. What then? Shall we yield the point to the ignorant and superstitious masses, or shall we stand in with the cultured, the enlightened few? Has our friend ever read the lines,

"They are slaves who will not be  
In the right with two or three."

As to the futility of trying to change the world's use of an ancient word I would like to ask what the "higher criticism" people, the Unitarians, the Christian Scientists, Universalists, etc., are doing in regard to the ancient word "God?" Are they not moving heaven and earth, so to speak, in an effort to change the popular, the ignorant and superstitious understanding of that ancient word? If I had any use for the word God I would be trying to help these people to change its meaning, but, as Laplace,—when asked by Napoleon why he had left the word God out of his cosmogony of the Universe—answered, "Sire I had no need of that hypothesis," so also I find no need of the god-idea, and therefore no need for that ancient word except to show the slaver that inheres in the worship of such ideas, or ideals.



As to Shakespeare's authority—just a few words, for I find my article running away with me—like the man who foolishly yoked himself up with a calf.

It is very true that our poets have done much to enslave mankind, as well as to free them from bondage. Whether Shakespeare, the supposedly ignorant comedian, or Francis Bacon the profound scholar and thinker, wrote Shakespeare's plays, it is evident to all careful readers that the author of those plays simply voiced the popular concepts, opinions, dogmas or superstitions of the time. Belief in miracles; belief in ghosts and witchcraft; belief in "spells," "charms," incantations, etc.; belief in the divine right of kings, and the divine right of man to own and rule woman—as when Petruchio says of his newly wedded wife:

"She is my house, my field, my horse, my ass, my anything. There she stands; touch her whoever dares!"

As a good Christian and believer in all the commands of the God of the "Bible," the author of Shakespeare could do no less, when he remembered that the wife is scheduled with a man's chattels that must not be coveted by his neighbors. So much for the "authority" of Shakespeare as a guide for men of reason and science, as I know Brother D. to be.

How, then, is it possible to change the world's thought in regard to the sex slavery of woman and not also change this thought in regard to all its interrelated, its co-related, its allied superstitions? I confess I know of no way in which it can be done. The God-and-Devil idea must go. There is no room for them in the world's regenerated thought, and should be no use for them in its reformed vocabulary. In naming our paper the best scientific term was chosen without reference to the fact that some of our ignorant and brutish ancestors had prostituted it to bad uses. (As before said, however, a critical examination of mythology shows that even the fabled Lucifer had a very honorable and noble pedigree.) We are dealing with scientific pedigrees, however and not with those of fancy and fable, and to stand for scientific truth is to incur the opposition, the hatred, the enmity of the ignorant masses who are ruled by the ignorant or the mercenary and power-loving hierarchies of the world.

Our friend D., however he may criticize us in the use of the name Lucifer, is not in favor of changing the name of the paper. He says near the close of his long and very interesting communication:

"This is what seems to me best. Lucifer has been published more than sixteen years with Moses Harman as its editor and leading spirit. It has had a steady growing list of readers and an increasing influence. Mr. Harman still likes the name Lucifer, and sees no reason for change, but many reasons against such change, and I doubt very much if he would be able to write such stirring editorials under any other name. Therefore I vote to retain the name, but I think it would be best to drop the subtitle Light Bearer. The title Lucifer without explanation would no doubt have its influence in dispelling a belief in the devil."

I should like to copy much more from this and from other letters marked "personal," but time is up for putting these lines into the mail. So often has Uncle Sam failed to deliver my letters promptly that I wish to run no risk of being late for the printer.

Only a few more days of 299—E. M.—for deliberation in regard to proposed changes. What shall your answers be, good friends, all?

M. HARMAN.

Thayer, Miss. Dec. 17 '99.

### Why Marriage is a Failure?

Synopsis of Address by James F. Morton, Jr., before Lucifer Circle, Dec. 11.

Every social institution must be tested by its actual results in promoting human welfare and human happiness. Neither its antiquity nor the universality of its acceptance is a safe criterion.

No idea is too sacred to be subjected to the most searching criticism. If true, it can stand the test, and justify itself in the eyes of all. If false, it deserves to perish; and no man should mourn its downfall. That the marriage system of to-day is a

conspicuous failure, few careful investigators are prepared to deny. It has not proved to be a successful solution of the sex question. It is merely one of many experiments in sex relationship which have been made in the course of the centuries by both savage and civilized peoples. Anthropological research among the more primitive races reveals the widest divergence of marriage customs and ideas. Monogamy in its strictest aspect is found in various tribes. Practical promiscuity is occasionally noted. Some tribes are rigidly endogamous, others are rigidly exogamous. In some cases, a great degree of sexual freedom is allowed before marriage, after which absolute constancy is rigorously enforced. Elsewhere, strict chastity is demanded up to the point of marriage, and the widest license tolerated afterwards. In some countries, incest is regarded as a highly normal form of sex relationship; in others, it is ranked among the grosser forms of sexual perversion. These instances, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, simply prove that in sex, as in every other department of life, no single and unvarying standard has been able to maintain a lasting supremacy over all others. Here, as elsewhere, the evolutionary principle is constantly at work modifying social customs in obedience to economic necessity and to increasing comprehension of the laws of nature.

Many of our errors in social philosophy arises from a failure to comprehend the principle of relativity. Each individual must think and learn for himself; and many of his lessons must be gained through personal experience. In like manner, each generation has its own lessons to learn, not by a blind adhesion to the forms of the past, but by using the knowledge already attained as a stepping-stone to further attainments. An institution, evolving of necessity from antecedent conditions, meets a real necessity, and represents the best possible expression of a given stage of human development. War, slavery, church, state, feudalism, capitalistic industry, and marriage, are all examples of the same principle. The error, from which countless miseries have arisen, lies in holding up these imperfect experiments as permanent factors in human life. When an institution has come to rest on authority rather than on an appeal to reason, it is already outgrown; and its doom, though delayed, is certain. The form may remain, even for centuries; but the life has gone.

The marriage system of to-day is condemned already in the forum of reason. The joint product of temporary economic conditions and of blind experimenting in days of darkness and mental ignorance, it has been invested with an artificial sanctity by the self-seeking devices of priestcraft, and crystallized into an authoritarian institution by the invasive decrees of government. Around it an absurd code of morals has gradually clustered. Jealousy, the manifestation of the spirit of ownership and possession, is considered almost a virtue, instead of what it really is—an unconscious recognition of one's own inferiority, and a vice of the most contemptible nature. Prostitution so closely allied to marriage as to have been called its twin sister, and all other forms of sexual vice are among the commonest features of latter-day civilization. The prevalent unhappiness in the marriage relation is ascribed to every source except the true one—the inherent defect in the institution itself. The failure is admitted; but its cause is recognized only by the few who dare investigate with an unbiased mind.

Marriage is a failure, because it tends to substitute contract for love, as a basis of sex relationship; because it rests on authority, rather than on reason; because it ignores all natural laws of development, and attempts to force all individuals into the same mould; because it establishes arbitrary and artificial standards of morality; because it is the stronghold of an unhealthy asceticism, born of superstition and priestly domination; because it is the fruitful source of discord and misery; because it tends to narrow the range of interests and sympathies; because it constitutes a denial of individuality, ignoring the fact that man or woman is first of all a human being, and only secondary a related being; and because it is merely a crude survival of the past, and out of harmony with advancing human needs.

The remedy? While that is not to-night our special theme I am bound to express my conviction that the only sure cure lies in the establishment of full liberty. As the evil has come through authority, it must be met by the establishment of the opposite principle. Free men and women will find their truest happiness in creating such ideals of love, parentage, and the home, as will lead to happiness undreamed of in our half-baked civilization of to-day. Whether variety or monogamy shall be the prevailing practice under free conditions, will be determined by the free choice of individuals, based on the common experience. No true idea has anything to lose by submitting to comparison with opposing views. The forcible invasion of the right of free speech, so often witnessed to-day is evidence that the advocates of marriage dare not leave their institution to the test of its intrinsic merit. They confess defeat in open discussion, and attempt to stay the march of progress by invasive violence. These common tactics of bigots and despots never avail in the long run. The race is outgrowing marriage, as it has outgrown chattel slavery, and will one day outgrow the economic slavery of to-day. All around us, there are free and brave men and women, who dare assert their right to themselves, even under the somewhat discouraging conditions of our present life. Their number is continually increasing; and the day is at hand when the marriage fetish will be relegated to the lumber yard of dead institutions.

#### Miscellaneous Observations.

BY R. D. KERR.

The editor sees indications that *Lucifer* is about to become a respectable paper, and he thinks it will be a terrible misfortune. But what is respectability? Is not a respectable man one whose words and deeds seem to ordinary people conducive to the welfare of society? And is not a disreputable man one who is supposed by ordinary people to wish to do something injurious to himself or others?

On the great majority of questions respectability is in the right, and it has done an infinite amount of good. Our ancestors of a thousand years ago were drunkards and gamblers to a degree that we cannot now imagine, but the steady pressure of respectability from century to century, and age to age, has brought these evils within very narrow limits. Wife-beating used to be considered a very mild offense, but respectability has all but exterminated it. What the world needs is a higher standard of respectability. We must teach people that it is not respectable to force sexual association on a woman against her will, even if she is one's wife; or to bring children into the world in such circumstances that they are sure to be miserable; or to get into a frenzy of jealousy, and shoot one's neighbors. Some day these will be common-places to Mrs. Grundy, and then *Lucifer* will not only be a respectable paper, but may even be accepted as "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

*Lucifer* is a great champion of the welfare of women, but I think it hardly realizes how many people there are in the world who resemble it in that respect. All women desire the good of women, and I think most men do. All men have had mothers, and most of the influential ones have daughters; and there are probably few days on which the ordinary man does not give some consideration to the welfare of women. But the subject is a complex one, and so much nonsense is talked in the world that people are justly suspicious of anything new. If we talked a little less about "fighting" and more about "teaching," we might get along more quickly. To come upon well meaning people with the war-whoop of the savage is about the worst way to inspire confidence in one's intentions, or in the soundness of one's judgment.

A good deal of cant is talked about the freedom of the press. The doctrine of the divine right of kings is replaced by a belief

in the divine right of printers. The theory is that a printer should not be responsible for the ordinary consequences of mental suggestion. If he says it is a good thing to blow up people with bombs, and a starving man accepts the suggestion and blows up somebody with a bomb, so much worse for the starving man, but not for the printer. This is rubbish. The man who applies the match to the brain deserves punishment as much as the man who lights the fuse.

There has lately been much ado about egoism and altruism, and most of it has proceeded from ignorance of the meaning which ethical writers give to these words. The word "altruism," invented by Comte, and much used by Herbert Spencer, means "consideration for others," while "egoism" means "consideration for self." Our primordial ancestors, being sexless and unsocial were absolute egoists; not merely indifferent about others, but ignorant that others existed. Few changes have been of such world-historic interest as the change from the pure egoism of the protozoan to the partial altruism of such creatures as the dog and man, which is often strong enough to make them give their lives for others.

There are some writers, however, like Oscar Wilde and Frederick Nietzsche, who quite understand what altruism is, but think it has been overdone. They think that if we looked after each other a little less, and were a little more selfish, the virtue of self-help would be more developed. But I maintain that, in the interests of the weak, the altruistic movement has not gone nearly far enough. There is still much to improve in the treatment of women and children, while our behavior towards the lower animals is positively outrageous. So long as little boys cannot look at a cat without picking up stones to throw at it, and so long as our streets are full of lean and weary cab-horses with the bones sticking almost through their skin, there will be much need for the apostles of altruism.

Such unscientific expressions as "natural right" and "inalienable right," which have been handed down from the revolutions of the eighteenth century, continue to deface modern literature. They belong to the time when the universe was supposed to be governed according to some established moral order. Rights are merely social conventions, and a man who says he has a right to do a thing means either that his neighbors allow him to do it, or that he thinks they should allow him.

#### Chicago Society of Anthropology.

Jonathan Mayo Crane will deliver an address on "The Evolution of the Family" on Sunday, Dec. 24, 1899 at 3 p. m., in room 309 Masonic Temple. Admission free.

#### VARIOUS VOICES.

David Overmeyer, Topeka, Kan.:—A record of your life will be very interesting reading to a wide circle of friends of liberty, even though they may not agree with you in all things. I consider that you have suffered martyrdom for the cause of a free press.

A. A. Caswell, Pasadena, Cal.:—I herewith enclose fifty cents for the continuance of the best publication on earth. I want it to come, and I will ever strive to make myself a worthy temple for *Lucifer* to rise and shine in. Many times would like to speak but I have no time for combat or criticism. Am improving my daily and minute heaven by living together in peace and harmony with all mankind. An ideal home would be best in Southern California than most any other place, for it is tropical and temperate and thus 999 out of 1,000 would like it here.

Robert C. Adams, Montreal, Canada:—I am glad to hear from you away down south and I heartily wish I was there too instead of away up north in gloom and cold, but I try to keep brightness and warmth within. I have never seen any good



reason advanced for the change of name of Lucifer, expressive, time-honored and endeared as it has become, and I do not believe a particle of good will come from "monkeying" with it. If a monthly Lucifer can exist, all the better. New Humanity's effort suggests doubt but you and Lillian are the best judges and in the multitude of counsellors is—perplexity. Your friends will value the paper under any name and its fragrance will be as unchanged as that of the rose. I am glad you are writing the autobiography. I shall want at least five copies.

Sarah S. Rockill, Alliance, O.—I think Aurora is a good name but I think the parent should name his own child—it is more to him than to anyone else; and yet without other's co-operation there would be no paper to name. I write now to ask if you or any of your readers have the poem the first verse of which is herein enclosed. A friend is very anxious to get it, and I know of no better way to find it, than to ask among Lucifers readers.

"Child of my love, I never yet have looked upon thy face  
I never yet have clasped thee in a mother's fond embrace,  
As yet, close nestling to my heart,  
Of my own life thou art a part."

H. Houghton Chappel, M. D., Palmetto, Fla.—I have always liked Lucifer for the name of your valuable little paper, but have no objection to having it changed if thought advisable. As regards a monthly, if you publish one we shall take it, always paying in advance, of course. I question, however, with your health, if it is best to take such an onerous task upon yourself. You can write books and pamphlets—and if you have special times of ill feeling you need not be kept up to the very hour and day. A periodical is a different consideration. You have to be there, feeling well or ill. You should also consider this before taking up a greater task. Think whether your work spread over more years will not be of greater use to humanity than crowding it into a shorter period. I feel glad you are so pleasantly situated for your present labors. I presume you will hardly come this far south; if you do so we shall be glad to have you spend a few days with us.

Lucy N. Coleman, Syracuse, N.Y.—There are no active reformers here, not one, so far as I know, who is broad enough to take the "Truth Seeker." The name Lucifer—if they understood it, or did not—would condemn it; nevertheless it is your paper and you have marvelously sustained it, and should yourself decide its name. If you have encouragement sufficient to feel that it will live, why then, publish a monthly and call it Lucifer. I liked the "New Humanity," but it died. But that is no reason why a new Lucifer, monthly should not prosper.

I knew you as a prisoner for "conscience sake," as I knew Mr. Heywood for the same, and D. M. Bennett. It was through the prison that the introduction came—and also to Lillian and Mr. Walker. When I think of the noble army of reformers who have been behind prison doors for conscience sake I feel very insignificant, but I have done what I could.

I will send the dollar for your book soon. Take care of your health, give my love to whomever is caring for you, and believe me yours for humanity's sake.

H. E. Allen, Berwick, Ill.—I fully concur in the views you have given concerning the change of name for Lucifer. I now say, for one, let the name stand just as it is. It is a question with me if the person who would be frightened by the name is really worth saving, that is, sexually and economically.

In regard to the proposed monthly, I am considerably in doubt. We are now commencing a presidential campaign year and such years are invariably disastrous to business. The experience with "Our New Humanity" does not perhaps warrant such a venture at this time. I fear it might even endanger the life of Lucifer. Would it not be better to put the extra effort in Lucifer and if possible double and treble its circulation? Besides the autobiography will require a great deal of extra work and

expense and I anticipate that this will serve to arouse a great deal of new enthusiasm along the lines of sex ethics and race culture.

If I were to make any suggestion as to change of name (the form is now all right) it would be this: Lucifer the Light Bearer A Journal of Sex Ethics and Race Culture.

But whatever change is made, let us all begin the new year with a determination to make Lucifer far more successful than it ever has been. Let us if possible engraft some of the prevailing socialist enthusiasm into the propaganda, and let us reach the 1000 mark with the autobiography in the year 1900.

### How it Grew

First somebody told it,  
Then the room wouldn't hold it,  
So the way tongues rolled it  
Till they got it outside;  
Then the crowd came across it,  
Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,  
Dark sisters and brothers,  
And fathers and mothers,  
A terrible crew;  
And while headlong they hurried  
The people they hurried,  
And troubled and worried,  
As lies always do.

—Selected.

### For the Holidays.

"A Persian Pearl," and other essays by Clarence S. Darrow. Any lover of the literature of freedom would be proud of such a present as this. The book comprises:

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. III., No. 51.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DEC. 30, E. M. 299. [C. E. 1899.]

WHOLE No. 794.

### The Siren and the Toiler.

In whilom days, 'tis said, the siren's song  
Lured to perdition and to evil ways,  
Today another siren charms the throng—  
The politician of these modern days.

At election time the siren tunes the lyre  
And breathes a roundelay of love intense  
For those who toll. And with an ardent fire  
She coos and wos—makes promises immense.

The toiler, with his own importance pleased,  
And dreaming of the glorious times to come,  
Flocks 'round the siren—though he's cuffed and squeezed  
In halls and squares—where'er her footsteps roam.

Then when her fondest hopes are realized  
And she is mistress of the post she sought,  
If not despised, at least unrecognized  
The toiler stands—his wants and claims forgot.

But when election time comes 'round again  
The siren sings the same old song of love.  
And begs the toiler with all might and main  
For one more chance her loyalty to prove.

'Twould seem that he'd now loath the false one's charms  
And from her presence rather leap than jump—  
Not on your life! He rushes to her arms,  
Then casts his vote, and is the same old chump!

—G. Stettin in the *Typographical Journal*.

### Catherine de' Medici.

BY C. L. JAMES.

My present heroine appears to me, on the whole, about the least understood woman in history. No doubt she deserves as much obloquy as has been given her, but not for the causes ordinarily assigned. She was born at Florence in 1519. Her father, Lorenzo de' Medici, was not the famous usurper of that name, who on his death bed refused Savonarola's condition that he should "restore the liberties of Florence;" and whom the great preacher, accordingly, left to die unabsolved. This happened in 1492, the year of the discovery of America, and of Margaret of Navarre's birth. In 1494, ensued the French conquest of Italy, foretold by Savonarola; the Medici were driven away by the people, whom the invaders found it expedient to conciliate; the management of a short-lived republic fell to Savonarola and Machiavelli. The secular government, in which Machiavelli was the ablest man, sealed its own doom when it gave up the prophet in 1498 to the vengeance rather of the pope (Borgia) than the Medici's, whose craft was usually gentle. In 1512 the despotism was restored, and Machiavelli ruined.

Lorenzo, father of Catherine, was grandson of his name, and perhaps the ablest politician in the restored tyranny. He, and perhaps the other great representatives, the popes Leo X., son of the "magnificent" Lorenzo, and Clement VII., (his nephew); were signally unlucky rulers. But Lorenzo II. though he did not actually reign in Florence, showed ability enough to command homely age from the prematurely aged Machiavelli; who dedicated to him that manual of king-craft which has blackened his own name. In the ruin of Italy, enslaved and plundered a second

time by all the barbarians of the north, the republican statesman had become willing to support even a native tyrant who might restore the national independence. Vain were such hopes, as they deserved to be.

Lorenzo had, besides Catherine, only one child, Alessandro, whose mother was a mulatto slave. Their father died in 1519. Alessandro's cousin, Pope Clement VII., designed him to inherit Florence. But in 1527 occurred the most awful blow which Italy had yet sustained—the sack of Rome by Bourbon's army. The people of Florence again expelled their tyrants. Two years later the pope had come to terms with the emperor (Charles V., employer of Bourbon against him) who now took Florence for Alessandro. During the siege, the rebels threatened to hang Catherine on the walls for both armies to shoot at.

In 1533, his Holiness, according to that miserable policy by which successive pontiffs ruined their country, had again joined the French against Charles, and arranged for the marriage of Catherine, who was only fourteen, to Henry, son of his new ally, Francis I. of chivalrous reputation. From such a school, she emerged with ambition disproportioned to her opportunities. Her family is an almost unique example of merchants raised by talent for intrigue to royalty; she had already learned of Machiavelli; been the protégé of Leo and Clement; imbibed the full intellectual stimulus of the Renaissance; shared in the struggles and sufferings imposed upon church and monarchy by the reformation.

It was with bitter mortification she found that her youth, her plainness (for she had no beauty), and the weakness of her decayed state, excluded her from all means by which power might be attained at the still half-barbarous court of France. For ten years after marriage, she had no children. A divorce was talked of; and the first recorded exhibition of her Italian tact, is that she threw herself at the feet of her father-in-law; declared her submission to the public interests; and vowed, if her husband took another wife, to be the humblest of her attendants. The generous heart of Francis was touched by this appeal to his sensibilities; and before long she bore several children, of whom five are disgracefully celebrated, as Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., the Duke of Alençon, and Margaret of Valois. During the reign of her husband, Henry III. (1547-59), she was, however, eclipsed by his mistress, Diana of Poitiers; and after he was slain in one of the last French tournaments, she was eclipsed by her oldest son's wife, Mary, (Queen of Scots), who, with most characteristic judgment, insulted her as a "merchant's daughter."

But, in one year, Francis II. died, of ear-ache, a disease now seldom considered dangerous. Mary, whose position in France had become unpleasant, quitted that country, to work out her destruction in her own. She left, for guardians of her interest in France, the Duke of Guise, and his brother, the cardinal of Lorraine (now a German province, but then an independent state), whose sister was her mother.

During the reigns of Henry II. and Francis II. momentous events had taken place. The chronic war between France and

the German (nominally Roman) Empire, was the salvation of growing Protestantism. The Guises, whose increasing power, as lords of an intermediate state, had been much dreaded by Francis I. under his successor, heroically defended Metz against the Germans, just after Charles V. had concluded a treaty with the Protestants. Thus the artful nobles of Lorraine strengthened themselves at once with the French monarchy and the church. They also took Calais from England, which was allied with Charles. Boundlessly powerful under Francis II. they persecuted the French Protestants with ruthlessness which gave rise to the first Huguenots insurrection (March, 1560). The Guises crushed this with merciless severity. But Catherine, who, of course, hated them, had also been getting on. She had endeared herself to her husband by managing the free people of Paris during his wars (1537). The arbitrary government of the Guises had set many Catholics against them; and she had formed a party of her own, made up from these mal-content Catholics and the Protestants. At the head of the latter were the King of Navarre, (husband of Margaret, wife of Francis I.) his brother, the Prince of Conde, and the great general Coligny.

Dynastic complications aided personal and religious. The house of Navarre and Conde represented the Bourbon branch of the royal family, which would succeed to the throne if that of Valois became extinct. And this actually happened, though it did not then seem very probable. The death of Francis made Catherine, head of this mixed party, supreme, as regent for her second son, Charles, who was only ten years old. Of herself, we observe, that she was over forty; plain as ever; fat, addicted to hunting, the fashionable amusement of her day, and to the pleasures of the table; reputed chaste, but versed in the use of other person's unchastity, and surrounded by gay ladies, who were called "her flying squadron." The plan of Catherine was to maintain Catholicism as the state religion, but to tolerate the Reformers. It was wholly impracticable in a feudal monarchy. The Guises massacred the Protestants, at Vassy; their friends employed by the government as peacemakers, did likewise elsewhere; the Protestants, wherever they were strong, retaliated. Coligny, who had hitherto advocated passive resistance, appeared as the Huguenot leader. The weak government was tossed backward and forward during eleven years of civil war, and mutual atrocities inflamed the animosity of both parties. The aged Catholic general Montmorency was killed after having surrendered at the battle of St. Denis, November 10, 1569. The Protestants excused it by alleging that he tried to kill the Scotch mercenary Stuart, to whom he had given up his sword.

Guise, the victor at the first action of Dreux, had been assassinated February 18, 1563. He bequeathed to Henry his son and successor inveterate hatred of the Reformers. Conde and Stuart were murdered by order of the Duc d'Anjou, subsequently Henry III. after they had surrendered at Jarnac, 13th March, 1569. Coligny slaughtered whole Catholic garrisons in retaliation for a breach of the laws of war; and when some of the mercenary ruffians whom he employed, after the fashion of that time, were killed by the peasants whom they harried, he shot half a dozen boors for each, without caring whether they were from the same village or not.

Meanwhile new and formidable powers were making the French war an European one. Scotland, hitherto a dependent ally of France, had become Protestant, and joined her old enemy England. Mary was an exile, imprisoned in England. Charles V. had bequeathed the throne of Spain to his son Philip II. whose ultra Catholic bigotry had driven the Netherlands into the Reformation and rebellion. England was aiding them. Henry of Guise had formed in France a purely Catholic party, which was daily showing itself more plainly as Philip's tool. Among the Huguenots, ascendancy was passing to the younger of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV. of France) who inherited extreme Protestant tenets from his mother Jeanne and his grand, mother Margaret.

Thrice the government of which Catherine was head patched up a hollow peace among the nobles inflamed by religious and personal animosity and having estates large enough for military

bases. The last treaty, August 1570, appeared the most hopeful. Henry of Navarre was to marry the king's sister Margaret—a decided blow to Guise, who had been courting her; his cousin the young prince of Conde married the princess of Cleves, thus uniting the French Protestants with those of the Netherlands; Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, would actually consent to marry the king's brother, Alençon, with whom she had been coquetting characteristically, for a long time.

With so much Protestant backing, it should have been possible for the crown to keep down Guise, and secure the Huguenots while retaining that form of Catholicism which public sentiment required. But though Elizabeth might have managed a task so delicate yet strenuous, it was beyond the abilities of Catherine. Coligny, naturally, would be satisfied with no such thing. His program was to drive Philip from the Netherlands; which would have put France at the head of Europe; but almost necessarily set her Catholics and Protestants to war again. A plan so bold, ambitious, and for the moment hopeful, was very alluring to the king. On the other hand, the whole Catholic party considered, as a matter of course, that if an opportunity ever were found to destroy all the Huguenot chiefs at one stroke, it must be taken. As early as 1565, Catherine and her son had talked of such a possibility to Alva, Philip's representative. The Marshal de Tavannes, who, among the Catholic warriors, was most in sympathy with Catherine's purely secular plan; and who always, on grounds of honor and policy, discountenanced any small treachery; declared during 1571, that the Protestant leaders seemed about to put themselves in the government's power; and, if they did, the moment was too precious to be lost. It was Catherine who brought them to do so. She had no such difficulty with any one else as the Queen of Navarre, who however died at Paris, reconciled to her cousin of France, June 8, 1572, just before her son married Margaret of Valois. Thus all the future was in Catherine's power. Of course the Catholics and Protestants were quarreling. There were words between Coligny and Tavannes. Some partisan of Guise fired at Coligny on August 22, and wounded him in the hand. But Catherine held the helm which all would have to turn with. Coligny, who saw this better than most people, was in favor of taking her into council with himself and the king. But the king said:

"I see you do not know my mother; she is the greatest meddler in the world."

She was, accordingly, left out; and this was what decided her. Often disappointed ambition had made the subtle Italian terrible. First Diana of Poitiers had stood between her and power; then Mary Queen of Scots; then, for a long time, Guise; and now it was Coligny. Some time before the fatal August 22, she and her favorite son, Henry, had talked with a partisan of Guise, about assassinating Coligny; but found him too weak and cowardly. Now that some one else had tried it and failed Catherine conceived the "necessity" of extreme measures.

The king, his mother, and his brother Henry, all visited the wounded Coligny, who insisted on talking with Charles alone. Catherine and Henry soon got out of the weak king what Coligny said; and found it to be mainly this, that the queen must be excluded from their counsels. Her thirst for personal ascendancy at once trampled over the wiser and further reaching plans which she had previously entertained. On this same day, August 23, Catherine, Henry, Tavannes, and some prominent Catholics held a private council. During the afternoon and night they three times visited the king, who, at length, yielded and the murder of Coligny was actually planned by his mother and brother, who were henceforth committed to the cause of Guise.

An hour before daylight, the dismal tolling of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois gave signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was executed by the troops under Tavannes, the original contriver of the crime, and Guise at the head of his partisans, intent on vengeance for his father's murder. As this was the great sin of Catherine's life, so it was the great blunder.

Though the massacre of St. Bartholomew was not the first



of its kind, it was the last. Nothing could have turned out worse. As the moment of its perpetration a peal of jubilation filled the Catholic world. Philip laughed heartily on hearing of it—the only time he was ever guilty of such undignified conduct.

The Protestant coalition appeared to be shattered in the moment of its maturity. But a few weeks dispelled all these prospects. The French Protestants, though sorely smitten, were not destroyed. They defended Rochelle successfully; and extorted fresh concessions. They gained for their leader, Henry of Navarre, who saved his life during the massacre by becoming a Catholic, but returned to his party and his dominions at the right time, disregarding all the allurements which Catherine's "flying squadron" brought to bear on the most amorous of princes.

Catholic Germany seized the opportunity to repudiate the dishonor of Catholic France. England, of course, was aroused to mortal enmity. The French government, thus hopelessly isolated was at the mercy of its inveterate enemies Philip and the Guises. The king died, of pneumonia or bronchitis, May 30, 1574, and religious enmity related that his Huguenot nurse bore witness to his exclaiming:

"Oh, nurse, what blood! what murders! what evil counsels have I followed! I am lost, I see it well."

His brother Henry had meanwhile been chosen King of Poland. On learning the French throne was open to him he fled from this undesirable country, and made a leisurely progress home, stopping some time at Venice, where he offered to her patron goddess the irrevocable sacrifice of the Phrygian boy.

As adviser of another imbecile son, Catherine appeared more firmly seated in power than ever. But on May 8, 1588, just when Philip was launching the supposed invincible Armada against England, Guise, who, under this weak reign, had steadily upheld the national and Catholic banner against the Germans and the Protestants of Navarre, suddenly appeared alone in Paris. He was at once joined by the populace of that city; which was then fanatically Catholic, and as brave as it showed itself under Charles VI., Henry IV., and Louis XVI. The king and his mother found themselves prisoners of the Catholic League, which proceeded to call the states general or national parliament, at Blois, October 16.

Bold and energetic as Guise was, he had made a fatal mistake in leaving Paris, where he would have had the support of an energetic democracy, which his aristocratic temper undervalued. The king had a resource whose importance the daring rebel did not know. This emasculated sensualist was personally beloved by a circle of *mignons* (favorites), every one of whom was a brave soldier, a desperate duelist, and on occasion a fearless murderer. On December 23 Guise was assassinated by these modern Spari and Harmodii in the very chamber of the king, who went in triumph to his mother with the words:

"I am King of France again. The King of Paris is dead."

"Take care," she replied, "that you be not king of nothing. The cut is good, but I am not sure of the sewing."

These were her latest recorded words. Disappointed to the last, she died January 8, 1589, of rheumatism, with which she was ill at the time of the bold deed done without consulting her. Her prophesy proved true. Henry III. was assassinated by a fanatical monk while besieging Catholic Paris, August 1, following. His namesake of Navarre, who had divorced the child-king, and profligate Margaret, carried out his mother's process and with all the ability of Catherine, and without the fatal handicap of her crimes. He made it practical by destroying the feudal system, and establishing absolute monarchy, for which, perhaps, in her day, the time was hardly ripe. Among all Catherine's numerous children, not a single one proved able to perpetuate the line of Valois, "for sad shall be the end of a wicked race."

Lois Waisbrooker, the veteran writer of advanced literature, expects to soon begin the publication of a monthly paper, the title of which will be "Clothed with the Sun." Applications for sample copies, terms, etc., should be sent to Lois Waisbrooker, 1501 1/2 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## Notes and Queries.

BY EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

To secure assent to good principles is a comparatively easy thing, but to secure the good practice demanded by these principles is a more difficult matter. An example in point is the teaching of reading to the little beginners in the schools. Horace Mann pointed out a half century ago the lack of philosophy in the alphabet mode of presenting the subject. Many schools then made a brave beginning with the word method. Soon educators realized that the principle upon which that method was based would logically require that the sentence be taken as the unit as the child necessarily thinks in sentences not in words. Before the sentence method had been in use many years, some one discovered that the parts of words are of some use after all and so Phonics was introduced. The great difficulties presented by our rather unphonetic written language led to the invention of a Phonetic Method and Dr. Leigh's books came into use here and there in every state from Maine to California. The teachers have always adhered to some correct principles, but as other equally good doctrines have at the same time been neglected, the practice has been abominable. Ever to-day the best primary schools are teaching reading in ways that cultivate helplessness in the learner, and what shall we say of the average school? The condemned A. B. C. device is still generally in use the world over. Even when the book shall have been printed that will furnish a key enabling the young pupil to be self-helpful from the outset, the patrons of the schools will hanker after the good old way, and school-mistresses will continue to teach letters for bread and butter.

Present interferences prevent women from being actually master of the situation, but this does not disprove that she is naturally master of it. She has it in her nature to be able to protect and support herself and her children. She is so constituted that she would be able to hold her own in a community in which every one is guaranteed the right to possess his body and the product of his labor. Women's primitive state has not proved to be the most natural one. When we say that woman is naturally master of the situation, we mean that she is by nature able to secure a full share of the good things of life in a society that has become natural by the elimination of the less natural elements one after another. It is folly to assert that nothing is natural to society except what obtained while man was "in a state of nature." Civilization is more natural than barbarism.

Gold may be coined by stamping the metal as in the case of United States eagles. There is a way also effectually to coin gold by depositing it with the Treasury Department and stamping a note instead of the metal. Our gold certificates are an example of this method except that the metal deposited is also already coined; but gold bullion would do just as well. The gold certificates are kept at par by being receivable by the government for all public dues. There is a provision making the certificates redeemable on demand, but this is not necessary to sustain them at par. A house could be coined in substantially the same way; for although the house can not be deposited, it can be mortgaged for one third of its value and the mortgage deposited. The note or notes representing the house would pass at par if the public were convinced that the government (or the parties, for that matter) stood ready to receive them at par. Provision must of course be made that the whole transaction be settled up before the property has time to deteriorate enough to affect its value much and the building must be insured. All other kinds of wealth could be coined on the same principle, care being taken to issue notes for only a small proportion of the value of those forms of property liable to decrease rapidly in selling value. If the monetization in this way of wealth of every form other than gold were not forbidden by statute, the people could readily furnish themselves with an abundance of safe and sound circulating medium and would no longer be compelled to pay tribute to those rich enough to manipulate the precious metals to their own unfair advantage.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

PUBLISHED AT 507 CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper in which it has adopted this name stands for Light Against Darkness—for Reason Against Superstition—for Science Against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment Against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty Against Slavery—for Justice Against Privilege.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months twenty-five cents.

## Close of the Year--The Brunonian Era--Anno Domini--Christmas.

This issue of Lucifer the Light-Bearer is the last for the year 1899 of the Gregorian Calendar--Christian Era--or the year 299 of what some of us think should be called the Brunonian Era; sometimes called Era of Man; and also Era of Science; the era of demonstrated and applied sciences, as distinguished from the era of ignorance, the era of gods, of myths, of fables, of creeds, of traditions, of legends and of barbaric superstitions.

The common and popular custom of beginning the year ten days after the passing of the winter solstice is not scientific; also the division of the year into twelve calendar months of varying length, instead of into thirteen lunar months (moon) of equal length, as indicated by the number of moons in the year--is equally unscientific and irrational.

But the difficulties that stand in the way of reform of these and other crudities of our popular methods of computing time are so numerous and formidable that few thinkers give thought enough to the matter to ask themselves seriously whether any thing can be done to reform the calendar. Very few seem to be aware that the superstitions that cluster round *Anno Domini*--"Year of Our Lord," have anything to do in holding back the car of progress, and with keeping the minds of men and women in slavery to the dead past. A noted "Christian evangelist" once said to me:

"You infidels acknowledge the truth of the Christian religion almost every day in the year."

"How? In what way?" said I.

"Every time you date a letter; every time you sign a promissory note, or execute a legal document or instrument of writing you confess that Jesus is the Christ. By the date you sign to these you acknowledge the truth of the Christian chronology, and in so doing acknowledge Christ, the Savior of mankind."

In answer I pointed my challenger to the dating of Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, in whose office this conversation took place. I explained to him that while, for convenience' sake, and to avoid perpetual misunderstandings, we accept the unscientific method of computing time by calendar instead of lunar months, and accept also other incongruities of the popular chronology, we do not accept *Anno Domini*. That we prefer an historical date to a mythical one, as a starting point for our calendar--a scientific date to a legendary one for the beginning of our era. That so far as authentic history knows the Nazarene was "without beginning of days or end of years;" no one knows when he was born or when he died; consequently it is impossible to make a scientific dating from either his birth or his death.

I explained to him the reasons that induced us to prefer the time of the death of the martyr to science, Giordano Bruno,--the fearless defender of the Copernican system of Astronomy, and of the right of private judgment in religious matters, as the date from which to compute years. I explained that it so happened that the date of this martyrdom was nearly coincident with the beginning of the seventeenth century of the so-called Christian era, making it easy for the centuries of the two eras--that of science and that of superstition--to run concurrent to each other; as for example, the fourth century of the Brunonian era corre-

sponds to, and runs concurrent with the twentieth century of the Christian era.

It seems to me that this is a matter of sufficient importance to command the attention of all who would help to break the chains of superstition, of ignorance and of priest craft, that we all agree have so long enthralled mankind. For nearly twenty years our little journal has been almost alone in making a weekly protest against the superstitions incarnated in the popular or Christian chronology. We have frequently explained our reasons for thus carrying the reformed or Brunonian date at our mast head, and now once more, at the beginning of the new year, the last year of the century--would respectfully call attention of all freedom-loving people to what some of us think a matter of very great significance and of far-reaching educational influence.

Let us as Rationalists declare our independence of *Anno Domini*--and let us resolve "to fight it out on this line" even though it takes all the summers and all the winters of the next century!

The festival now called Christmas is older by many thousands of years than *Anno Domini*. No one knows how old, or among what people it originated. In high northern latitudes the sun disappears entirely for more than twenty-four hours, at the time of the winter solstice, and when it reappears, what could be more natural than that ignorant people should rejoice in its rays, and make its return an occasion of feasting and of sending gifts to friends?

Those who reject the superstitions that are inseparable from *Anno Domini* need not give up the time honored festival now named Christmas, or "Yule tide." Whether another name can be substituted to advantage I know not, but if the old name be retained we should be careful to explain that we do not accept the superstitions that for the past thousand years or more have been associated with this name.

And now, with this protest--with this explanation--I would once more send the customary old-time annual greetings:

"Merry Christmas and happy New Year" to all the readers of Lucifer the Light-Bearer, and "many happy returns!"

Hammond, La.

M. HARMAN.

## Review of Discussion.

The close of the current year admonishes us that it is time to close the discussion in regard to name and in regard to plans concerning enlargement of the business of our publishing plant, for the ensuing year.

Briefly reviewing this discussion there is found much cause of satisfaction and gratulation in the fact that it has been so generally participated in, by our friends and patrons everywhere. Very few, comparatively speaking, of the letters sent us have been published--partly for lack of space and partly because the writers preferred that their communications should be treated as strictly "private." These numerous responses prove that there is widespread, a deep and abiding interest in the work of our various publications, and especially in the life and work of the weekly journal, now called Lucifer the Light-Bearer.

Another cause of congratulation is the fact that nearly if not all those who have participated in the discussions have shown the very best of temper. Only one, so far as I now recall, expressed the intention of refusing further co-operation in case her views were not complied with, and her words were not very positive. She said, "I do not say this as a threat, but this is the way I feel about it." All, or nearly all, have been careful to say that they recognize the right of the senior editor and publisher to decide whether the name shall be changed, and whether the publication of two papers instead of one shall be attempted.

Some of the writers--as per example Mr. Borthwick, whose letter appears in this issue, have expressed their determination to redouble their efforts in behalf of the work, even though the decision should be contrary to what they themselves believe to be best for success.



For the first few weeks of the discussion the consensus seemed to be greatly on the side of change of name. This was to be expected. Only those who favored change would be likely to speak their minds unless or until, there seemed a prospect that a change would really be made. For the past few weeks the opinions expressed have been very decidedly against dropping the name Lucifer. At least such has been the tone of the great majority of letters sent to me direct, to Thayer, Miss. Two days ago I received twelve letters at this office in one day, nearly all expressing the opinion that the name should not be changed. A half dozen letters a day, of the same general tenor, have been a common experience for the past week or two.

A noteworthy fact in regard to these later letters is that they are mostly from subscribers that have been with us a dozen years or more. Another noteworthy fact is that a large proportion of those who oppose change request that their letters be not published. From some of these I venture to make a few brief extracts, notwithstanding the expressed desire of their writers to stay out of public controversy.

A New York friend who leads all competition in the way of financial aid in keeping the flag aloft, and to enable the editor to spend his winters in a warmer climate, writes:

"Lucifer, singly, impresses me as a very appropriate name for your paper to those who are classically educated, understanding the derivation and full significance of the word. But there are many who are not so educated, are more enslaved by tradition and ignorance and would naturally associate the word with the arch rebel whom Milton and his followers imagined. This important class who depend on the thoughts of others more than on their own—the class that may most need light is liable to prejudice, and even to be misled by their fanatical advisers only too ready to answer inquiring doubt—'Why yes, that is the very old Devil himself, how well they named it! Don't read it or you will be lost.' Whereas, as it looks to me, if the words, 'The Light Bearer,' follow the word Lucifer, giving the English translation and full meaning that it seeks to convey, there can be no mistake and the requirements of both classes are met. The additional words which you give to Lucifer at the head of its editorial page, to wit:

"The name Lucifer means Light-bringing or Light-bearing, and the paper which has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege' also impress me as in good judgment.

"While I believe in the freedom of discussion, the exposure of sham and the spreading of intelligence, still I would urge no one to think as I do. Let the facts be known and all think for themselves. Therefore I had rather that you decide the matter irrespective of my views, and that I be not introduced."

Another, a Kansas friend who has been a faithful and very generous helper almost ever since the paper has been published, says:

"I am sure you have the best of the argument by far, in favor of retaining the name Lucifer. It seems to me unless you have very good encouragement to help you bear the additional expense of the monthly it will hardly be wise to undertake it. Would rather see Lucifer improved and enlarged under its present name."

Another, and one of the most earnest and able of the free-thought writers living south of Mason and Dixon's line writes as follows, prefacing her letter "personal":

"I have carefully read all the discussion on the change of name, as I always read every word in each issue of Lucifer. My humble opinion is not worth anything I know, in comparison with those so much more competent to decide this question. As for myself, Lucifer for either paper or magazine, is not only a peculiarly appropriate name but a grand one. To me that name seems to bring an aura of light about each issue. It is only dense ignorance in regard to the meaning of the word Lucifer that could cause any objection to it, but of course ignorance rules the

vast majority of people, even of the so-called educated. To me the name is of little import compared to the cause, the object for which its editors are striving. I would not have you tax yourselves, either mentally or financially, and you know all the conditions. Personally I would be glad to have both the weekly paper and the monthly magazine. I count my few copies of 'Our New Humanity,' as among my treasures, and if you conclude to start the monthly I will subscribe and remit my subscription in advance. I wish also a copy of your 'life' you are now writing, and I will send the dollar if you will drop me a postal card where to send it; or in case I do not hear from you will send it to your daughter, whom I consider one of the grandest women of modern times. I hope you will improve in health and strength every hour, and live long to bless your fellows who are now the helpless victims of those arch tyrants and robbers, church and state. Accept my gratitude, and extend the same to your daughter."

And still another letter, designed as the writer says "for you and Lillian, and not for publication," is to me all the more valuable, because not written for the public eye. This letter comes from an old-timer in the business of publishing reform literature, both books and magazines. This veteran author and publisher says:

"I have followed with interest the discussion as to the change of name of Lucifer, and read your articles when they appeared. If I have not written on the subject it is because the older I get the more I become convinced that it is very difficult to give advice. As I look at it you have successfully managed your paper for about twenty years, are best acquainted with its constituency and are a thousand times better qualified to judge of the advantages or disadvantages of a change than I can be. I give you credit for good judgment, and in such a question would not want to intrude my opinion against yours.

"However, I recognize the advisability of feeling the pulse of those interested in Lucifer's work, and as you ask for the opinions of your readers I will give mine to you with the understanding that it rests upon very slim foundation.

"Personally, I have never liked the title of the paper. At the time you made the change I thought you had made a mistake, especially because it seemed to me it was placing a chip on your shoulder, daring your enemies. But you have carried the chip for a good while, have been hit pretty hard and it is an open question for me if it is good policy to take it down. I do not like the name any better than I did at the start, and it may be a hindrance to your work, but if I was to give advice it would be: do not change the name until you see good and sufficient reasons for it. A rule I have found a good one to follow is: If you are in doubt, do nothing.

"I appreciate your position because I once received a long letter from Helen Wilmans advising me to change the name of a publication I was running which was too much like 'socialist,' a regular bug-bear at that time. My answer was that I did not care for readers who were afraid of a name; that was not the class of people I was writing for. Probably the same feeling actuates you. Since that time I have lost much of my aggressiveness, but I believe you are as full of fight as ever. As to the support of the paper, your experience will probably agree with mine. The support of milk-and-water people does not amount to much.

"As to the double publication, my impression is that you have your hands about full now. Personally, I am much more in favor of pamphlets. If you have more articles and more radical articles than you can publish, I would put them in pamphlet form, and advertise them in Lucifer. But remember, I do not know anything about your ability to carry two lines of publications, and of the demand there would be for a magazine. But your proposition as I read it in Lucifer sounded to me like an attempt to compromise, which is a mistake. If there is a demand for both, a real, lasting demand, and you and Lillian feel that you can supply it, go ahead; but do not embark in an en-

terprise that your judgment does not approve for the sake of pleasing two sets of persons.

"Your idea of writing your biography is a good one."

Another prominent public worker and earnest helper of Lucifer, expresses her gratification that the name is not to be dropped, and adds: "I would not have named the paper Lucifer, but now that its record has been made under that name I would not have it changed for anything. I would not have named you Moses, nor my father the name he bears, but would not now change either for anything."

One more quotation only from private and personal letters can be given here: An officer of the "National Defense Association"—an organization that has done much and very efficient work in defeating the plans of the suppressors of freedom of speech, and in defending the victims of the oppressive and tyrannical postal laws—writes me in part as follows:

"I do not care to say anything about change of name. I have an attachment to and a fondness for the old name which ten years ago stood for so much of progress. I doubt if change of form would be an improvement. Why not let well enough alone—why putter with trivialities? Of course there is always some one who thinks he can improve upon things as they are. When you were fresh from your contest with the black-mailers I urged you to write a biographical sketch, especially narrating the story of your persecution. It would have been timely then. I hope it is not too late now. I will take three copies of such a book if you write one."

From these letters and many more like them, written by those who have stood side by side with us when to do so required much more of courage and self-sacrifice than is now needed, I gather that a very decided majority of those who have earned the right to advise in the matter of change of name and change of form, are not in favor of such change. While many of these agree with the advocates of change in thinking it a mistake to adopt the name Lucifer at first, they think it would be very unwise to drop the old cognomen and pull down the flag in "mid career," as Mr. Walker expresses it.

And now, in conclusion, as it seems to be the general desire that I should decide the question as to change of name, change of form and also the question of issuing a monthly magazine in addition to the weekly paper, I will say what seems to me to be best for the incoming year.

First. The evolutionary plan,—suggested by myself—of issuing a monthly Lucifer and a weekly Light Bearer, while receiving quite a considerable number of favorable responses, has not yet met with sufficient favor to justify its adoption. Perhaps the time given for consideration was, or is, too short.

Second. The writing and publishing of the long-promised autobiography will require the greater part of what energy, physical and mental, I may reasonably hope to possess for the next five or six months. This fact would seem to be a very potent reason for postponing all other plans and labors requiring time, money and the expenditure of anxious thought.

Third. The maxim already quoted from a veteran author and publisher,—"*When in doubt, do nothing*," is applicable and appropriate in this present case as I think.

Perhaps by the close of another year, that is to say, in the closing days or hours of the present century, and in the dawning light of the Fourth Century, of the Brunonian Era, these doubts will be dispelled, and we shall then be enabled to see more clearly what is best to do for the greater good of the work that lies nearest to the hearts and minds of all who now labor and wait for the "Good Time Coming."

Meantime we can adopt the advice of those friends who have spoken in favor of printing "supplements" to the weekly paper, or of those who recommend printing monthly or quarterly pamphlets—with or without a serial title, as occasion or demand may seem to require, or to encourage.

In thus deciding, can I hope to be met by the cheerful acquiescence, and by the happy co-operation of all who have taken art, either as writers or as interested spectators in this somewhat extended, but as I sincerely hope and believe, very useful discussion concerning change of name and of form of the old yet ever young, healthy and vigorous Lucifer, the Light-Bearer?

Hammond, La., Dec. 22, '99.

M. HARMAN.

The lecture by Jonathan Mayo Crane before the Anthropological Society last Sunday in this city is pronounced one of the best the society has yet enjoyed. The subject, "The Evolution of the Family," served to bring out some startling important facts along Lucifer's lines, and the authorities quoted were so numerous and convincing that Mr. Crane fairly captured his audience. We hope to be able to give our readers a full reprint of this admirable lecture in pamphlet form.

We regret to announce the death of one of Lucifer's workers and friends, Jas. Vincent, Sr., of Shenandoah, Ia. Mr. Vincent was a co-worker with Brown, Greeley, Garrison, Phillips, Lovejoy and Giddings in the anti-slavery movement. He founded the "Non-Conformist," and later published "Krishna." He was in his seventy-eighth year and died of pneumonia. Mr. Vincent has been a leader in reform thought through a long and eventful life, and will be remembered by a large circle of friends. He has added to the intellectual wealth of the world. Such workers are all too few.

## Love and Marriage.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Variety in love is not "promiscuity." No woman ever lives in promiscuous intercourse unless she is either compelled or hired to do so, which are conditions entirely foreign to love. And in the language of the great Wellington, I would not "give a two penny tinker's damn" for the difference between a woman who can be hired to live promiscuously and one who looks out for a chance to sell herself monogamously. When I published my *Law of Marriage* (1870) I was for abolishing marriage, and letting the question of variety wait. What has carried me further since is perceiving that those whom jealousy or something else causes to antagonize variety cannot be counted on to stand firm against marriage and prostitution. They prefer dualism to the liberty of woman. Her true champions always put that first.

Lucifer, of course, is not answerable for a selection from "Brann's Iconoclast." Otherwise, I should strongly protest against "Francesca's" praise of women who can "sink their own Ego finding their heaven in serving" men of any kind. The gods forbid one of my daughters should be a woman of that sort. Such women are decidedly back numbers. In these days when literature is passing into the grasp of Anarchists, I must also enter a feeble caveat against rhetoric of the "Francesca" kind. George Eliot's "personality towered as Colossi above the thorn path of steeples that tore her skirt to tatters." Why the devil didn't she wear bloomers? A woman tall enough to have her skirts torn by steeples should. "Jane Eyre fled on celestial snowballs." Good heavens, what a diet! No wonder "the mote of her own quaking personality filled the scope of her vision." If I knew a woman who had been living on celestial snowballs, I would offer her hot coffee. "The glory of affinity," explains these appalling tropes. A varietist, who does not believe in forty day's affinities will never write like that.

A NEW BOOK by Albert Chavannes. "Magnetism, its Relation to Health and Character," contains invaluable information upon the relation of the sexes. Price, 25 cents. Address, Albert Chavannes, 308 Fourth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

HUMAN RIGHTS. By J. Madison Hook. With an introduction by E. C. Walker. "Liberty is the guiding star of all lands, all races." Chapter I, Rights; Chapter II, Invasion; Chapter III, Co-operation; Chapter IV, Individualism; Chapter V, Liberty. Price, ten cts.



## VARIOUS VOICES.

H. E. A., Berwick, Ill.: I think this fact is worth calling attention to: During the few weeks the discussion of the name of this paper was running think how many opinions were given in favor of a change. After the plaintiff's argument was exhaustively completed then the defendant comes out in his peculiar convincing style, and makes us all ashamed of ourselves to think that we ever thought for a moment a change was necessary. I think we have all met with a change of heart, and are satisfied now to sail on under the same old colors. Does it not show how powerful are well-put arguments?

J. P. Borthwick, Ontario, Cal.:—I agree with all you say favorable to the retention of the name *Lucifer* from an ideal standpoint; but this is so far from being an ideal world, that, in a question where there is no moral principle involved, I am willing to make such adaptations as I think will best gain the object desired, therefore if an idealistic conception of the name of a paper is, in the opinion of many, an obstacle to its wider diffusion and mission of good to mankind, wisdom it seems to me would dictate an unimportant concession. In this world of ignorance and its concomitants, ideals and idealists are too often misfits, and a misfit is a failure. On these grounds, if you decide to preserve the name of *Lucifer* I will, in admiration of your heroism, but not of your practical wisdom, double up my subscription.

Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, San Jose, Calif.:—I have just read your eloquent appeal—article *Luciferism*—which has more life than anything I ever saw in your writings. I sympathize with everybody who sees from different standpoints, and I agree with you, if there is backbone and strength to carry out your suggestions, which are excellent.—and I think there is.

When one's forces are weaker than the enemy's it is well to stand behind a tree, or get into a rifle pit; that is brave and honorable fighting; nothing to be ashamed of; but if you can stand out boldly on a naked plain, do so. But your feeble reformer can seldom do that at the start. You must judge your status and progress, not I.

I see and think a great deal that I would like to send you which your cause needs, but you have no room for it.

Your aim admits of a great deal of elevated literature that would command respect; that is more important than any title. To get such literature from good brainy men, and leave out the inferior class, is necessary, and you need to be critical as to grade of contributions.

Yesterday was my eighty-fifth anniversary and we had a good celebration in my new fashion.

### PROSPECTUS

#### Of the Life History of Moses Harman.

- I. Ancestry. Early Life and Struggles to get an Education
- II. "Travels in Faith." From Methodism to Universalism and thence to Rationalism.
- III. Experiences as a Heretic and Abolitionist in a Slave State—Religion, War and Politics.
- IV. Experiences as Teacher, Preacher and Magistrate—or "Justice of the Peace."
- V. Experiences in Journalism—A Ten Years' Fight in the Courts. Reflections on our Judiciary, State and Federal.
- VI. Prison Experiences. A "Third Term." Letters from and to the Prisoner.
- VII. Reflections on Prison Discipline. "Crimes Against Criminals."
- VIII. The Movement for Freedom of Womanhood and Motherhood, and for the Right of Children to Be Born Well.
- IX. Relation of this Movement to All Other Reform Movements.
- X. Present outlook for this Movement. "Duty of the Hour."

This book will comprise about four hundred pages; printed

on good paper, new and clear type and good binding, with portrait of the author and of his daughter and helper, Lillian Harman. Price one dollar. Life and health permitting, the book will be ready for delivery to subscribers on or before June first, next. Subscriptions solicited, so that we may know how large an edition to issue.

## WOMEN and ECONOMICS,

A Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women.  
By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Here are a few of the page headings of this remarkable work "Economic environment; The dependence of women; No inherent disability of sex; Marriage not a partnership; House service as a livelihood; Motherhood and economic production Modification to maternity; The usefulness of sex; Differentiation of sex; Sex and humanity; The peacock's tail; Sex distinctions; The eternal feminine; unreasoning devotion; Women as persons; Race-attributes and sex-attribute; The normal child; Personal profit and sex-relations; The influence of heredity; The young man and the young woman; The effect of custom; The sex relation personal; Innocence and ignorance; Marriage with independence; The increasing difficulty of marriage; Supporting one's family; Virtue and vice; The results of repression; The harm that women do; The development of love; The hope for the future; The martyr and the pioneer; The dropping of the bars; The meaning of the new woman; Motherhood in education; A criminal failure; Marriage and the family; Love's young dream; The heart and the stomach; Socializing the household industries; The stomach-as a family tie; The servant wife; World-servants and house-servants; A wider maternity; Between the old and the new; "The vices of the slave;" The outgrown stronghold. Printed on strong, heavy paper; 350 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50. For sale by M. Harman, 507 Carroll ave., Chicago.

### For the Holidays.

"A Persian Pearl," and other essays by Clarence S. Darrow. Any lover of the literature of freedom would be proud of such a present as this. The book comprises:

- 1—A Persian Pearl.
- 2—The Skeleton in the Closet.
- 3—Walt Whitman.
- 4—Realism in Art and Literature.
- 5—Robert Burns.

The publishers have given this work a dress in keeping with the high quality of the text. The book is printed on rough-surface English "Boxmoor" paper, rubricated side leaves and initials. Edition limited to 980 copies, each book numbered. Price, in boards, \$2. In limp green chammois, silk lined, \$2.40.

### A FEW GOOD BOOKS FOR YOU.

- Love, Marriage and Divorce. A discussion between Horace S. Seeley, Stephen Pearl Andrews and Henry James. \$0.25
- The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations. By Karl Heinzen. In cloth, \$1; paper covers. .50
- The Sexual Enslavement of Women. By E. C. Walker. .25
- The Woman Who Did. A Novel. By Grant Allen. 1.00
- The British Barbarians. A Novel. By Grant Allen. 1.00
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